

## The Project Gutenberg eBook of Our People, by Charles Keene

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Title: Our People

Creator: Charles Keene

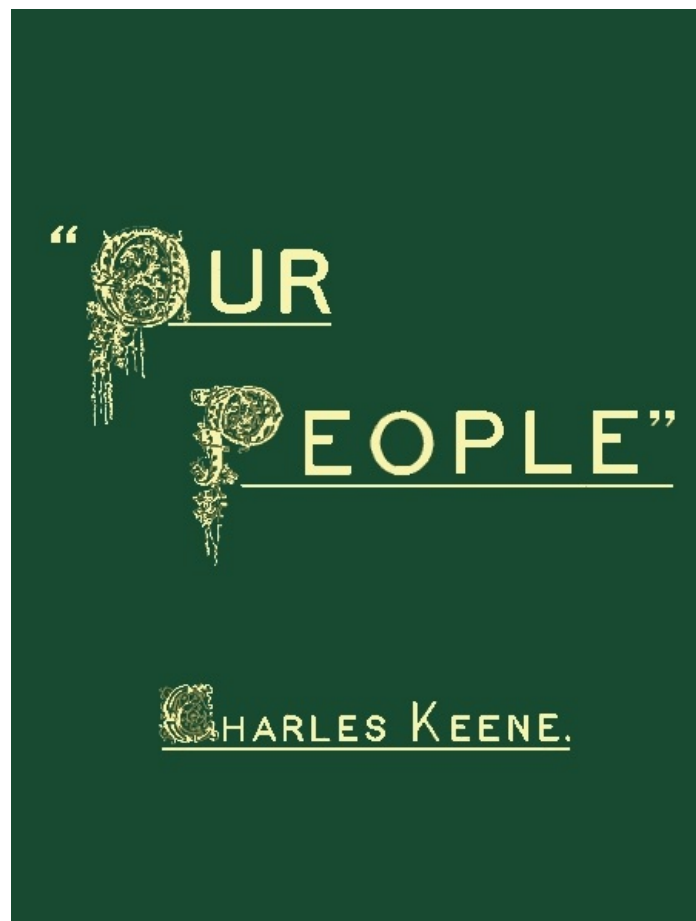
Release date: October 14, 2012 [EBook #41057]

Language: English

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# OUR PEOPLE

Sketched by

CHARLES KEENE.

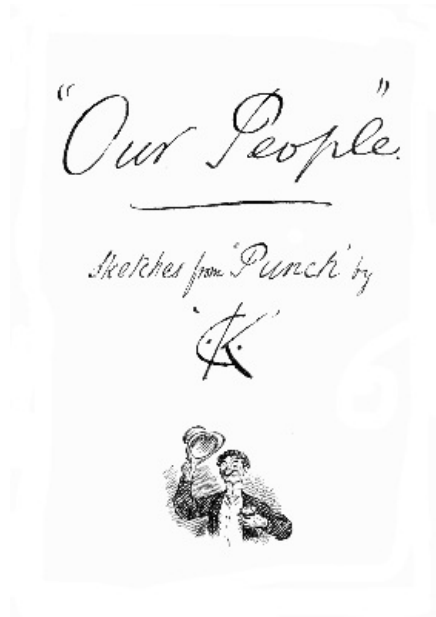
from the Collection of "Mr. Punch."

BOSTON,

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.

1881.

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OUR PEOPLE. AT HOME.

OUR PEOPLE. STREET-LIFE.

OUR PEOPLE. IN THE COUNTRY.

OUR PEOPLE. TRAVELLING.

OUR PEOPLE. PROFESSIONAL.

OUR PEOPLE. OFFICIAL.

OUR PEOPLE. IN THE ARMY.

OUR PEOPLE. ART AND ARTISTS.

OUR PEOPLE. VOLUNTEERS.

OUR PEOPLE. AT BUSINESS.

OUR PEOPLE. DOMESTICS.

OUR PEOPLE. WORKING FOLK.

OUR PEOPLE. IN IRELAND.

OUR PEOPLE. IN SCOTLAND.

&c., &c.



Toots! theres no a Jok' i' th' 'hale beuk!

---

COMPANION to "OUR PEOPLE,"  
ENGLISH SOCIETY AT HOME,

Society Pictures By

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., PUBLISHERS.

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[Pg 1a]



Mens Conscia.

**Inspector** (*who notices a backwardness in History*). "WHO SIGNED MAGNA CHARTA?" (*No answer.*)

**Inspector** (*more urgently*). "WHO SIGNED MAGNA CHARTA?" (*No answer.*)

**Inspector** (*angrily*). "WHO SIGNED MAGNA CHARTA!!?"

**Scapegrace** (*Thinking matters are beginning to look serious*). "PLEASE, SIR, 'T WASN'T ME, SIR!!!"

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[Pg 1b]



*Dignity.*

**Club "Buttons."** "I'M AT THE 'JUNIOR PENINSULAR' NOW."

**Friend.** "WHAT! DID YOU 'GET THE SACK' FROM 'THE REYNOLDS'?"

**Buttons (indignant).** "GO ALONG WITH YER! 'GET THE SACK!' I SENT IN MY RESI'NATION TO THE C'MMITTEE!"

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[Pg 1c]



*Family Pride.*

**First Boy.** "MY FATHER'S A ORFICER." **Second Boy.** "WHAT ORFICER?"

**First Boy.** "WHY, A CORPORAL!" **Third Boy (evidently "comic").** "SO'S MY FATHER—HE'S A ORFICER, TOO—A GENERAL, HE IS!"

**Fourth Boy.** "GO ALONG WITH YER!" **Third Boy.** "SO HE IS—HE'S A *GENERAL DEALER*!!"

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[Pg 2a]



*Bad Customer.*

**Landlady.** "WHAT GENTLEMAN'S LUGGAGE IS THIS, SAM?"

**Ancient Waiter.** "GE'TLEMAN'S LUGGAGE, 'M! 'OR' BLESYER, NO, MUM! THAT'S *ARTIS'S TRAPS*, THAT IS. THEY'LL 'AVE TEA HERE TO-NIGHT, TAKE A LITTLE LODGIN' TO-MORROW, AND THERE THEY'LL BE A LOAFIN ABOUT THE PLACE FOR MONTHS, DOIN' NO GOOD TO NOBODY!"

[Pg 2b]



*"March of Refinement."*

**Brown** (*behind the Age, but hungry*). "GIVE ME THE BILL OF FARE, WAITER."

**Head Waiter.** "BEG PARDON, SIR?"

**Brown.** "THE BILL OF FARE."

**Head Waiter.** "THE WHAT, SIR? O!—AH!—YES!"—(*to Subordinate*)  
—"CHAWLES, BRING THIS—THIS—A—GEN'LEMAN—THE *MENOO!*!"

[Pg 2c]



*Refrigerated Tourists.*

**Provincial Waiter.** "ICE! GENTLEMEN! THERE AIN'T NO ICE IN AUTUMN TIME. BUT IT'S EASY TO SEE YOU ARE GENTS FROM LONDON, AS DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT NATURE, AND I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR IT, IN COURSE. BUT, ICE IN AUGUST!" *Exit, sniggering.*

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[Pg 3a]



*Intelligent Pet.*

"MA, DEAR, WHAT DO THEY PLAY THE ORGAN SO LOUD FOR, WHEN 'CHURCH' IS OVER? IS IT TO WAKE US UP?"

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[Pg 3b]



"Durance."

**Little Daughter.** "WON'T THEY LET US OUT WITHOUT PAYING, MA'?"

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[Pg 3c]



*The Mystery Solved.*

**Effie** (*our Parson's little daughter: her first experience of "Church." Aloud—with intense surprise*). "PA AND ALL THE DEAR LITTLE BOYS, IN THEIR NIGHTGOWNS, GOING TO BYE-BYE!!!"

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[Pg 4a]

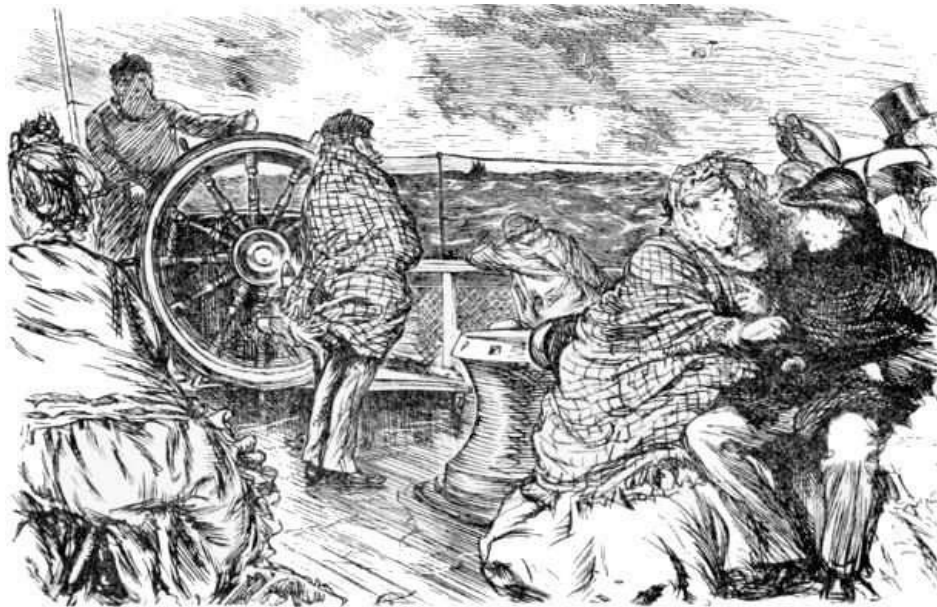


*A Pledged M. P.*

**M. P.'s Bride** "OH! WILLIAM, DEAR—IF YOU ARE—A LIBERAL—DO BRING IN A BILL—NEXT SESSION—FOR THAT UNDERGROUND TUNNEL!!"

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[Pg 4b]



*"Perils of the Deep."*

**Unprotected Female** (*awaking old Gent., who is not very well.*) "O, MISTER, WOULD YOU FIND THE CAPTAIN? I'M SURE WE'RE IN DANGER! I'VE BEEN WATCHING THE MAN AT THE WHEEL; HE KEEPS TURNING IT ROUND FIRST ONE WAY AND THEN THE OTHER, AND EVIDENTLY DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN MIND!!"

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[Pg 5a]





*"The Pink of Fashion."*

"OUR FLOWER SHOW WAS A DECIDED SUCCESS THIS YEAR, AND LITTLE FIDKINS IN AN EMBROIDERED FLORAL WAISTCOAT WAS KILLING!"

[Pg 5b]



*The Bird Show.*

**That Charming Gal** with the blue feather (to Prize Canary). "SWEETY, DEAR!"

**Comic Man** ("*Dolcissimo con Brio*," from the other side of the pedesta).

"YES, DUCKY!"

*Utterly ruining the hopes, and taking the wind out o' the sails of his tall friend (serious man), who had been spooning about her all the afternoon, and thought he had made an impression!*

[Pg 5c]



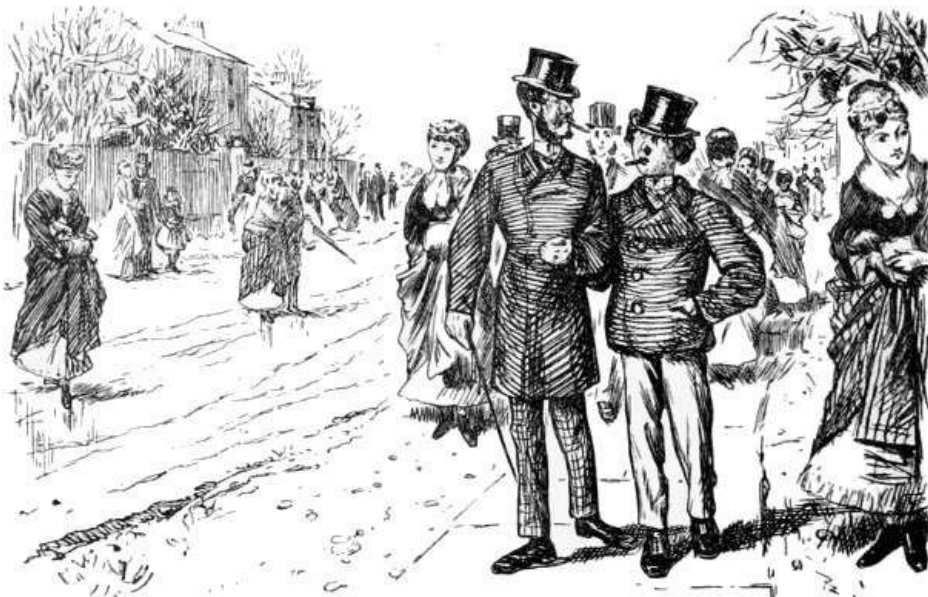
"Trying."

**Happy Swain** (*she has "named the day"*). "AND NOW, DEAREST EDITH, THAT IS ALL SETTLED. WITH REGARD TO JEWELLERY, MY LOVE; WOULD YOU LIKE A SET IN PLAIN GOLD, OR——"

**Edith** (*economical and courageous, and who suffers a good deal from toothache*). "OH, AUGUSTUS, NOW YOU ASK ME—DO YOU KNOW—I—REALLY—BUT—MR. CLINCH TOLD ME YESTERDAY THAT HE COULD EXTRACT ALL I HAVE, AND PUT IN A BEAUTIFUL NEW SET FOR ONLY FIFTEEN GUINEAS!!"

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[Pg 6a]



Common Prudence.

**Snob.** "OH, LET'S GET OUT O' THIS MOB, 'ARRY! THEY'LL THINK WE'RE A GOIN' TO CHURCH!"

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[Pg 6b]



The Triumphs of Temper.

**Fare** (*out of patience at the fourth "jib" in a Mile*). "HI, THIS WON'T DO! I SHALL GET OUT!"

**Cabby** (*through the trap, in a whisper*). "AH THIN, SOR, NIVER MIND HER! SIT STILL! DON'T GIVE HER THE SATISFACTION AV KNOWIN' SHE'S GOT RID AV YE!!"

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[Pg 7a]



"For Better for Worse."

*Our friend Bagnidge (hasn't a rap) has just married the widow (rich) of old Harlesden the stockbroker.*

**Mrs. B.** (*Retiring*). "SHALL I SEND MY POPPET HIS SLIPPERS?"

**Mr. B.** "N-N-N-N-O—NOT AT PRESENT, THANKS!" (*Sotto voce to his guest when the door was closed.*) "NOT SO FOND OF HAVING THE MUZZLES ON MY FEET AT EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING, YOU KNOW, BARNEY!!"

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[Pg 7b]



A Half Truth.

**Guard** (*of the Fatuous Railway Company, that still forbids tobacco*). "STRONG SMELL OF SMOKE, SIR!"

**Passenger** (*his cigar covered by his newspaper*). "YA-AS; THE PARTY WHO HAS JUST GOT OUT HAS BEEN SMOKING FURIOUSLY!!"

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[Pg 7c]



Poor Humanity!

**Bride**. "I THINK—GEORGE, DEAR—I SHOULD—BE BETTER—IF WE WALKED ABOUT——"  
**Husband** (*one wouldn't have believed it of him*). "YOU CAN DO AS YOU LIKE, LOVE. I'M VERY WELL(!) AS I AM!!"

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[Pg 8a]



*Family Ties.*

*(Respec'fully dedicated to Mr. Punch's excellent friends at the Egyptian Hall—M. and C.)*

**Aunt.** "GRACIOUS GOODNESS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY CUPBOARD, YOU NAUGHTY BOYS?"

**Jacky.** "OH, AUNT, WE'RE PLAYING 'MASCULINE AND COOK'! I TIE HIM TO THE CHAIR, AND WHEN THE DOOR'S OPENED HIS HANDS ARE FREE. THEN HE DOES ME!!!"

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[Pg 8b]



*"Prevention Better than Cure."*

**James** (*excitedly*). "HERE—HERE—HERE'S THE SHILLIN'! QUICK—QUICK—OFF WITH YOU!"

**German Impostor** (*affecting concern*). "DERE IS SOME VUN ILL?"

**James.** "WELL, NOT JUST YET! BUT THERE PRECIOUS SOON WILL BE, IF YOU DON'T KNOCK OFF!"

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[Pg 9a]



The Roll-Call.

**Sergeant.** "ALISTER McALISTER!" **Answer.** "HAMISHO!"

**Sergeant.** "DONAL' McBEAN!" **Answer.** "HAMISHO!"

**Sergeant.** "PETER McKAY!" **ANSWER.** "HAMISHO!"

**Sergeant.** "JOHN SMITH!" **Answer.** "HERE, SIR!"

**Sergeant** (*with a Sniff*). "UGH! 'ENGLISH POCK-PUDDING'!!!"

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[Pg 9b]



*Gentility in Greens.*

(Mrs. Brown finds Sandymouth a very different place from what she remembers it years ago!)

**Greengrocer.** "CABBAGE, MUM!? WE DON'T KEEP NO SECOND-CLASS VEGETABLES, MUM. YOU'LL GET IT AT THE LOWER END O' THE TOWN!"

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[Pg 9c]



*Plain to Demonstration.*

**Customer** (*nervously*). "Ah! THEY MUST BE VERY IRKSOME AT FIRST."

**Dentist** (*exultantly*). "NOT A BIT OF IT, SIR! LOOK HERE, SIR!" (*Dexterously catching his entire set.*) "HERE'S MY UPPERS, AND HERE'S MY UNDERS!"

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[Pg 10a]



Unprejudiced!

**Swell** (*at the R. A. Exhibition*). "HAW! 'VE YOU ANY IDEA—W WHAT FELLOW'S PICTU-ARS WE'RE TO ADMI-ARE THIS YE-AR!!!?"

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[Pg 10b]



A Kind Son.

**Paterfamilias** (to his Eldest Son, who is at Bartholomew's). "GEORGE, THESE ARE UNCOMMONLY GOOD CIGARS! I CAN'T AFFORD TO SMOKE SUCH EXPENSIVE CIGARS AS THESE."

**George** (grandly). "FILL YOUR CASE—FILL YOUR CASE, GOV'NER!!!"

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[Pg 10c]



Crass Ignorance.

**First Swell.** "LET'S SEE—TO-MORROW'S—WHAT'S T'DAY, BYTH'BY?"

**Second Swell.** "TUESDAY, ISN'T IT?—OR MONDAY?—WAS YEST'DAY SUNDAY? NE' MIND—(yawns)—MY MAN'LL BE HERE PWESENTLY—PWEVIOUS SHWEVD FELLOW —"TELL US LIKE A SHOT!!!"

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[Pg 11a]





A Change in the Weather.

**Paterfamilias** (*with a sigh: his family have been to Boulogne for the holidays*). "IT'S ALL UP!"

**Bachelor Friend** (*who has enjoyed these little Dinners*). "WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

**Paterfamilias**. "TELEGRAM! SHE SAYS THEY'VE ARRIVED SAFE AT FOLKESTONE, AND WILL BE HOME ABOUT 10·30!"

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[Pg 11b]



"Res Augustæ Domi."

**Family Man**. "WHERE DO YOU GO THIS YEAR, JINNINGS?"

**Bachelor** (*in a sketchy manner*). "OH—BADEN FOR A FEW WEEKS, AND THE WHINE, BELGIUM—P'WAPS GET AS FAR'S VIENNAH! WHERE 'YOU OFF TO?"

**Family Man**. "OH, I SUPPOSE I SHALL TAKE THE OLD WOMAN DOWN TO WORTHING—AS USUAL!"

*And he says this in anything but a sprightly manner—which was weak and injudicious.*

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[Pg 12a]



*Irish Ingenuity.*

**Saxon Tourist.** "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU LOWERING THE SHAFTS FOR?"  
(*He has just found out that this manœuvre is gone through at every ascent.*)

**Car-Driver.** "SHURE, YER 'ONNER, WE'LL MAKE 'M B'LAVE HE'S GOIN' DOWN HILL!"

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[Pg 12b]



*Scrupulous.*

**Shepherd.** "O, JIMS, MUN! CAN YE NO GIE A WHUSTLE ON THA RAM'LIN' BRUTE O' MINE? I DAURNA MYSEL'; IT'S JUST FAST-DAY IN OOR PARISH!!"

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[Pg 13a]



A Game Two can Play at.

**Guard** (to Excited Passenger at the Edinburgh Station, just as the Train is Starting). "YE'RE TOO LATE, SIR. YE CANNA ENTER."

**Stalwart Aberdonian.** "A' MAUN!"

**Guard** (holding him back). "YE CANNA!"

**Aberdonian.** "TELL YE A' MAUN—A' WEEL!" (Gripping Guard.) "IF A' MAUNNA, YE SANNA!!!"

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[Pg 13b]



Decimals on Deck.

**Irish Mate.** "HOW MANNY IV YE DOWN THER-RE?!"

**Voice from the Hold.** "THREE, SOR!"

**Mate.** "THIN HALF IV YE COME UP HERE IMMADIATELY!!!"

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[Pg 13c]



More "Revenge for the Union."

**Saxon Tourist** (at *Irish Railway Station*). "WHAT TIME DOES THE HALF-PAST ELEVEN TRAIN START, PADDY?"

**Porter.** "AT THRUTTY MINUTES TO TWILVE—SHARRUP, SOR!"  
*Tourist retires up, discomfited.*

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[Pg 14a]



*The Ulster.*

**Schoolboy** (to *Brown, in his new great-coat*). "YAH! COME OUT OF IT! D'YOU THINK I DON'T SEE YER!!!"

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[Pg 14b]



*"Silence is Golden."*

**Chatty Old Gent.** "HAVE YOU LONG HOURS, HE-AR, PORTAR?"

**Railway Porter** (*whose Temper has been spoilt*). "SAME AS ANYWHERE ELSE, I S'POSE—SIXTY MINUTES!"—(*Bell rings, Railway Porter touches up Old Gent's favourite corn, and rushes off!*)

**Old Gent.** "PH—O—O—O—O—!"

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[Pg 14c]



*Barometrical.*

**Draper.** "LIGHT SUMMER DRESS? YES, M'M. SOLD A GREAT MANY THE LAST FEW DAYS, M'M, THE WEATHER HAVIN' RISEN FROM A FRENCH MERINO TO A GRENADINE!"

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[Pg 15a]



*A Family Man.*

**Cabby.** "VY, I'M A FATHER OF A FAM'LY MYSELF, MUM,—NOT SO 'ANDSOME AS YOUR LITTLE DEARS, MUM, I DON'T SAY,—AN' D'YOU THINK I'D GO FOR TO OVERCHARGE FOR 'EM? NOT I, MUM! NOT A SIXPENCE, BLESS THEIR LITTLE 'EARTS!" &C., &C.  
*Claim allowed.*

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[Pg 15b]



*Unconscionable.*

**Head of the Firm.** "WANT A HOLIDAY!? WHY, YOU'VE JUST BEEN AT HOME ILL FOR A MONTH!"

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[Pg 15c]



*A Narcotic.*

**Doctor.** "LOOK HERE, MRS. McCAWDLE. DON'T GIVE HIM ANY MORE PHYSIC. A SOUND SLEEP WILL DO HIM MORE GOOD THAN ANYTHING."

**Gudewife.** "E-H, DOCTOR, IF WE COULD ONLY GET HIM TAE THE KIRK!!!"

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[Pg 16a]



*The Connoisseur.*

**Host** (*smacking his lips*). "THERE, MY BOY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT? I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU A TREAT. THAT'S '34 PORT, SIR!"

**Guest.** "AH! AND A VERY NICE, SOUND WINE, I SHOULD SAY! I BELIEVE IT'S QUITE AS GOOD AS SOME I GAVE 37S. FOR THE OTHER DAY."

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[Pg 16b]



Awful Warning!

**Guest (at City Company Dinner.)** "I'M UNCOMMONLY HUNGRY!"

**Ancient Liveryman (with feeling).** "TAKE CARE, MY DEAR SIR, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, TAKE CARE! D'YOU KNOW IT HAPPENED TO ME AT THE LAST LORD MAYOR'S DINNER TO BURN MY TONGUE WITH MY FIRST SPOONFUL OF CLEAR TURTLE; 'CONSEQUENCE WAS—(sighs)—'COULDN'T TASTE AT ALL—ANYTHING—FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING!!"

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[Pg 16c]



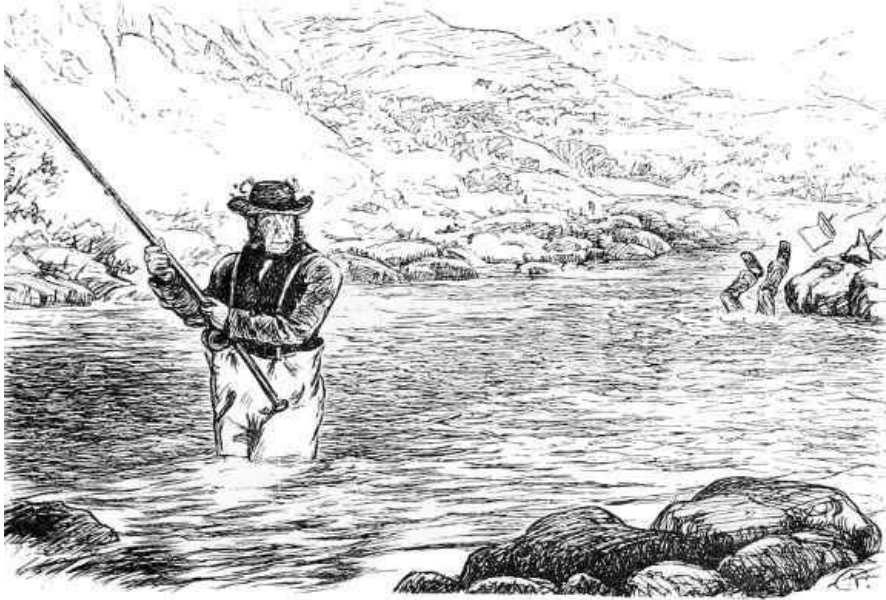
*The Sausage Machine.*

**Cook (in a fluster).** "O 'F Y' PLEASE, 'M, NO WONDER THE FLAVIOUR O' THEM SASSENGERS WASN'T TO-RIGHTS, 'M, WHICH I'VE JEST NOW KETCHED MASTER ALFRED A CUTTIN' HIS 'CAVENDISH' IN THE MACHINE!"

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[Pg 17a]



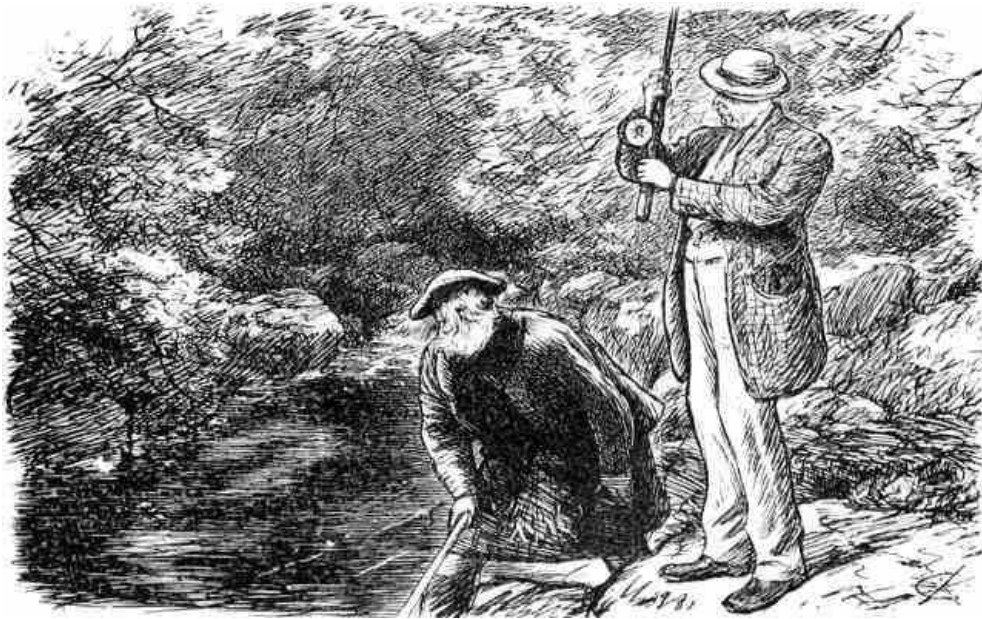


Just in Time.

**Veteran Piscator.** "HECH! BUT YON'S A MUCKLE FESH LOUPIN' AHINT ME!"—(It was lucky he looked round!—his Friend from London had preferred Sketching on the Banks, had stumbled over a Boulder, and "Gone a Header" into a deep hole. He was gaffed at his last kick!)

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[Pg 17b]



Words and Weights.

**Angler.** "DEUCED ODD, DONALD, I CAN'T GET A FISH OVER SEVEN POUNDS, WHEN THEY SAY MAJOR GRANT ABOVE US KILLED HALF A DOZEN LAST WEEK THAT TURNED TWENTY POUNDS APIECE!"

**Donald.** "AWEEL, SIR, IT'S NO THAT MUCKLE ODDS I'TH' SAWMON,—BUT THAE FOWK UP THE WATTER IS BIGGER LEEARS THAN WE ARE DOON HERE!"

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[Pg 18a]



"Mal Apropos."

**Rector's Wife.** "WELL, VENABLES, HOW DO YOU THINK WE SOLD THE JERSEY COW?"

**Venables. (Factotum and Gardener)** "WELL, M'M, MASTER BYLES HAS GOT THE BETTER O' WE A MANY TIMES, BUT—(*proudly*)—I THINK AS WE A' DONE HE TO-RIGHTS THIS TURN!!"

"So awkward! and before the Archdeacon, too!"

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[Pg 18b]



"A Slip o' the Tongue."

**Yachting Biped.** "THEN YOU'LL LOOK US UP AT PRIMROSE 'ILL?"

**New Acquaintance (gentlemanly man).** "OH, YES—NEAR THE 'ZOO,' ISN'T IT? WE OFTEN DROP IN AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE MONKEYS!"

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[Pg 18c]



*Confession in Confusion.*

**Priest.** "NOW, TELL ME, DOOLAN, TRUTHFULLY, HOW OFTEN DO YOU GO TO CHAPEL?"

**Pat.** "WILL, NOW, SHURE OI'LL TILL YER RIV'RENCE THE TRUT'. FAIX, I GO AS OFTEN I CAN AVOID!"

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[Pg 19a]



*The New Running Drill.*

*(A respectful appeal to His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief.)*  
CAPTAIN BLUARD, AS HE APPEARED IN COMMAND OF HIS COMPANY.

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[Pg 19b]

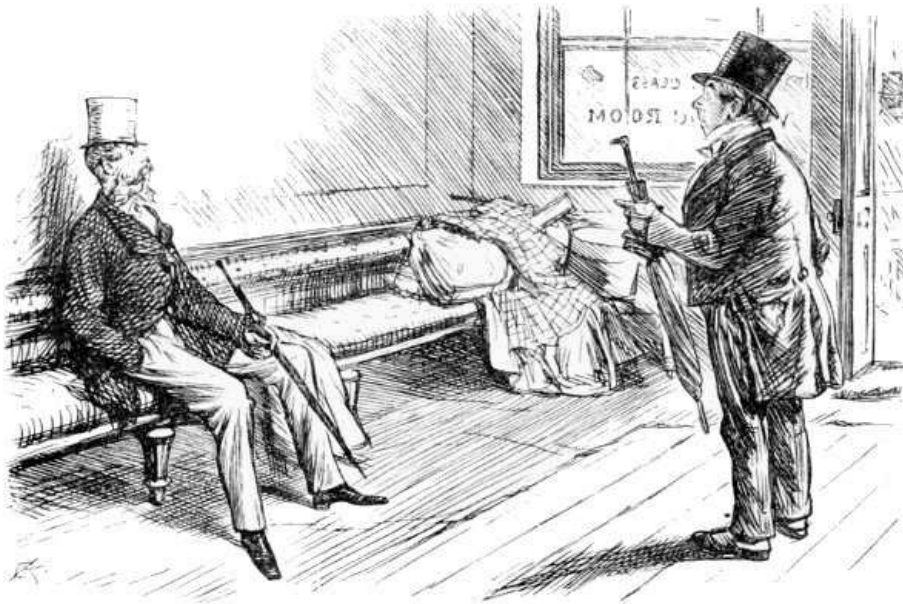


*Our Military Manœuvres.*

**Irish Drill-Sergeant** (*to Squad of Militiamen*). "PR'S'NT 'RRMS!"—  
(*Astonishing result.*)—"HIV'NS! WHAT A 'PRISINT'! JIST STIP OUT HERE NOW, AN'  
LOOK AT YERSILVES!!"

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[Pg 20a]



*The Race not yet Extinct.*

**Country Excursionist** (*just landed at G. W. Terminus*). "COULD YOU  
INFORM ME WHAT THESE 'ERE BUSES CHARGE FROM PADDINGTON TO THE BANK?"

**Dundreary** (*with an effort*). "AU-H, PO' M'SOUL, HAVEN'T AN IDEA-H! NEVER  
WODE 'N ONE IN M'LIFE! SHOULD SAY A MERE TWIFLE! P'WAPS A SHILLING, OR TWO  
SHILLINGS. 'DON'T THINK THE WASCALS COULD HAVE THE CONSCIENCE TO CHARGE YOU  
MORE THAN THWEE SHILLINGS! 'WOULDN'T PAY MORE THAN FOUR! I'D SEE 'EM AT THE  
D-D-DOO-OOCE!"

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[Pg 20b]



*A Dilemma.*

**Party** (*overcome by the heat of the Weather*). "Hoy! CAB!"

**Driver.** "ALL RIGHT, SIR, IF YOU'LL JUST WALK TO THE GATE."

**Party.** "O, BOTHER! WALKING TO 'GATE!"

**Driver.** "WELL, SIR, IF YOU CAN'T GET THROUGH, I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN GET OVER!"

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[Pg 20c]



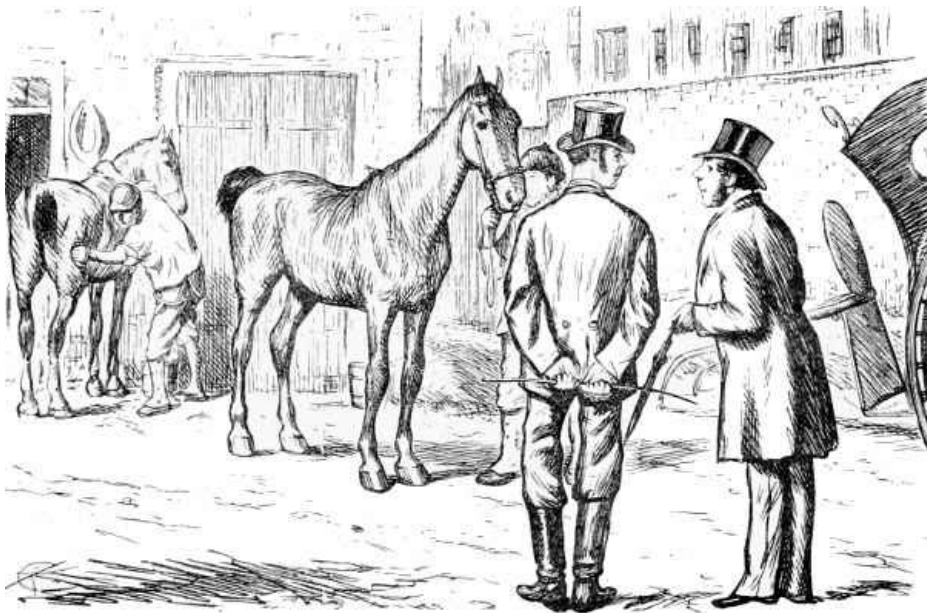
*Adjustment.*

**Bootmaker** (*who has a deal of trouble with this Customer*). "I THINK, SIR, IF YOU WERE TO CUT YOUR CORNS, I COULD MORE EASILY FIND YOU A PAIR——"

**Choleric Old Gentleman.** "CUT MY CORNS, SIR!—I ASK YOU TO FIT ME A PAIR O' BOOTS TO MY FEET, SIR!—I'M NOT GOING TO PLANE MY FEET DOWN TO FIT YOUR BOOTS!!!"

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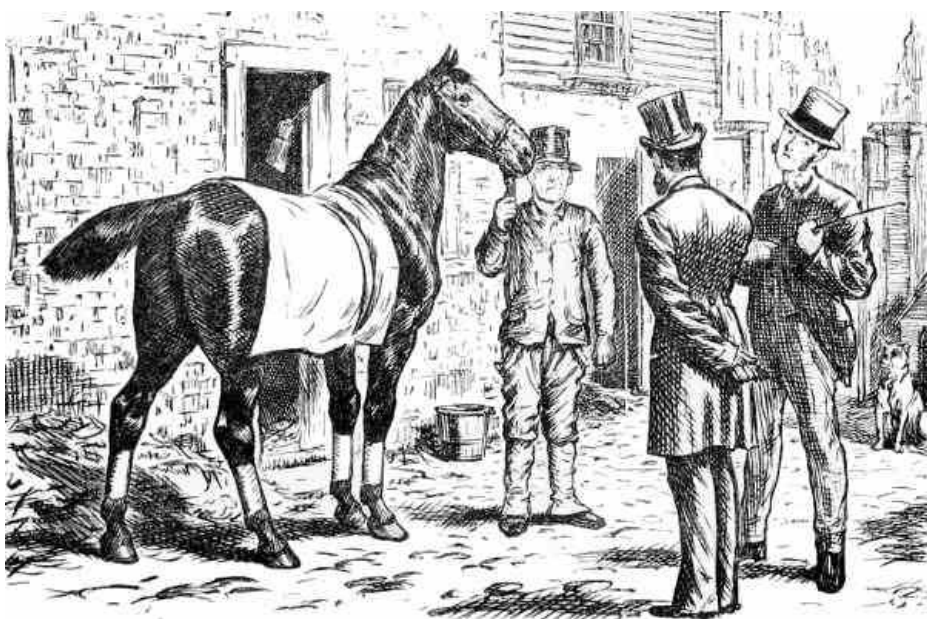
[Pg 21a]



A Mine of Speculation.

**Dealer** (to *Wavering Customer*). "WELL, OF COURSE WE ALL KNOW THAT—HE'S GOT 'IS BAD POINTS AN' 'IS GOOD POINTS; BUT WHAT I SAY IS, THERE'S NO DECEPTION ABOUT 'IS BAD POINTS—WE CAN SEE 'EM. BUT WE CAN'T NONE OF US TELL 'OW MANY GOOD POINTS HE MAY 'AVE TILL WE COMES TO KNOW 'IM!!" *The "Party" took time to consider.*

[Pg 21b]



"Argumentum ad Hominem!"

**Dealer.** "I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE HIS 'EAD, AND I ALLOW HE AIN'T GOT A PURTY 'EAD; BUT LOR'—NOW LOOK AT GLADSTONE, THE CLEVEREST MAN IN ALL ENGLAND!—AND LOOK AT 'IS 'EAD"!!!

[Pg 22a]



Veneration.

**Lodger.** "I SHALL NOT DINE AT HOME TO-DAY, MA'AM, BUT I'VE A FRIEND COMING THIS EVENING. IF YOU COULD GIVE US SOMETHING NICE FOR SUPPER——"

**Landlady (Low Church).** "WOULD YOU LIKE THE REMAINDER OF THE COLD TURKEY —AH ('feels a delicacy')—HEM! *BEELZE-BUBBED*, SIR?"

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[Pg 22b]



A Soft Answer.

**Irascible Old Gent.** "WAITER! THIS PLATE IS QUITE COLD!"

**Waiter.** "YESSIR, BUT THE CHOP IS 'OT, SIR, WHICH I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT'LL WARM UP THE PLATE NICELY, SIR!"

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[Pg 22c]



Seasonable Luxury.

**Old Gent** (*disgusted*). "HECK, WAITER! HERE'S A—HERE'S A—A—CATERPILLAR IN THIS CHOP!"

**Waiter** (*flippantly*). "YESSIR. ABOUT THE TIME O' YEAR FOR 'EM JUST NOW, SIR!"

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[Pg 23a]



Education!

**Papa** (*improving the occasion at Luncheon*). "NOW, LOOK, HARRY, THE CIRCUMFERENCE OF THIS CAKE IS EQUAL TO ABOUT THREE TIMES THE DIAMETER, AND ——"

**Harry**. "OH, THEN, PA', LET ME HAVE THE C'CUMF'RENCE FOR MY SHARE!!"

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[Pg 23b]





Cricket!

**Uncle.** "WELL, TOM, AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE IN CRICKET THIS HALF?"

**Tom.** "OH, BLESS YOU, UNCLE, WE'VE BEEN 'NOWHERE,' THIS SEASON; ALL OUR BEST 'MEN,' YOU KNOW, WERE DOWN WITH THE *MEASLES!*"

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[Pg 23c]



Treacherous Confederate.

**Uncle George** (*who has been amusing the Young People with some clever Conjuring*). "NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU SAW ME BURN THE HANDKERCHIEF.—WOULD YOU BE SURPRISED TO FIND—(*Roars of Laughter*)—I SHALL PRODUCE THE ORANGE OUR YOUNG FRIEND HERE WAS SO OBLIGING AS TO OFFER TO TAKE CARE OF, AND INSIDE WHICH, I'VE NO DOUBT, WE SHALL FIND THE SHILLING?!"

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[Pg 24a]



Breaking the Ice.

**Sprightly Lady.** "MR. DORMERS, WOULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH——"  
**Bashful Curate** (*who had scarcely spoken to his Fair Neighbour*). "O, CERTAINLY. WHAT SHALL I HAVE THE PLEASURE TO OFFER?——"  
**Lady.** "——A REMARK!!!"

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[Pg 24b]



The First Sermon.

**Aunt.** "WELL, DAISY, HOW DID YOU LIKE 'CHURCH' YESTERDAY?"  
**Daisy.** "O, AUNTY, THEY WERE ALL SO QUIET AND LOOKED SO CROSS, I THOUGHT I MUST 'A' SCREAMED!!!"

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[Pg 24c]



"Sweet is Revenge, Especially to Women!"

CAPTAIN OGLEBY, WHO ANNOYS THE MISS LANKYSTERS SO MUCH ON THE PROMENADE BY HIS OBTRUSIVE ADMIRATION, IS DISCOVERED EARLY ONE MORNING, BY HIS EXULTANT VICTIMS, IN THE ACT OF HAVING AN "EASY SHAVE" IN THE SOMEWHAT LIMITED PREMISES OF THE VILLAGE FIGARO.

[Pg 25a]



Desperate Case!

**M. A.** (*endeavouring to instil Euclid into the mind of Private Pupil going into the Army*). "Now, IF THE THREE SIDES OF THIS TRIANGLE ARE ALL EQUAL, WHAT WILL HAPPEN?"

**Pupil** (*confidently*). "WELL, SIR, I SHOULD SAY THE FOURTH WOULD BE EQUAL, TOO!!"

[Pg 25b]



Exchange!

**Togswell** (*in the Washing Room at the Office, proceeding to dress for the De Browney's Dinner-Party*). "HULLO! WHAT THE DOOCE"—(*Pulling out, in dismay, from black bag, a pair of blue flannel Tights, a pink striped Jersey, and a spiked canvas Shoe.*)—"CONFOUND IT! YES!—I MUST HAVE TAKEN THAT FELLOW'S BAG WHO SAID HE WAS GOING TO THE ATHLETIC SPORTS THIS AFTERNOON, AND HE'S GOT MINE WITH MY DRESS CLOTHES!!"

[Pg 25c]



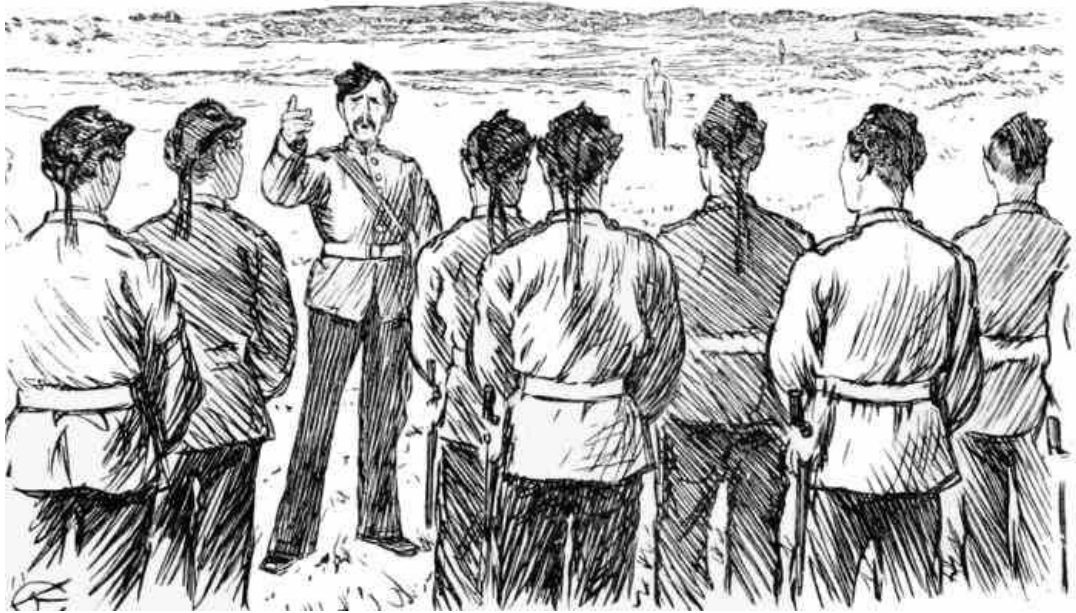
*A Degenerate Son.*

**The Governor** (*indignantly*). "GEORGE, I'M SURPRISED AT YOU! I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU KNEW BETTER! IT'S DISGRACEFUL! IS IT FOR THIS I'VE PAID HUNDREDS OF POUNDS TO GIVE YOU AN UNIVERSITY EDUCATION, THAT YOU SHOULD——"

**Son and Heir** (*with cigar*). "WHY—WHAT HAVE I DONE, GOVERNOR?"

**The Governor**. "DONE? DARED TO SMOKE, SIR, WHILE YOU ARE *DRINKING MY '34 PORT!*!"

[Pg 26a]



*Lucid!*

**Irish Sergeant** (*to Squad at Judging-Distance Drill*). "Now, YE'LL PAY THE GREATEST OF ATTENTION TO THE MAN AT EIGHT HUNDRED YAR-RDS: BECAUSE, IF YE CAN'T SEE 'M, YE'LL BE DECEIVED IN HIS 'APPARANCE!!!"

---

[Pg 26b]

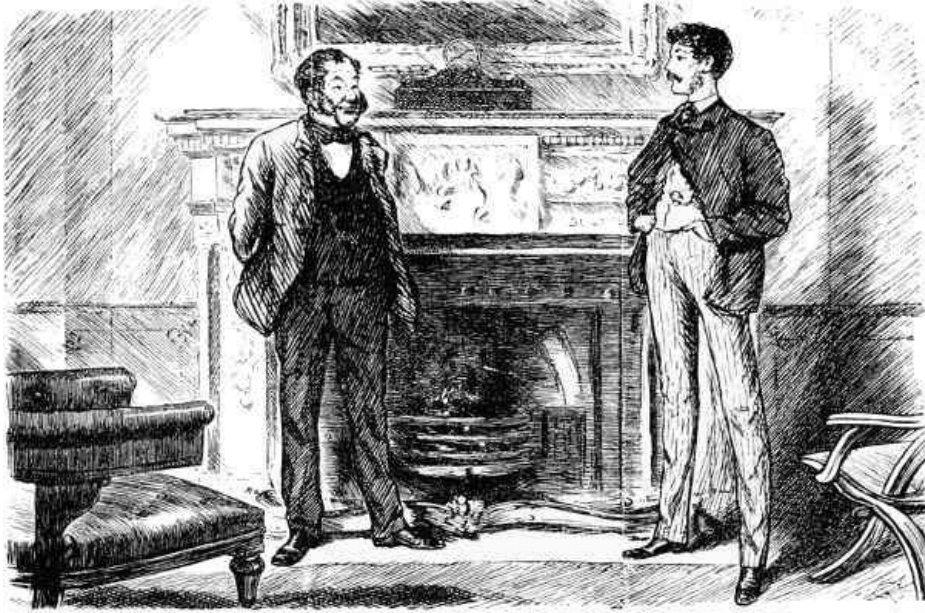


*The Riding Lesson.*

**Riding Master** (*to Sub, who is qualifying himself for the Punjaub Cavalry*). "IF YER 'EAD WAS ONLY TURNED THE OTHER WAY, WHAT A SPLENDID CHEST YOU'D 'AVE, MR. BOWDRIB!"

---

[Pg 27a]



*Look before you Leap.*

**Middle-Aged Uncle.** "NOT PROPOSED TO HER YET! WHY, WHAT A SHILLY-SHALLYING FELLOW YOU ARE, GEORGE! YOU'LL HAVE THAT LITTLE WIDOW SNAPPED UP FROM UNDER YOUR NOSE, AS SURE AS YOU'RE BORN! PRETTY GAL LIKE THAT—NICE LITTLE PROPERTY—EVIDENTLY LIKES YOU—WITH AN ESTATE IN THE HIGHLANDS, TOO, AND YOU A SPORTING MAN——"

**Nephew.** "AH! THAT'S WHERE IT IS, UNCLE! HER FISHING'S GOOD, I KNOW; BUT I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT HER *GROUSE!*"

---

[Pg 27b]



*No Mistake, this Time.*

**Lodger.** "DEAR ME, MRS. CRIBBLES, YOUR CAT'S BEEN AT THIS MUTTON AGAIN!"

**Landlady.** "OH NO, MUM, IT CAN'T BE THE CAT. MY 'USBAND SAYS HE B'LIEVES IT'S THE COLLERLARDA BEETLE!"

---

[Pg 27c]



*State o' Trade.*

**Small Girl.** "PLEASE, MRS. GREENSTOUGH, MOTHER SAYS WILL YOU GIVE HER A LETTUCE?"

**Mrs. G.** "GIVE?! TELL THEE MOTHER GIV'UM'S DEAD, AND LENDUM'S VERY BAD. NOTHINK FOR NOTHINK 'ERE, AND PRECIOUS LITTLE FOR SIXPENCE!!!"

---

[Pg 28a]



"Let Well Alone!"

**Swell.** "AH—WHAT'S YOUR FARE TO HAMPSTEAD BY THE—AH—NEW LAW?!"

**Cabby.** "OH, I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' 'BOUT NO NEW LAWS, SIR!—SAME OLD FARE, SIR—'LEAVE IT TO YOU,' SIR!"

---

[Pg 28b]



*"Le Jeu ne Vaut pas la Chandelle."*

**Old Gent** (*having had to pay twice*). "BUT I'M POSITIVE I HANDED YOU THE MONEY! IT MAY PROBABLY HAVE DROPPED DOWN THE SLIT IN THE DOOR!"

**Conductor**. "SLIT IN THE DOOR!—WELL, 'TAIN'T LIKELY I'M GOIN' TO TURN THE BUS UPSIDE-DOWN FOR SIXPENCE!"

---

[Pg 29a]



"Tho' Lost to Sight——"

**Aunt Jemima** (*from the country—her first experience of a "Hansom"*).  
"HOY! HOY! STOP THE HORSE! WHERE'S THE COACHMAN!"

---

[Pg 29b]





Precise.

**Driver** (*impatient*). "Now, BILL, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?"

**Conductor**. "GE'TLEMAN WANTS TO BE PUT DOWN AT NO. 20 A IN CLARINGDON SQUARE, FUST PORTICO ON THE RIGHT AFTER YOU PASS THE 'RED LION,' PRIVATE ENTRANCE ROUND THE CORNER!"

**Driver**. "O, CERTAINLY! ASK THE GE'TLEMAN IF WE SHALL DRIVE UP-STAIRS, AN' SET 'IM DOWN AT 'IS BED-ROOM DOOR IN THE THREE-PAIR BACK?"

---

[Pg 30a]



*An Extensive Order.*

"O, PLEASE, MISS, WILL YOU GIVE US TWO 'A'PENNIES FOR A PENNY, AND GI' ME A DRINK O' WATER, AN' TELL US THE RIGHT TIME? AN' FATHER WANTS A PIPE; AND LEND MOTHER YESTERDAY'S 'TIZER.'!!!!

---

[Pg 30b]



"No such Luck."

**Young Lady.** "IS IT HUNGRY, THEN? COME ALONG, LITTLE DARLING, IT SHALL HAVE ITS DINNER."

**Street-Sweeper** (*overhearing, and misapplying*). "HERE Y'ARE, MISS! RIGHT YOU ARE! I JEST AM!" *Ah! but it was Fido she was speaking to!*

---

[Pg 30c]

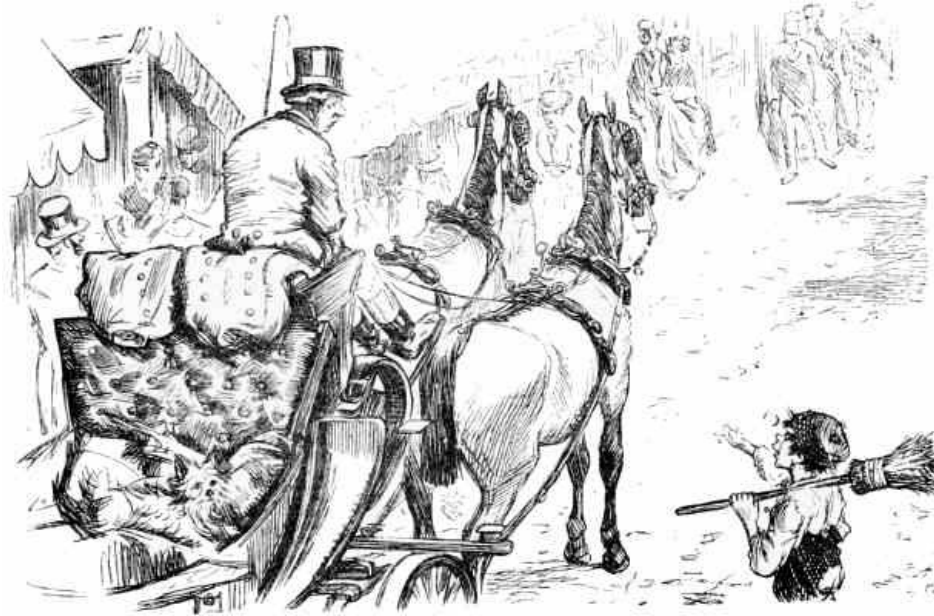


"'Tis Better not to Know."

**Impudent Boy** (*generally*). "TRY YER WEIGHT—ONLY A PENNY!" (*To Lady of commanding proportions in particular.*) "TELL YER 'XACT WEIGHT TO A HOUNCE, MUM!"

---

[Pg 31a]



*Vested Interests.*

**Sweeper.** "IF YOU DON'T GET OFF MY CROSSIN', I'LL 'EV YOUR NUMBER!"

---

[Pg 31b]



*"Chaff."*

**Apple-Stall Keeper (to the Boys).** "NOW, THEN, WHAT ARE YOU GAPING AT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

**Street Boy.** "NOTHIN'."

**Apple-Stall Keeper.** "THEN TAKE IT, AND BE OFF!"

**Street Boy.** "VERY WELL: WRAP IT UP FOR US IN A PIECE O' PAPER!" *Bolts.*

---

[Pg 31c]



"Is It Possible?!"

**Swell** (*lecturing Juvenile Member of Manufacturing Centre*). "YOU SHOULD ALWAYS—AH—TOUCH YOUR HAT TO A GENTLEMAN——"

**Factory Lad**. "PLEASE, SIR, I DIDN'T KNOW AS YER WAS ONE!!!"

---

[Pg 32a]



A Panic in the Kitchen.

**Facetious Page**. "NOW, THEN, HERE'S THE CENSUS, AND MASTER'S ORDERED ME TO FILL IT UP. I'VE PUT DOWN YOUR AGES WITHIN A YEAR OR SO, AND YOU'RE TO 'RETURN' YOUR FOLLERERS, IF ANY, HOW MANY, AND STATE 'P'LICE OR MILITARY,' FEES AND TIPS FROM TRADESMEN AND WISITORS 'PER ANN.,' PRICE O' KITCHEN-STUFF, AVERAGE O' BREAKAGES, &C., &C."

---

[Pg 32b]



*Proof Positive.*

**Mistress.** "YOUR CHARACTER IS SATISFACTORY, BUT I'M VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT ONE THING: I WISH MY SERVANTS TO HAVE PLENTY, BUT I DON'T ALLOW ANY WASTE."

**Page.** "OH, NO, 'M, WHICH I'D EAT AND DRINK TILL I BUSTED, 'M, RATHER THAN WASTE ANYTHINK, 'M!!!"

---

[Pg 33a]



*"Qualifications."*

**Painter** (who has always been ambitious of "writing himself down an R. A."). "THINK THEY MIGHT HAVE ELECTED ME, HAVING EXHIBITED AND HAD MY NAME DOWN ALL THESE YEARS! I MIGHT HAVE——"

**Friend** (*Man o' the World*). "MY DEAR FELLOW, I'VE ALWAYS TOLD YOU, YOU DON'T GO THE RIGHT WAY TO WORK. YOU SEE THEY COULD ONLY ELECT YOU FOR YOUR PAINTING, FOR——WHY DO YOU WEAR SUCH THICK BOOTS?!"

---

[Pg 33b]



*Temptation.*

**Painter.** "YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU WANT ME TO SIGN IT, WHEN I TELL YOU I DID NOT PAINT IT? AND A BEASTLY COPY IT IS, TOO!"

**Picture-Dealer.** "VY NOT, GOOT SIR? VY NOT? TUT! TUT! TUT! I ONLY VISH YOU ARTIS'S VOS MEN OF BIS'NESS!"

---

[Pg 33c]



*"Spoiling It."*

**Lord Dabbly.** "WA-AL, STREAKY, WHY I'VE HEARD—AH—YOU'RE NOT GOING TO—*(yawns)*—HAVE A PICT-YAR AT THE EXHIBITION!"

**Streaky, R. A.** "HAW, VERY PROBABLY NOT, M'LORD. WELL, I THINK IT ONLY—AH—GRACEFUL, M'LORD, WE SHOULD OCCASIONALLY FOREGO OUR PRIVILEGED SPACE FOR THE SAKE OF OUR YOUNGER PAINTERS—AH! BESIDES—I QUESTION IF I SHALL BE ABLE TO FINISH MY PUBLIC PORTRAITS IN TIME THIS YE-AR!"

---

[Pg 34a]



*Particular!*

**Young Mumford** (*airily, having learnt that the Lady comes from his part of the country*). "DESSAY YOU KNOW THE CADGEBYS OF BILCHESTER?—AWFULLY JOLLY PEOPLE! I—"

**Haughty Beauty.** "OH NO, WE ONLY VISIT THE COUNTY FAMILIES AND WE *WEED* THEM!!"

*Her partner wishes this "First Set" was "The Lancers."*

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[Pg 34b]



*Vivifying Treatment of a Partner.*

*(A Tragedy of the last Harrogate Season.)*

**Young Lady** (*to Partner, instantly on their taking their Places*). "Now— I'VE BEEN TO FOUNTAINS ABBEY, AND TO BOLTON, AND I'VE SEEN THE BRIMHAM ROCKS, AND THE DROPPING WELL, AND THE VIEW FROM THE OBSERVATORY, AND WE HAD A MORNING IN YORK MINSTER, AND WE HAVE BEEN HERE A FORTNIGHT, AND WE ARE GOING TO STAY ANOTHER, AND PAPA TAKES THE CHALYBEATE WATERS, AND I AM VERY GLAD THE CAVALRY ARE COMING. NOW YOU MAY BEGIN CONVERSATION."

*Utter Collapse of Partner.*

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[Pg 35a]



*Arbiter Elegantiarum.*

**Housemaid.** "OH, PLEASE, 'M, COULD I GO OUT THIS EVENING? 'CAUSE COOK NEX' DOOR'S GOT A 'LANG'AGE O' FLOWERS BEE,' AND SHE'S REQUESTED ME TO BE ONE O' THE JUDGES!"

---

[Pg 35b]



*"The Servants."*

**Cook.** "THEN, SHALL YOU GO AS 'OUSEMAID?"

**Young Person.** "NO, INDEED! IF I GO AT ALL, I GO AS LADY 'ELP!"

---

[Pg 35c]





"Hard Lines."

**Mistress (to former Cook).** "WELL, ELIZA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?"

**Ex-Cook.** "WELL, MUM, AS YOU WOULDN'T GIVE ME NO CHARACTER, I'VE BEEN OBLIGED TO MARRY A SOLDIER!"

---

[Pg 36a]



"Not to Put too Fine a Point on It."

**Transatlantic Party.** "LOOK 'ERE, WAITER! CHANGE THIS KNIFE FOR A PEA-EATER. STRANGER AND ME AIR ON DIFFERENT PLATFORMS, AND I MIGHT HURT HIM."

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[Pg 36b]



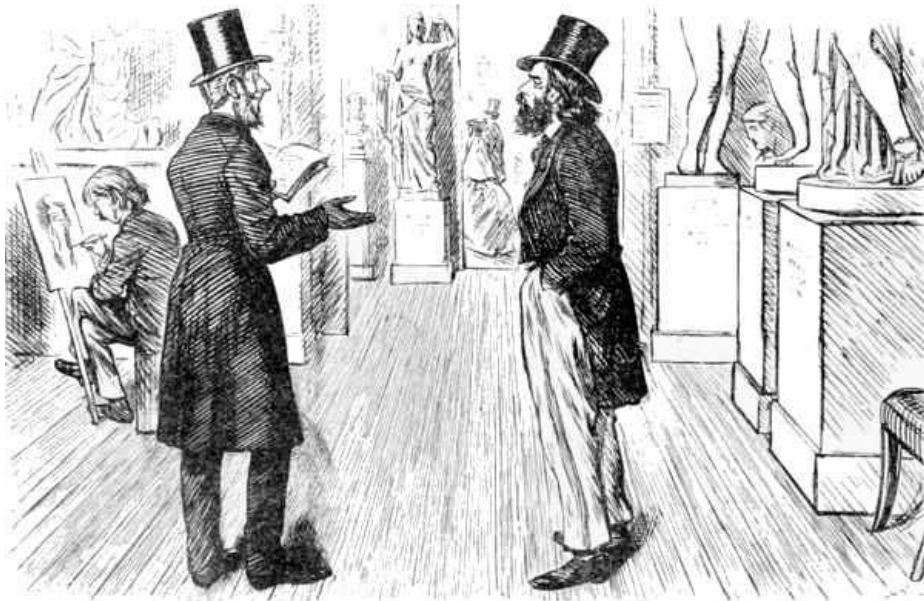
*"Never Say 'Die'"*

**Nephew.** "SURE IT ISN'T GOUT, UNCLE?"

**Uncle.** "GOUT! SHTUFF AN' NONSHENSH! NOT A BIT OF IT! NO, FACT IS—PHEW—  
(*winces*) THESE CON-FOUNDED BOOTMAKERS—THEY MAKE YOUR BOOTS SO *TIGHT!*!"

---

[Pg 36c]



*"Ingenuas Didicisse" &c.*

**Urbane Foreigner.** "THE—AH—CONTEMPLATION OF THESE—AH—RELIQS OF ANCIENT ART IN THE GALLERIES OF EUROPE, MUST BE MOST INT'R'STING TO THE—AH—EDUCATED AMERICAN!"

**American Tourist.** "WA'AL, DON'T SEEM TO CARE MUCH FOR THESE *STONE GALS* SOMEHOW, STRANGER!"

---

[Pg 37a]



A Plutocrat.

**Swell.** "D YOU OBLIGE ME—AH—BY SHUTTING YOUR WINDOW?—AH——"

**Second Passenger** (*politely*). "REALLY, SIR, IF YOU WILL NOT PRESS IT, AS YOURS IS SHUT, THE AIR IS SO WARM I WOULD RATHER KEEP THIS OPEN. YOU SEEM TO TAKE GREAT CARE OF YOURSELF, SIR——"

**Swell.** "CARE OF MYSELF! SHOULD WATHER THINK SO. SO WOULD YOU, MY DEAR FEL-LAH, IF YOU'D SIX THOUSAND A YE-AR!!"

---

[Pg 37b]



"Matter!"

**Portly Old Swell** (*on reading Professor Tyndall's Speech*). "DEAR ME! IS IT POSS'BLE! MOST 'XTR'ORD'NARY!—(*throws down the Review*)—THAT I SHOULD HAVE BEEN ORIGINALLY A 'PRIMORDIAL ATOMIC GLOBULE'!!"

---

[Pg 37c]

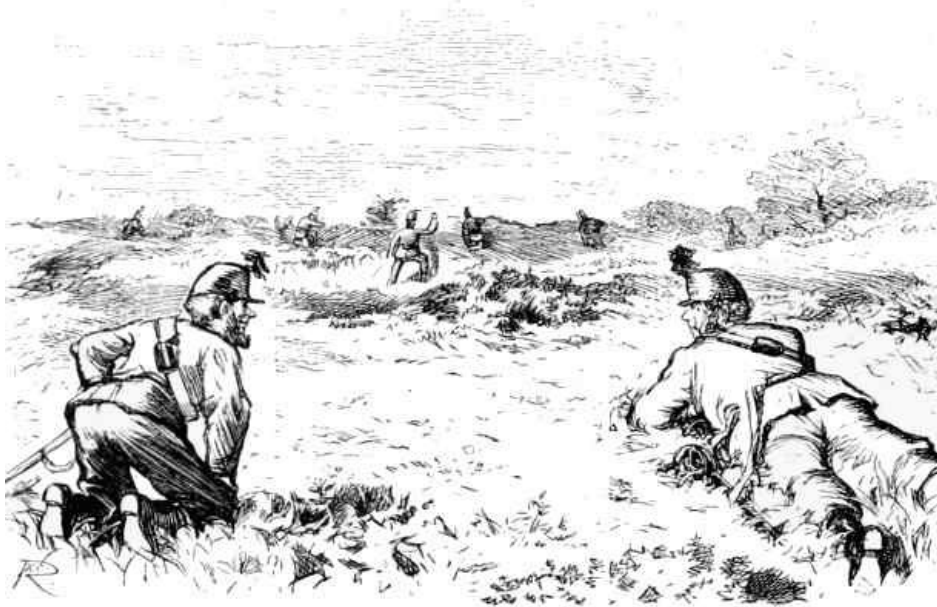


A Final Appeal.

"NOW, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, I THROW MYSELF UPON YOUR IMPARTIAL JUDGEMENT AS HUSBANDS AND FATHERS, AND I CONFIDENTLY ASK, DOES THE PRISONER LOOK LIKE A MAN WHO WOULD KNOCK DOWN AND TRAMPLE UPON THE WIFE OF HIS BOSOM? GENTLEMEN, I HAVE DONE!"

---

[Pg 38a]



*Division of Labor.*

**Facetious Volunteer Sub.** "LOOK HERE, CAPTAIN; I'M TIRED OF THIS FUN. DO YOU MIND LOOKING AFTER THE MEN WHILE I GO AND GET TAKEN PRISONER?"

---

[Pg 38b]



"Off."

**Sergeant O'Leary.** "DOUBLE! LEFT! RIGHT! WHAT THE BLAZES, PAT ROONEY, D'YE MANE BY NOT DOUBLIN' WID THE SQUAD!?"

**Pat.** "SHURE, SERGEANT, 'T WASN'T A FAIR START!"

---

[Pg 39a]



*"Where Ignorance is Bliss" &c.*

**Frugal Housewife** (*has a large Family*). "OH, MR. STICKINGS, I SEE BY THE DAILY PAPERS THAT THE PRICE OF MEAT HAS FALLEN TWOPENCE A POUND. I THINK YOU OUGHT TO MAKE SOME REDUCTION IN YOUR CHARGES!"

**Country Butcher.** "WERRY SORRY, MUM, BUT WE DON'T TAKE IN NO DAILY PAPERS, MUM!!"

---

[Pg 39b]



*Complimentary.*

**Collier** (*about the Dog*). "YES, SIR, AW GOT HIM IN MANCHESTER, YONDER, AN' DOCTOR AW'S GOING T' AX YE, HEY Y' ONY OBJECTION TIN US NAMIN' HIM EFTHER YE?!"

**Young Medical Man** (*rather pleased*). "OH, DEAR NO, BY ALL MEANS—'DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE COMPLIMENT, THOUGH, HE'S NOT A BEAUTY TO LOOK AT!"

**Collier**. "MEBBEES NOT, DOCTOR; BUT—SMASH!—MUN, HE'S A BEGGAR TO KILL!!!"

---

[Pg 39c]



*"(Not) Thankful for Small Mercies"*

**Cat's-Meat Man**. "WHAT 'A YER GOT FOR DINNER TO-DAY, JOE?"

**Crossing-Sweeper**. "OH, A BIT O' ROAST WEAL, SENT ME UP FROM NO. 6 IN THE CRESCENT 'ERE—AN' YER WOULDN'T B'LLEVE IT!—NOT A MOSSEL O' STUFFIN—AH, AN' NOT SO MUCH AS A SLICE O' LEMON!—AND (*with a sneer*) CALLS THEIRSELVES RESPECT'BLE PEOPLE, I'VE NO DOUBT!!!"

---

[Pg 40a]



*Delicacy.*

**Edwin** (*as the Servant is present*). "AH—J'ETTAY SEE—AH—DISAPPOINTAY DE NE PAS VOO VVORE A LA RINK CE MATTANG—POORQWAW ESKER——?"

**Angelina**. "AH WEE, MAIS MOMMONG——"

**Parlour-Maid**. "HEM! BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS; BUT I UNDERSTAND THE LANGVIDGE!!"

---

[Pg 40b]



"The Servants."

**Mistress**. "JANE, TELL COOK I'LL COME DOWN AND SEE WHAT SHE WANTS DONE TO THAT STOVE, AS THE BUILDER'S COMING TO-MORROW."

**Jane**. "O, PLEASE, 'UM, I DON'T THINK WE CAN AST YOU INTO THE KITCHING TO DAY, MUM, AS COOK AND ME'S GOT A SMALL AND EARLY 'AT OME' THIS AFTERNOON, MUM!"

---

[Pg 41a]



Retributive Justice.

**Farmer** (*giving the Culprit a Box o' the Ear*). "HOW DARE YOU BEAT THOSE  
GOSLINS, YOU YOUNG RASCAL? I SAW YOU!"

**Boy**. "BOO, OO, OO, WHAT FURR'D THEY GORS-CHICKS FEYTHAR BOITE OI THEN FURR?!"

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[Pg 41b]



"By the Card."

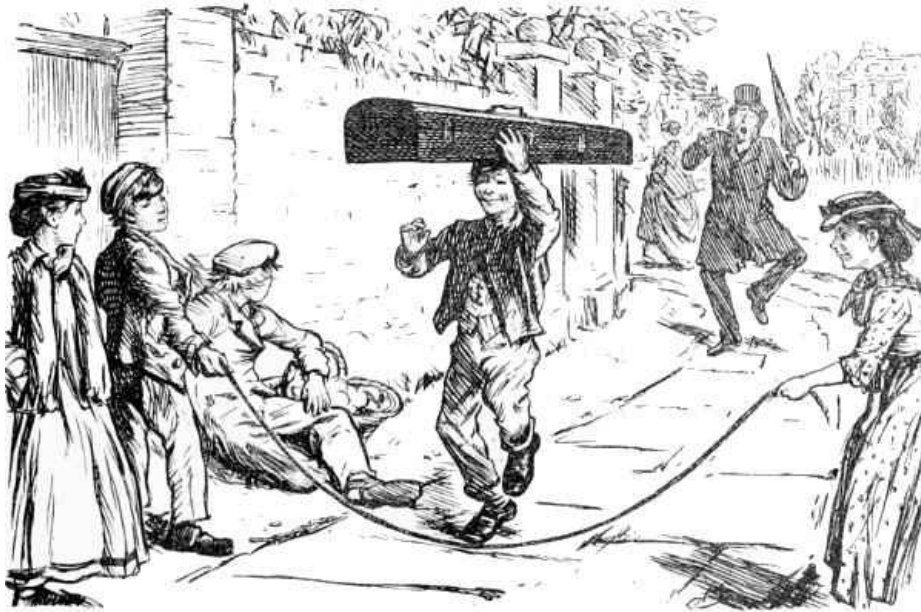
**Pedestrian**. "HOW FAR IS IT TO SLUDGECOMBE, BOY?"

**Boy**. "WHY 'BOUT TWENTY 'UNDERD THEAUSAN' MILD 'F Y' GOO 'S Y'ARE AGOIN' NOW,  
AN' 'BOUT HALF A MILD 'F YOU TURN RIGHT REAOUND AN' GOO T' OTHER WAY!!"

---

[Pg 41c]





*In Jeopardy.*

THE NEW BOY WAS ENJOINED TO BE VERY CAREFUL HOW HE CARRIED THE FIDDLE-CASE — "BY THE HANDLE, AND TO MIND NOT TO KNOCK IT AGAINST ANYTHING!" IMAGINE THE HORROR OF MR. PITSEY CARTER, HIS MASTER, WHO WAS FOLLOWING, TO COME UPON THE RASCAL, WITH THE INVALUABLE "JOSEPH" ON HIS HEAD, EXECUTING A PAS-SEUL OVER A SKIPPING-ROPE!!

[Pg 42a]



*Heresy.*

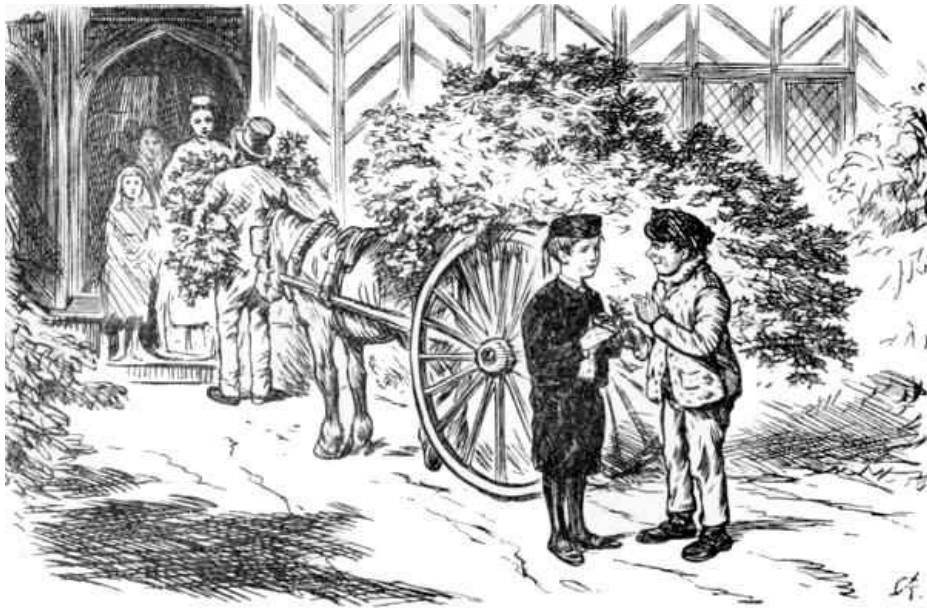
**Mamma.** "YOU KNOW WHO BUILT THE ARK, GEORGE?"

**George** (*promptly*). "NOAH, 'MA."

**Mamma.** "AND WHAT DID HE BUILD IT FOR?"

**George** (*dubiously*). "FOR LITTLE BOYS TO PLAY WITH, 'MA?!"

[Pg 42b]



"Oh, the Mistletoe Bough!"

**Greengrocer, Jun.** (to whom our *Little Friend in Velvet* had applied for a piece of Mistletoe for his own private diversion). "I'VE GOT YER A BIT, MASTER GEORGE. IT AIN'T A VERY BIG PIECE, BUT THERE'S LOTS O' BERRIES ON IT; AN' IT'S THE BERRIES AS DOES IT"!!!

[Pg 43a]



Culture for the Working Classes.

**Philanthropic Employer** (who has paid his Workpeople's expenses to a neighbouring Fine-Art Exhibition). "WELL, JOHNSON, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF IT? 'PICK UP AN IDEA OR TWO?"

**Foreman.** "WELL, YER SEE, SIR, IT WERE A THIS WAY. WHEN US GOT THERE, WE WAS A CONSIDERIN' WHAT WAS BEST TO BE DONE, SO WE APP'INTED A DEPERTATION O' THREE ON US TO SEE WHAT IT WERE LIKE; AN' WHEN THEY COME OUT AN' SAID IT WERE ONLY PICTURS AN' SUCH, WE THOUGHT IT A PITY TO SPEND OUR SHILLINS ON 'EM. SO WE WENT TO THE TEA-GARDENS, AND WERY PLEASANT IT WERE, TOO. THANK YER KINDLY, SIR!"

[Pg 43b]



A Casual Acquaintance.

**West-End Man** (*addressing, as he supposes, Intelligent Mechanic*). "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE MOORGATE STREET STATION?"

**Seedy Party**. "MO'RGATE STREET STATION, SIR? STRAIGHT ON, SIR, FUST TURNIN' T' THE RIGHT, AND IT'S JUST OPPOSYTE. AND NOW, YOU'VE INTERDOOCED THE SUBJECT, SIR, IF YOU COULD ASSIST ME WITH A TRIFLE, SIR, WHICH I'VE 'AD NOTHIN' TO EAT SINCE LAST FRIDAY——"

*West-End Man not having an answer ready, forks out, and exit.*

[Pg 43c]



"Circumlocutory!"

**Polite Coster** (*seeing Smoke issuing from Brown's coat-pocket*). "YOU'LL EXCUSE ME ADDRESSIN' O' YOU, SIR,—COMMON MAN IN A MANNER O' SPEAKIN'—GEN'LEMAN LIKE YOU, SIR—BEGGIN' PARDON FOR TAKIN' THE LIBERTY, WHICH I SHOULD NEVER A' THOUGHT O' DOIN' UNDER ORDINARY SUCCUMSTANCES, SIR, ON'Y YOU DIDN'T SEEM TO BE AWARE ON IT, BUT IT STRUCK ME AS I SEE YOU A GOIN' ALONG, AS YOU WERE A-FIRE, SIR!"

*By this time Brown's right coat-tail was entirely consumed. His fuzees had ignited by private arrangement among themselves.*

[Pg 44a]



*Alarming.*

**Buttons** (as he burst into his Master's room on the night of Wednesday, the 7th: he had just seen that wonderful shooting star). "OH, PLEASE, SIR, THEM METEORS IS A GOIN' OFF AG'IN!!"

**Scientific Old Gent** (startled out of his first sleep, and misunderstanding the intelligence). "OH!—EH!—WHAT!—TURN IT OFF AT THE MAIN!!"

---

[Pg 44b]



*Weights and Measures.*

**Valetudinarian** (in the course of Conversation with intelligent Passenger, whom he takes to be a Dignitary of the Church). "NOW, WHAT SHOULD YOU THINK WAS MY WEIGHT?"

**Gentleman in Black.** "WELL, SIR—LET ME SEE—YOU STAND ABOUT FIVE FEET ELEVEN, THIRTY INCHES ACROSS CHEST, AND WE'LL SAY ELEVEN INCHES DEEP—WELL, I SHOULD SAY, SPEAKING AT RANDOM, YOU WOULD 'LIFT' AT ABOUT ELEVEN STUN' AND THREE QUARTERS!"

*Horror of Invalid—his fellow-passenger was an UNDERTAKER!*

---

[Pg 44c]



"Small Mercies."

**First Jolly Angler** (*with empty Creel*). "WELL, WE'VE HAD A VERY PLEASANT DAY! WHAT A DELIGHTFUL PURSUIT IT IS!"

**Second Ditto** (*with ditto*). "GLORIOUS! I SHAN'T FORGET THAT NIBBLE WE HAD JUST AFTER LUNCH, AS LONG AS I LIVE!"

**Both.** "Ah!!!"

---

[Pg 45a]



Tyranny.

**First Rough.** "WE'RE A GOIN' TO BE EDGICATED NOW, C'MPULSORY, OR ELSE GO TO THE TREADMILL!"

**Second Rough.** "AH! NO VUNDER SO MANY POOR PEOPLE'S A EMIGRATIN'!"

---

[Pg 45b]



A Perfect Cure.

**Town Man.** "HOW JOLLY IT MUST BE, LIVING DOWN HERE IN THE COUNTRY!"

**Country Gentleman.** "OH, I DON'T KNOW. IT'S RATHER TORPID SORT OF LIFE; TIME PASSES VERY SLOWLY."

**Town Man.** "TIME PASSES SLOWLY? YOU SHOULD GET SOMEBODY TO DRAW ON YOU AT THREE MONTHS!!"

---

[Pg 45c]



In Consequence of the Tailors' Strike.

GEORGE AND THE GOVERNOR HAVE THEIR CLOTHES MADE AT HOME.

**George.** "ARE YOU SURE YOU TOOK MY RIGHT MEASURE, CHARLOTTE?"

**Charlotte.** "OH, GEORGE, I'M SURE IT FITS BEAUTIFULLY!!"

---

[Pg 46a]



"As Well as Can be Expected."

**Horsey Parish Doctor** (*late for the Meet*). "WELL, MOTHER, AND HOW'S YOUR DAUGHTER, AND THE BABBY—POORLY, EH? AH, WELL, GIVE HIM A PINCH O' BRIMSTONE IN HIS PAP, AND I'LL LOOK IN TO-MORROW."

---

[Pg 46b]



Penny Wise.

**National Schoolmaster** (*going round with Government Inspector*).

"WILKINS, HOW DO YOU BRING SHILLINGS INTO PENCE?"

**Pupil.** "PLEASE, SIR, 'TAKES IT ROUND TO THE PUBLIC-'OUSE, SIR!!"

---

[Pg 46c]



Reminiscences.

**Governess.** "SHOW MR. SMITHERS YOUR NEW DOLL, ADA."

**Old Rustic.** "AH—LOR'—DEARY ME, MUM, IF IT AIN'T THE VERY MODAL OF MY OLD WOMAN WHEN SHE WAS IN HER PRIME!!"

---

[Pg 47a]



"Hoist with His Own 'Pomade'!"

**Customer** (*worried into it*). "WELL, I DON'T MIND TAKING A SMALL BOTTLE——"

**Barber.** "BETTER 'AVE A TWO SHILLIN' ONE, SIR; IT 'OLDS FOUR TIMES AS MUCH AS THE OTHER——"

**Customer** (*turning upon him*). "O, THEN IF I TAKE THIS SHILLING BOTTLE, I SHALL BE DONE OUT OF HALF MY MONEY'S WORTH! THEN I WON'T HAVE ANY!"  
*Escapes in triumph!*

---

[Pg 47b]





Distracting.

**Customer.** "WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE BISHOP'S SERMON ON SUNDAY, MR. WIGSBY?"

**Hairdresser.** "WELL, REALLY, SIR, THERE WAS A GENT A-SETTIN' IN FRONT O' ME AS 'AD HIS 'AIR PARTED THAT CROOKED I COULDN'T 'EAR A WORD!"

---

[Pg 47c]



A Compliment.

**Hairdresser.** "ANY OFF THE BEARD, SIR?"

**Customer.** "NO, THANK YOU. I'VE LATELY TRIMMED IT MYSELF."

**Hairdresser.** "INDEED, SIR! I SHOULD NOT HAVE THOUGHT ANY GENTLEMAN OUT OF THE PROFESSION COULD HAVE DONE IT SO WELL!!"

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[Pg 48a]



XXX Cellent Reasons.

**Free and Independent** (*to wavering*) **Elector.** "YOU DON'T ADMIRE HIS POLITICS? POLITICS BE BLOWED! LOOK AT HIS PRINCIPLES! THAT MAN ALLUS BREWS FIVE-AND-TWENTY BUSHELS TO THE HOGSHEAD!"

---

[Pg 48b]



Sympathy.

**Giles** (*ruefully*). "VILLIAM, I'VE BEEN AN' GONE AN' 'LISTED!"

**William.** "LOR'! 'AVE YER, THOUGH? GOT THE SHILLIN'?"

**Giles.** "YES."

**William.** "WELL, THEN, LET'S GO AN' 'AVE A GLASS AT THE 'BARLEY-MOW.' DON'T LET'S BE DOWN'EARTED!"

---

[Pg 48c]



Liberal to a Fault.

**The Missus** (*affably*). "MY 'USBAN'S OUT JUST NOW, SIR. CAN I GIVE HIM ANY MESSAGE?"

**Liberal Candidate.** "AH—I HAVE CALLED WITH THE HOPE THAT—AH—HE'D PROMISE ME HIS VOTE AT THE APPROACH—"

**The Missus.** "OH, YES, SIR. YOU'RE CAP'M BILKE, THE 'YALLOW,' I S'POSE, SIR! YES, I'M SURE HE'LL BE MOST 'APPY, SIR!"

**The Captain** (*delighted*). "YA-AS—I SHALL BE MUCH OBLIGED TO HIM—AND—AH—HE MAY DEPEND UPON MY—"

**The Missus.** "YES, I'M SURE HE'D PROMISE YOU IF HE WAS AT HOME, SIR; 'CAUSE WHEN THE TWO 'BLUE' GENTS CALLED AND AS'ED HIM THE OTHER DAY, SIR, HE PROMISED 'EM D'REC'LY, SIR!!"

[Pg 49a]



Civil Service Miseries.

**Mamma** (*who has been Shopping at the Co-Operative*). "GOOD GRACIOUS, DEARS, WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THESE PARCELS?"

**Youngest Daughter.** "OH, PA' CAN TAKE THE LARGE ONE, MA', AND HE MIGHT CARRY SOME OF THE SMALL ONES IN HIS POCKETS!!" *Pa', who has been waiting outside, feels he's in for it.*

[Pg 49b]



"Men were Deceivers Ever."

**Swell** (*at the Civil Service Co-operative Store*). "Haw! I WANT TWO OR THWEE POUNDS—BACON—AND—AW—'BLIGE ME BY DOING IT UP LIKE BOX—GLOVES OR FLOWERS, OR SOMETHING O' THAT SORT!!"

---

[Pg 49c]



A Sinister Slip.

**Smith.** "HULLO, BROWN! 'BEEN FOR YOUR ANNUAL COLLIS— I MEAN YOUR ANNUAL EXCURSION, YET?"

*Brown was highly nervous, and this malign suggestion quite upset him. He spent his holiday at home!*

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[Pg 50a]



Force of Habit.

**City Merchant** (*blissfully dozing in his Country Church*). "SEASON TICKET!!"

---

[Pg 50b]



"Alma Mater."

*Young Puncheonby "cuts" the Army, and goes to Oxford to read for "the Church."*

**Tutor.** "YOU ARE PREPARED IN SUBSCRIBE TO THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES——"

**Puncheonby** (*with alacrity*). "AH 'TH PLEASH 'AH,—AH—HOW MU-CH—."

---

[Pg 50c]



*Embarrassing.*

**Nervous Spinster** (to wary Old Bachelor). "OH, MR. MARIGOLD, I'M SO FRIGHTENED! MAY I TAKE HOLD OF YOUR HAND WHILE WE'RE GOING THROUGH THIS TUNNEL?"

---

[Pg 51a]



*A Straightforward View.*

**High Church Curate.** "AND WHAT DO YOU THINK, MR. SIMPSON, ABOUT A CLERGYMAN'S TURNING TO THE EAST?"

**Literal Churchwarden.** "WELL, SIR, MY OPINION IS, THAT IF THE CLERGY MAN IS GOODLOOKIN', HE DON'T WANT TO TURN HIS BACK TO THE CONGREGATION!"

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[Pg 51b]



"The Better the Day." &c.

**Rustic** (*to Curate who dabbles in Photography*). "I'D BE TURR'BLE MUCH OBLIGED, ZUR, IF YOU'D MAP OFF MY PICTUR', ZUR!"

**Curate.** "WELL, MY MAN, I'LL TAKE YOUR LIKENESS FOR YOU. WHEN WILL YOU COME?"

**Rustic.** "WELL, ZUR, IF YOU'VE NO 'BJECTIONS, I BE MOASTLY CLEANED UP AND HAS MOAST TIME O' ZUNDAY MARNINS, ZUR!!"

---

[Pg 51c]



A Distinction.

**The "Good Parson"** (*to Applicant for Instruction in the Night School*). "HAVE YOU BEEN CONFIRMED, MY BOY?"

**Boy** (*hesitating*). "PLEASE, SIR—I—DON'T KNOW——"

**Parson.** "YOU UNDERSTAND ME; HAS THE BISHOP LAID HIS HANDS ON YOU?"

**Boy.** "OH, NO, SIR; BUT HIS KEEPER HAVE, SIR—VERY OFTEN, SIR!!"

---

[Pg 52a]



Considerate.

**Churchwarden.** "TELL YE WHAT 'TIS, SIR. THE CONGREGATION DO WISH YOU WOULDN'T PUT THAT 'ERE CURATE UP IN PULPIT—NOBODY CAN'T HEAR UN."

**Old Sporting Rector.** "WELL, BLUNT, THE FACT IS, TWEEDLER'S SUCH A GOOD FELLOW FOR PARISH WORK, I'M OBLIGED TO GIVE HIM A *MOUNT* SOMETIMES."

---

[Pg 52b]



Rustic Recollections.

**Boy.** "PLEASE, PA-ARSON, MOTHER WANTS SOME SOUP."

**The Rector.** "BUT I TOLD YOUR MOTHER SHE MUST SEND SOMETHING TO PUT IT IN."

**Boy.** "OH, PLEASE, SHE'VE SENT THIS YEAR PA-AIL VOR 'UN, PA-ARSON!!"

---

[Pg 53a]





*Not a "Silver Lining" to a Cloud.*

**Adolphus** (*grandly; he is giving his future brother-in-law a little dinner down the river*). "WAITAR, YOU CAN—AH—LEAVE US!"

**Old Waiter.** "HEM!—YESSIR—BUT—YOU'LL PARD'N ME, SIR—WE'VE SO MANY GENTS—'DON'T WISH TO IMPUTE NOTHINK, SIR—BUT MASTER—'FACT IS, SIR—(*evidently feels a delicacy about mentioning it*)—WE'RE—YOU SEE, SIR—'SPONSIBLE FOR THE PLATE, SIR!!!"

---

[Pg 53b]



*"What's in a Name?"*

**Waiter** (*to nervous invalid*). "THERE'S THE OLD CHURCH, SIR, CLOSE BY, BUT SOME VISITORS GOES TO ST. WOBBLEOE'S, SIR. THERE THE CLERGYMAN PREACHES *DISTEMPERY!!!*"

*Clearly not the place for him, the old gentleman thinks, with a shudder.*

---

[Pg 53c]



*A New Dish.*

**Sympathising Swell** (*waiting for some chicken*). "YOU'VE GOT NO SINECURE THERE, THOMAS!"

**Perspiring Footman.** "VERY SORRY, SIR—JUST 'ELPED THE LAST OF IT AWAY, SIR!"

---

[Pg 54a]



*Our Artist*

IS NOT IN THE BEST OF TEMPER. HE HAS BEEN DISTURBED OFTEN BY BARGES, AND BOTHERED BY THE BLUEBOTTLES, AND THEN HE'S ACCOSTED BY WHAT APPEARS TO HIM IN THIS IRRITABLE MOOD TO BE AN

**Art-Critic** (*loq.*) "THE PICTURE LOOKS BETTER A GOODISH BIT OFF, GOV'NOUR!"

**Artist** (*maddened*). "CON—FOUND—SO DO YOU, SIR!" *Party makes off hastily, "not liking the looks of him."*

---

[Pg 54b]



Hunting Idiot,

RETURNING FROM THE CHASE, PROPOSES TO "CHAFF THAT ARTIST FELLER."

**Huntsman.** "WHAT'LL YER TAKE ME FOR, GOV'NOUR?"

**Painter** (*without the slightest hesitation*). A *SNOB!*

---

[Pg 55a]



Boxing-Day.

(*Mrs. Bustleton's favourite Cabman has called for his usual Christmas-Box in a state of—never mind.*)

**Mrs. B.** "OH, SAWYER, I'M SURPRISED—I THOUGHT YOU SUCH A STEADY MAN! I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU GIVEN TO DRINK!"

**Sawyer.** "BEG Y' PAR'N MUM, NO S'H 'HING MUM (*hic*). DRINK 'ASH GI'N T' ME, MUM, 'SH MORN'N, MUM!!"

---

[Pg 55b]



An Old Offender.

**Country Gentleman** (*eyeing his Gardener suspiciously*). "DEAR, DEAR MR. JEFFRIES, THIS IS TOO BAD! AFTER WHAT I SAID TO YOU YESTERDAY, I DIDN'T THINK TO FIND YOU——"

**Gardener.** "YOU CAN'T SHAY—(*hic*)—I WASH DRUNK YESHT'DAY, SH——!"

**Country Gentleman** (*sternly*). "ARE YOU SOBER THIS MORNING, SIR?"

**Gardener.** "I'M—SHLIGHTLY SHOBER, SHIR!!"

---

[Pg 55c]



Irrevocable.

**Customer** (*for the Royal Wedding photograph*). "CAN'T I HAVE THE LADY ONLY? I DON'T SO MUCH WANT THE GENTLEMAN!!"

**Young Person** (*with decision*). "NO, SIR; WE CAN'T PART THEM, SIR, NOW!"

---

[Pg 56a]



Mrs. Jingleton. Learning that Young M Skirlygy

(FROM WHOSE FAMILY SHE RECEIVED SUCH POLITENESS WHEN SHE WAS IN THE HIGHLANDS) WAS IN TOWN, AND HAVING HEARD SO MUCH OF HIS PLAYING, ASKS HIM TO ONE OF HER LITTLE PARTIES FOR CLASSICAL MUSIC, AND HOPES HE WILL 'OBLIGE' DURING THE EVENING.—HA! HA! SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HIS INSTRUMENT WAS!

[Pg 56b]



Arcadian Amenities.

**Little Rustic** (after a "game" struggle, evidently overweighted). "OH, PLEASE, HELP US ALONG 'ITH THIS LINEN UP TO MOTHER'S——"

**Amiable Swell** (aghast). "EH! OH, RIDICULOUS—HOW CAN I?—LOOK HERE, I'VE GOT A BAG—HEAVY BAG—TO CARRY MYSELF——"

**Little Rustic.** "I'LL CARRY YOUR BAG, SIR."

**Swell.** "EH—BUT (to gain time) WH—WHAT'S YOUR MOTHER'S ABSURD NAME?"  
*This did not help him much. There was no escape; and ultimately—but we draw a veil over the humiliating sequel.*

[Pg 56c]



A Big Fish.

**Artful Damsel** (*who has made a successful throw*). "O, LORD FEUBIGGIN, HOWEVER SHALL I MANAGE——."

**Lord Feubiggin** (*caught, two*). "PRAY LET ME SHOW YOU! ALL DEPENDS ON HOW YOU PLAY YOUR FISH!" *We betray confidence for once. This Picture comes from a Letter sent by a newly-married Lady (now of title), to a particular Friend of hers, and is called a "Reminiscence of Scotland." Perhaps our Readers can guess at the Story—we cannot.*

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[Pg 57a]



The Pic-Nic.

**Playful Widow**. "JUMP ME DOWN, MR. FIGGINS!!"  
*The gallant little Man did his best, but fell—in her estimation for ever!*

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[Pg 57b]



Artful—Very!

**Mary.** "DON'T KEEP A SCREOUGIN' O' ME, JOHN!"

**John.** "WH'OI BEAN'T A SCREOUGIN' ON YER!"

**Mary** (*ingenuously*). "WELL, Y' CAN I' Y' LIKE, JOHN!"

---

[Pg 58a]



"*The Grey Mare!*"

**Mrs. B.** (*taking the reins*). "NO, BROWN, I WILL NOT HAVE THE PONY BACKED! NO! THAT PERSON MUST HAVE SEEN US COME INTO THE LANE FIRST; AND IF THE MAN'S GOT COMMON POLITENESS——"

**Mr. B.** "BUT, MY DEAR, WE'VE ONLY JUST TURNED THE——"

**Mrs. B.** "I DON'T CARE, BROWN! NO! I WON'T GO BACK, IF I STAY HERE TILL——"

**Farmer.** "ALL RIGHT, SIR!—I'LL BACK, SIR. I'VE GOT JUST SUCH ANOTHER *VIXEN* AT HOME, SIR!"

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[Pg 58b]



*How We Arrange Our Little Dinners.*

**Mistress.** "OH, COOK, WE SHALL WANT DINNER FOR FOUR THIS EVENING. WHAT DO YOU THINK, BESIDES THE JOINT, OF OX-TAIL SOUP, LOBSTER PATÈS, AND AN ENTRÉE—SAY, BEEF?"

**Cook.** "YES, 'M—FRESH, OR AUSTR——?"

**Mistress.** "LET'S SEE! IT'S ONLY THE BROWNS—TINNED WILL DO!"

---

[Pg 58c]



*Conclusive.*

**Lodger.** "I DETECT RATHER A DISAGREEABLE SMELL IN THE HOUSE, MRS. JONES. ARE YOU SURE THE DRAINS——"

**Welsh Landlady.** "OH, IT CAN'T BE THE DRAINS, SIR, WHATEVER. THERE ARE NONE, SIR!!"

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[Pg 59a]





*Our Manœuvres.*

**Captain of Skirmishers** (*rushing in to seize Picket Sentries of the Enemy*). "HULLO! HE-AR! YOU SURRENDER TO THIS COMPANY!"

**Opposition Lance-Corporal.** "BEG PARDON, SIR! IT'S THE OTHER WAY, SIR. WE'RE A BRIGADE, SIR!!!"

---

[Pg 59b]



"Our Reserves,"—The Battle of Amesbury.

**Aide-de-Camp.** "GOOD GRACIOUS, SIR! WHY DON'T YOU ORDER YOUR MEN TO LIE DOWN UNDER THIS HILL? CAN'T YOU SEE THAT BATTERY PLAYING RIGHT ON THEM?"

**Colonel of Volunteers.** "SO I DID, SIR. BUT THEY WON'T LIE DOWN. THEY SAY THEY WANT TO SEE THE REVIEW!!"

---

[Pg 60a]



A Little Failing.

**Nervous Old Lady.** "NOW, CABMAN, YOU'RE SURE YOUR HORSE IS QUIET? WHAT'S HE LAYING BACK HIS EARS LIKE THAT FOR? LOOK!"

**Cabby.** "O THAT'S ONLY HER FEMI-NINE CUR'OSITY, MUM. SHE LIKES TO HEAR WHERE SHE'S A GOIN' TO!"

---

[Pg 60b]



The Connoisseurs.

**Groom.** "WHEW'S BEER DO YOU LIKE BEST—THIS 'ERE HOM'BREWED O' FISK'S, OR THAT THERE ALE THEY GIVES YER AT THE WHITE HO'S?"

**Keeper (critically).** "WELL, O' THE TEW I PREFERENCES THIS 'ERE. THAT THERE O' WUM'OOD'S DON'T FARE TO ME TO TASTE O' NAWTHUN AT ALL. NOW THIS 'ERE DEW TASTE O' THE CASK!!"

---

[Pg 60c]



"Io Bacche!"

**Jeames.** "MORNIN', MR. JARVICE. WHAT'S THE NEWS?"

**Mr. J. (*the old Coachman*).** "WELL, I'VE 'EARD THE BEST BIT O' NEWS THIS MORNING AS I'VE 'EARD FOR MANY A DAY, FROM OUR BUTLER. HE TELL ME THE WIN'YARDS IS 'A COMIN' ROUND,' AND THERE'S EVERY PROSPEC' OF OUR GETTIN' SOME MORE GOOD MADEIRY!!!"

[Pg 61a]



A Veteran.

**Civil Service Captain.** "WILL—HE—AH—STAND POW-DAR?"

**Dealer.** "'POWDER?' WHY HE WAS ALL THROUGH THE BATTLE O' WATERLOO THAT CHARGER WAS!!!"

[Pg 61b]



"What's the Odds?"

**Purchaser.** "HE'S RATHER HEAVY ABOUT THE HEAD, ISN'T HE?"

**Dealer** (*can't deny it*). "WELL, SIR! (*Happy thought.*) BUT Y'SEE, SIR, HE'LL HEV TO CARRY IT HISSELF!"

---

[Pg 62a]



"There's Many a Slip" &c.

WAGGLES SAW A SPLENDID THREE-POUND TROUT FEEDING IN A QUIET PLACE ON THE THAMES ONE EVENING LAST WEEK. DOWN HE COMES THE NEXT NIGHT, MAKING SURE OF HIM! BUT SOME OTHER PEOPLE HAD SEEN HIM TOO!!!

---

[Pg 62b]



*Lingua "East Anglia."*

**First Angler** (to Country Boy). "I SAY, MY LAD, JUST GO TO MY FRIEND ON THE BRIDGE THERE, AND SAY I SHOULD BE MUCH OBLIGED TO HIM IF HE'D SEND ME SOME BAIT."

**Country Boy** (to Second Angler, in the Eastern Counties language). "THA' THERE BO' SAHY HE WANT A WURRUM!!!"

[Pg 63a]



*A Luxurious Habit.*

**Philanthropist** (to Railway Porter). "THEN WHAT TIME DO YOU GET TO BED?"

**Porter.** "WELL, I SELDOM WHAT YER MAY CALL GETS TO BED MYSELF, 'CAUSE O' THE NIGHT TRAINS. BUT MY BROTHER, AS USED TO WORK THE P'INTS FURTHER DOWN THE LINE, WENT TO BED LAST CHRISTMAS AFTER THE ACCIDENT, AND NEVER——"

*Train rushes in, and the Parties rush off.*

[Pg 63b]



*The Golden Age Restored.*

**Young Lady** (*Through Passenger, at West Riding Station*). "WHAT'S GOING ON HERE TO-DAY, PORTER? HAS THERE BEEN A FÊTE?"

**Porter** (*astonished*). "BLESS THEE, LASS! THERE'S NEA FEIGHTIN' NOO-A-DAYS; 'T'S AGIN T' LA-AW!—NOBBUT A FLOOER-SHOW!"

---

[Pg 64a]



"No Accounting for Taste."

**Materfamilias** (*just arrived at Shrimpsville—the Children had been down a Month before*). "WELL, JANE, HAVE YOU FOUND IT DULL?"

**Nurse**. "IT WAS AT FUST, M'M. THERE WAS NOTHINK TO IMPROVE THE MIND, M'M, TILL THE NIGGERS COME DOWN!!"

---

[Pg 64b]



Sold Cheap.

**Little Brown** (to "Nigger Minstrel," who always addresses his listeners as "My Lord"). "AH, HOW DID YOU KNOW MY—AH—HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS A LORD?" *Sensation among the bystanders!*

**Minstrel.** "BLESS YER, MY LORD, I NEVER LOSE SIGHT O' MY SCHOOLFELLERS!"  
*Roars of laughter. Little B. caves in, and bolts!*

---

[Pg 65a]



Selling Him a Pennyworth.

**Philanthropist.** "THERE'S A PENNY FOR YOU, MY LAD. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH IT?"  
**Sweeper.** "WHAT ALL THIS AT ONCE! I'LL TOSS YER FOR IT, DOUBLE OR QUILTS!"

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[Pg 65b]



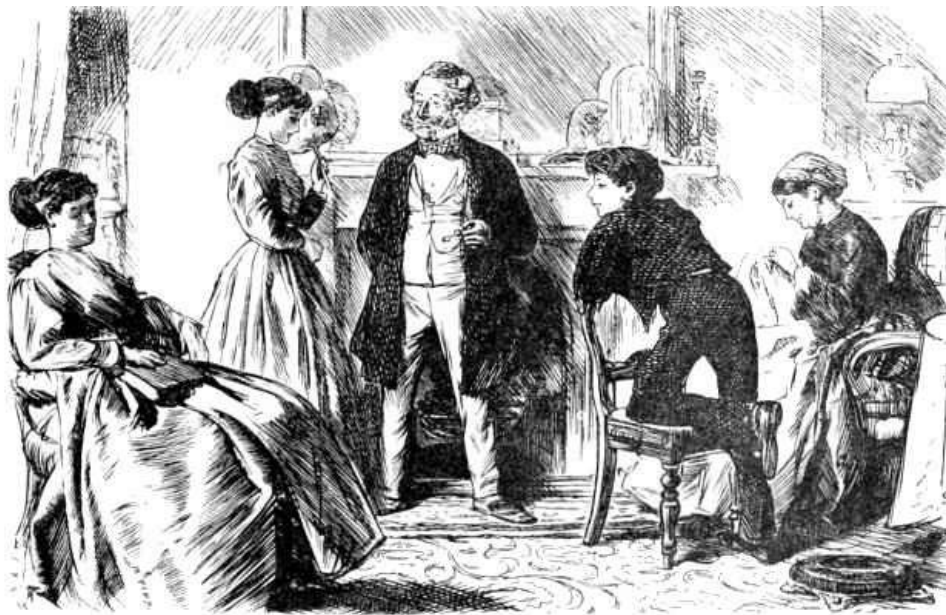
A Change for the Better.

**Greengrocer.** "WANT A PENN'ORTH O' COALS, DO YER? YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO 'AVE A PENN'ORTH MUCH LONGER. THEY'RE A GOING UP. COALS IS COALS NOW, I CAN TELL YER!"

**Boy.** "AH, WELL, MOTHER'LL BE GLAD O' THAT, 'CAUSE SHE SAYS THE LAST COALS SHE HAD O' YOU WAS ALL SLATES!!"

---

[Pg 65c]



*Colloquial Equivalents.*

**Papa.** "NOW, MY DEAR GIRLS, YOUR BROTHER IS RECEIVING A MOST EXPENSIVE EDUCATION, AND I THINK THAT WHILE HE IS AT HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS YOU SHOULD TRY TO LEARN SOMETHING FROM HIM."

**Emily.** "SO WE DO, 'PA. WE'VE LEARNT THAT A BOY WHO CRIES IS A 'BLUB,' THAT A BOY WHO WORKS HARD IS A 'SWOT'"—

**Flora.** "YES, AND THAT ANYBODY YOU DON'T LIKE IS A 'CAD;' AND WE KNOW THE MEANING OF 'GRUB,' 'PROG,' AND A 'WAX'!"

---

[Pg 66a]





"The Meat Supply."

**Bathing-Man.** "YES, MUM, HE'S A GOOD OLD 'ORSE YET. AND HE'S BEEN IN THE SALT WATER SO LONG, HE'LL MAKE CAPITAL BILED BEEF WHEN WE'RE DONE WITH HIM!!!"

---

[Pg 66b]



"Tracts."

**First Navy.** "T' NEW MISSION-ARY GAVE ME THIS 'ERE TRACK JUST NOW, BILL."

**Second Navy.** "AIN'T SEEN HIM. WHAT LOIKE IS HE?"

**First Navy.** "LITTLE CHAP—PREACHES ABOUT EIGHT STUN TEN, I SHOULD GUESS!"

---

[Pg 66c]



"A Ticket of Leave."

**Swell** (*who won't be done*). "H'YARS MY KYARD IF YOU'D—AH—LIKE TO SUMMON ME."

**Cabby** (*who has pulled up and heard the dispute*). "DON'T YOU TAKE IT, BILL. IT'S HIS TICKET O' LEAVE!"

---

[Pg 67a]



A Pleasant Prospect.

**Traveller** (*in Ireland*). "HI,—PULL HER UP, MAN! DON'T YOU SEE THE MARE IS RUNNING AWAY?"

**Paddy**. "HOULD TIGHT, YER 'ONOR! FOR YER LIFE DON'T TOUCH THE REINS!—SURE THEY'RE AS ROTTEN AS PEARS! I'LL TURN HER INTO THE RIVER AT THE BRIDGE BELOW HERE. SURE THAT'LL STOP HER, THE BLAGYARD!"

---

[Pg 67b]



Reassuring.

**Traveller in Ireland** (*rheumatic, and very particular*). "NOW, I HOPE THE SHEETS ARE CLEAN!"

**Kathleen** (*the Chambermaid*). "CLANE, SOR? SHURE THEY'RE JUST *DAMP* FROM THE MANGLE, SOR!!"

---

[Pg 68a]



*Woman's Rights.*

**Scotch Lady** (*who has taken a House in the Highlands, her Servants suddenly giving "warning"*). "WHAT'S THE REASON OF THIS? HAVE YOU NOT ALL YOU WANT?—GOOD ROOMS, AND GOOD FRESH AIR AND FOOD, AND EASY WORK?"

**Spokeswoman**. "YES, MEM—BUT—BUT THERE'S NO A DECENT LAAD WITHIN CRY O' US!"

---

[Pg 68b]



*"Canny."*

**Sportsman.** "THAT'S A TOUGH OLD FELLOW, JEMMY?"

**Keeper.** "AY, SIR, A GRAND BIRD TO SEND TO YOUR FREENS!"

---

[Pg 68c]



*Stern Pulpit Critics.*

**First Scot.** "FAT SORT O' MINISTER HAE YE GOTTEN, GEORDIE?"

**Second Ditto.** "OH, WEEL, HE'S NO MUCKLE WORTH. WE SELDOM GET A GLINT O' HIM. SAX DAYS O' TH' WEEK HE'S ENVEES'BLE, AND ON THE SEVENTH HE'S ENCOMPREHENS'BLE!!"

---

[Pg 69a]



The Commissariat.

**Squire** (*to new Butler*). "I HAVE THREE OR FOUR CLERGYMEN COMING TO DINE WITH ME TO-MORROW, PRODGERS, AND——"

**Mr. Prodgers**. "IGH OR LOW, SIR?"

**Squire**. "WELL—I HARDLY——BUT WHY DO YOU ASK, PRODGERS?"

**Mr. Prodgers**. "WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, THE 'IGH' DRINKS MOST WINE, AND THE 'LOW' EATS MOST VITTLES, AND I MUST PERWIDE ACCORDIN!!"

---

[Pg 69b]



Duty and Pleasure.

**Rural Butler** (*deferentially*). "AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR COUNTRY QUALITY DOWN HERE, SIR?"

**Town Gentleman** (*"in waiting" to Lord Marybone, who was visiting the Squire*). "WELL, 'F COURSE, YOU SEE, SMITHARS, I DON'T MIND WAITIN' ON 'EM,—BUT —'CAN'T SAY I SHOULD CARE TO SIT DOWN WITH 'EM'!!!"

---

[Pg 69c]



"Business!"

**Bath-Chairman.** "I s'POSE THE DUKE OF EDINBORO' AND HIS MISSIS WILL BE BY DIRECTLY?"

**Policeman.** "NO, THEY WON'T. THEY AIN'T IN TOWN."

**Bath-Chairman.** "AIN'T THEY?—I SAY, IF THAT OLD LADY IN MY CHAIR ASTS YOU, SAY 'YOU DON'T KNOW,' 'CAUSE SHE'S A WAITIN' TO SEE 'EM, AND I'M ENGAGED BY THE HOUR!"

[Pg 70a]



*Sacrifice.*

**Good Templar.** "TUT—T—T—REALLY, SWIZZLE, IT'S DISGRACEFUL TO SEE A MAN IN YOUR POSITION IN THIS STATE, AFTER THE EXPENSE WE'VE INCURRED AND THE EXERTIONS WE'VE USED TO PUT DOWN THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC!"

**Swizzle.** "Y' MAY PREASH AS MUSH AS Y' LIKE, GEN'L'M'N, BUR I CAN TELL Y' I'VE MADE MORE PERSH'NAL EFFORSH TO (*hic*) PURROWN LIQUOR THAN ANY OF YE!"

[Pg 70b]



*Extenuating Circumstances.*

**Employer** (on his way to business on Monday morning). "AH, SAUNDERS! I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU IN THIS WAY. I THOUGHT YOU'D TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF!"

**Saunders** (repentant). "SHO I'AD, SHIR, BUT (*hic*) 'TSH ALL ALONG O' THESH 'ERE WA'ER CO'PANIES—I 'SSHURE YOU, SHIR, 'ERE WASHN'T 'DROP O' WA'ER IN OUR SHISHT'RN ALL YESHT'RDAY!!!"

[Pg 70c]



*A Definition.*

**Shoeblick** (pointing to Unsteady Party by the lamp-post). "TEA-TOTALLER ON 'THE STRIKE,' SIR!"

[Pg 71a]



*Mystification.*

*Our young Landscape Painter's Preparations are Regarded with Intense Interest by the Village Juveniles, yet evidently expect a Gymnastic Entertainment—(he frames an Imaginary Picture with his Hands).*

**Omnes.** "HE'S A GOIN' TO SAY HIS PRAYERS FUST!!!"

---

[Pg 71b]



*Obliging.*

**Excursionist** (*to himself*). "ULLO! 'ERE'S ONE O' THEM ARTISTS. 'DESSAY 'E'LL WANT A GENTEEL FIGGER FOR 'IS FOREGROUND. I'LL STAND FOR 'IM!!!"

---

[Pg 72a]





Our Theatricals.

**Brown** (*rehearsing his part as the "Vicomte de Cherisac"*). "YAS, MARIE! I'VE FONDLY LOVED YE. (*Sobs dramatically.*) 'TIS WELL—BUT NO MAT-TAR-R!"

**Housemaid** (*to Cook, outside the Door*). "LAUKS, 'LIZ'BETH, AIN'T MASTER A GIVIN' IT TO MISSIS!"

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[Pg 72b]

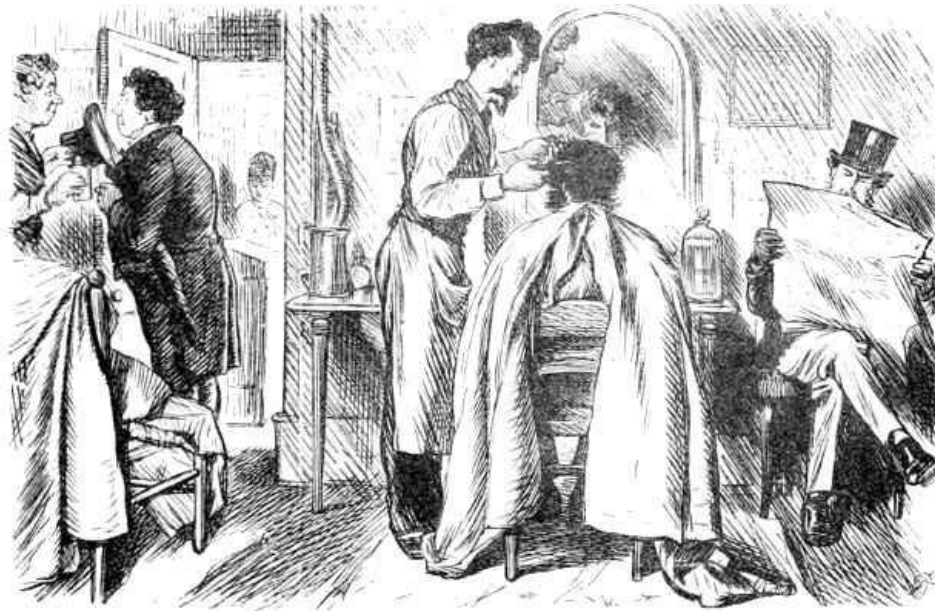


Flattering.

**Housemaid** (*to Cook, behind the laurels*). "HE'S A HAFFABLE YOUNG MAN, THAT CAP'AIN LIMBER, MISSUS'S BROTHER. HOW BECOMIN' HE'D LOOK IN OUR LIVERY, WOULDN'T HE?!!"

---

[Pg 73a]



*Comparisons.*

**Barber.** "'AIR'S EXTR'ORDINARY DRY, SIR."

*(Customer explains he has been in the Country, and out o' doors a good deal.)*

"AH! JUS' SO, SIR. RUINATION TO THE 'AIR, SIR! IF I WAS TO BE KNOCKIN' ABOUT 'UNTING AND FISHIN', LOR', SIR, MY 'AIR WOULDN'T BE IN NO BETTER STATE THAN YOURS, SIR!!"

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[Pg 73b]



*Delicately Put.*

**Customer.** "I'M AFRAID I'M GETTING A LITTLE BALD!"

**Operator.** "WELL, SIR, I THINK, SIR, WHEN YOU ATTEND PUBLIC WUSHIP, IF I WAS YOU, I'D SIT IN THE GALLERY."

---

[Pg 73c]



*A Rash Refusal.*

**Customer** (*flying from Importunate Tradesman*). "NO, THANK YOU, NOTHING MORE, REALLY! NOT ANOTHER ARTICLE, THANK YOU! GOOD MORNING!"  
*Escapes—ha! ha! refusing his own Umbrella!!*

---

[Pg 74a]



*A Guilty Conscience.*

**Country Parson** (*to hard-drinking Old Pauper*). "WHY, SURELY, MUGGRIDGE, YOU WERE RELIEVED LAST WEEK FROM THE COMMUNION ALMS!"  
**Muggridge**. "COMMUNION ARMS, SIR! 'S TRUE'S I STAND HERE, NEVER VAS INSIDE THE 'OUSE IN ALL MY LIFE, SIR; NEVER HEERD OF IT, SIR!"

---

[Pg 74b]



*Equal to the Situation.*

**The Parson.** "WELL, LIZZIE, YOUR MOTHER'S COME OUT OF PRISON, I HEAR. HOW IS SHE NOW?"

**Lizzie.** "O, THANKY', SIR, SHE'S EV' SO MUCH BETTER. SHE'VE HAD CAPITAL TIMES IN THERE. FATHER'S OUT O' WORK, AND RATHER POORLY, SO HE GOT TOOK UP LAST NIGHT!!"

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[Pg 74c]



*The Convalescent.*

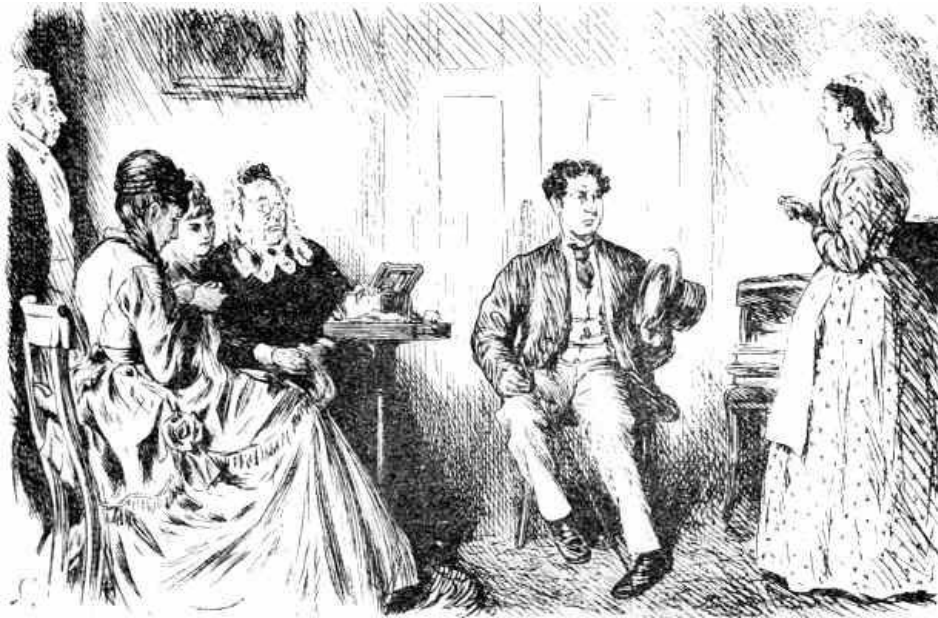
**New Curate (tenderly).** "MY GOOD MAN, WHAT INDUCED YOU TO SEND FOR ME?"

**Oldest Inhabitant.** "WHAT DOES HE SAY, BETTY?"

**Betty.** "'SAYS WHAT THE DEUCE DID YOU SEND FOR HIM, FOR!!"

---

[Pg 75a]



Awkward!

**Literal Servant Girl** (*to Brown, who was calling for the first time on the Dibsworths*). "PLEASE SIR, YOUR CABMAN SAY HE DON'T HALF LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS HERE HALF-CROWN YOU'VE GIVE HIM!!!"

---

[Pg 75b]



"Suit Your Talk to Your Company."

**Mrs. Clovermead.** "AND, DAN, YOU'LL BRING THE TRAP—(*recollecting herself—her fashionable Cousin, from London, is on a Visit at the Farm*)—WE SHALL WANT THE CARRIAGE TO DRIVE INTO THE TOWN AFTER LUNCHEON, DANIEL."

**Daniel.** "YES, MUM—(*hesitating—he had noticed the correction*)—BE I—(*in a loud whisper*)—BE I TO CHANGE MY TROWSE'S, MUM?!"

---

[Pg 76a]



*Silly Suffolk (?) Pastorals. Reciprocity.*

**Parson.** "I HAVE MISSED YOU FROM YOUR PEW OF LATE, MR. STUBBINGS——"

**Farmer (apologetically).** "WELL, SIR, I HEV' BEEN TO MEET'N' LATELY. BUT—Y' SEE, SIR, THE REVEREND MR. SCOWLES O' THE CHAPEL, HE BOUGHT SOME PIGS O' ME, AND I THOUGHT I OUGHT TO GI' 'M A TARN!!"

---

[Pg 76b]



*Lapsus Linguæ.*

**Our Athletic Curate** (who, with the young men of his parish, had been victorious in a great match the day before; please forgive him this once, only). "HE-AR ENDETH THE FIRST INNINGS!!"

---

[Pg 76c]



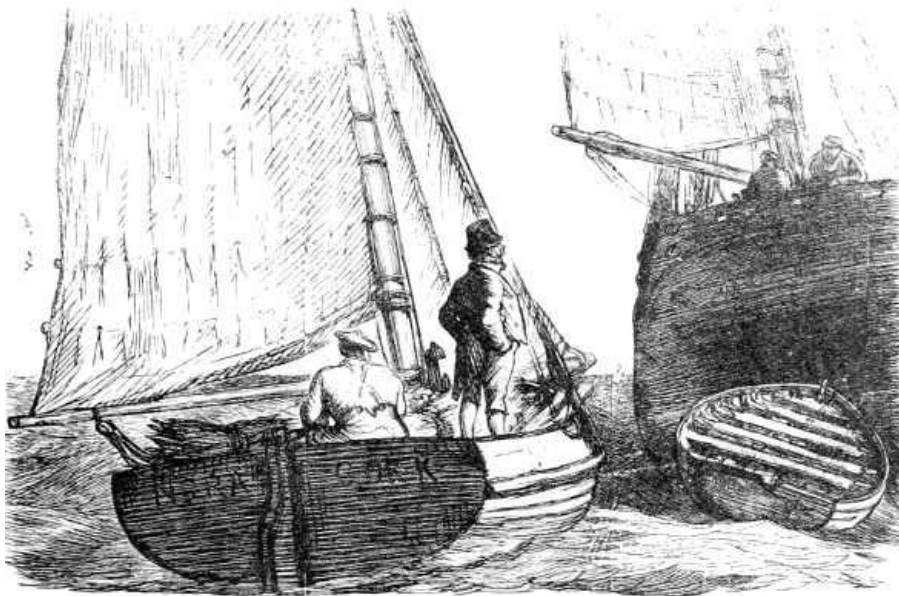
The Archery Meeting.

**Curate** (to *Fair Stranger*). "I PERCEIVE YOU ARE NOT A TOXOPHILITE!"

**Fair Stranger** (promptly). "OH DEAR NO! 'CHURCH OF ENGLAND,' I ASSURE YOU!"

---

[Pg 77a]



*Grandiloquence*

**Captain of Schooner.** "WHAT 'A' YOU GOT THERE, PAT?"

**Pat.** (who has been laying in some Firewood and Potatoes). "TIMBER AND FRUIT, YER HONOUR!!"

---

[Pg 77b]



*Levelling Up.*

**Sub.** (*just arrived by rail*). "HOW MUCH TO THE BARRACKS?"

**Car-Driver.** "AH, SHURE THIN, CAPTIN, THE MANEST OV 'EM GIVES ME T'REE AND SIXPENCE!"

---

[Pg 78a]



*Rural Simplicity.*

"BEEN TO SCHOOL, LITTLE LASSIE?" "AY, SIR." "GOOD GIRL—THERE'S A PENNY FOR YOU." "THANK YOU, SIR. I'LL HAE TO BE STEPPIN'—BUT AWM GAUN TO SKEULL I' THE MORNIN'—WULL YE BE THIS WAY I' THE EFTERNEUN?!"

---

[Pg 78b]





*Catechism under Difficulties.*

**Free Kirk Elder** (*preparatory to presenting a Tract*). "MY FRIEND, DO YOU KNOW THE CHIEF END OF MAN?"

**Piper** (*innocently*). "NA, I DINNA MIND THE CHUNE! CAN YE NO WHUSTLE IT?!"

---

[Pg 78c]



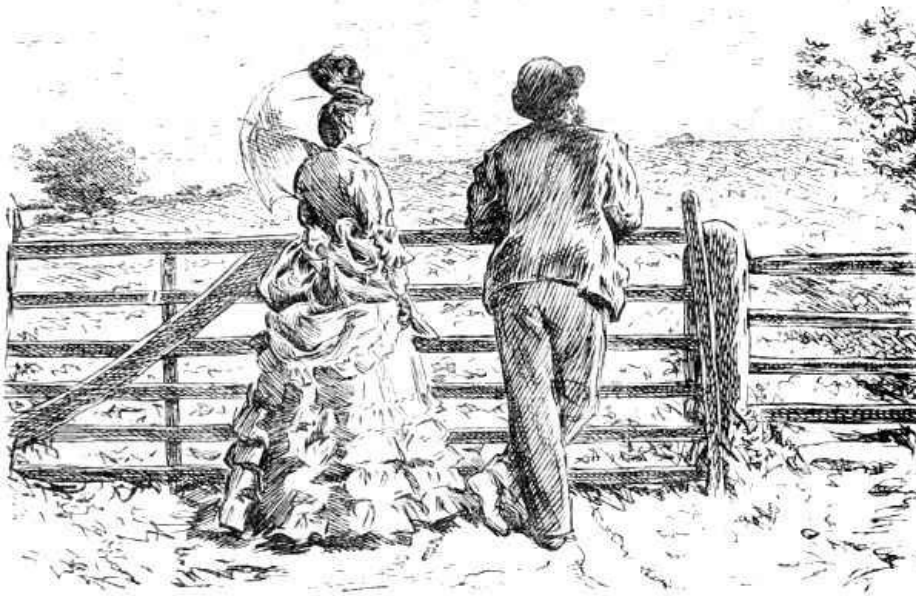
*In Vino Memoria.*

**Major Portsoken** (*a pretty constant Guest*). "I SAY, BUCHANAN, THIS ISN'T— (*another sip*)—THE SAME CHAMPAGNE——!"

**Scotch Butler**. "NA, THAT'S A' DUNE! THERE WAS THRUTTY DIZZEN; AND YE'VE HAD YERE SHARE O'T, MAJOR!!"

---

[Pg 79a]



Mind and Matter.

**Augustus** (*poetical*). "LOOK, EDITH! HOW LOVELY ARE THOSE FLEECY CLOUDLETS DAPPLED OVER THE——"

**Edith** (*prosaic*). "YES. 'XACTLY LIKE GRAVY WHEN IT'S GETTING COLD. ISN'T IT?!"

---

[Pg 79b]



Perspective!

IN CRITICISING AND CORRECTING HIS PRETTY COUSIN'S PERSPECTIVE, OF COURSE FREDERICK'S FACE MUST BE AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE IN THE SAME PLACE AS HERS!—TABLEAU!—PA (IN THE BACKGROUND) IS EVIDENTLY MAKING UP HIS MIND TO SEE ABOUT THIS! *Note.* FRED *hasn't a rap!*

---

[Pg 80a]



Those Dreadful Boys!

**Algernon.** "AND, DEAREST, IF THE DEVOTION OF A LIFE——" (*At this moment his hat is knocked over his eyes by a common Starfish, or Five-fingers (Asterias rubens), thrown, with considerable force and precision, by one of those infern——high-spirited little fellows her younger brothers, TOMMY and BERTIE)!!!*

[Pg 80b]



Profanation.

**Gent.** "I LEFT A LOCK OF HAIR HERE A FEW DAYS AGO TO BE FITTED IN A LOCKET, IS IT —AH—READY?"

**Artiste.** "VERY SORRY, SIR, IT HAS BEEN MISLAID. BUT IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE, SIR —WE CAN EASILY GET IT MATCHED, SIR."!!!

[Pg 81a]



"Turn About."

**George.** "I SAY, TOM, DO TAKE CARE! YOU NEARLY SHOT MY FATHER THEN!"

**Tom.** "'SH! DON'T SAY ANYTHING, THERE'S A GOOD FELLOW! TAKE A SHOT AT MINE!!!"

---

[Pg 81b]



Making Things Pleasant.

**Irishman** (to English Sportsman). "IS IT THROUTS? BE JABERS, THE WATTHEY'S STIFF WID 'EM!!!"

*"Regardless of strict truth, in his love of hyperbole and generous desire to please," as our Friend recorded in his Diary after a blank day.*

---

[Pg 81c]



Angling Extraordinary.

**Customer** (*in a great hurry*). "A SMALL BOX OF GENTLES, PLEASE. AND LOOK SHARP! I WANT TO CATCH A 'BUS'!!"

---

[Pg 82a]



"Happy Thought."

**Mistress** (*who had come down to see about the Bass Voice she had heard in the Kitchen—Guardman discovered!*). "O, YOU DECEITFUL GIRL, TO SAY THERE WAS NOBODY HERE! AND AFTER I'D GIVEN YOU DISTINCTLY TO UNDERSTAND I DIDN'T ALLOW 'FOLLOWERS'; AND HERE, YOU HAVEN'T BEEN HERE A WEEK——"

**Cook**. "LAUKS, M'M, IT MUST BE ONE O' THE FOLLERERS AS THE LAST COOK LEFT BE'IND 'ER!!"

---

[Pg 82b]



*Romance of the Kitchen.*

**Cook** (*from the Area*). "O, 'LIZA, GI' ME MY WINIGRETTE—I'VE 'AD A—OFFER—FROM THE DUSTMAN!!"

---

[Pg 82c]



*"Compliments of the Season."*

**Comely Housemaid.** "O, MR. JAMES, I'M SO FRIGHTENED IN THE RAILWAY! SUPPOSE THE BILER WAS TO BUST!"

**Mr. James.** "THEN, MY DEAR, YOU'D BE A SINGIN' AMONG THE ANGELS IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES!!"

---

[Pg 83a]



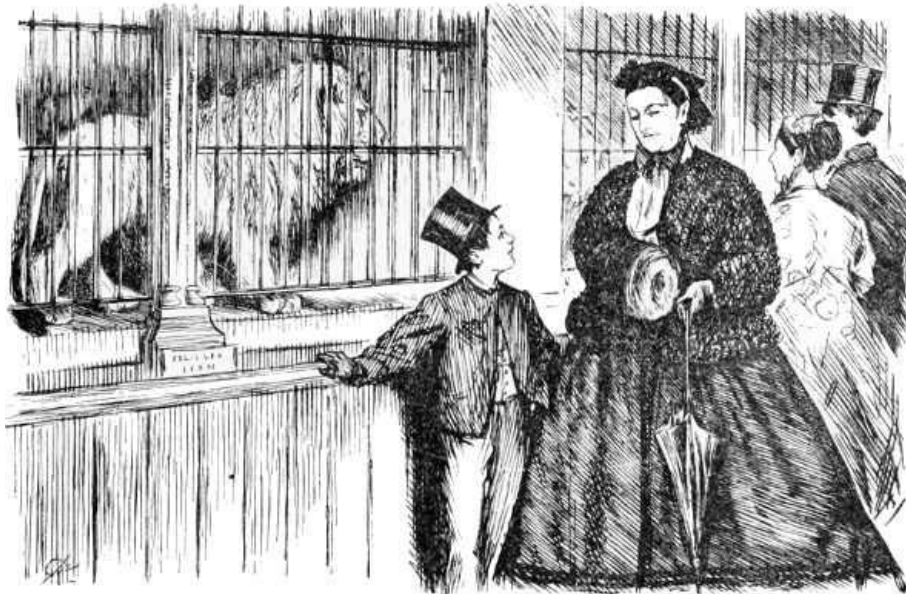
"Ready!"

**Emily.** "WHAT'S CAPITAL PUNISHMENT, MAMMA?"

**Master Harry.** "WHY, BEING LOCKED UP IN THE PANTRY! *I* SHOULD CONSIDER IT SO!"

---

[Pg 83b]



Dear, Dear Boy!

**George.** "OH! SHOULDN'T I JUST LIKE TO SEE SOMEBODY IN THAT DEN, AUNT!"

**Serious Aunt.** "YE-ES. DANIEL, I SUPPOSE, DEAR?"

**George.** "OH NO, AUNT; I MEAN 'OLD TWIGSBY,' OUR HEAD-MASTER!!"

---

[Pg 84a]



"Brother Brush."

**Ship-Painter.** "NICE DRYIN' WEATHER FOR OUR BUSINESS, AIN'T IT, SIR?"

**Amateur (disconcerted).** "YA-A-S!"——

*Takes a dislike to the place.*

---

[Pg 84b]



The Compliments of the (Sketching) Season.

**Papa.** "THERE, HENRY! IF YOU COULD DO LIKE THAT, I'D HAVE YOU TAUGHT *DRAWING*, MY BOY!"

---

[Pg 85a]





A Pleasant Prospect.

**English Tourist.** "I SAY, LOOK HERE. HOW FAR IS IT TO THIS GLENSTARVIT? THEY TOLD US IT WAS ONLY——"

**Native.** "ABOUT FOUR MILES."

**Tourist (*aghast*).** "ALL BOG LIKE THIS?"

**Native.** "EH—H—THIS IS JUST NAETHIN' TILL'T!!!"

---

[Pg 85b]



Compliments of the Season.

**Squire** (*who interests himself with the Moral and Material Condition of his Peasantry*). "HULLO, WOODRUFF! WHAT AN EYE YOU'VE GOT! HOW DID YOU GET THAT?!"

**Labourer.** "O, IT'S NAWTHIN' PARTIC'LAR, SIR. LAST NIGHT—AT THE WHITE 'ART, SIR. BUT—(*in extenuation*)—CHRISHMASH TIME, SIR—ON'Y ONCE A YEAR!"

---

[Pg 85c]



Two Sides to a Question.

**Squire.** "YOUR NAME SMITH?"

**Smith.** "YESSIR."

**Squire.** "AH, I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE THE MAN WHO GIVES SO MUCH TROUBLE TO MY KEEPERS!"

**Smith.** "AX YER PARDON, SQUIRE, YOUR KEEPERS IS MUCH MORE TROUBLE TO ME!"

---

[Pg 86a]



Suspicion!

**Stout Visitor** (*on discovering that, during his usual Nap after Luncheon, he has been subjected to a grossly personal Practical Joke*). "IT'S ONE O' THOSE DASHED ARTISTS THAT ARE STAYING AT THE 'LORD NELSON' 'A' DONE THIS, I KNOW!"

---

[Pg 86b]



Depression.

SCENE—*The Exchange. Industrial Centre.*

**First Commercial Man** (*dryly*). "MORNIN'!"

**Second ditto** (*coldly*). "MORNIN'!"

**First C. M.** (*hopelessly*). "OWT?"

**Second ditto** (*mournfully*). "NOWT!"

**First C. M.** (*gloomily*). "MORNIN'!"

**Second ditto** (*despairingly*). "MORNIN'!"

*They part.*

[Pg 86c]



Reductio ad Absurdum.

**Stout Party** (*the first time he went for his Dividends since his Aunt left him that Legacy*). "WHERE DO YOU GO FOR THESE DIVIDEND WARRANTS?"

**Bank Beadle.** "WHAT STOCK, SIR?"

**Stout Party.** "WELL, THREE PER CENT. SOMETHING"—(*The word stuck in his throat*).

**Bank Beadle.** "AH!—(*giving him the Information, and saying the word for him*)—*REDOCED*, SIR!!"

*Stout Party sighs, and exit.*

[Pg 87a]



"The More Haste the Less Speed."

**Intelligent Peasant** (*who has been overlooking our Artists with much interest*). "YAR MATE'S A STAININ' O' HIS'N A'READY, SIR!"

---

[Pg 87b]



The Point of View.

**Tomkins** (*he has heard his friend Stodge talk so much about that lovely spot Wobbleswick, whither he was going sketching, that he was induced to accompany him. A day has elapsed, and he is awaking to the horror of his situation!*) "SEEMS TO ME AN INFERN——I CALL IT RATHER A DULL PLACE!"

**Stodge.** "DULL, MY DEAR FELLOW! HOW CAN YOU SAY SO? LOOK AT THIS BEAUTIFUL, BREEZY COMMON! AND THE LINES OF THOSE OLD HOUSES ON THE BEACH, BREAKING THE HORIZON, AND THE COLOUR! AND THE JOLLY QUIET OF THE PLACE! NONE O' YOUR BEASTLY BARREL-ORGANS OR GAPING TOURISTS SWARMING ABOUT! I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT!!"

---

[Pg 88a]



"Lucus a Non" &c.

**Visitor.** "HOW LONG HAS YOUR MASTER BEEN AWAY?"

**Irish Footman.** "WELL, SORR, IF HE'D COME HOME YISTERDAY, HE'D A' BEEN GONE A WAKE TO-MORROW; BUT EV HE DOESN'T RETURN THE DAY AFTHAR, SHURE HE'LL A' BEEN AWAY A FORTNIGHT NEXT THORSDAY!!"

---

[Pg 88b]



Hyperbole.

**Saxon Sportsman.** "ANY SNIPE ABOUT HERE, MY MAN?"

**Pat.** "SNIPES, IS IT?! FAIX, THEY'RE GINERALLY JOSTLIN' 'ACH OTHER HEREABOUTS!"

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[Pg 88c]



Real Irish Grievance.

**Irish Model** (*requested to put on rather a dilapidated costume*). "THE BLISSSED SAINTS DIRICT ME INTO THIS COAT, SOR!"

---

[Pg 89a]



Our Inspection.

**Lieutenant-Colonel.** "HULLO! CONFOUND IT! THERE'S A MAN BLOWING HIS NOSE —AND WITH A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF, TOO! TUT-T-T-T!"

---

[Pg 89b]



Hunting Appointments.

**Scientific Colonel.** "ARE YOU GOING TO THE 'KRIEGSPIEL' TO-MORROW?"

**Cavalry Sub. (*Hunting Man*).** "AUGH! 'THINK NOT, SIR. AUGH! 'MEET THE-ARE, DO THEY? NEVAR HEARD OF THE PLACE! WHERWE ON EARTH IS I—T?'"!!

---

[Pg 90a]



Encouraging!

**Riding-Master (*to Sub. belonging to one of the new Mounted Batteries*).**

"WELL, SIR! YOU'RE ALL 'OF A HEAP' ON THE HORSE'S NECK—YOU'VE LOST YOUR SWORD AND YOUR FORAGE-CAP, AND YOU'VE LOST YOUR STIRRUPS—AND——YOU'LL LOSE YOURSELF NEXT!!"

---

[Pg 90b]



"It's an Ill Wind" &c.

**Sporting Sub.** "I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE MY LEAVE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, COLONEL, FOR I'VE JUST HEARD MY FATHER'S HAD A BAD FALL OUT HUNTING."

**Colonel.** "DEAR ME! I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT! I HOPE HE'S NOT HURT!"

**Sporting Sub.** "OH, IT ISN'T THAT!—ONLY I WANT TO HAVE HIS HORSE!!!"

---

[Pg 90c]



Particular!

**Adjutant of Volunteers (to Recruit).** "WELL, SIR, AND WHAT COMPANY DO YOU WISH TO BE IN?"

**Recruit.** "AUGH! I'VE BEEN—AH—USED TO THE CO'PANY OF—AH—GE'TLEMEN, SIR!!!!"

---

[Pg 91a]





The Last Word.

**Cabby** (to stately Party, who has given him his legal Fare). "MAKIN' YER FORTUNE, SIR, NO DOUBT!"

**Swell** (not exactly catching the Remark). "EH?"

**Cabby**. "YOU'RE A LAYIN' BY A GOOD BIT O' MONEY, SIR, I'LL BE BOUND!"

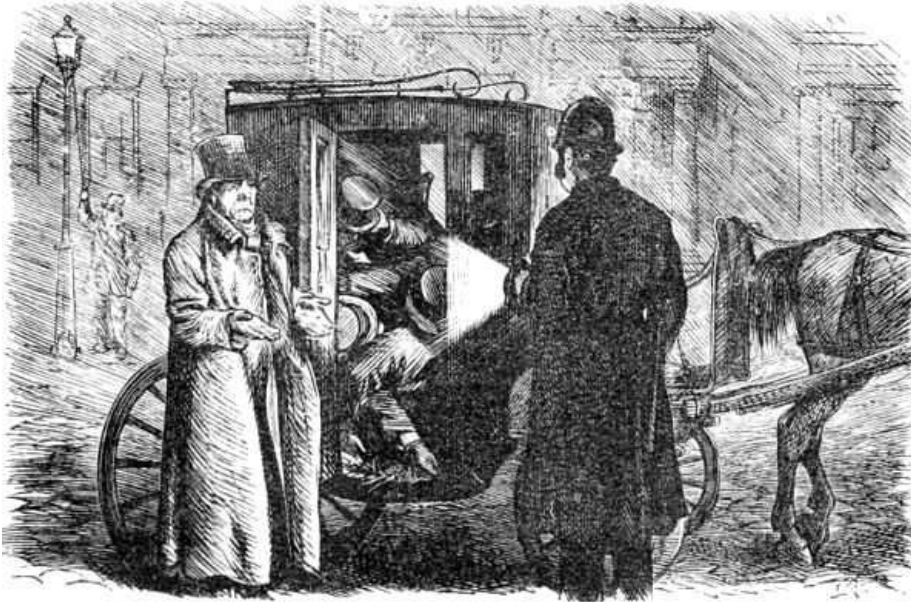
**Swell** (indignantly). "What d'you mean, Sir?"

**Cabby**. "WHY YOU DON'T SPEND MUCH, SEEMIN'LY!"

*Drives off in triumph.*

---

[Pg 91b]



A Dilemma.

**Cabby**. "ERE'S A GO, P'LICEMAN! WHAT AM I TO DO?—I VOS ORDERED TO TAKE THESE 'ERE GENTS AS 'A BEEN A DININ' YOU SEE, TO THEIR 'SPECTABLE 'OMES, VUN VOS FOR 'ANOVER SQUARE, ANOTHER FOR THE HALBANY, AND THE TOTHERS ELSEVERES—VELL, THEY VOS ALL CAREFULLY SORTED VEN I STARTED, AN' NOW THEY'VE BEEN AN' GONE AN' MIXED THE'RSELVES UP, AN' I DON'T KNOW VICH IS VICH!!"

---

[Pg 92a]



Too True!

**Mamma.** "MY DEAR CHILD, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT DREADFUL SCRATCH ON YOUR ARM?"

**Little Ada.** "OH, 'MA, IT WAS 'LIBBETH'S BIG BRASS BROOCH WITH THE GREEN GLASS IN IT, THAT THE TALL SOLDIER GAVE HER!"

---

[Pg 92b]



"Once for All."

**Mistress.** "BY THE WAY—ANNA—HANNAH—I'M NOT SURE. IS YOUR NAME ANNA, OR HANNAH?"

**New Cook** (*tartly*). "WHICH MY NAME IS ANNA, MUM—HAICH, HA, HEN, HEN, HA, HAICH,—'ANNA'—"

**Mistress** (*giving it up in despair*). "AH! THANK YOU."

---

[Pg 92c]



Up and Down Stairs.

**Young Mistress** (*at the Parlour Door*). "ELIZA, WHAT IS THAT BELL RINGING FOR SO VIOLENTLY?"

**Cook** (*below*). "IT'S ON'Y ME, M'UM. I WANT YOU DOWN IN THE KITCHING A MINUTE!!!"

---

[Pg 93a]



Terms—Cash.

**Lady Bountiful**. "HERE, MY GOOD MAN, HERE'S A TICKET FOR THE ORGANISING CHARITABLE RELIEF AND REPRESSING MENDI——"

**Professional Beggar** (*with a sneer*). "O, THANKY FOR NOTHINK, MUM, *HOURS IS A READY MONEY BUSINESS!*"

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[Pg 93b]

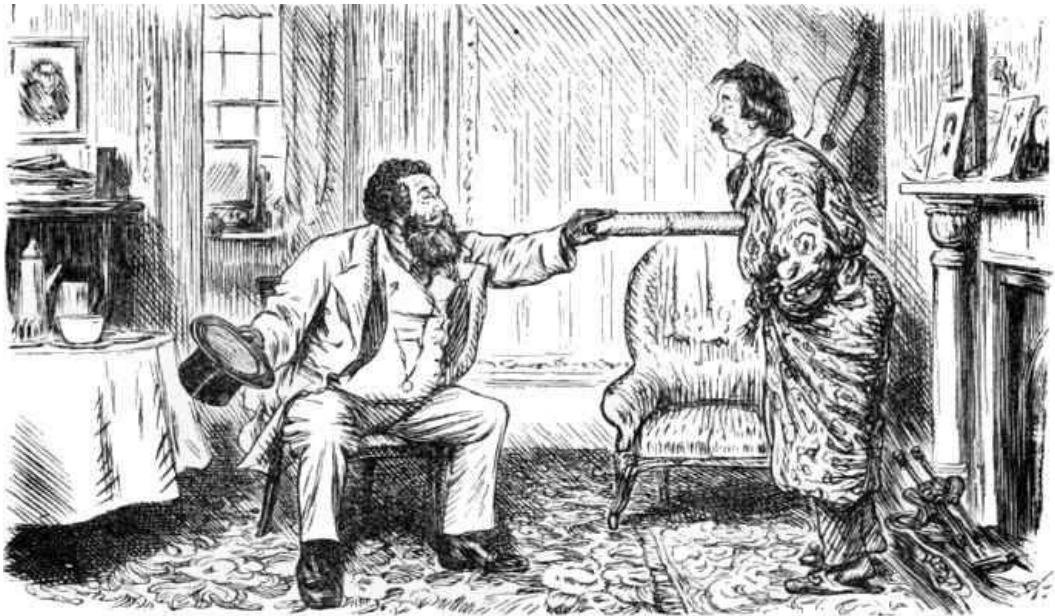


Gratitude.

**Fastidious Vagrant.** "AND THEY AIN'T 'ALF BUTTERED! I COULD 'A DONE AS WELL IF I'D GONE UP THE LANE TO THE 'UNION!"

---

[Pg 94a]



Music of the Future. Sensation Opera.

**Manager** (to his *Primo Tenore*, triumphantly). "MY DEAR FELLOW, I'VE BROUGHT YOU THE SCORE OF THE NEW OPERA. WE'VE ARRANGED SUCH A SCENE FOR YOU IN THE THIRD ACT! O' BOARD OF THE PIRATE SCREW, AFTER THE KEELHAULING SCENE, YOU KNOW! HEAVY ROLLING SEA, EH?—YES, AND WE CAN HAVE SOME REAL SPRAY PUMPED ON TO YOU FROM THE FIRE-ENGINE! VOLUMES OF SMOKE FROM THE FUNNEL, CLOSE BEHIND YOUR HEAD—IN FACT, YOU'LL BE ENVELOPED AS YOU RUSH ON TO THE BRIDGE! AND THEN YOU'LL SING THAT LOVELY BARCAROLLE THROUGH THE SPEAKING-TRUMPET! AND MIND YOU HOLD TIGHT, AS THE SHIP BLOWS UP JUST AS YOU COME UPON YOUR HIGH D IN THE LAST BAR!!!"

---

[Pg 94b]



Club Law.

**Waiter.** "DID YOU RING, SIR?"

**Member** (*trying to be calm*). "YES. WILL YOU WAKE THIS GENTLEMAN, AND SAY I SHOULD BE OBLIGED IF HE'D LET ME HAVE THE *SPECTATOR*, IF HE'S NOT READING IT."

*Old Wacklethorpe has been asleep, with the Paper firmly clutched, for the last two hours.*

---

[Pg 94c]



"'High' Life Below Stairs!"

**Master** (*sniffing*). "THERE'S A MOST EXTRAORDINARY SMELL, JAMES. I'VE NOTICED IT SEVERAL——"

**Hall Porter.** "I DON'T WONDER AT IT, SIR. I'VE SPOKE ABOUT IT DOWN-STAIRS. THE BUTLER, SIR, YOU SEE IS 'IGH CHURCH,' WHICH HE 'AS FIT UP A HORATORY IN THE PANTRY, AND BURNS HINCENSE. WE COULD STAND THAT; BUT THE COOK IS THE 'LOW CHURCH' PERSUASION, AND SHE BURNS BROWN PAPER TO HOBVIATE THE HINCENSE. IT'S PERFECTLY HAWFUL ON SAINTS' DAYS, SIR!!!"

---

[Pg 95a]



Wages and Wives.

**Philanthropic Farmer.** "WELL, TOMKINS, AFTER THIS WEEK, INSTEAD OF PAYING YOU PARTLY IN CIDER, I SHALL GIVE YOU TWO SHILLINGS EXTRA WAGES."

**Tomkins.** "NO, THANKY', MASTER; THAT WON'T DO FOR ME!"

**Farmer.** "WHY, MAN, YOU'LL BE THE GAINER; FOR THE CIDER YOU HAD WASN'T WORTH TWO SHILLINGS!"

**Tomkins.** "AH, BUT YOU SEE I DRINKS THE CIDER MYSELF; BUT THE OW'D OOMAN 'LL 'EV THE TWO SHILLUN'!!!"

[Pg 95b]



Pursuit o' Knowledge!

**First Agricultural** (*quite a Year after our Branch had been Opened*).  
"WHAT BE THEY POST-ES VUR, MAS'R SAM'L?"

**Second Ditto** (*Wag of the Village*). "WHY, TO CARRY THE TELEGRAFT WOIRES, GEARGE!"

**First Ditto.** "WHAT BE THE WOIRES VUR, THEN?"

**Second Ditto.** "WHAT BE THE WOIRES FUR? WHY, TO HOOLD UP THE POST-ES, SART'N'Y, GEARGE."!!!

[Pg 95c]



A Nice Prospect!

**Traveller** (*benighted in the Black Country*). "NOT A BEDROOM DISENGAGED! TUT-T-T-T!"

**Landlady** (*who is evidently in the Coal Business as well*). "OH, WE'LL ACCOMMODATE YOU SOMEHOW, SIR, IF ME AND MY 'USBAND GIVES YOU UP OUR OWN BED, SIR!"

---

[Pg 96a]



Boon Companions!

**Bargee**. "WHAT! GE-ARGE!"

*Rustic grins in response.*

**Bargee**. "I'M ALLUS MAIN GLAD TO SEE THEE, GE-ARGE!"

**Rustic**. "WHY?"

**Bargee**. "'CAUSE I KNOW THERE MUST BE A PUBLIC-'OUSE CLOSE BY!"

---

[Pg 96b]



Bereaved.

**First Pitman.** "THOU HESSENT BEEN AT THE TOUN LATELY, GEORDIE. HOO'S THAT, MAN?"

**Second Pitman.** "THOU KNOWS THE DOG'S DEED, AND AW KENNET GETTEN ANOTHER; AN' A CHAP LECKS SA FOND WITOUT A DOG!"

---

[Pg 96c]



Geology.

**Scientific Pedestrian.** "DO YOU FIND ANY FOSSILS HERE?"

**Excavator.** "DUNNO WHAT YUH CALLS 'VOSSULS.' WE FINDS NOWT HERE BUT MUCK AND 'ARD WORK!"

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[Pg 97a]





The Morning Concert.

**Swell** (*doesn't care for music himself*). "MY DEAR, IS THIS—AH—(yawns)—TE-DIUM OVAR?!"

---

[Pg 97b]



A Cool Card.

**Swell** (*handing "Sporting Life" to Clerical Party*). "AW—WOULD YOU—AW—DO ME THE FAVOUR TO WEAD THE LIST OF THE WACES TO ME WHILE WE'RE WUNNING DOWN? —I'VE—AW—FORGOTTEN MY EYEGGLASS. DON'T MIND WAISING YOUR VOICE—I'M PWECIOUS DEAF!"

---

[Pg 97c]



"Relapse."

**Squire.** "WHY, PAT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING, STANDING BY THE WALL OF THE PUBLIC-HOUSE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE A TEETOTALLER!"

**Pat.** "YES, YER HONNOR. I'M JUST LISTENIN' TO THEM IMPENITENT BOYS DRINKING INSIDE!"

---

[Pg 98a]



"In Confidence."

**Hungry Customer.** "'TAINT BAD."

**Chef.** "GLAD YOU LIKE IT; FOR, TO TELL YER THE TRUTH, A'THOUGH I'VE BEEN A MAKIN' O' THIS SOUP FOR FIFTEEN YEAR, I AIN'T NEVER TASTED IT MYSELF!!"

---

[Pg 98b]



*"The Struggle for Existence."*

**Darwinian Coster** (to thrifty Housewife). "WELL, FISH IS DEAR, MUM; YOU SEE IT'S A-GETTIN' WERY SCA'CE IN CONSEKENCE O' THESE 'ERE AQUERIUNS!"

---

[Pg 98c]



*A Satisfactory Character.*

Mrs. Brisket (about the Squire's new Bride). "OH, YES, MUM, SHE COME IN 'ERE YESTERDAY, MUM. BLESS YER! A PUFFECT LADY. MUM! DON'T KNOW ONE J'INT O' MEAT FROM ANOTHER, MUM!!"

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[Pg 99a]



*Hard Up on a Wet Day.*

**Richard.** "WHAT ARE YOU RINGING FOR, BOB?"

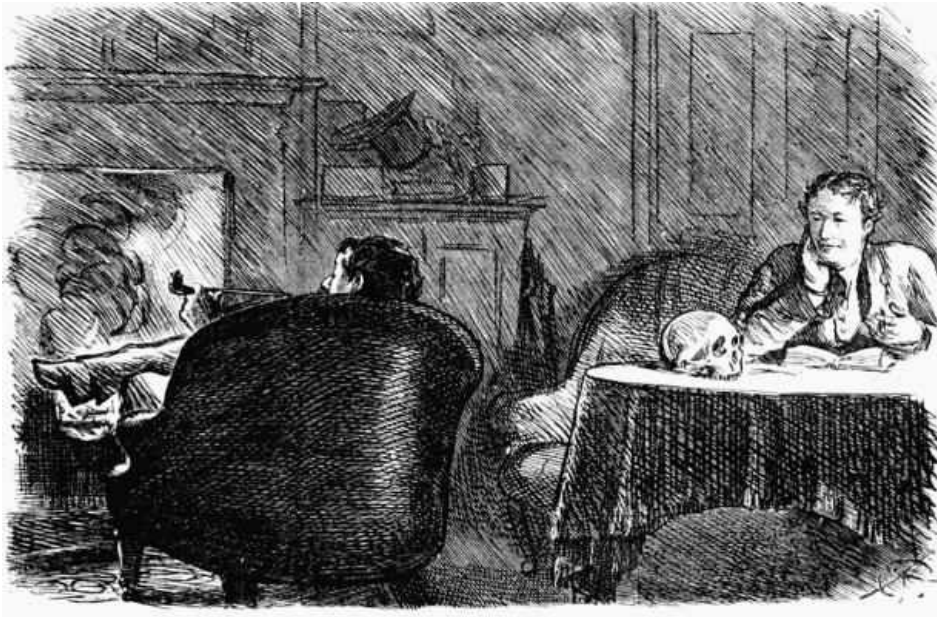
**Robert.** "THE BEEF!"

**Richard.** "YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO EAT BEEF AGAIN, BOB, ARE YOU? WHY IT ISN'T HALF-AN-HOUR SINCE BREAKFAST!"

**Robert.** "WELL, I'M NOT EXACTLY HUNGRY, BUT ONE MUST DO SOMETHING!"

---

[Pg 99b]



*Incombinable Elements.*

**First Medical Student.** "WHAT ARE YOU SIGHING FOR, JACK?"

**Second Ditto.** "UGH! I WAS THINKING OF THAT INFERNAL CHEMISTRY CRAM TOMORROW, AND WHAT A DEUCED PRETTY GIRL I SAW IN GOWER STREET JUST NOW!!"

---

[Pg 100a]



A Desperate Case!

**First Driver.** "How's POOR BOB?"

**Second Driver.** "OH, HE'S A GOOD DEAL BETTER—TAKES HIS *LOTIONS* MORE REG'LAR  
—"

**First Driver** (*reassured*). "AH!"

---

[Pg 100b]



"Bon Voyage!"

**Bus-Conductor** (*to Portly Female, who was indignant at having been carried a little beyond her destination*). "WELL, THERE Y'ARE, MUM, FUST TO YER LEFT. Y'AIN'T GOT SO VERY FAR TO GO, AND THE *WIND'S AT YER BACK!*"

---

[Pg 100c]



*Personal!*

**Driver** (*impatient*). "NOW THEN, BILL!"

**Conductor**. "O, LOOK ALIVE, PLEASE, M'M! (*To the Driver.*) CAN'T HELP IT! ALL IN THE 'ANTIQUE' LINE THIS MORNIN'! 'ERE'S THREE MORE ON 'EM!" "*'Antique,' indeed! Odious Wretch!*" thought one of the parties alluded to.

---

[Pg 101a]



*"The Conscience Clause"*

**Rector's Wife**. "AND WHAT'S YOUR FATHER, MY BOY?"

**Boy**. "MY FATHER'S A 'HAGITATOR,' AN' HE SAYS HE WON'T HAVE ME LEARNT NO CATECHISM, 'R ELSE YOU'LL ALL OF YER EAR OV IT!"

---

[Pg 101b]



*Education.*

**Squire.** "HOBSON, THEY TELL ME YOU'VE TAKEN YOUR BOY AWAY FROM THE NATIONAL SCHOOL. WHAT'S THAT FOR?"

**Villager.** "'CAUSE THE MASTER AIN'T FIT TO TEACH UN!"

**Squire.** "O, I'VE HEARD HE'S A VERY GOOD MASTER."

**Villager.** "WELL, ALL I KNOWS IS, HE WANTED TO TEACH MY BOY TO SPELL 'TATERS' WITH A 'P'!!!"

---

[Pg 102a]



"Exempli Gratia."

**Ancient Mariner (to credulous Yachtsman).** "A'MIRAL LORD NELSON! BLESS YER, I KNOWED HIM; SERVED UNDER HIM. MANY'S THE TIME I'VE AS'ED HIM FOR A BIT O' 'BACCO, AS I MIGHT BE A ASTIN' O' YOU; AND SAYS HE, 'WELL, I 'AIN'T GOT NO 'BACCO,' JEST AS YOU MIGHT SAY TO ME; 'BUT HERE'S A SHILLIN' FOR YER,' SAYS HE"!!

---

[Pg 102b]



Dignity.

**Shipping Clerk.** "ARE YOU THE MATE O' THE 'MAGGIE LAUDER,' OF STONEHAVEN?"  
**Mate (sternly).** "ASK IF I'M THE FIR-R-R-ST OFFICER, YOUNG MAN, AN' MAYBE I'LL GIE YE AN ANSWER!"

---

[Pg 102c]



*A Woman-Hater.*

**Spiteful Old Party (who is tarring the Stays of the Flagstaff).** "STRIPED GOWNDS SEEM ALL THE 'GO' WITH 'EM, EH? (*Chuckles.*) I'LL STRIPE 'EM! PUT A EXTRA STREAK O' ILE IN, O' PURPOSE—WON'T DRY FOR A MONTH! COME LOLLOPIN' ABOUT HERE WITH THEIR CRIN'LYNES AN' TR'INES, THEY MUST TAKE THE CONSEKENSES!!"

---

[Pg 103a]





*When You are About it.*

**Magister Familias** (*parting with his Butler*). "HERE IS THE LETTER, FLANAGAN. I CAN CONSCIENTIOUSLY SAY YOU ARE HONEST AND ATTENTIVE, BUT I SHOULD HAVE TO STRETCH A POINT IF I WERE TO SAY YOU ARE SOBER."

**Mr. Flanagan**. "THANK YOU, SOR. BUT WHEN YOU *ARE* AFTHER STHRITCHIN' A POINT, SOR, WOULDN'T YOU, PLASE, STHRITCH IT A LITTLE FURTHER, AND SAY I'M *AFTEN* SOBER!!"

---

[Pg 103b]



*Sympathy.*

**Epicurus**. "PAH! O, GOOD GRACIOUS, MIVINS, THAT LAST OYSTER WAS—UGH!"

**Butler** (*with feeling*). "T-T-T—DEAR ME! CORKED, SIR?!!"

---

[Pg 103c]



*The Run of the House.*

**First Flunkey.** "WON'T YOU COME IN, JOHN, AND TAKE SOMETHING?"

**Second Ditto.** "THANKS, NO; I'LL LOOK YOU UP NEXT WEEK. 'BE ON BOARD-WAGES THEN, YOU KNOW!"

---

[Pg 104a]



*"What Next?"*

**Mistress (to New Housemaid).** "JANE, I'M QUITE SURPRISED TO HEAR YOU CAN'T READ OR WRITE! I'M SURE ONE OF MY DAUGHTERS WOULD GLADLY UNDERTAKE TO TEACH YOU——"

**Maid.** "O, LOR', MUM, IF THE YOUNG LADIES WOULD BE SO KIND AS TO LEARN ME ANYTHING, I SHOULD SO LIKE TO PLAY THE PIANNER."!!

---

[Pg 104b]



"The Servants."

**Cook.** "YES, SUSAN, I'M A WRITIN' TO MARY HANN MIGGS. SHE'VE APPLIED TO ME FOR THE CHARICTER OF MY LAST MISSUS, WHICH SHE'S THINKIN' OF TAKIN' THE SITIWATION——"

**Susan.** "WILL YOU GIVE HER ONE?"

**Cook.** "WELL, I'VE SAID THIS. (*Reads.*) 'MRS. PERKSITS PRESENTS HER COMPLIMINKS TO MISS MIGGS, AND BEGS TO INFORM HER THAT I CONSIDER MRS. BROWN A RESPEK'ABLE YOUNG PERSON, AND ONE AS KNOWS HER DOOTIES; BUT SHE CAN'T CONSHESALY RECOMMEND HER TEMPER, WHICH I HAD TO PART WITH HER ON THAT ACCOUNT.' IT'S ALLUS BEST TO BE CANDIED, YOU KNOW, SUSAN!"

[Pg 105a]

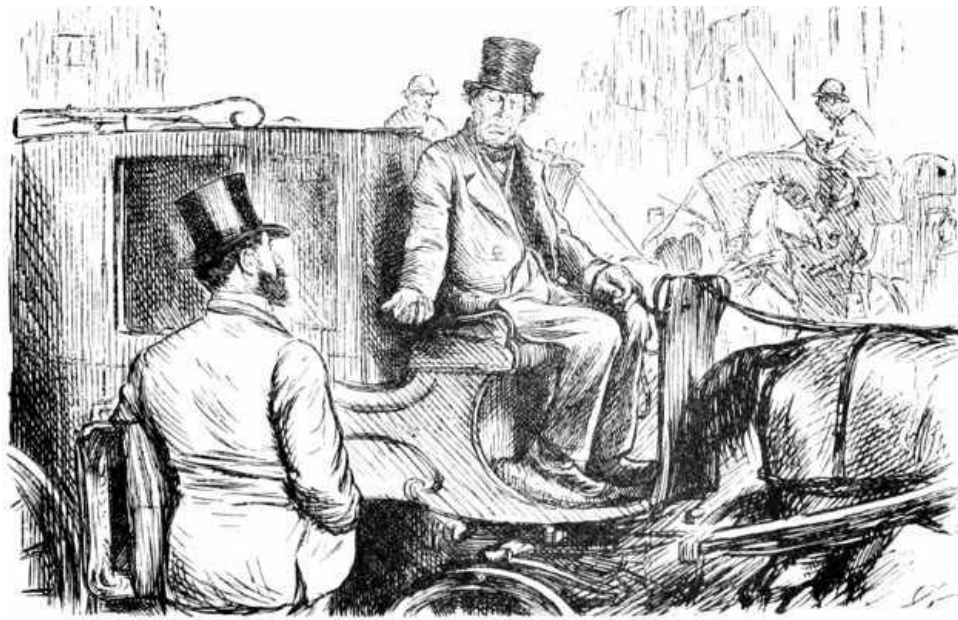


*Quite Superfluous.*

**Stout Passenger** (*obstreperously*). "HOY! HOY! HOY!!"

**Bus-Driver.** "ALL RIGHT, SIR, WE CAN SEE YER, SIR; WE CAN SEE YER VITH THE NAKED EYE, SIR!"

[Pg 105b]



*"Noblesse Oblige."*

**Stodge** (*in answer to the reproachful look of his Cabman*). "WELL, IT'S YOUR RIGHT FARE; YOU KNOW THAT AS WELL AS I DO!"

**Cabby**. "OH! WHICH I'M WELL AWARE O' THAT, SIR! BUT——"*more in sorrow than in anger*"—AN' YOU A ARTIS', SIR!!"  
*Gets another Shilling!*

---

[Pg 106a]



*The Beard Movement.*

**Policeman** (*invidiously*). "IT'S PUFFECTLY HOPTIONAL VITH US, YOU KNOW!"  
*"The Hairs them P'licemen give themselves," John remarked afterwards, in the Servants' Hall.*

---

[Pg 106b]



*Too Late.*

**Departing Guest.** "BUT MY HAT WAS A BRAN-NEW ONE!"  
**Greengrocer (Footman for the nonce).** "OH, SIR! THE SECOND-BEST 'ATS A'  
BEEN GONE 'ALF-AN-HOUR AGO, SIR!"

---

[Pg 106c]



*Music in the Midlands.*

**Intelligent Youth of Country Town.** "AH SAY, BILL, ULL THAT BE T' ELIJAH  
GOIN' OOP I' THAT BIG BOX?!"

---

[Pg 107a]



*A Perfect Excuse.*

**Rector** (to his Keeper). "MORNING, WOODGATE. DIDN'T I SEE YOU AT CHURCH YESTERDAY?"

**Keeper** (apologetically). "YES, SIR. BUT—I FELT I WAS A DOIN' WRONG ALL THE TIME, SIR!"

---

[Pg 107b]



*"Fahrenheit."*

**Rector.** "AH, WE SHALL BE COMFORTABLE THIS MORNING, GRUFFLES, I SEE YOU'VE GOT THE TEMPERATURE UP NICELY. SIXTY, I DECLARE!"

**Clerk.** "YES, SIR, I ALLUS HEV A TROUBLE TO GET THAT THING UP. I TOOK AND WARMED IT JEST THIS MINUTE!"

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[Pg 107c]



*Pleasuring!*

**Vicar** (to Old Lady, who is returning from a Funeral). "WELL, MARTHA, I'M AFRAID YOU'VE HAD A SAD AFTERNOON. IT HAS BEEN A LONG WALK, TOO, FOR YOU——"

**Martha.** "SURE-LY, 'TIS, SIR! AH, SIR, 'TAIN'T MUCH PLEASURE NOW FOR ME TO GO TO FUNERALS; I BE TOO OLD AND FULL O' RHEUMATIZ. IT WAS VERY DIFFERENT WHEN WE WAS YOUNG—THAT 'TWER!!"

[Pg 108a]



*Awkward!*

FLITHERS SPENDS HIS CHRISTMAS AT A COUNTRY HOUSE, AND THE FIRST DAY, ON THE LADIES LEAVING THE TABLE AFTER DINNER, HE JUMPS UP, AND OPENS THE *WRONG* Door!!

[Pg 108b]



*He Thought He was Safe*

**Irascible Old Gentleman.** "BUY A COMB! WHAT THE DEVIL SHOULD I BUY A COMB FOR! YOU DON'T SEE ANY HAIR ON MY HEAD, DO YOU?"

**Unlicensed Hawker.** "LOR' BLESS YER, SIR!—YER DON'T WANT NO 'AIR ON YER 'EAD FOR A TOOTH-COMB!!"

---

[Pg 108c]



*Hygiene.*

**Hearty Old Gentleman (to dyspeptic Friend).** "DOESN'T AGREE WITH YOU?! OH, I NEVER LET ANYTHING OF THAT SORT BOTHER ME! I ALWAYS EAT WHAT I LIKE, AND DRINK WHAT I LIKE, AND FINISH OFF WITH A GOOD STIFF GLASS O' GROG AT BED-TIME, AND GO FAST ASLEEP, AN' LET 'M FIGHT 'T OUT 'MONG 'MSELVES!!!"

---

[Pg 109a]





*Considerate Criticism.*

**Rustic** (to his friend). "WA—AT, THA'S BETTER THAN DOIN' O' NAWTH'N'. I S'POOS', GEARGE!!"

---

[Pg 109b]



*"The Finishing Touch!"*

**Farmer** (who has been most Obliging, and taken great Interest in the Picture). "GOOD MORN'N', SIR! BUT—(aghast)—I SAY, WHAT ARE YOU A DOIN' OF, MISTER?! A P'INTIN' ALL THEM BEASTLY POPPIES IN MY CORN!—'A BIT O' COLOUR?'—WHAT 'OULD MY LANDLORD SAY, D'YOU THINK?—AND AFTER I'D PUT OFF CUTTIN' CAUSE YOU HADN'T FINISHED, TO OBLIGE YER, I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D A DONE IT! YOU DON'T COME A P'INTIN' ON MY LAND ANY MORE!" *Exit, in great dudgeon.*

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[Pg 110a]



*À Fortiori.*

**Ticket Collector.** "NOW, THEN, MAKE HASTE! WHERE'S YOUR TICKET?"

**Bandsman (refreshed).** "AU'VE LOST IT!"

**Ticket Collector.** "NONSENSE! FEEL IN YOUR POCKETS. YE CANNOT HEV LOST IT!"

**Bandsman.** "AW CANNOT?! WHY, MAN, AU'VE LOST THE *BIG DRUM!*"

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[Pg 110b]



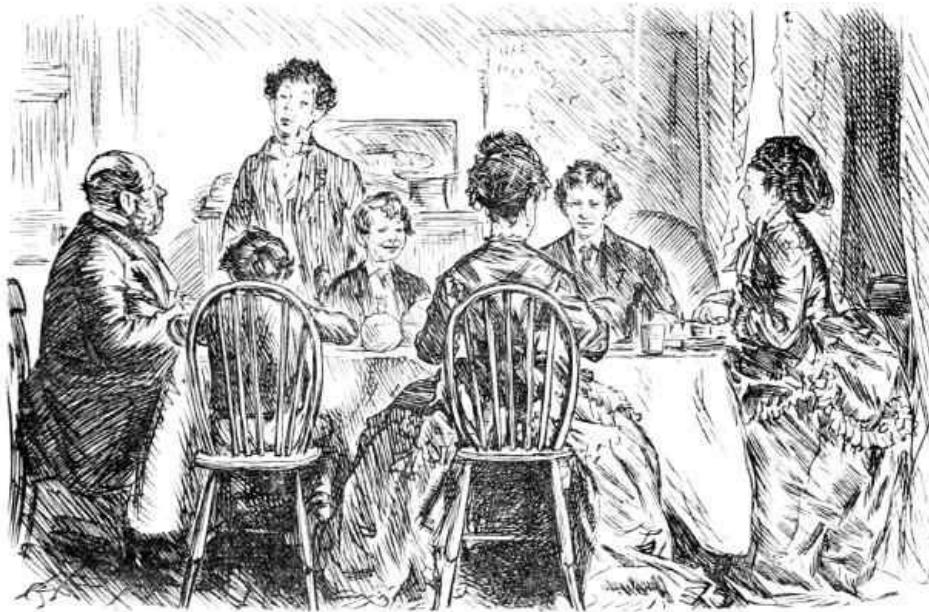
*"Nae That Fou!"*

**Country Gentlemen (who thought he'd got such a treasure of a new Gardener).** "TUT, TUT, TUT! BLESS MY SOUL, SAUNDERS! HOW—WHAT'S ALL THIS? DISGRACEFULLY INTOXICATED AT THIS HOUR OF THE MORNING! AIN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?!"

**Saunders.** "'SH-HAMED? (*Hic.*) NA, NA, 'M NAE SAE DRUNK AS THAT COMES T'! AH KEN VARRA WEEL WHAT A'M ABOUT!!!"

---

[Pg 111a]



Hibernian Veracity.

**Paterfamilias** (*with his Family in Ireland*). "HAVE YOU ANY WEST INDIA PICKLES, WAITER?"

**Paddy**. "WE'VE NOT, SOR."

**Paterfamilias**. "NO HOT PICKLES OF ANY DESCRIPTION?"

**Paddy**. "NO; SHURE THEY'RE ALL COULD, SOR."

---

[Pg 111b]



Quite Another Thing.

**Paddy** (*the loser*). "ABRAM, G'ALONG! I SAID I'D LAY YOU FOIVE TO WAN, BUT I WASN'T GOIN' TO BET MY HA'F-CROWN AGIN YOUR TATH'RIN LITTLE SIXPENCE!"

*Exeunt fighting.*

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[Pg 111c]



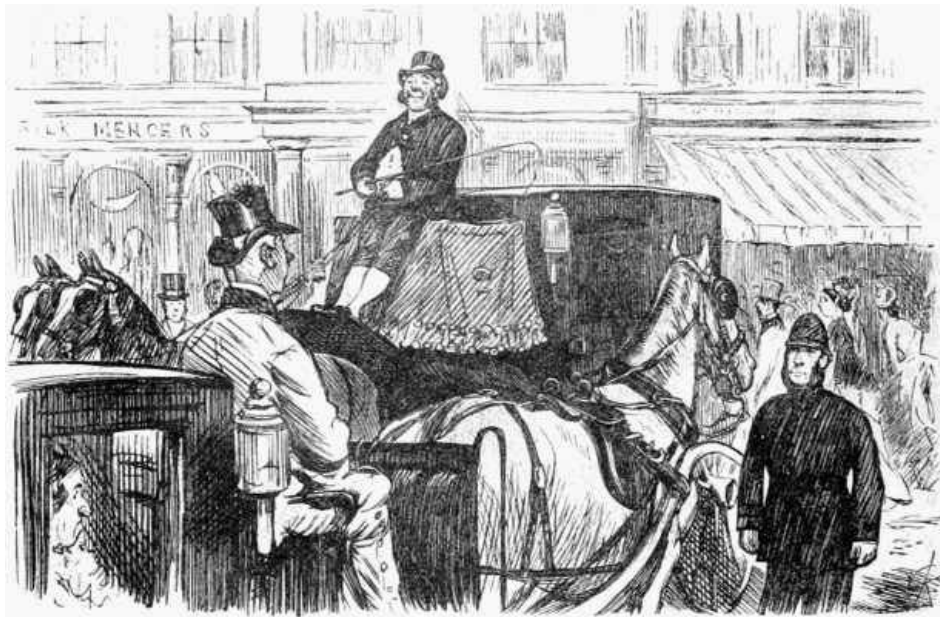
A Fair Offer.

**Athletic Barman.** "NOW, IF YOU DON'T TAKE YOURSELF OFF, I'LL PRECIOUS SOON TURN YOU OUT!"

**Pat (with a yell).** "TUR-R-RN ME OUT? IS IT TUR-R-RN ME OUT? THIN, BEDAD! COME OUTSIDE, AN' TUR-R-RN ME OUT!!"

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[Pg 112a]



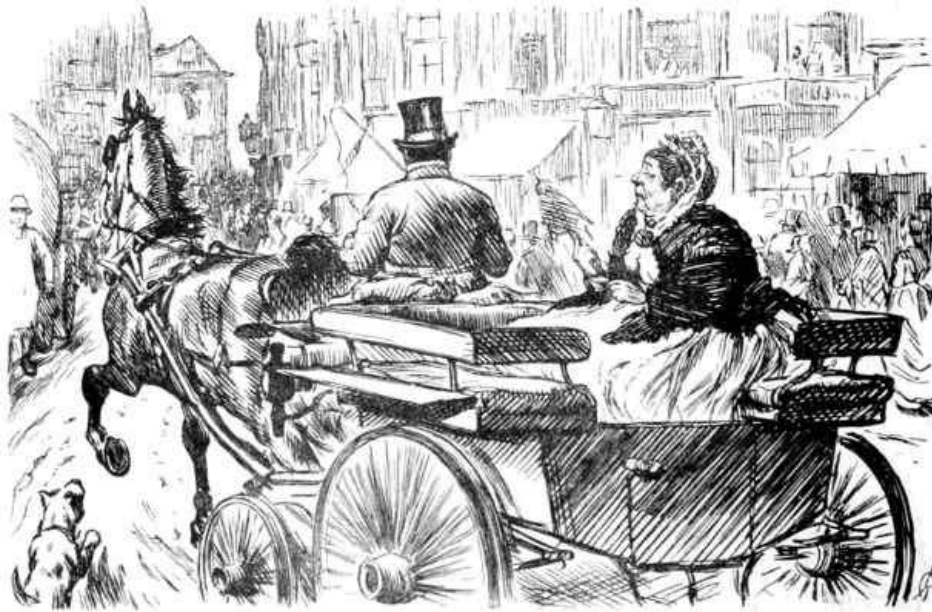
"The Way We Live Now."

**Swell Coachman (with his eye on the Brougham's cockade).** "YOUR GUV'NER IN THE ARMY?"

**Brougham (artlessly).** "NOT 'ZACTLY IN THE HARMY. BUT MISSIS SAY AS THEY SOLD MILINGTARY CUR'OSITIES WHEN THEY KEP' A SHOP IN 'OLBORN!!"

---

[Pg 112b]



Re-Assuring.

**Nervous Old Lady** (*Band in the Distance*). "OH, THERE ARE THOSE DREADFUL VOLUNTEERS, JOSEPH! I KNOW THE HORSE WILL TAKE FRIGHT! HADN'T YOU BETTER TURN HIM ROUND?!"

**Coachman** (*who will have his own way*). "OH, LET 'IM ALONE, 'M; HE'LL TURN 'ISSELF ROUND, AND PRETTY QUICK, TOO, IF HE'S FRIGHTENED!!"

---

[Pg 113a]



Well Meant.

**Shoeblick** (*to daily Customer*). "SUCH A TREAT WE'VE GOT TO-NIGHT, SIR! TEA AN' BUNS, AN' SPEECHES AT EXETER 'ALL! WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO GO, SIR?"

**City Magnate**. "OH, THEY WOULDN'T LET ME IN, MY BOY."

**Shoeblick**. "UM!" (*Ponders.*) "WELL—LOOK 'ERE. I THINK I COULD SMUG YER IN AS MY *FATHER*!!"

---

[Pg 113b]



Nature and Art.

**Pedestrian.** "THAT'S AN EXTRAORDINARY LOOKING DOG, MY BOY. WHAT DO YOU CALL HIM?"

**Boy.** "FUST OF ALL HE WER' A GREY'OUND, SIR, AN' 'IS NAME WAS 'FLY,' AS' THEN THEY CUT 'IS EARS AN' TAIL OFF, AN' MADE A MASTI' DOG ON 'IM, AN' NOW 'IS NAME'S 'LION'!"

---

[Pg 113c]



Natural Advantages.

**Teacher.** "WHAT BIRD DID NOAH SEND OUT OF THE ARK?"

**Smallest Boy In the Class (after a Pause).** "A DOVE, SIR."

**Teacher.** "VERY WELL. BUT I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT SOME OF YOU BIG BOYS WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT!"

**Tall Pupil.** "PLEASE, SIR, THAT BOY OUGHT TO KNOW, SIR, 'CAUSE HIS FATHER'S A BIRD-KETCHER, SIR!!!"

---

[Pg 114a]



The Restraints of Society.

**Juvenile Bohemian.** "HATE GOIN' OUT TO TEA! 'HAVE TO BE GOOD SUCH A PRECIOUS LONG TIME!!"

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[Pg 114b]



Simple Addition.

**New Governess.** "WHY ARE YOU STARING SO INTENTLY, BLANCHE, DEAR?"

**Blanche.** "I WAS TRYING TO COUNT THE FRECKLES ON YOUR FACE, MISS SANDYPOLE, BUT I CAN'T!"

---

[Pg 115a]



Secrets.

**Intelligent Housemaid.** "OH, PLEASE, MISS, THERE WAS A YOUNG GENTLEMAN CALLED WHEN YOU WAS OUT. HE DIDN'T LEAVE NO CARD, MISS; BUT I CAN SHOW YOU WHO HE IS, 'CAUSE THERE'S THREE OF HIS PHOTYGRAPHS IN YOUR ALBUM."

---

[Pg 115b]



"A Parthian Shaft."

**Cook.** "NOW, I'M A LEAVIN' OF YER, M'UM, I MAY AS WELL TELL YER AS THE KEY O' THE KITCHING-DOOR FITS YOUR STORE-ROOM!"

---

[Pg 115c]





Sweet Simplicity.

**Visitor.** "JANE, HAS YOUR MISTRESS GOT A BOOT-JACK?"

**Maid-of-all-Work.** "NO, SIR; PLEASE, SIR, I CLEAN ALL THE BOOTS, SIR!"

---

[Pg 116a]



Master of the Situation?!

**SCENE—Mr. Tethershort's Sanctum. ENTER Mrs. T. and her Cook. Cook** (with her usual promptitude—*SHE never kept anybody waiting*). "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I WISH TO COMPLAIN OF MISSIS! WHICH SHE COME A DICTATERIN' AND A HINTERFERIN' IN YOUR KITCHING IN A WAY AS I'M SURE YOU WOULDN'T APPROVE ON," &c., &c., &c.!!

*T. confesses he felt (for the first and last time) a delicious sensation of being apparently master in his own house. She was an admirable Cook, and altogether a most excell—BUT HOWEVER SHE HAD TO GO!*

---

[Pg 116b]



Manners!

**Young Mistress.** "JANE, I'M SURPRISED THAT NONE OF YOU STOOD UP WHEN I WENT INTO THE KITCHEN JUST NOW!"

**Jane.** "INDEED, MUM! WHICH WE WAS SU'PRISED OURSELVES AT YOUR A COMIN' INTO THE KITCHING WHILE WE WAS A 'AVIN' OUR *LUNCHEONS*!!"

---

[Pg 117a]



A Regular Turk!

**Adjutant.** "WELL, SERGEANT, HOW'S YOUR PRISONER GETTING ON?"

**Sergeant of the Guard.** "BEDAD, SOR, HE'S THE VI'LENTTEST BLAGGYARD I IVER HAD TO DO WID! WE'RE ALL IN TIROR IV OUR LOIVES! SHURE WE'RE OBLIGED TO FEED HIM WID FIXED BAY'NITS!"

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[Pg 117b]



"Incident in Scyllam," &c.

**Ensign Muffles** (*alluding to his Moustache*). "YOU SEE, SOME SAY, 'WEAR IT,' YOU KNOW; AND SOME SAY, 'CUT IT OFF,' YOU KNOW; BUT IF I TOOK EVERYBODY'S ADVICE I SHOULD BE LIKE THE OLD MAN AND HIS DONKEY."

**Sergeant O'Rourke**. "YOUR'R HON'RR WOULD—(BUT NOT WISHING TO BE PERSONAL ABOUT HIS OFFICER'S AGE) THAT IS—LASTE-WAYS,—BARRIN THE OULD MAN, YOUR HON-R-R-R!!!"

---

[Pg 117c]



What H. M. Civil Servants have to Endure.

(BESIDES THE RIDICULOUSLY LOW SALARIES.)

**Mr. Registrar**. "WHAT'S THE NUMBER OF YOUR DEED, SIR?"

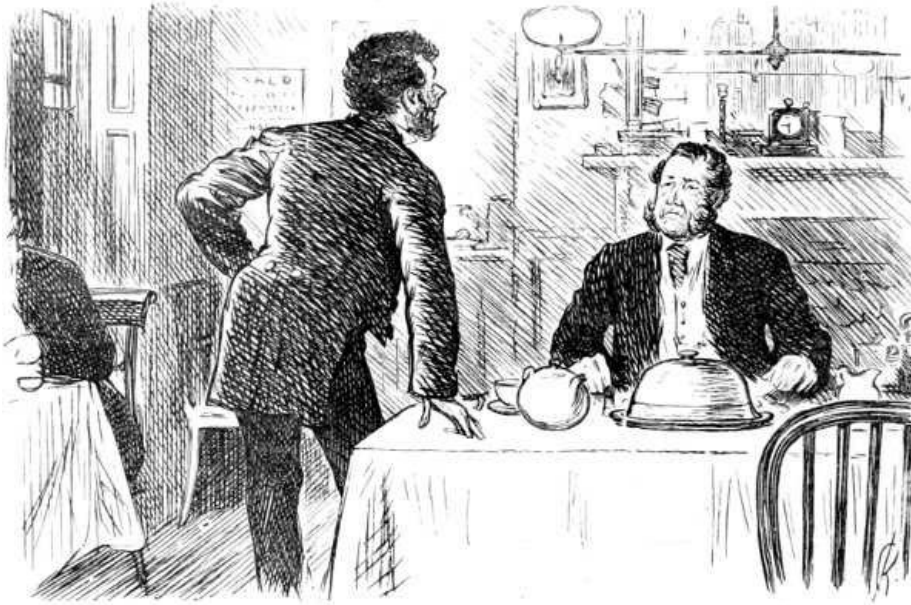
**Attorney's Clerk**. "H-eight, H-ought H-eight, H-ought, Sev'n, Sir!"

**Mr. Registrar** (*faintly*). "OH DEAR! OH DEAR!—(NOTES DOWN THE NUMBER)—THAT WILL DO."

*And is so upset that he takes a month's holiday on the spot.*

---

[Pg 118a]



Curious.

**English Tourist (in Ireland).** "TELL ME, WAITER, AT WHAT HOUR DOES THE FIRST TRAIN LEAVE FOR CLONMEL?"

**Waiter.** "IS IT THE FURRST THRAIN, SOR? I'M NOT RIGHTLY SHURE. THE NOINE THRAIN UP USED TO LAVE AT HA'F-PAST NOINE—BUT FAIX IT GOES AT TIN NOW, AND THERE'S NO FURRST THRAIN NOW AT ALL AT ALL. BUT I'LL AX AT THE BAR, SORR!!!"

---

[Pg 118b]



Anything for a Change.

**Artist (to Old Fellow-Student).** "AND WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THESE YEARS,—WHAT ARE YOU PAINTING?"

**Swell.** "OH, I GAVE UP PAINTING, MY DEAR FELLOW—THEN I TOOK TO TEACHING! BUT YOU CAN'T FIND PUPILS IN GENIUS, YOU KNOW, SO NOW I GO IN FOR ART CRITICISM! I KNOW I'M STRONG IN THAT! DID YOU SEE MY ARTICLE IN THIS WEEK'S 'NOW A DAYS?'"

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[Pg 118c]



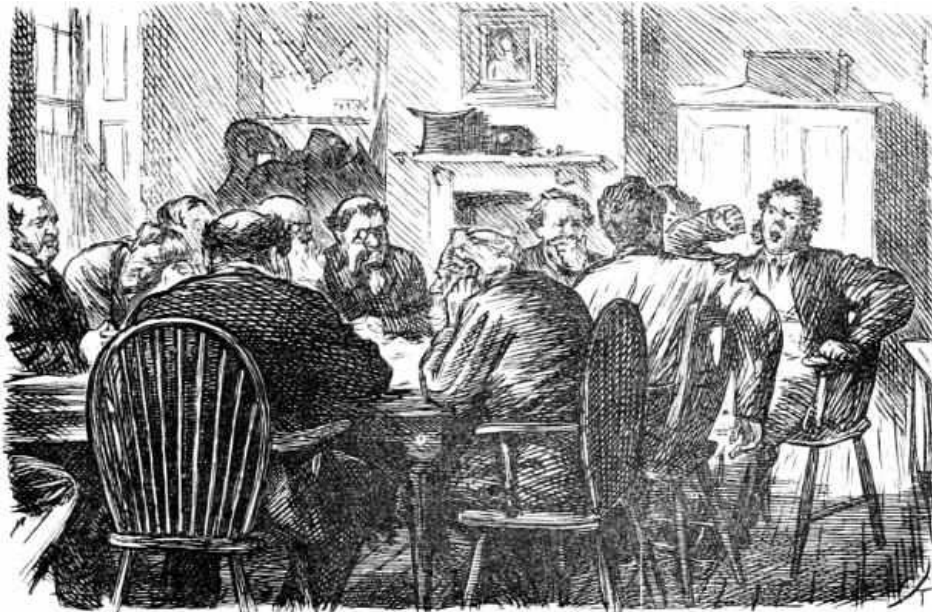
Appearances.

**Plushington.** "I SAY, STODGE, SINGULAR THING—YOUR LANDLADY ADDRESSED ME 'MY LORD' WHEN I ASKED IF YOU WERE WITHIN!"

**Artist.** "NOT AT ALL, MY DEAR FELLOW. IT'S YOUR HAT AND PERSONAL APPEARANCE! IF YOU DON'T MIND, WE'LL ENCOURAGE THE IDEA. IT WILL GIVE HER CONFIDENCE IN ME, AND—EH?"

*Plushington will be delighted.*

[Pg 119a]



From One Point of View.

SCENE—*British Jury Room. All agreed on their Verdict except—*

**Irish Juryman (who holds out).** "AH, THIN, ILIV'N MORE OBSTINIT' MEN I NIVIR MET IN ALL ME LOIFE!!!"

[Pg 119b]



Our Art-School Conversazione

AT WHICH (IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE INCREASED SPACE ANTICIPATED AT THE R. A. EXHIBITION) THERE IS A GREATER CROWD THAN USUAL.

**Model** (*who has charge of the Hats and Coats*). "No. 97? YESSIR. THERE NOW! IF I DIDN'T SEE THAT 'AT—AH—NOT A QUARTER OF AN HOUR AGO!!!"

*Not a very satisfactory look-out for Bouncefield, who has barely time to catch his last train!*

---

[Pg 120a]



Between Two Shoeblacks We Fall to, &c.

**First Shoeblack.** "I COTCHED 'OLD ON 'IM FUST!"

**Second Ditto.** "YOU'RE A——!"

*Old Gentleman is flung heavily.*

---

[Pg 120b]



Im-pertinent.

**Stout Gent.** (*naturally suspicious of the Street Boy*). "GE' OUT O' MY WAY, YOU YOUNG RASCAL!"

**Street Boy.** "VICH VAY ROUND, GOV'NOUR?"

---

[Pg 120c]



Register! Register!!

**Aunt Sophy.** "NOW SUPPOSE, GEORGE, AS A SINGLE WOMAN I SHOULD HAVE MY NAME PUT ON THE REGISTER, WHAT SHOULD I GET BY IT?"

**Pet Nephew.** "OH, A GOOD DEAL. YOU'D BE ALLOWED TO SERVE ON CORONER JURIES, COMMON JURIES, ANNOYANCE JURIES, PAY POWDER TAX AND ARMORIAL BEARINGS, ACT AS PARISH BEADLE AND NIGHT CONSTABLE OF THE CASUAL WARD, AND INSPECTOR OF NUISANCES, REPORT ON FEVER DISTRICTS, AND ALL JOLLY THINGS OF THAT SORT."

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[Pg 121a]



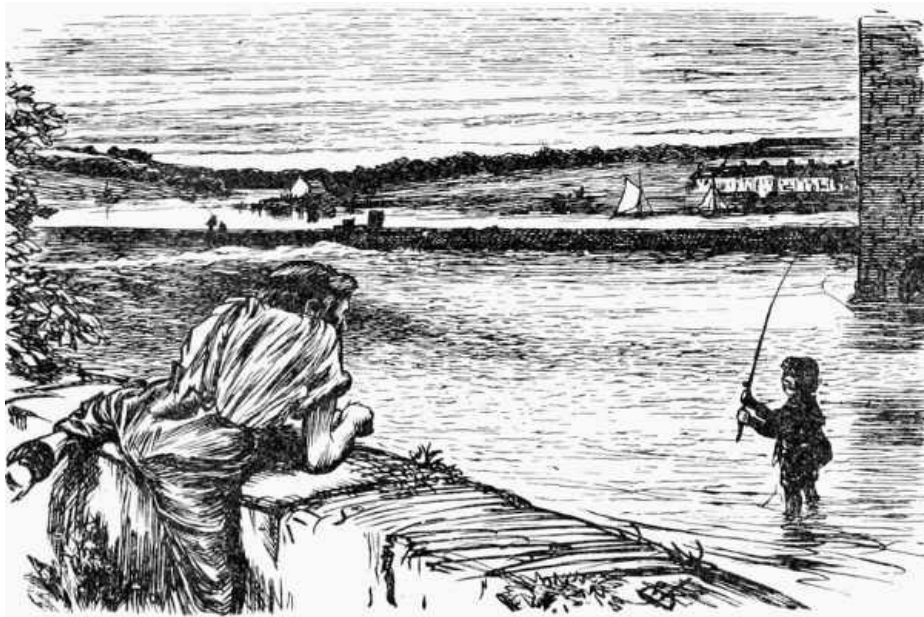
"Not Proven."

**Presbyterian Minister.** "DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S WICKED TO CATCH FISH ON THE SAWBATH!?"

**Small Boy** (*not having had a rise all the Morning*). "WHA'S CATCHIN' FESH?!"

---

[Pg 121b]



An Evening's Fishing (Behind the Distillery at Sligo).

**First Factory Lad.** "DOM'NICK, DID YOU GET E'ER A BITE AT ALL?"

**Second Ditto.** "SORRA WAN, PAT. ONLY WAN SMALL WAN!"

**First Ditto.** "YERRAD! LAVE IT THERE, AN' COME HOME. SHURE YOU'LL GET MORE THAN THAT IN BED!"

---

[Pg 122a]





"The Harp in the Air."

**Irish Gentleman** (who has vainly endeavoured to execute a jig to the fitful Music of the Telegraph Wires). "SHURE! WHOIVER Y'ARE YE CAN'T PLAY A BIT! HOW CAN A JINTLEMAN DANCE—(hic!)—IV YE DON'T KAPE THIME?"!!

---

[Pg 122b]



Irish Ideal of Themis.

**Biddy** (to Pat in charge about a difficulty). "NEVER FEAR, PAT! SHURE Y'AVE GOT AN UPRIGHT JUDGE TO THRY YE!"

**Pat.** "AH, BIDDY DARLIN', THE DIVEL AN UPRIGHT JUDGE I WANT! 'TIS WONE THAT'LL LANE A LITTLE!!"

---

[Pg 122c]



"Canny."

**First North Briton.** "'T'S A FINE DAY, THIS?"

**Second Ditto.** "NO ILL, AVA."

**First North Briton.** "YE'LL BE TRAVELLIN'?"

**Second Ditto.** "WEEL, MAYBE I'M NO."

**First North Briton.** "GAUN T' ABERDEEN, MAYBE?"

**Second Ditto.** "YE'RE NO FAUR AFF'T!!"

*Mutually satisfied, each goes his respective way.*

---

[Pg 123a]



*Irish Architecture.*

**Angler (in Ireland).** "HULLO, PAT, WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT NOW?"

**Pat.** "SHURE, I'M RAISIN' ME ROOF A BIT, YER HONOUR-R!!"

---

[Pg 123b]



*Thrift.*

**Peebles Body** (to Townsman who was supposed to be in London on a visit). "E—EH, MAC! YE'RE SUNE HAME AGAIN!"

**Mac.** "E—EH, IT'S JUST A RUINOUS PLACE, THAT! MUN, A HAD NA' BEEN THE-ERRE ABUNE TWA HOOORS WHEN—*BANG*—WENT *SAXPENCE*!!!"

---

[Pg 123c]



*Scruples.*

**English Tourist** (having arrived at Greenock on Sunday morning). "MY MAN, WHAT'S YOUR CHARGE FOR ROWING ME ACROSS THE FRITH?"

**Boatman.** "WEEL, SIR, I WAS JIST THINKIN' I CANNA BREAK THE SAWBATH-DAY FOR NO LESS THAN F'FTEEN SHULL'N'S!!!"

---

[Pg 124a]



A Bad Season.

**Sportsman.** "I CAN ASSURE YOU, WHAT WITH THE RENT OF THE MOOR, AND MY EXPENSES, AND 'WHAT NOT,' THE BIRDS HAVE COST ME—AH—A SOVEREIGN APIECE!!!"

**Keeper.** "A' weel, Sir! 'Deed it's a Maircy ye didna Kill na mair o' 'em!!!"

---

[Pg 124b]



"Familiarity breeds Contempt."

**Keeper** (*who wants to drive the Pheasants to the Squire's corner*).  
"HOOO-O-O-SH! HERE, BILL, COME HERE! THEY 'ON'T GET UP FOR ME! THEY KNOW ME TOO WELL!"

---

[Pg 125a]



Intelligent!

**Artist** (*who thinks he has found a good Model for his TOUCHSTONE.*) "HAVE YOU ANY SENSE OF HUMOUR, MR. BINGLES?"

**Model.** "THANK Y' SIR, NO, SIR, THANK Y'. I ENJ'YS PRETTY GOOD 'EALTH, SIR, THANK Y' SIR!"

[Pg 125b]



The "Nimble Ninepence."

**City Gent** (*after a critical inspection*). "WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR THAT MOONLIGHT?"

**Picture-Dealer.** "I'LL SHELL YER THE TWO A BARGAIN, SHIR! CHEAP ASH DIRT, SHIR! SHEVENTY-FIVE GUINEASH APEIC SHE, SHIR! I'LL WARRANT 'EM UNDOUBTED SMETHERS'S. SHEVENTY-FIVE——"

**City Gent.** "O, COME, I DON'T MIND GIVING YOU—THIRTY SHILLINGS FOR THE PAIR."

**Picture-Dealer** (*closing with alacrity*). "DONE! WITH YOU, SHIR!!"

*City Gent is in for 'em!*

[Pg 126a]



Menace.

**Little Angler** (to her refractory Bait). "KEEP STILL, YOU TIRESOME LITTLE THING! IF YOU DON'T LEAVE OFF SKRIGGLING, I'LL THROW YOU AWAY, AND TAKE ANOTHER!"

---

[Pg 126b]



"A Thing of Beauty."

**Visitor.** "WELL, GEORGE, AND WHAT DO YOU MEAN TO BE, WHEN YOU HAVE GROWN UP?"

**George** (promptly). "AN ARTIST!"

**Visitor.** "WELL, THEN, YOU SHALL PAINT MY PORTRAIT."

**George.** "AH! BUT I MEAN TO PAINT PRETTY THINGS!!"

---

[Pg 126c]



Mixed Pickles.

**Domestic** (*in terrified accents*). "O, MUM, HERE'S MASTER PLANTAG'N'T, 'M, HAS BEEN AND BROKE HIS GRAN'PA'S INK-BOTTLE IN THE LIB'ARY, AND CUT HIS FINGER DREADFUL, 'M!!!"

**Grandmamma's Darling** (*gleefully alluding to his Nasal Organ*). "AND GOT A MARBLE UP BY DOZE, GRA'DBA!!!"

[Pg 127a]



The Trials of a District Visitor.

**The Honourable Miss Fuzbuz** (*loq.*). "IS MRS. HIGGINS WITHIN?"

**Mrs. Tomkins**. "I'LL CALL 'ER, M'UM." (*At the top of her Voice.*) "MRS. 'IG—GINS! ERE'S THE PERSON WITH THE TRAC'S!" (*To the Honourable Miss.*) "THE LADY WILL BE DOWN PRESENTLY, M'UM!!!"

[Pg 127b]



Legitimate Criticism.

**Aged Village Matron** (*to Sympathising Visitor*). "It's a 'COOKERY BOOK,' AS MRS. PENEWISE, OUR 'DISTRICT LADY,' GIVE ME THIS CHRISTMAS, MISS. I'D A DEAL SOONER A' HAD THE INGRIDDIMENTS, MISS!!"

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[Pg 127c]



"The Servants."

**Old Lady.** "THEY'RE ALL ALIKE, MY DEAR. THERE'S OUR SUSAN (IT'S TRUE SHE'S A DISSENTER), BUT I'VE ALLOWED HER TO GO TO CHAPEL THREE TIMES EVERY SUNDAY SINCE SHE HAS LIVED WITH ME, AND I ASSURE YOU SHE DOESN'T COOK A BIT BETTER THAN SHE DID THE FIRST DAY!!"

---

[Pg 128a]





Pleasant for Simpkins!

**Photographer** (to *Mr. Simpkins*). "KEEP YOUR HEAD STEADY, PLEASE, SIR, AND LOOK IN THE DIRECTION OF THOSE YOUNG LADIES. STEADY NOW, SIR! DON'T WINK, SIR!"

**Mrs. S.** (by a look that *Mr. S.* quite understood). "JUST LET ME SEE HIM WINK!!"

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[Pg 128b]



A Misnomer.

**Country Valetudinarian.** "AH YES, MU'M, I'VE HAD THE 'LUMBAGER TURR'BLE BAD, MU'M! 'KETCHES ME IN THE *SMALL* O' THE BACK 'ERE, MU'M!!"

---

[Pg 128c]



"Winkles!"

**Philanthropic Coster'** (who has been crying "Perry-wink—wink—wink!" till he's hoarse—and no buyers). "I WONDER WHAT THE P'OR UNFORT'NATE CREETERS IN THESE 'ERE LOW NEIGHB'R'OODS DO LIVE ON!!"

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[Pg 129a]



"The Last (Co-operative) Feather."

**'My Lady.'** "JUST TAKE AND TIE UP A COUPLE OF THOSE SACKS BEHIND THE CARRIAGE, JAMES. THERE'LL BE ROOM, IF ONE OF YOU RIDES ON THE BOX!!"

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[Pg 129b]



Disaffection!

**Adjutant.** "What's the Matter, Drum-Major?"

**Drum-Major.** "Please, Sir, the Drums is in a state of Mutiny, and these are the Ringleaders!!"

[Pg 130a]



Zoology.

**Railway Porter** (to Old Lady travelling with a Menagerie of Pets).

"STATION MASTER SAY, MUM, AS CATS IS 'DOGS,' AND RABBITS IS 'DOGS,' AND SO'S PARROTS; BUT THIS ERE 'TORTIS' IS A INSECT, SO THERE AIN'T NO CHARGE FOR IT!"

[Pg 130b]



Extortion.

**Porter, S. E. R.** "TICKET FOR MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, PLEASE, SIR."

**Amateur Violoncellist** (*who never travels without his bass, indignantly*). "WHAT! PAY FOR THIS? I'VE NEVER HAD TO PAY ON ANY OTHER LINE. THIS IS MY 'CELLO!"

**Porter** (*calmly*). "NOT PERSONAL LUGGAGE, SIR. ALL THE SAME IF YOU'D A HURDY-GURDY, SIR!!"

*Our Amateur's feelings are too much for him.*

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[Pg 131a]



"Any Ornaments for your Fire-Stoves?"

**Little Flora** (*in great distress*). "OH, MAMMA, LOOK HERE! JACK SAYS IT'S AUNT FANNY! SHE'S GOT ON HER BEAUTIFUL BALL-DRESS WITH THE ROSES ON IT, AND SHE'S STUCK IN THE CHIMNEY!"

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[Pg 131b]



Compliments of the Season.

**Fond Parent.** "I HOPE YOU WILL BE VERY CAREFUL, MR. STIMPSON. I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO CUT THEIR HAIR MYSELF."

**Mr. Stimpson.** "SO I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT, MADAM!"

---

[Pg 131c]



On the Face of It.

**Pretty Teacher.** "NOW, JOHNNY WELLS, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IS MEANT BY A MIRACLE?"

**Johnny.** "YES, TEACHER. MOTHER SAYS IF YOU DUN'T MARRY NEW PARSON, 'TWULL BE A MURRACLE!"

---

[Pg 132a]



Obvious Initiative.

(A lively Native of the Deep Sea seizes hold of a Shepherd's Dog by the Tail, who makes off as fast as he can.)

**Fishmonger** (in a rage). "WHUSTLE ON YER DOG, MUN!"

**Highlander** (coolly). "WHUSTLE ON M' DOG? NA, NA, FRIEND! WHUSTLE YOU ON YOUR *PARTAN*!!"

[Pg 132b]



Driving a Bargain.

**Economical Drover.** "A TEECK'T TAE FAA'KIRK."

**Polite Clerk.** "FIVE-AND-NINEPENCE, PLEASE."

**Drover.** "AH'LL GIE YE FIVE SHILLINGS!"

**Clerk** (astonished). "EH!"

**Drover.** "WEEL, AH'LL GIE YE FIVE-AN'-THRIPPENCE, AN' DEIL A BAWBEE MAIR! IS'T A BARGAIN?!"

[Pg 132c]



Candid.

**Tam** (*very dry, at door of Country Inn, Sunday Morning*). "AYE, MAN, YE MIGHT GIE ME A BIT GILL OOT IN A BOTTLE!"

**Landlord** (*from within*). "WEEL, YE KEN, TAMMAS, I DAURNA SELL ONYTHING THE DAY. AND FORBYE YE GOT A HALF-MUTCHKIN AWA' WI' YE LAST NICHT (AFTER HOORS TAE); IT CANNA BE A' DUNE YET!"

**Tam**. "DUNE! LOSH, MAN, D'YE THINK A' COULD SLEEP AN' WHUSKEY I' THE HOOSE?!"

---

[Pg 133a]



An Irish Model.

**Mrs. Magillicuddy** (*to her Daughter*). "WHY, WHY, ROSEEN! WHAT'S BEEN DELAYIN' YE? WHY! AND ME WAITIN' THIS HOUR PAST TO COME IN WID THE MILK!"

**Rose**. "O, SURE, THIN, MOTHER DEAR, ON ME WAY BACK FROM THE MEADA' I MET SUCH A DARLIN' ENGLISH JINTLEMAN—A RALE ARTIST. WHY, AND HE AXED ME TO ALLOW HIM TO TAKE ME LANDSKIP; AND O, MOTHER MAVRONE, IT'S A WONDER HOW LIKE ME HE'S MED IT, GLORY BE TO THE SAINTS!"

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[Pg 133b]



A Benediction!

**Irish Beggarwoman** (*to our friend, Dr. O'Gorman, whose Nose is of the shortest*). "WON'T YE GIVE ME A COPPER, DOCTHER DEAR? THEY, NOW, IF YE HAVEN'T WAN PENNY CONVANIENT!—AND MAY THE BLISSED SAINTS INCRASE YE!"

**Dr. O'Gorman.** "STAND ASIDE, MY GOOD WOMAN. I'VE NOTHING FOR YOU."

**Beggarwoman.** "O, THIN, THE LARD PRESARVE YER EYESIGHT, FOR THE DIVIL A NOSE YE HAVE TO MOUNT THE 'SPECS' UPON!!!"

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[Pg 134a]



Mrs. Frummage's Birthday Dinner-Party.

**Mrs. F.** (*coming from behind the Screen, sneakin' just like her*). "THERE! OH YOU GOODFORNOTHING BOY, NOW I'VE FOUND YOU OUT. HOW DARE YOU TOUCH THE WINE, SIR?"

**Robert.** "PLEASE 'M, I WAS—I WAS ONLY JUST A GOIN' TO WISH YOURS AN' MASTER'S WERY GOOD 'EALTH 'M!"

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[Pg 134b]





Confession.

**Old Lady** (*who can't stand her Page's destructive carelessness any longer*). "Now, ROBERT, I WANT YOU CLEARLY TO UNDERSTAND THE REASON I PART WITH YOU. CAN YOU TELL ME?"

**Robert** (*affected to tears*). "Yes, 'M."

**Old Lady**. "WHAT, ROBERT?"

**Robert**. "'CAUSE I'M—(SNIFF)—'CAUSE I'M—'CAUSE I'M SO UGLY!!"

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[Pg 135a]



A Stroke of Business.

**Village Hampden** (*"who with dauntless breast" has undertaken, for sixpence, to keep off the other boys*). "IF ANY OF YER WANTS TO SEE WHAT WE'RE A PAINTIN' OF, IT'S A 'ALFPENNY A 'EAD, BUT YOU MARN'T MAKE NO REMARKS."

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[Pg 135b]



Proper Reproof.

**Fussy Party.** "WHY DON'T YOU TOUCH YOUR HAT TO ME, BOY?"  
**Country Boy.** "SO I WUL I' YEAOU'LL HOWD THE CA-ALF!"

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[Pg 135c]



Little and Good.

**Gentleman.** "WHO DO THESE PIGS BELONG TO, BOY?"  
**'Chaw.'** "WHY, THIS 'ERE OWD ZOW."  
**Gentleman.** "YES, YES; BUT I MEAN WHO'S THEIR MASTER?"  
**'Chaw.'** "WHY, THAT THERE LITTLE 'UN; HE'S A VARMUN TO FOIGHT!"

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[Pg 136a]



"Mistakes Will Happen."

**Mamma** (*alarmed*). "WHAT IS IT, MY DARLING?"

**Pet**. "YA—AH, BOO—OOH—AH!"

**Mamma**. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, THEN? COME AND TELL ITS OWN——"

**Pet**. "BA—H—OO—H—SHE—SHE DID—WASH ME ONCE—AN'—SAYS—SHE DIDN'T—AN'—SHE'S BEEN—AN' GONE AN' WASHED ME OVER AGAIN!!"

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[Pg 136b]



Brushing Pa's New Hat.

**Edith**. "NOW, TOMMY, YOU KEEP TURNING SLOWLY, TILL WE'VE DONE IT ALL ROUND."

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[Pg 137a]



More Than One for His Nob.

**Irritable Old Gentleman** (*who is rather particular about his appearance*). "I WISH YOU'D BE CAREFUL. THAT'S THE THIRD OR FOURTH TIME YOU'VE PRICKED ME WITH YOUR SCISSORS!"

**Young Man** (*from "Round the Corner"*). "BEG YER PARDON, SIR, BUT THE FACT IS, SIR, I 'AVEN'T BEEN IN THE 'ABIT O' CUTTIN' 'AIR, SIR. WE'RE RATHER SHORT OF 'ANDS, SO——"

*Old Gent explodes.*

[Pg 137b]



A Passage of Arms.

**Hairdresser.** "'AIR'S VERY DRY, SIR!"

**Customer** (*who knows what's coming*). "I LIKE IT DRY!"

**Hairdresser** (*after awhile, again advancing to the attack*). "'EAD'S VERY SCURFY, SIR!"

**Customer** (*still cautiously retiring*). "YA-AS, I PREFER IT SCURFY!"  
*Assailant gives in defeated*

[Pg 137c]



Flunkeianum.

**Master.** "THOMPSON, I BELIEVE THAT I HAVE REPEATEDLY EXPRESSED AN OBJECTION TO BEING SERVED WITH STALE BREAD AT DINNER. HOW IS IT MY WISHES HAVE NOT BEEN ATTENDED TO?"

**Thompson.** "WELL, SIR, I REELY DON'T KNOW WHAT IS TO BE DONE! IT WON'T DO TO WASTE IT, AND WE CAN'T EAT IT DOWN-STAIRS!!"

[Pg 138a]



*A Dilemma.*

**Auxiliary Recruit (to himself).** "MURDER! MURDER! WHAT'LL I DO NOW? 'DRILL-SARJINT TOULD ME ALWAYS TO SALUTE ME OFFICER WID THE FAR-OFF HAND, AND HERE'S TWO IV EM! FAIX, I'LL MAKE IT STRAIGHT FOR MESELF ANYHOW!"

*Throws up both Hands.*

[Pg 138b]



*Lessons in the Vacation.*

**Public School-man.** "HE-AR, CABBY, WE'LL GIVE YOU EIGHTEEN-PENCE TO TAKE US TO BRIXTON."

**Cabby.** "WELL, I GENERALLY DO CARRY CHILDREN 'ALF PRICE, BUT I'M ENGAGED THIS MORNING, GENTS!"

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[Pg 139a]



Wimbledon.

**The Irrepressible 'Arry** (to Swell—Small-bore Man—who has just fired). "YA—AH! NEVER 'IT IT!!"

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[Pg 139b]



Wimbledon.

**Volunteer Mounted Officer** (*Midnight*). "HULLO HERE! WHY DON'T YOU TURN OUT THE GUARD? I'M THE FIELD-OFFICER OF THE DAY!"

**Volunteer Sentry**. "THEN WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU DOIN' OUT THIS TIME O' NIGHT?"

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[Pg 140a]



A Hardship.

**Mistress**. "I THINK, ELIZABETH, I MUST ASK YOU TO GO TO CHURCH THIS AFTERNOON INSTEAD OF THIS MORNING, BECAUSE——"

**Elizabeth** (*indignantly*). "WELL, MUM, WHICH IN MY LAST PLACE I WAS NEVER AS'ED TO GO AN' 'EAR A CURATE PREACH!"

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[Pg 140b]



"Like her Impudence."

**Missis and the Young Ladies** (*together*). "GOODNESS GRACIOUS, J'MIMA! WHAT HAVE YOU——*WHERE'S* YOUR CR'N'LIN?" (*This word snappishly.*)

**Jemima.** "OH 'M, PLEASE 'M, WHICH I UNDERSTOOD AS THEY WAS A GOIN' OUT, 'M——"

*Receives warning on the spot.*

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[Pg 141a]



"Too Bad!"

**Comic Man** (*in an audible whisper, while his Friend is "obliging" with "Adelaide"*). "LOOK OUT! HE'S COMING TO THE PASSIONATE PART NOW. YOU'LL SEE HIM WAG HIS SHOULDERS!"

---

[Pg 141b]





"It's the Pace that Kills."

**Miss Rattleton** (*who means Waltzing*). "OH, I DID NOT SAY 'STOP,' MR. PLUMPLEY."

**Mr. Plumpley** (*utterly blown, in gasps*). "'MSURE YOU—MUSTBETIRED——"  
*And joins the Card-players.*

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[Pg 141c]



The Gamut.

**Jack Bowbell** (*beginning his Song*). "'APPY LAND, 'APPY LAND——"

**Tom Belgrave**. "ONE MOMENT—EXCUSE ME, MY DEAR FELLOW—BUT DON'T YOU THINK THE SONG WOULD GO BETTER IF YOU WERE TO SOUND YOUR *H*'S JUST A LITTLE?"

**Jack Bowbell**. "EH? SOUND MY *H*'S?" (*Chuckles.*) "SHOWS HOW MUCH YOU KNOW ABOUT MUSIC!—NO SUCH NOTE—ONLY GOES UP TO *G*!" (*Continues.*) "'APPY LAND, 'APPY LAND——"

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[Pg 142a]



*Garrison Instruction.*

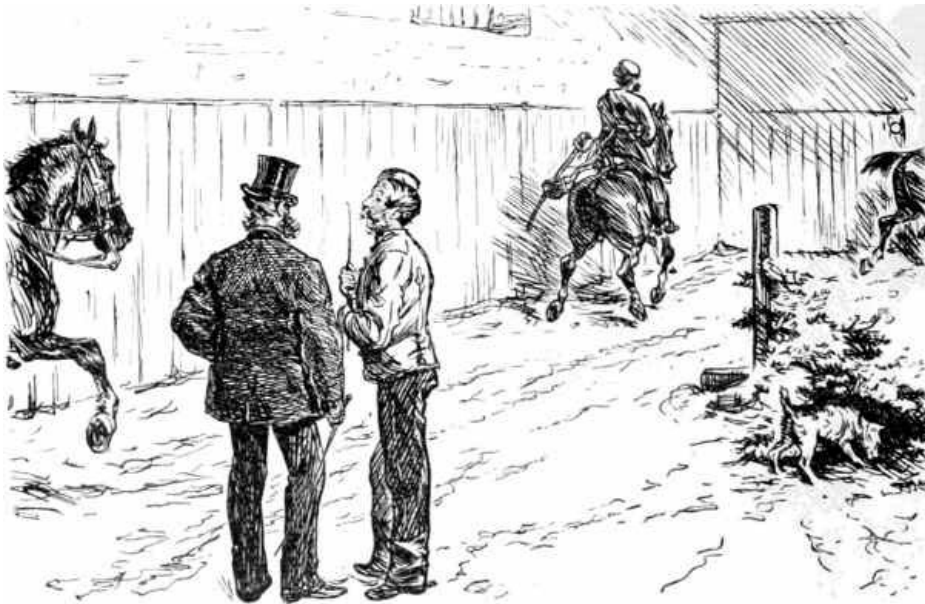
**Instructor** (*lecturing*). "GENTLEMEN, A THREE-LEGGED TRESTLE IS A TRESTLE WITH THREE LEGS. YOU HAD BETTER MAKE A NOTE OF THAT, GENTLEMEN."

(*Intense scribbling.*)

**General in Embryo** (*but not at present noted for smartness*), *after a pause of some Minutes*. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, MAJOR, BUT HOW MANY LEGS DID YOU SAY THE TRESTLE HAD?" (*Left sitting.*)

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[Pg 142b]



*Cavalry Criticism.*

**Adjutant** (*to Riding-Master*). "AH, THERE'S MR. QUICKSTEP!" (*Who had just Exchanged into the Regiment from the Infantry.*) "HOW DOES HE GET ON?"

**Riding-Master**. "WELL, SIR, I THINK HE'S THE HOSSIEST GEN'LEMAN AFUT—AND THE FUTTIEST GEN'LEMAN ON A HOS THAT EVER I'VE MET WITH SINCE I'VE BEEN IN THE REG'MENT!"

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[Pg 143a]



"The Way we Had in the Army."

**Colonel** (of the pre-Examination period—to studious Sub). "I SAY, YOUNGSTER, YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A SOLDIER IF YOU DON'T MIND WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT!"

**Sub** (mildly). "I SHOULD BE SORRY TO THINK THAT, SIR!"

**Colonel**. "I SAW YOU SNEAKING UP THE HIGH STREET YESTERDAY, LOOKING LIKE A METHODIST PARSON IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES!—HOLD UP YOUR HEAD, SIR! BUY A STICK, SIR! SLAP YOUR LEG, SIR! AND STARE AT THE GIRLS AT THE WINDOWS!"

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[Pg 143b]



"An Officer and a Gentleman!"

**Volunteer Captain** (bumptiously). "OFFICER'S TICKET!"

**Considerate Clerk**. "GOVERNMENT TARIFF'S HIGH ON THIS LINE, SIR. YOU'D BETTER GO AS A GENTLEMAN! CHEAPER!"

*The Captain is shocked, loses his presence of mind, and takes advantage of the suggestion.*

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[Pg 143c]



"The Service going to, &c.!"

ENSIGN BROWN SHARES A TENT AT WIMBLEDON WITH HIS FRIEND JONES, PRIVATE IN THE SAME COMPANY.

**Ensign Brown.** "OH, I SAY, JO—MR. JONES, THERE'S ONE OF THOSE PEGS LOOSE. HEM—WILL YOU—I WISH—JUST JUMP OUT, AND MAKE IT FAST!"

**Private Jones.** "OH, HANG IT, BR—MR. BROWN! COME, I DON'T MIND TOSSING YOU!!"

[Pg 144a]



Presence of Mind.

**Constables (in chorus).** "HOY! HULLO! STOP! TURN BACK THERE! CAN'T COME THROUGH THE PARK!"

**Elderly Female (in a hurry to catch a train).** "P'LICEMAN, I'M THE 'OME SECRETARY!!!"

**Sergeant of Police (taken aback).** "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, I'M SURE, MUM! ALL RIGHT—DRIVE ON, CABBY!"

*Old Lady saves the train.*

[Pg 144b]



"Bric á Brac."

**Mamma** } {"SAM!"  
 } *together* {"GOODNESS, GRACIOUS,}

**Daughters** } {"PA'!"

**Papa** (*who has a passion for Antiques*). "MY DEARS, I THOUGHT IT WOULD DO SO NICELY FOR THE LANDING AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, EH."

[Pg 145a]



Encouraging.

**First Bystander** (*evidently Village Schoolmaster—ignorant set of people generally!*). "DON'T SEEM TO BE MAKING MUCH OF IT, DO 'E?"

**Second Bystander** (*you'd have thought him an intelligent Farmer, by the look of him*). "AMMY-TOOR, SEEMIN'LY!!"

[Pg 145b]



"Fine Art."

**Rural Connoisseur.** "HE'S A P'INTIN' TWO PICTUR'S AT ONCE, D' YER SEE? 'BLEST IF I DON'T LIKE THAT THERE LITTLE 'UN AS HE'S GOT HIS THUMB THROUGH, THE BEST!"

[Pg 146a]



*Our Reserves.*

(AUXILIARY FORCES, NORTH OF IRELAND.)

**Last Joined Supernumerary.** "NOW, THEN, SENTRY, WHY DON'T YOU SALUTE YOUR OFFICER?"

**Militia Sentry** (*old Yankee Irish Veteran, who has been through the "Secesh" War*). "SALUTE, IS IT? DIVEL A SALUTE YOU'LL GET ONTILL YE PAY YER FUTTIN'!!!"

[Pg 146b]



*Badinage.*

**Facetious 'Bus-Driver** (*offering to pull up*). "ERE Y'ARE, SIR. LOOK SHARP, BILL AND 'ELP THE GEN'LEMAN IN WITH HIS LUGGAGE!"

**Chimney-Sweep** (*whose self-respect is hurt*) *uses strong language!*

**'Bus-Driver.** "BEG PARD'N, SIR. GEN'LEMAN AIN'T FOR US, BILL. HE'S A LOOKIN' OUT FOR A 'HATLAS. GOIN' TO MADAM TOOSAWD'S, TO 'AVE HIS STATTY DONE IN WAX-WORK!!"

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[Pg 147a]



*Particular to a Hair.*

**Irate Major** (*to hairy Sub.*). "WHEN NEXT YOU COME ON PARADE, SIR, HAVE THE GOODNESS TO LEAVE THOSE CON-FOUNDED WEATHERCOCKS BEHIND YOU!"

---

[Pg 147b]



*Chronology.*

**'Bus-Driver.** "THEY TELL ME THERE'VE BEEN SOME COINS FOUND IN THESE 'ERE 'EXKYVATIONS THAT 'A BEEN BURIED THERE A MATTER O' FOUR OR FIVE 'UNDRED YEAR!!"

**Passenger Friend.** "OH, THAT'S NOTHIN'! WHY, THERE'S SOME IN THE BRI'SH MUSEUM—AH—MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND YEAR OLD!!"

**'Bus-Driver** (*after a pause*). "COME, GEORGE, THAT WON'T DO, YER KNOW! 'CAUSE WE'RE ONLY IN EIGHT'N 'UNDRED AN' SIXTY-NINE NOW!!!"

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[Pg 147c]



*"Bus-Measure."*

**'Bus-Driver.** "NEVER SEE THE COMET?! WHY, WHEREVER COULD YOU 'A'——" (*Notices Shortness of "Ge'tleman's" hair, &c., and hesitates*).

"Howsomever——"

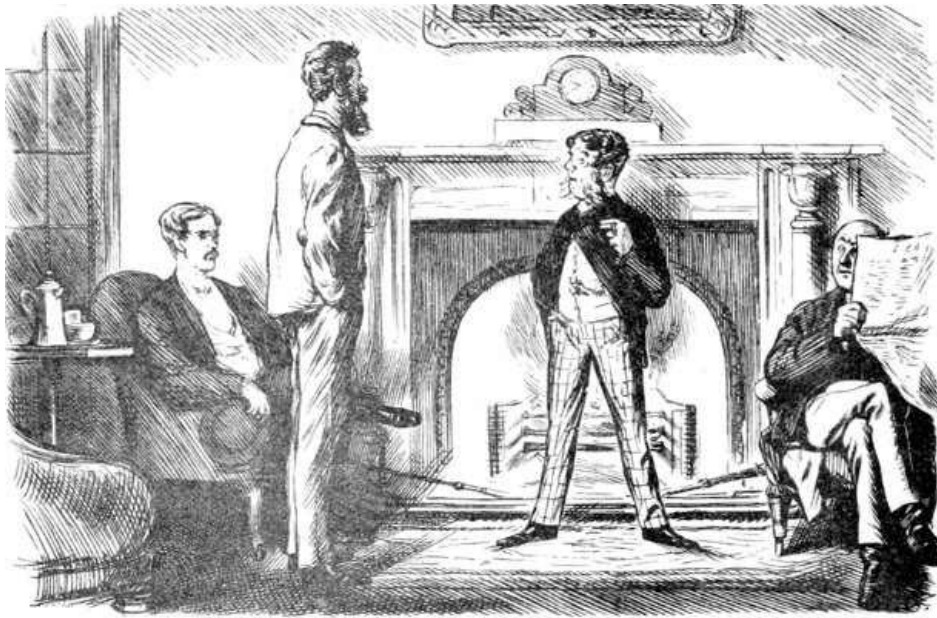
**Passenger** (*relieving his embarrassment*). "WHEREABOUTS WAS IT?"

**Driver.** "WELL, I'LL TELL YER. IT WAS ABOUT THE LENGTH O' THIS YERE BUS FROM THE FORRARDEST LEADER IN THE GREAT BEAR!"

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[Pg 148a]





Tricks upon Travellers.

**Bonsor** (down upon little Stannery, who's a great boaster about his "Swell" acquaintance, and his extensive "Travel," and this year especially, down Palestine way). "DID YOU SEE THE DARDANELLES?"

**Stannery.** "EH! THE—EH? OH, YE'—YES! JOLLY FELLARS AS EVER I MET! DINED WITH 'EM AT VIENNAH!"

*Little S. has left the Club.*

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[Pg 148b]



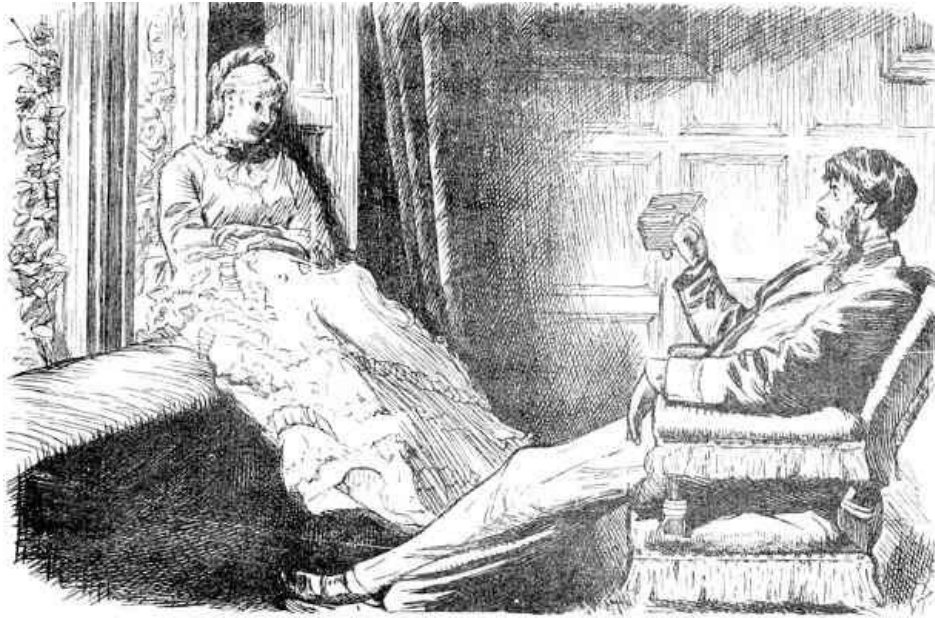
Quantity not Quality.

**Brown, Senior.** "WELL, FRED, WHAT DID YOU SEE DURING YOUR TRIP ABROAD?"

**Brown, Junior.** "AW—'PON M'WORD, 'DON'T KNOW WHAT I SAW 'XACTLY, 'ONLY KNOW I DID MORE BY THREE COUNTRIES, EIGHT TOWNS, AND FOUR MOUNTAINS, THAN SMITH DID IN THE SAME TIME!"

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[Pg 149a]



"A Woman of Business."

**Husband** (*who has been on the Continent, and left his Wife some Blank Cheques*). "MY DEAR LOUISA, I FIND YOU HAVE CONSIDERABLY OVERDRAWN AT THE BANK!"

**Wife**. "O, NONSENSE, WILLY, HOW CAN THAT BE? WHY, I'VE TWO OF THOSE BLANK CHEQUES LEFT YET!!"

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[Pg 149b]



"Reason in Woman."

**Young Wife**. "GEORGE, DEAR, I'VE HAD A TALK WITH THE SERVANTS THIS MORNING, AND I'VE AGREED TO RAISE THEIR WAGES. THEY SAID EVERYTHING WAS SO DEAR NOW—MEAT WAS SO HIGH, AND COALS HAD RISEN TO SUCH A PRICE, AND EVERYTHING—I THOUGHT THIS WAS REASONABLE, BECAUSE I'VE SO OFTEN HEARD YOU COMPLAIN OF THE SAME THING."

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[Pg 149c]



"Our Failures."

**Husband.** "I SAY, LIZZIE, WHAT ON EARTH DID YOU MAKE THIS MINT-SAUCE OF?"  
**Young Wife** (*who has been "helping" Cook*). "PARSLEY, TO BE SURE!"

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[Pg 150a]



"Where there's a Will there's a Way!"

**Cook.** "PLEASE, 'M, I WISHES TO GIVE WARNING——"  
**Mistress** (*surprised*). "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"  
**Cook.** "THE FACT IS, MUM, I'M GOING TO GET MARRIED!"  
**Mistress.** "WHY, COOK, I DID NOT KNOW YOU WERE ENGAGED!"  
**Cook.** "WHICH I HAM NOT AZACTLY ENGAGED AS YET, MUM; BUT I FEELS MYSELF TO BE OF THAT 'APPY DISPOSITION AS I COULD LOVE HANY MAN, MUM!"

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[Pg 150b]



"Satisfactory!"

**Mistress.** "WELL, JESSIE, I'M GOING INTO NAIRNE, AND WILL SEE YOUR MOTHER. CAN I GIVE HER ANY MESSAGE FROM YOU?"

**Jessie** (*her first "place"*). "OU, MEM, YE CAN JUST SAY I'M UNCO' WEEL PLEASD WI' YE!!!"

---

[Pg 150c]



"Ha! Ha! The Woonin' O't!"

**Young Mistress** (*gravely; she had seen an affectionate parting at the garden-gate*). "I SEE YOU'VE GOT A YOUNG MAN, JANE!"

**Jane** (*apologetically*). "ONLY WALKED OUT WITH HIM ONCE, M'UM!"

**Mistress.** "O, BUT I THOUGHT I SAW—DIDN'T YOU—DIDN'T HE—TAKE A KISS, JANE?"

**Jane.** "O, M'M, ONLY AS A FRIEND, M'M!!!"

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[Pg 151a]



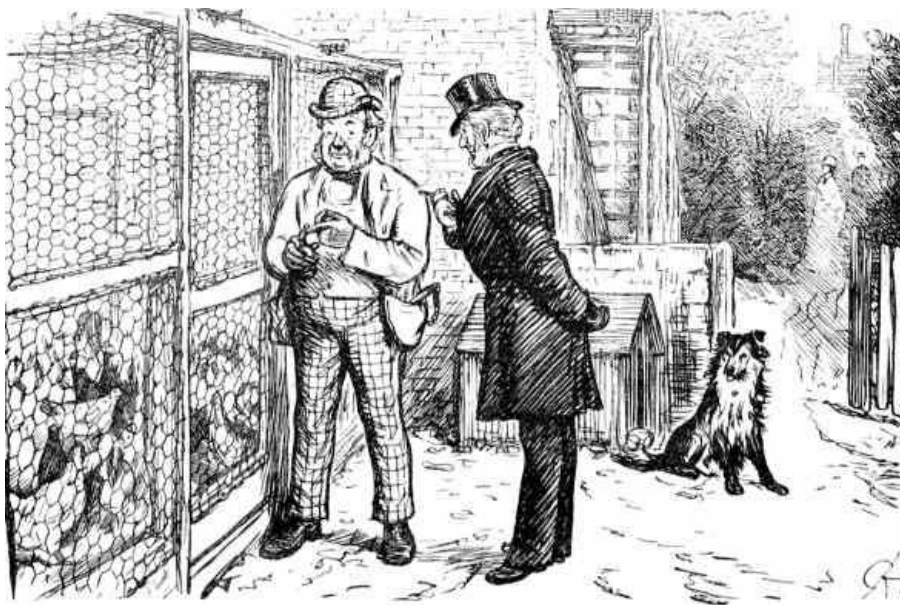
"The Way we Build now."

**Indignant Houseowner** (he had heard it was so much cheaper, in the end, to buy your House). "Wh' WHAT'S THE—WHAT AM I!—Wha'—WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS THE MEANING OF THIS, MR. SCAMPLING!?"

**Local Builder.** "T' TUT, TUT! WELL, SIR, I 'SPECTS SOME ONE'S BEEN A-LEANIN' AGIN IT!!!"

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[Pg 151b]



"In the Long Run."

**Town Gent.** "NOW DO YOU FIND KEEPING POULTRY ANSWERS?"

**Country Gent** (*lately retired*). "O, 'ES, S'POSED TO ANSWER. Y' SEE THERE'S THE ORIGINAL COST OF THE FOWLS—'F COURSE THE FOOD GOES DOWN TO ME, Y' KNOW. WELL, THEN, I PURCHASE THE EGGS FROM THE CHILDREN, AND THEY EAT THEM!!!!"

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[Pg 152a]



Rather too Literal.

**Country Gentleman** (*in a rage*). "WHY, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, YOU IDIOT! YOU'VE LET HIM DOWN, AND——"

**New Groom.** "YES, YER HONNER, YE TOULD ME TO BREAK HIM; AN' BRUK HE IS, KNEES AN' ALL, WORSE LUCK!"

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[Pg 152b]



"Bon Voyage!"

**Mossu** (*shot into a nice soft loam*) *exultingly*. "A—HA—A! I AM SAFE O-VÉRE! NOW IT IS YOUR TURN, MEESTER TIMBRE JOMPRE! COME ON, SABE!"

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[Pg 153a]



"Fiat Experimentum," &c.

**The Rector.** "GOOD MORNING, MRS. SMITHERS. HOW'S THE BABY? ISN'T IT RATHER EARLY TO BRING HIM TO CHURCH? DON'T YOU THINK HE'LL BE RESTLESS?"

**Mrs. Smithers.** "O, NO, SIR, HE'LL BE QUIET, SIR, WHICH WE TOOK HIM TO THE METHODIS' CHAPEL LAST SUNDAY O' PURPOSE TO TRY HIM, SIR!"

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[Pg 153b]



Irreverent.

**Policeman** (*on the occasion of our "Confirmation"*). "STOP! STOP! GO BACK! YOU MUSTN'T COME IN HERE! WE'RE EXPECTIN' O' THE BISHOP EVERY MINUTE!"

**Cabby** (*fortissimo*). "ALL RIGHT! WHY'VE GOT THE OLD BUFFER INSIDE!"

---

[Pg 154a]



Wet and Dry.

**Careful Wife.** "ARE YOU VERY WET, DEAR?"

**Ardent Angler** (*turning up his flask*). "NO; DRY AS A LIME-KILN—HAVEN'T HAD A DROP THESE TWO HOURS!"

---

[Pg 154b]



"Not so Fast!"

**Old Gent.** (*soliloquising, in the Wilds of Glenmuchie*). "AH, WELL, THIS IS VERY JOLLY! WEALTH'S A GREAT BLESSING—NOT THAT I'M A RICH MAN—BUT AFTER THE TURMOIL AND WORRY OF BUSINESS, TO BE ABLE TO RETIRE TO THESE CHARMING SOLITUDES, THE SILENCE ONLY BROKEN BY THE GRATEFUL SOUNDS OF THE RIPPLING STREAM ('BURN,' I MEAN. AH! I NEARLY HAD HIM THEN!), AND THE HUM OF THE BEE! TO BE ABLE TO LEAVE LONDON AND ITS TIRE SOME MILLIONS, AND FORGET ALL THE LOW —"

**Voice from the Bridge** (*the ubiquitous "Arry"*). "COULD YER 'BLIGE US WITH A WORM, GOV'NOUR?!"

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[Pg 155a]





Banting in the Yeomanry.

**Troop-Sergeant Major.** "IT COMES TO THIS, CAPTAIN, 'A MUN E'THER HEV' A NEW JACKET OR KNOCK OFF ONE O' MY MEALS!"

---

[Pg 155b]



Something from the Provinces.

**Excursionist** (*politely*). "CAN YOU KINDLY DIRECT ME THE NEAREST WAY TO SLAGLEY?"

**Powerful Navy.** "AH CAN POONCH TH' HEAD O' THEE!"  
*Excursionist retires hastily.*

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[Pg 155c]



"Ways and Means."

**First Country Gentleman.** "MEAN HUNTING THIS WINTER, CHARLIE?"

**Second Country Gentleman** (*doubtfully*). "SHALL TRY AND 'WORK' IT."

**First Country Gentleman.** "How?"

**Second Country Gentleman.** "GIVE UP THE UNDER-NURSE, I THINK."

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[Pg 155d]



Blank Firing.

**Ancient Sportsman** (*whose Sight is not what it used to be*). "PICK 'EM UP, JAMES, PICK 'EM UP! WHY DON'T YOU PICK 'EM UP?"

**Veteran Keeper.** "'CAUSE THERE BEAN'T ANY DOWN, MY LORD!"

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Transcriber's Note:

The index has been moved from the beginning of the book to the end for the reader's convenience.

In the original book, there were two or three illustrations on each page. The illustrations have been enlarged and there is now one illustration on each page. The page numbers have been adjusted accordingly, for example the illustrations on page 102 are now on pages 102a, 102b and 102c.

The punctuation and spelling in the text are as printed in the original publication.



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