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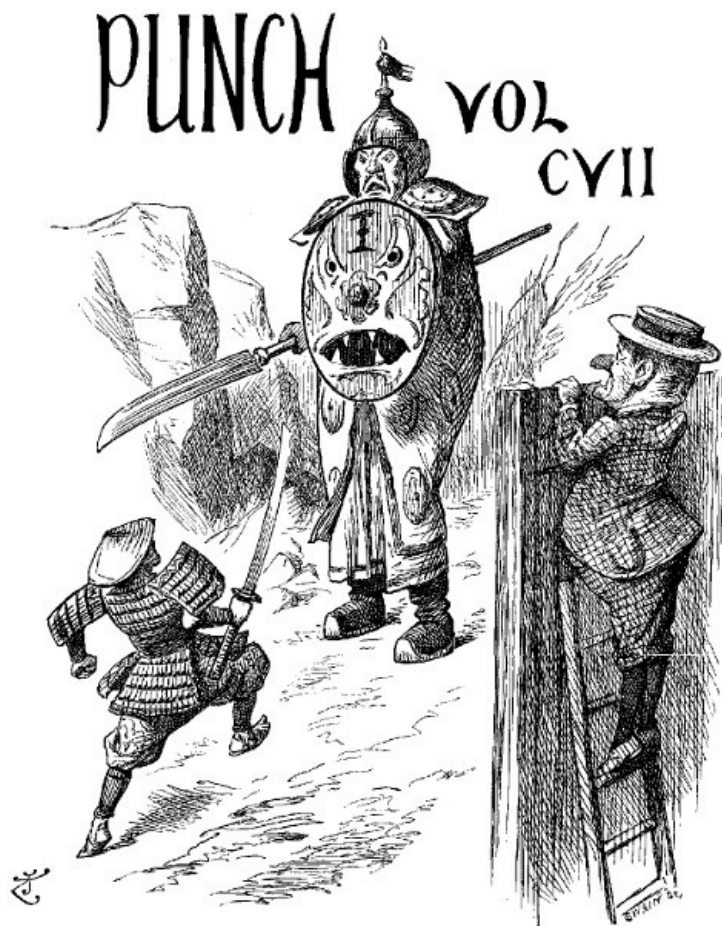
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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 107.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1894.



 "CONTRIBUTIONS
THANKFULLY RECEIVED."

Lardy-Dardy Swell (who is uncertain as to the age of Ingénue he is addressing). "YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE A BALL. WILL YOU PERMIT ME TO SEND YOU A BOUQUET? AND IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU WOULD LIKE?"

Ingénue. "O, THANKS! THE BOUQUET WOULD BE DELIGHTFUL! AND"—
(hesitating, then after some consideration)—"I'M SURE MAMMA WOULD LIKE THE ICES AND SPONGE CAKES!"

THE TALE OF TWO TELEGRAMS.

ANOTHER DOLLY DIALOGUE.

(By St. Anthony Hope Carter.)

The redeeming feature of the morning batch of letters was a short note from Lady MICKLEHAM. Her ladyship (and ARCHIE) had come back to town, and the note was to say that I might call, in fact that I *was* to call, that afternoon. It so happened that I had two engagements, which seemed to make that impossible, but I spent a shilling in telegrams, and at 4.30 (the hour DOLLY had named) was duly ringing at the Mickleham town mansion.

"I'm delighted you were able to come," was DOLLY's greeting.

"I wasn't able," I said; "but I've no doubt that what I said in the two telegrams which brought me here will be put down to your account."

"No one expects truth in a telegram. The Post-Office people themselves wouldn't like it."

DOLLY was certainly looking at her very best. Her dimples (everybody has heard of DOLLY's Dimples—or is it DOLLY DIMPLE; but after all it doesn't matter) were as delightful as ever. I was just hesitating as to my next move in the Dialogue, which I badly wanted, for I had promised my editor one by the middle of next week. The choice lay between the dimples and a remark that life was, after all, only one prolonged telegram. Just at that moment I noticed for the first time that we were not alone.

Now that was distinctly exasperating, and an unwarrantable breach of an implied contract.

"Two's company," I said, in a tone of voice that was meant to indicate something of what I felt.

"So's three," said DOLLY, laughing, "if the third doesn't count."

"*Quod est demonstrandum.*"

"Well, it's like this. I observed that you've already published twenty or so 'Dolly Dialogues.'" (The dimples at this period were absolutely bewitching, but I controlled myself.) "So it occurred to me that it was my turn to earn an honest penny. Allow me to introduce you. Mr. BROWN, Mr. CARTER—Mr. CARTER, Mr. BROWN."

I murmured that any friend of Lady MICKLEHAM'S was a friend of mine, whereat Mr. BROWN smiled affably and handed me his card, from which I gathered that he was a shorthand writer at some address in Chancery Lane. Then I understood it all. I had exploited DOLLY. DOLLY was now engaged in the process of exploiting me.

"I hope," I observed rather icily, "that you will choose a respectable paper."

"You don't mean that."

"Perhaps not. But if we are to have a Dialogue, perhaps we might begin. I have an engagement at six."

"Telegraph, and put the contents down to my account."

I noticed now that DOLLY had a pile of papers on her table, and that she was playing with a blue pencil.

"Yes, Lady MICKLEHAM," I said, in the provisional way in which judges indicate to counsel that they are ready to proceed.

"Well, I've been reading some of the Press Notices of the Dialogues, Mr. CARTER."

I trembled. I remembered some of the things that had been said about DOLLY and myself, which hardly lent themselves, it appeared to me, to this third party procedure.

"I thought," pursued DOLLY, "we might spend the time in discussing the critics."

"I shall be delighted, if in doing that we shall dismiss the reporter."

"Have you seen this? It's from a Scotch paper—Scottish? you suggest—well, Scottish. 'The sketches are both lively and elegant, and their lightness is just what people want in the warm weather.'"

"It's a satisfaction to think that even our little breezes are a source of cool comfort to our fellow-creatures."

"Here's another criticism. 'It's a book which tempts the reader——'"

"It must have been something you said."

"——a book which tempts the reader to peruse from end to end when once he picks it up."

"'Read at a Sitting: A Study in Colour.'"

"Please, Mr. BROWN, don't take that down."

"Thank you, Lady MICKLEHAM," said I. "*Litera scripta manet.*"

"You are not the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. CARTER, and you must break yourself of the habit."

"The next cutting?"

"The next says, 'For Mr. CARTER, the hero or reporter——'"

"It's a calumny. I don't know a single shorthand symbol."

"Let me go on. 'Reporter of these polite conversations, we confess we have no particular liking.'"

"If you assure me you did not write this yourself, Lady MICKLEHAM, I care not who did."

"That, Mr. BROWN," said DOLLY, in a most becoming frown, "must *on no account* go down."

"When you have finished intimidating the Press, perhaps you will finish the extract."

"His cynicism," she read, "is too strained to commend him to ordinary mortals——"

"No one would ever accuse you of being in that category."

"——but his wit is undeniable, and his impudence delicious.' Well, Mr. CARTER?"

"I should like the extract concluded." I knew the next sentence commenced—"As for DOLLY, Lady MICKLEHAM, she outdoes all the revolted daughters of feminine fiction."

Then an annoying thing happened. ARCHIE'S voice was heard, saying, "DOLLY, haven't you finished that Dialogue yet? We ought to dress for dinner. It'll take us an hour to drive there."

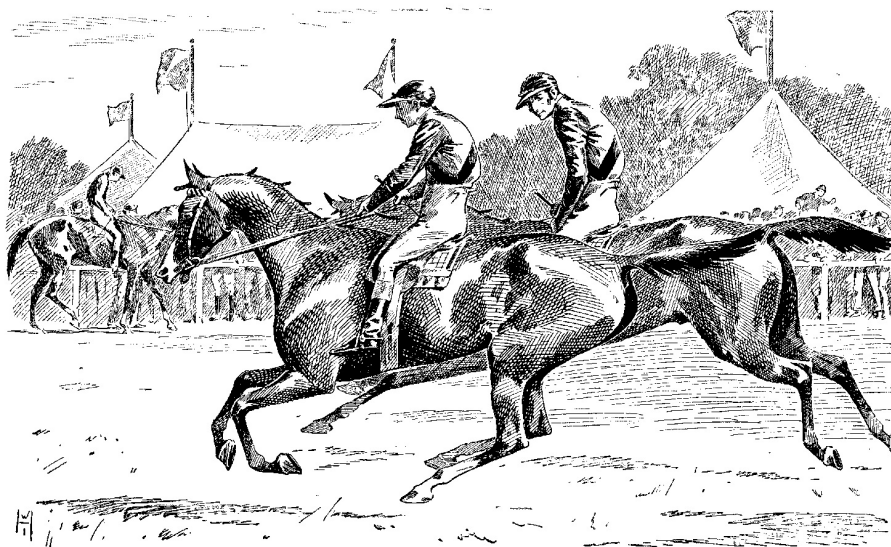
So it had been all arranged, and ARCHIE knew for what I had been summoned.



Yet there are compensations. DOLLY sent the Dialogue to the only paper which I happen to edit. I regretfully declined it. But the fact that she sent it may possibly explain why I have found it so easy to give this account of what happened on that afternoon when I sent the two telegrams.

The Cry of Chaos.

"*Vive l'Anarchie?*"—Fools! Chaos shrieks in that cry!
Did Anarchy live soon would Anarchists die.
One truth lights all history, well understood,—
Disorder—like Saturn—devours its own brood.



UNEARNED INCREMENT.

Experienced Jock (during preliminary canter, to Stable-boy, who has been put up to make the running for him). "Now, YOUNG 'UN, AS SOON AS WE'RE OFF, YOU GO TO WORK AND MAKE THE PACE A HOT 'UN!"

Stable-boy (Irish). "BEGORRA THIN OI'M THINKIN' IT'S MESELF *ROIDES* THE RACE, AND YOU POCKETS ALL THE CREDIT O' WINNIN'!"

"ROOM FOR A BIG ONE!"

["Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, as First Commissioner of Works, informed the House that 'no series of historical personages could be complete without the inclusion of CROMWELL,' and though he had no sum at his disposal for defraying the cost of a statue this year, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, had promised to make the necessary provision in the Estimates for next year."—*Spectator.*]

Room for the Regicide amongst our Kings?
Horrible thought, to set some bosoms fluttering!
The whirligig of time does bring some things
To set the very Muse of History muttering.
Well may the brewer's son, uncouth and rude,
Murmur—in scorn—"I hope I don't intrude!"

Room, between CHARLES the fair and unveracious,—
Martyr and liar, made comely by VANDYKE,—
And CHARLES the hireling, callous and salacious?
Strange for the sturdy Huntingdonian tyke
To stand between Court spaniel and sleek hound!
Surely that whirligig hath run full round!

Exhumed, cast out!—among our Kings set high!
(Which were the true dishonour NOLL might question.)
The sleek false STUARTS well might shrug and sigh
Make room—for *him*? A monstrous, mad suggestion!
O Right Divine, most picturesque quaint craze,
How art thou fallen upon evil days!

What will White Rose fanatics say to this?
Stuartomaniacs will ye not come wailing;
Or fill these aisles with one gregarious hiss
Of angry scorn, one howl of bitter railing?
To think that CHARLES the trickster, CHARLES the droll,
Should thus be hob-a-nobbed by red-nosed NOLL!

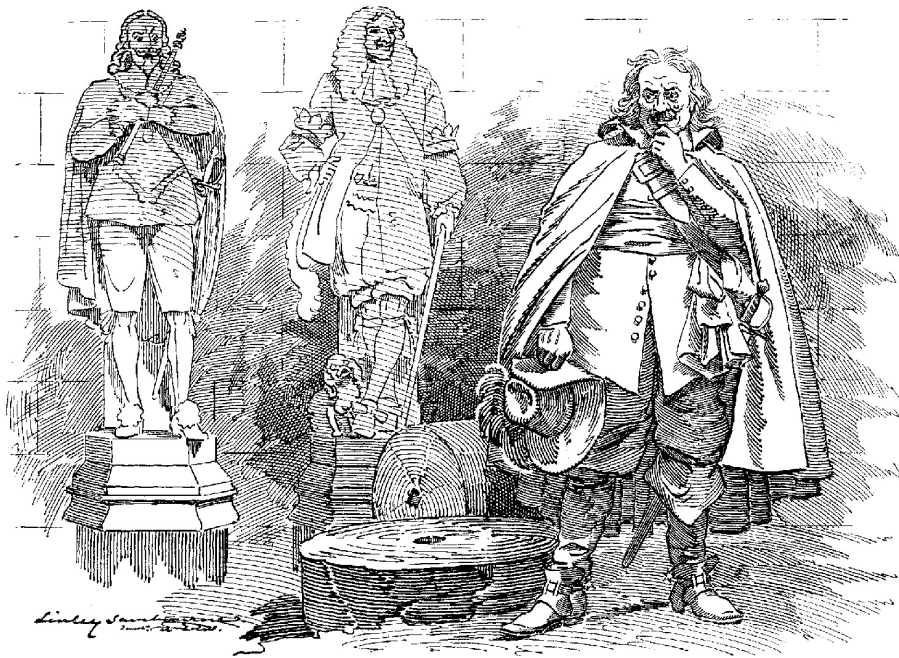
Methinks I hear the black-a-vised one sneer
"Ods bobs, Sire, this is what I've long expected!
If they had *him*, and not his statue, here
Some other 'baubles' might be soon ejected.
Dark STRAFFORD—I mean SALISBURY—*might* loose
More than his Veto, did he play the goose.

"He'd find perchance that Huntingdon was stronger
Than Leeds with all its Programmes. NOLL might vow
That Measure-murder should go on no longer;
And that Obstruction he would check and cow.
Which would disturb MACALLUM MORE'S composure;
The Axe is yet more summary than the Closure!

"As for the Commons—both with the Rad 'Rump'
And Tory 'Tail' alike he might deal tartly.
He'd have small mercy upon prig or pump;
I wonder what he'd think of B-WL-S and B-RTL-Y?
Depend upon it, NOLL would purge the place
Of much beside Sir HARRY and the Mace."

Your Majesties make room there—for a Man!
Yes, after several centuries of waiting,
It seems that Smug Officialism's plan
A change from the next Session may be dating.
You tell us, genial HERBERT GLADSTONE, that you
May find the funds, next year, for CROMWELL'S Statue!

Room for a Big One! Well the STUART pair
May gaze on that stout shape as on a spectre.
Subject for England's sculptors it is rare
To find like that of England's Great Protector;
And he with bigot folly is imbued,
Who deems that CROMWELL'S Statute *can* intrude!



"ROOM FOR A BIG ONE!"

Cromwell. "NOW THEN, YOUR MAJESTIES, I HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE!"

"OH, YOU WICKED STORY!"

(Cry of the Cockney Street Child.)

Speaking of our Neo-Neurotic and "Personal" Novelists, JAMES PAYN says: "None of the authors of these works are storytellers." No, not in his own honest, wholesome, stirring sense, certainly. But, like other naughty—and nasty-minded—children, they "tell stories" in their own way; "great big stories," too, and "tales out of school" into the bargain. Having, like the Needy Knife-grinder, no story (in the true sense) to tell, they tell—well, let us say, tara-diddles! Truth is stranger than even *their* fiction, but it is not always so "smart" or so "risky" as a loose, long-winded, flippant, cynical and personal literary "lie which is half a truth," in three sloppy, slangy, but "smart"—oh, yes, decidedly "smart"—volumes!

LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

PART IX.—THE MAUVAIS QUART D'HEURE.

SCENE XVI.—*The Chinese Drawing Room at Wyvern.*

TIME—7.50. Lady CULVERIN *is alone, glancing over a written list.*

Lady Cantire (entering). Down already, ALBINIA? I *thought* if I made haste I should get a quiet chat with you before anybody else came in. What is that paper? Oh, the list of couples for RUPERT. May I see? (*As Lady CULVERIN surrenders it.*) My dear, you're *not* going to inflict that mincing little PILLINER boy on poor MAISIE! That really *won't do*. At least let her have somebody she's used to. Why not Captain THICKNESSE? He's an old friend, and she's not seen him for months. I must alter that, if you've no objection. (*She does.*) And then you've given my poor Poet to that SPELWANE girl! Now, *why?*

Lady Culverin. I thought she wouldn't mind putting up with him just for one evening.

Lady Cant. Wouldn't *mind!* Putting up with him! And is that how you speak of a celebrity when you are so fortunate as to have one to entertain? *Really,* ALBINIA!

Lady Culv. But, my dear ROHESIA, you must allow that, whatever his talents may be, he is not—well, not *quite* one of Us. Now, *is* he?

Lady Cant. (blandly). My dear, I never heard he had any connection with the manufacture of chemical manures, in which your worthy Papa so greatly distinguished himself—if *that* is what you mean.

Lady Culv. (with some increase of colour). That is *not* what I meant, ROHESIA—as you know perfectly well. And I do say that this Mr. SPURRELL's manner is most objectionable; when he's not obsequious, he's horribly familiar!

Lady Cant. (sharply). I have not observed it. He strikes me as well enough—for that class of person. And it is intellect, soul, all that kind of thing that I value. I look *below* the surface, and I find a great deal that is very original and charming in this young man. And surely, my dear, if I find myself able to associate with him, *you* need not be so fastidious! I consider him my *protégé*, and I won't have him slighted. He is far too good for VIVIEN SPELWANE!

Lady Culv. (with just a suspicion of malice). Perhaps, ROHESIA, you would like him to take *you* in?

Lady Cant. That, of course, is quite out of the question. I see you have given me the Bishop—he's a poor, dry stick of a man—never forgets he was the Headmaster of Swisham—but he's always glad to meet *me*. I freshen him up so.

Lady Culv. I really don't know whom I *can* give Mr. SPURRELL. There's RHODA COKAYNE, but she's not poetical, and she'll get on much better with ARCHIE BEARPARK. Oh, I forgot Mrs. BROOKE-CHATTERIS—she's sure to *talk*, at all events.

Lady Cant. (as she corrects the list). A lively, agreeable woman—she'll amuse him. *Now* you can give RUPERT the list.

[Sir RUPERT and various members of the house-party appear one by one; Lord and Lady LULLINGTON, the Bishop of BIRCHESTER and Mrs. RODNEY, and Mr. and Mrs. EARWAKER, and Mr. SHORTHORN are announced at intervals; salutations, recognitions, and commonplaces are exchanged.]

Lady Cant. (later—to the Bishop, genially). Ah, my dear Dr. RODNEY, you and I haven't met since we had our great battle about—now, was it the necessity of throwing open the Public Schools to the lower classes—for whom of course they were originally *intended*—or was it the failure of the Church to reach the Working Man? I really forget.

The Bishop (who has a holy horror of the Countess). I—ah—fear I cannot charge my memory so precisely, my dear Lady CANTIRE. We—ah—differ unfortunately on so many subjects. I trust, however, we may—ah—agree to suspend hostilities on this occasion?

Lady Cant. (with even more bonhomie). Don't be too sure of *that*, Bishop. I've several crows to pluck with you, and we are to go in to dinner together, you know!

The Bishop. Indeed? I had no conception that such a pleasure was in store for me! (*To himself.*) This must be the penance for breaking my rule of never dining out on Saturday! Severe—but merited!

Lady Cant. I wonder, Bishop, if you have seen this wonderful volume of poetry that everyone is talking about—*Andromeda*?

The Bishop (conscientiously). I chanced only this morning, by way of momentary relaxation, to take up a journal containing a notice of that work, with copious extracts. The impression left on my mind was—ah—unfavourable; a certain talent, no doubt, some felicity of expression, but a noticeable lack of the—ah—reticence, the discipline, the— the scholarly touch which a training at one of our great Public Schools (I forbear to particularise), and at a University, can alone impart. I was also pained to observe a crude discontent with the existing Social System—a system which, if not absolutely perfect, cannot be upset or even modified without the gravest danger. But I was still more distressed to note in several passages a decided taint of the morbid sensuousness which renders so much of our modern literature sickly and unwholesome.

Lady Cant. All prejudice, my dear Bishop; why, you haven't even *read* the book! However, the author is staying here now, and I feel convinced that if you only knew him, you'd alter your opinion. Such an unassuming, inoffensive creature! There, he's just come in. I'll call him over here.... Goodness, why does he shuffle along in that way!

Spurrell (meeting Sir RUPERT). Hope I've kept nobody waiting for *me*, Sir RUPERT. (*Confidentially.*) I'd rather a job to get these things on; but they're really a wonderful fit, considering!

[*He passes on, leaving his host speechless.*]

Lady Cant. That's right, Mr. SPURRELL. Come here, and let me present you to the Bishop of BIRCHESTER. The Bishop has just been telling me he considers your *Andromeda* sickly, or unhealthy, or something. I'm sure you'll be able to convince him it's nothing of the sort.

[*She leaves him with the Bishop, who is visibly annoyed.*]

Spurr. (*to himself, overawed*). Oh, Lor! Wish I knew the right way to talk to a Bishop. Can't call *him* nothing—so doosid familiar. (*Aloud.*) *Andromeda* sickly, your—(*tentatively*)—your Right Reverence? Not a bit of it—sound as a roach!

The Bishop. If I had thought my—ah—criticisms were to be repeated—I might say misrepresented, as the Countess has thought proper to do, Mr. SPURRELL, I should not have ventured to make them. At the same time, you must be conscious yourself, I think, of certain blemishes which would justify the terms I employed.

Spurr. I never saw any in *Andromeda* myself, your—your Holiness. You're the first to find a fault in her. I don't say there mayn't be something dicky about the setting and the turn of the tail, but that's a trifle.

The Bishop. I did not refer to the setting of the tale, and the portions I object to are scarcely trifles. But pardon me if I prefer to end a discussion that is somewhat unprofitable. (*To himself, as he turns on his heel.*) A most arrogant, self-satisfied, and conceited young man—a truly lamentable product of this half-educated age!

Spurr. (to himself). Well, he may be a dab at dogmas—he don't know much about dogs. *Drummy's* got a constitution worth a dozen of *his*!

Lady Culv. (approaching him). Oh, Mr. SPURRELL, Lord LULLINGTON wishes to know you. If you will come with me. (*To herself, as she leads him up to Lord L.*) I do *wish* ROHESIA wouldn't force me to do this sort of thing!

[*She presents him.*]

Lord Lullington (to himself). I suppose I *ought* to know all about his novel, or whatever it is he's done. (*Aloud, with courtliness.*) Very pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. SPURRELL; you've—ah—delighted the world by your *Andromeda*. When are we to look for your next production? Soon, I hope.

Spurr. (to himself). He's after a pup now! Never met such a doggy lot in my life! (*Aloud.*) Er—well, my lord, I've promised so many as it is, that I hardly see my way to—

Lord Lull. (paternally). Take my advice, my dear young man, leave yourself as free as possible. Expect you to give us your best, you know.

[*He turns to continue a conversation.*]

Spurr. (to himself). Give it! He won't get it under a five-pound note, I can tell him. (*He makes his way to Miss SPELWANE.*) I say, what do you think the old Bishop's been up to? Pitching into *Andromeda* like the very dooce—says she's *sickly*!

Miss Spelwane (to herself). He brings his literary disappointments to *me*, not MAISIE! (*Aloud, with the sweetest sympathy.*) How dreadfully unjust! Oh, I've dropped my fan—no, pray don't trouble; I can pick it up. My arms are so long, you know—like a kangaroo's—no, what *is* that animal which has such long arms? You're so clever, you *ought* to know!

Spurr. I suppose you mean a gorilla?

Miss Spelw. How crushing of you! But you must go away now, or else you'll find nothing to say to me at dinner—you take me in, you know. I hope you feel privileged. I feel—But if I told you, I might make you too conceited!

Spurr. Oh, no, you wouldn't.

[*Sir RUPERT approaches with Mr. SHORTHORN.*]

Sir Rupert. VIVIEN, my dear, let me introduce Mr. SHORTHORN—Miss SPELWANE. (*To SPURRELL.*) Let me see—ha—yes, you take in Mrs. CHATTERIS. Don't know her? Come this way, and I'll find her for you.

[*He marches SPURRELL off.*]

Mr. Shorthorn (to Miss SPELWANE). Good thing getting this rain at last; a little more of this dry weather and we should have had no grass to speak of!

Miss Spelw. (who has not quite recovered from her disappointment). And now you *will* have some grass to speak of? How fortunate!

Spurr. (as dinner is announced, to Lady MAISIE). I say, Lady MAISIE, I've just been told I've got to take in a married lady. I don't know what to talk to her about. I should feel a lot more at home with you. Couldn't we manage it somehow?

Lady Maisie (to herself). What a fearful suggestion—but I simply *daren't* snub him! (*Aloud.*) I'm afraid, Mr. SPURRELL, we must both put up with the partners we have; most distressing, isn't it—*but!*

[*She gives a little shrug.*]

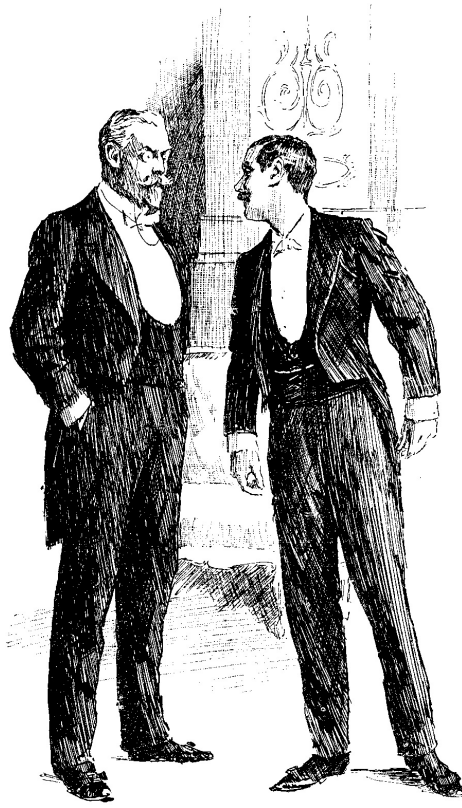
Captain Thicknesse (immediately behind her, to himself). Gad, *that's* pleasant! I knew I'd better have gone to Aldershot! (*Aloud.*) I've been told off to take you in, Lady MAISIE, not *my* fault, don't you know.

Lady Maisie. There's no need to be so apologetic about it. (*To herself.*) Oh, I *hope* he didn't hear what I said to that wretch.

Capt. Thick. Well, I rather thought there *might* be, perhaps.

Lady Maisie (to herself). He *did* hear it. If he's going to be so stupid as to misunderstand, I'm sure I shan't explain.

[*They take their place in the procession to the Dining Hall.*]



"I'd rather a job to get these things on; but they're really a wonderful fit, considering!"

RATIONAL DRESS.

(A Reformer's Note to a Current Controversy.)



OH, ungallant must be the man indeed
Who calls "nine women out of ten" "knock-kneed"!
And he should not remain in peace for long,
Who says "the nether limbs of women" are "all wrong."
Such are the arguments designed to prove
That Woman's ill-advised to make a move
To mannish clothes. These arguments are such
As to be of the kind that prove too much.
If Woman's limbs in truth unshapely grow,
The present style of dress just makes them so!

QUEER QUERIES.—A QUESTION OF TERMS.—I am sometimes allowed, by the kindness of a warder, to see a newspaper, and I have just read that some scientific cove says that man's natural life is 105 years. Now is this true? I want to know, because I am in here for what the Judge called "the term of my natural life," and, if it is to last for 105 years, I consider I have been badly swindled. I say it quite respectfully, and I hope the Governor will allow the expression to pass. Please direct answers to Her Majesty's Prison, Princetown, Devon.—No. 67.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.—*Awakening.*

AND so the work was done. BELINDA, after a year's hard writing, had completed her self-appointed

task. *Douglas the Doomed One* had grown by degrees into its present proportions. First the initial volume was completed; then the second was finished; and now the third was ready for the printer's hands. But who should have it? Ah, there was the rub! BELINDA knew no publishers and had no influence. How could she get anyone to take the novel up? And yet, if she was to believe the *Author*, there was plenty of room for untried talent. According to that interesting periodical publishers were constantly on the lookout for undiscovered genius. Why should she not try the firm of Messrs. BINDING AND PRINT? She made up her mind. She set her face hard, and muttered, "Yes, they *shall* do it! *Douglas the Doomed One* shall appear with the assistance of Messrs. BINDING AND PRINT!" And when BELINDA made up her mind to do anything, not wild omnibus-horses would turn her from her purpose.



VOLUME II.—*Wide Awake.*

MESSRS. BINDING AND PRINT had received their visitor with courtesy. They did not require to read *Douglas the Doomed One*. They had discovered that it was sufficiently long to make the regulation three volumes. That was all that was necessary. They would accept it. They would be happy to publish it.

"And about terms?" murmured BELINDA.

"Half profits," returned Mr. BINDING, with animation.

"When we have paid for the outlay we shall divide the residue," cried Mr. PRINT.

"And do you think I shall soon get a cheque?" asked the anxious authoress.

"Well, that is a question not easy to answer. You see, we usually spend any money we make in advertising. It does the work good in the long run, although at first it rather checks the profits."

BELINDA was satisfied, and took her departure.

"We must advertise *Douglas the Doomed One* in the *Skatemaker's Quarterly Magazine*," said Mr. BINDER.

"And in the *Crossing Sweeper's Annual*," replied Mr. PRINT. Then the two partners smiled at one another knowingly. They laughed as they remembered that of both the periodicals they had mentioned they were the proprietors.

VOLUME III.—*Fast Asleep.*

The poor patient at Slocum-on-Slush moaned. He had been practically awake for a month, and nothing could send him to sleep. The Doctor held his wrist, and as he felt the rapid beats of his pulse became graver and graver.

"And you have no friends, no relatives?"

"No. My only visitor was the man who brought that box of books from a metropolitan library."

"A box of books!" exclaimed the Doctor. "There may yet be time to save his life!"

The man of science rose abruptly, and approaching the casket containing the current literature of the day, roughly forced it open. He hurriedly inspected its contents. He turned over the volumes impatiently until he reached a set.

"The very thing!" he murmured. "If I can but get him to read this he will be saved." Then turning to his patient he continued, "You should peruse this novel. It is one that I recommend in cases such as yours."

"I am afraid I am past reading," returned the invalid. "However, I will do my best."

An hour later the Doctor (who had had to make some calls) returned and found that his patient was sleeping peacefully. The first volume of *Douglas the Doomed One* had the desired result.

"Excellent, excellent," murmured the medico. "It had the same effect upon another of my patients. The crisis is over! He will now recover like the other. Insomnia has been conquered for the second time by *Douglas the Doomed One*, and who now shall say that the three-volume novel of the amateur is not a means of spreading civilisation? It must be a mine of wealth to somebody."

And Messrs. BINDING AND PRINT, had they heard the Doctor's remark, would have agreed with him!

All the Difference.

"THE SPEAKER then called Mr. LITTLE to order."
Quite right in our wise and most vigilant warder.
He calls us to order! Oh that, without fuss,
The SPEAKER could only call Order to us!



RES ANGSTA DOMI.

(In a Children's Hospital.)

"MY PORE YABBIT'S DEAD!" "HOW SAD!" "DADDA KILLED MY PORE YABBIT IN BACK
KITCHEN!" "OH DEAR!" "I HAD TATERS WIV MY PORE YABBIT!"

"A LITTLE TOO PREVIOUS!"

["I desire to submit that this is a very great question, which will have to be determined, but upon a very different ground from that of the salaries of the officers of the House of Lords.... If there is to be a contest between the House of Lords and the House of Commons, let us take it upon higher ground than this."—*Sir William Harcourt.*]

There was a little urchin, and he had an old horse-pistol,
Which he rammed with powder damp and shots of lead, lead, lead;
And he cried "I know not fear! I'll go stalking of the deer!"
For this little cove was slightly off his head, head, head.

This ambitious little lad was a Paddy and a Rad,
And himself he rather fancied as a shot, shot, shot;
And he held the rules of sport, and close season, and, in short,
The "regulation rubbish" was all rot, rot, rot.

He held a "bird" a thing to be potted on the wing,
Or perched upon a hedge, or up a tree, tree, tree;
And, says he, "If a foine stag I can add to my small bag,
A pistol *or* a Maxim will suit me, me, me!"

And so upon all fours he would crawl about the moors,
To the detriment of elbows, knees, and slack, slack, slack;
And he says, "What use a-talking? If I choose to call this 'stalking,'
And *I bag my game*, who's going to hould me back, back, back?"

Says he, "I scoff at raisons, and stale talk of toimes and saisons;
I'm game to shoot a fox, or spear a stag, stag, stag;
Nay, I'd net, or club, a salmon; your old rules of sport are gammon,
For wid me it's just a question of the bag, bag, bag!"

"There are omadhauns, I know, who would let a foine buck go
Just bekase 'twas out of toime, or they'd no gun, gun, gun;
But if oi can hit, and hurt, wid a pistol—or a squirt—
By jabbers, it is all the betther fun, fun, fun!"

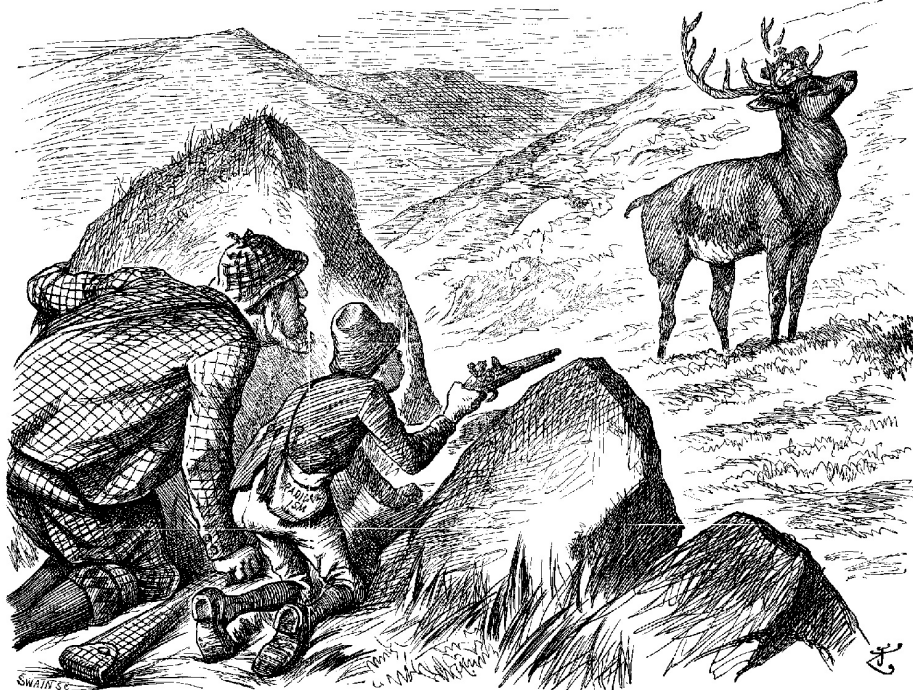
So he scurryfunged around with his stomach on the ground
(For stalking seems of crawling a mere branch, branch, branch).
And he spied "a stag of ten," and he cried, "Hurroo! Now then,
I fancy I can hit *him*—in the haunch, haunch haunch!"

"Faix! I'll bag that foine Stag Royal, or at any rate oi'll troy all
The devoices of a sportshman from the Oisle, Oisle, Oisle.
One who's used to shoot asprawl from behoind a hedge or wall,
At the risks of rock and heather well may smoile, smoile, smoile!"

But our sportsman bold, though silly, by a stalwart Highland gillie,
Was right suddenly arrested ere he fired, fired, fired.—
"Hoots! If you'll excuse the hint, that old thing, with lock of flint,
As a weapon for *this* sport can't be admired, mired, mired!"

"It will not bring down *that* quarry, your horse-pistol! Don't *you* worry!
That Royal Stag *we*'ll stalk, boy, in good time, time, time;
But to pop at it just now, and kick up an awful row,
Scare, and *miss* it were a folly, nay a crime, crime, crime!"

"Be you sure 'Our Party' will this fine quarry track and kill;
Our guns need not your poor toy blunderbuss, buss, buss.
This is not the time or place for a-following up this chase;
So just clear out and leave this game to us, us, us!"



"A LITTLE TOO PREVIOUS!"

H-RC-RT. "NO, NO, MY LAD! THAT WON'T HURT HIM! YOU MUST LEAVE HIM TO US!"

IN MEMORIAM.

[Baron MUNDY, the founder of the valuable Vienna Voluntary Sanitary Ambulance Society, mighty foe of disease and munificent dispenser of charity, shot himself on Thursday, August 23, on the banks of the Danube, at the advanced age of 72.]

Great sanitary leader and reformer,
Disease's scourge and potent pest-house stormer;
Successful foe of cholera aforetime,
Perfector of field-ambulance in war-time;
Dispenser of a fortune in large charity;
Vale! Such heroes are in sooth a rarity.
Alas, that you in death should shock Dame GRUNDY!
That we should sigh "*Sic transit gloria* MUNDY!"

A CLOTHES DIVISION (OF OPINION).—It is said that Woman cannot afford to alter her style of dress, since her limbs are "all wrong." Clear, therefore, that however much Woman's Wrongs need redressing, All-Wrong Women don't!



Q. E. D.

"WHAT'S UP WI' SAL?" "AIN'T YER ERD?
SHE'S MARRIED AGIN!"

"AUXILIARY ASSISTANCE" IN THE PROVINCES.

(A Tragedy-Farce in several painful Scenes, with many unpleasant Situations.)

LOCALITY—*The Interior of Country Place taken for the Shooting Season. Preparations for a feast in all directions. It is Six o' Clock, and the household are eagerly waiting the appearance of MONTAGU MARMADUKE, the Auxiliary Butler, sent in by Contract. Enter MONTAGU MARMADUKE, in comic evening dress.*

Master (looking at MONTAGU with an expression of disappointment on his face). What, are you the man they have sent me?

Montagu. Yessir. And I answers to MONTAGU MARMADUKE, or some gentlemen prefers to call me by my real name BINKS.

Master. Oh, MONTAGU will do. I hope you know your duties?

Mon. Which I was in service, Sir, with Sir BARNABY JINKS, for twenty-six years, and—

Master. Very well, I daresay you will do. I suppose you know about the wine?

Mon. Yessir. In course. I've been a teetotaler ever since I left Sir BARNABY'S.

Master (retiring). And mind, do not murder the names of the guests.

[*Exit.*

[*The time goes on, and Company arrive. MONTAGU ushers them upstairs, and announces them under various aliases. Sir HENRY EISTERFODD is introduced as Sir 'ENERY EASTEREGG, &c., &c. After small talk, the guests find their way to the dining-room.*

Mon. (to Principal Guest). Do you take sherry, claret, or 'ock, my Lady?

Principal Guest (interrupted in a conversation). Claret, please.

[*MONTAGU promptly pours the required liquid on to the table-cloth.*

Master. I must apologise, but our Butler, who is on trial, is very short-sighted.

P. Guest. Evidently.

[*The wine is brought round; MONTAGU interrupting the conversation with his hospitable suggestions, and pouring claret into champagne glasses, and champagne into sherries.*

Nervous Guest (in an undertone to MONTAGU). Do you think you could get me, by-and-by, a piece of bread?

Mon. Bread, Sir, yessir! (*In stentorian tones.*) Here, NISBET, bring this gent some bread!

[*The unfortunate guest, who is overcome with confusion at having attracted so much attention, is waited upon by NISBET.*

Master (*savagely*). Can't you go about more quietly?

Mon. (*hurt*). Certainly, Sir. When I was with Sir BARNABY— (*Disappears murmuring to himself, and returns with entrée, which he lets fall on dress of Principal Guest*). Beg pardon, my Lady, but it was my stud, which *would* come undone. Very sorry, indeed, Mum, but if you will allow me—

[*Produces a soiled dinner-napkin with a flourish.*

P. Guest (*in much alarm*). No thanks!

[*General commiseration, and, a little later, disappearance of ladies. After this, MONTAGU does not reappear except to call obtrusively for carriages, and tout for tips.*

P. Guest (*on bidding her host good-night*). I can assure you my gown was not injured in the least. I am quite sure it was only an accident.

Master (*bowing*). You are most kind. (*With great severity.*) As a matter of fact, the man only came to us this afternoon, but, after what has happened, he shall not remain in my service another hour! I shall dismiss him to-night!

[*Exit Principal Guest. Master pays MONTAGU the agreed fee for his services for the evening. Curtain.*

TO A PHILANTHROPIST.

You ask me, Madam, if by chance we meet,
For money just to keep upon its feet
That hospital, that school, or that retreat,
That home.

I help that hospital? My doctor's fee
Absorbs too much. Alas! I cannot be
An inmate there myself; he comes to me
At home.

Do not suppose I have too close a fist.
Rent, rates, bills, taxes, make a fearful list;
I should be homeless if I did assist
That home.

I must—it is my impecunious lot—
Economise the little I have got;
So if I see you coming I am "not
At home."

My clothes are shabby. How I should be dunned
By tailor, hatter, hosier, whom I've shunned,
If I supported that school clothing fund,
That home!

I'd help if folks wore nothing but their skins;
This hat, this coat, at which the street-boy grins,
Remind me still that "Charity begins
At home."

Kiss versus Kiss.

On the cold cannon's mouth the Kiss of Peace
Should fall like flowers, and bid its bellowings cease!—
But ah! that Kiss of Peace seems very far
From being as strong as the *Hotchkiss* of War!



QUALIFIED ADMIRATION.

Country Vicar. "WELL, JOHN, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF LONDON?"

Yokel. "LOR' BLESS YER, SIR, IT'LL BE A FINE PLACE *WHEN IT'S FINISHED!*"

PAGE FROM "ROSEBERY'S HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH."

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to the Gentleman who will have to design "that statue.")

"You really must join the Army," said the stern old Puritan to the Lord Protector. "The fate of this fair realm of England depends upon the promptness with which you assume command."

OLIVER CROMWELL paused. He had laid aside his buff doublet, and had donned a coat of a thinner material. His sword also was gone, and hanging by his side was a pair of double spy-glasses—new in those days—new in very deed.

"I cannot go," cried the Lord Protector at last, "it would be too great a sacrifice."

"You said not that," pursued IRETON—for it was he—"when you called upon CHARLES to lose his head."

"But in this case, good sooth, I would wish a head to be won, or the victory to be by a head;" and then the Uncrowned King laughed long and heartily, as was his wont when some jest tickled him.

"This is no matter for merriment," exclaimed IRETON sternly. "OLIVER, you are playing the fool. You are sacrificing for pleasure, business, duty."

"Well, I cannot help it," was the response. "But mind you, IRETON, it shall be the last time."

"What is it that attracts you so strongly? What is the pleasure that lures you away from the path of duty?"

"I will tell you, and then you will pity, perchance forgive me. To-day my horse runs at Epsom. With luck his chance is a certainty. So farewell." Then the two old friends grasped hands and parted. One went to fight on the blood-stained field of battle, and the other to see the race for the Derby.

ON A CLUMSY CRICKETER.

At TIMBERTOES his Captain rails
As one in doleful dumps;
Oft given "leg before"—the bails,
Not bat before—the stumps.
The Genevese Professor YUNG
Believes the time approaches
When man will lose his legs, ill-slung,
Through trams, cars, cabs, and coaches;
Or that those nether limbs will be
The merest of survivals.
The thought fills TIMBERTOES with glee,
No more he'll fear his rivals.
"Without these bulky, blundering pegs
I shall not fail to score,
For if a man has got no legs,
He *can't* get 'leg-before.'"

SITTING ON OUR SENATE.

SIR,—It struck me that the best and simplest way of finding out what were the intentions of the Government with regard to the veto of the Peers was to write and ask each individual Member his opinion on the subject. Accordingly I have done so, and it seems to me that there is a vast amount of significance in the nature of the replies I have received, to anyone capable of reading between the lines; or, as most of the communications only extended to a single line, let us say to anyone capable of reading beyond the full-stop. Lord ROSEBERY'S Secretary, for example, writes that "the Prime Minister is at present out of town"—*at present*, you see, but obviously on the point of coming back, in order to grapple with my letter and the question generally. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, his Secretary, writes, "is at Wiesbaden, but upon his return your communication will no doubt receive his attention"—*receive his attention*, an ominous phrase for the Peers, who seem hardly to realise that between them and ruin there is only the distance from Wiesbaden to Downing Street. Then Mr. MORLEY "sees no reason to alter his published opinion on the subject"—*alter*, how readily, by the prefixing of a single letter, that word becomes *halter*! I was unable to effect personal service of my letter on the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, possibly because I called at his chambers during the Long Vacation; but the fact that a card should have been attached to his door bearing the words "Back at 2 P.M." surely indicates that Sir JOHN RIGBY will *back up* his leaders in any approaching attack on the fortress of feudalism! Then surely the circumstance that the other Ministers to whom my letters were addressed *have not as yet sent any answer* shows how seriously they regard the situation, and how disinclined they are to commit themselves to a too hasty reply! In fact, the outlook for the House of Lords, judging from these Ministerial communications, is decidedly gloomy, and I am inclined to think that an Autumn Session devoted to abolishing it is a most probable eventuality.

Yours,

FUSSY-CUSS EXPECTANS.

SIR,—The real way of dealing with the Lords is as follows. The next time that they want to meet, cut off their gas and water! Tell the butcher and baker *not* to call at the House for orders, and dismiss the charwomen who dust their bloated benches. If *this* doesn't bring them to reason, nothing will.

HIGH-MINDED DEMOCRAT.

IN PRAISE OF BOYS.

(*By an "Old One."*)

["A Mother of Boys," angry with Mr. JAMES PAYN for his dealings with "that barbarous race," suggests that as an *amende honorable* he should write a book in praise of boys.]

In praise of boys? In praise of boys?
Who mess the house, and make a noise,
And break the peace, and smash their toys,
And dissipate domestic joys,
Do everything that most annoys,
The BOBS and BILLYS, RALPHS and ROYS?—
Just as well praise a hurricane,
The buzzing fly on the window-pane,
An earthquake or a rooting pig!
No, young or old, or small or big,
A boy's a pest, a plague, a scourge,
A dread domestic demiurge
Who brings the home to chaos' verge.
The *only* reason I can see
For praising him is—well, that he,
As WORDSWORTH—so his dictum ran—
Declared, is "father to the man."
And even then the better plan
Would be that he, calm, sober, sage,
Were—*born at true paternal age!*
Did all boys start at twenty-five
I were the happiest "Boy" alive!



A LITTLE "NEW WOMAN."

He. "WHAT A SHAME IT IS THAT MEN MAY
ASK WOMEN TO MARRY THEM, AND WOMEN
MAYN'T ASK MEN!"

She. "OH, WELL, YOU KNOW, I SUPPOSE
THEY CAN ALWAYS GIVE A SORT OF *HINT!*"

He. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY A *HINT?*"

She. "WELL—THEY CAN ALWAYS SAY, 'OH,
I DO *LOVE* YOU SO!'"

THE PULLMAN CAR.

(AIR—"The Low-backed Car.")

I rather like that Car, Sir,
'Tis easy for a ride.
But gold galore
May mean strife and gore.
If 'tis stained with greed and pride.
Though its comforts are delightful,
And its cushions made with taste,
There's a spectre sits beside me
That I'd gladly fly in haste—
As I ride in the Pullman Car;
And echoes of wrath and war,
And of Labour's mad cheers,
Seem to sound in my ears
As I ride in the Pullman Car!

QUEER QUERIES.—"SCIENCE FALSELY SO CALLED."—What is this talk at the British Association about a "new gas"? Isn't the old good enough? My connection—as a shareholder—with one of our leading gas companies, enables me to state authoritatively that no new gas is required by the public. I am surprised that a nobleman like Lord RAYLEIGH should even attempt to make such a thoroughly useless, and, indeed, revolutionary discovery. It is enough to turn anyone into a democrat at once. And what was Lord SALISBURY, as a Conservative, doing, in allowing such a subject to be mooted at Oxford? Why did he not at once turn the new gas off at the meter?

INDIGNANT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



From HENRY SOTHERAN & Co. (so a worthy Baronite reports) comes a second edition of *Game Birds and Shooting Sketches*, by JOHN GUILLE MILLAIS. Every sportsman who is something more than a mere bird-killer ought to buy this beautiful book. Mr. MILLAIS' drawings are wonderfully delicate, and, so far as I can judge, remarkably accurate. He has a fine touch for plumage, and renders with extraordinary success the bold and resolute bearing of the British game-bird in the privacy of his own peculiar haunts. I am glad the public have shown themselves sufficiently appreciative to warrant Mr. MILLAIS in putting forth a second edition of a book which is the beautiful and artistic result of very many days of patient and careful observation. By the way, there is an illustration of a Blackcock Tournament, which is, for knock-about primitive humour, as good as a pantomime rally. One more by-the-way. Are we in future to spell Capercaillie with an extra l in place of the z, as Mr. MILLAIS spells it? Surely it is rather wanton thus to annihilate the pride of the sportsman who knew what was what, and who never pronounced the z. If you take away the z you take away all merit from him. Perhaps Mr. MILLAIS will consider the matter in his third edition.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

WET-WILLOW.

A SONG OF A SLOPPY SEASON.

(By a Washed-Out Willow-Wielder.)

AIR—"Titwillow."

In the dull, damp pavilion a popular "Bat"
Sang "Willow, wet-willow, wet-willow!"
And I said "Oh! great slogger, pray what are you at,
Singing 'Willow, wet-willow, wet-willow'?
Is it lowness of average, batsman," I cried;
"Or a bad 'brace of ducks' that has lowered your pride?"
With a low-muttered swear-word or two he replied,
"Oh willow, wet-willow, wet-willow!"

He said "In the mud one can't score, anyhow,
Singing willow, wet-willow, wet-willow!
The people are raising a deuce of a row,
Oh willow, wet-willow, wet-willow!
I've been waiting all day in these flannels—they're damp!—
The spectators impatiently shout, shriek, and stamp,
But a batsman, you see, cannot play with a Gamp,
Oh willow, wet-willow, wet-willow!"

"Now I feel just as sure as I am that my name
Isn't willow, wet-willow, wet-willow,
The people will swear that I don't play the game,
Oh willow, wet-willow, wet-willow!
My spirits are low and my scores are not high,
But day after day we've soaked turf and grey sky,
And I shan't have a chance till the wickets get dry,
Oh willow, wet-willow, wet-willow!!!"

INVALIDED!

*Deplorable Result of the Forecast of
Aug. 23 on the "D. G." Weather Girl.*



FORECAST.—Fair, warmer.
WARNINGS.—None issued. ACTUAL
WEATHER.—Raining cats and dogs.
Moral.—Wear a mackintosh over
your classical costume.

A Question of "Rank."

"His Majesty King Grouse, noblest of game!"
So toasted Host. Replied the Guest, with dryness,—
"I think that in *this* house the fitter name
Would be His Royal *Highness!*"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 20.—ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (Knight) is the CASABIANCA of Front Opposition Bench. All but he have fled. Now his opportunity; will show jealous colleagues, watchful House, and interested country, how a party should be led. Had an innings on Saturday, when, in favourite character of Dompter of British and other Lions, he worried Under Secretaries for Foreign Affairs and the Colonies. Didn't get much out of them. In fact what happened seems to confirm quaint theory SARK advances.

Says he believes those two astute young men, EDWARD GREY and SYDNEY BUXTON, "control" the Sheffield Knight. They are active and ambitious. Still only juniors. Moreover, things are managed so well both at Foreign Office and Colonial Office that they have no opportunity of distinguishing themselves. The regular representatives on the Front Opposition Bench of Foreign Affairs and Colonies say nothing; patriotically acquiescent in management of concerns in respect of which it is the high tradition of English statesmanship that the political game shall not be played. In such circumstances no opening for able young men. But, suppose they could induce some blatant, irresponsible person, persistently to put groundless questions, and make insinuations derogatory to the character of British statesmen at home and British officials abroad? Then they step in, and, amid applause on both sides of House, knock over the intruder. Sort of game of House of Commons nine-pins. Nine-pin doesn't care so that it's noticed; admirable practice for young Parliamentary Hands.

This is SARK's suggestion of explanation of phenomenon. Fancy much simpler one might be found. To-night BARTLETT-ELLIS in better luck. Turns upon ATTORNEY-GENERAL; darkly hints that escape of JABEZ was a put-up job, of which Law Officers of the Crown might, an' they would, disclose some interesting particulars. RUGBY, who, when he bends his step towards House of Commons, seems to leave all his shrewdness and knowledge of the world in his chambers, rose to the fly; played BASHMEAD-ARTLETT's obvious game by getting angry, and delivering long speech whilst progress of votes, hitherto going on swimmingly, was arrested for fully an hour.

Business done.—Supply voted with both hands.

Tuesday.—A precious sight, one worthy of the painter's or sculptor's art, to see majestic figure of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD standing between House of Lords and imminent destruction. Irish members and Radicals opposite have sworn to have blood of the Peers. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE is taking the waters elsewhere. In his absence do the best we can. Sat up all last night, the Radicals trying to get at the Lords by the kitchen entrance; SQUIRE withstanding them till four o'clock in the morning. Began again to-night. Education Vote on, involving expenditure of six millions and welfare of innumerable children. Afterwards the Post Office Vote, upon which the Postmaster-General, ST. ARNOLD-LE-GRAND, endeavours to reply to HENNIKER-HEATON without betraying consciousness of bodily existence of such a person. These matters of great and abiding interest; but only few members present to discuss them. The rest waiting outside till the lists are cleared and battle rages once more round citadel of the Lords sullenly sentineled by detachment from the Treasury Bench.

When engagement reopened SQUIRE gone for his holiday trip, postponed by the all-night sitting, JOHN MORLEY on guard. Breaks force of assault by protest that the time is inopportune. By-and-by the Lords shall be handed over to tender mercies of gentlemen below gangway. Not just now, and not in this particular way. CHIEF SECRETARY remembers famous case of absentee landlord not to be intimidated by the shooting of his agent. So Lords, he urges, not to be properly punished for throwing out Evicted Tenants Bill by having the salaries of the charwomen docked, and BLACK ROD turned out to beg his bread.

Radicals at least not to be denied satisfaction of division. Salaries of House of Lords staff secured for another year by narrow majority of 31.

Business done.—Nearly all.

Wednesday.—The SQUIRE OF MALWOOD at last got off for his well-earned holiday. Carries with him consciousness of having done supremely well amid difficulties of peculiar complication. As JOSEPH in flush of unexpected and still unexplained frankness testified, the Session will in its accomplished work beat the record of any in modern times. The SQUIRE been admirably backed by a rare team of colleagues; but in House of Commons everything depends on the Leader. Had the Session been a failure, upon his head would have fallen obloquy. As it has been a success, his be the praise.

"Well, good bye," said JOHN MORLEY, tears standing in his tender eyes as he wrung the hand of the almost Lost Leader. "But you know it's not all over yet. There's the Appropriation Bill. What shall we do if WEIR comes up on Second Reading?"

"Oh, dam WEIR," said the SQUIRE.

JOHN MORLEY inexpressibly shocked. For a moment thought a usually equable temper had been ruffled by the almost continuous work of twenty months, culminating in an all-night sitting. On reflection he saw that the SQUIRE was merely adapting an engineering phrase, describing a proceeding common enough on river courses. The only point on which remark open to criticism is that it is tautological.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill brought in.

Thursday.—GEORGE NEWNES looked in just now; much the same as ever; the same preoccupied, almost pensive look; a mind weighed down by ever-multiplying circulation. Troubled with consideration of proposal made to him to publish special edition of *Strand Magazine* in tongue understood of the majority of the peoples of India. Has conquered the English-speaking race from Chatham to Chattanooga, from Southampton to Sydney. Now lo! The poor Indian brings his annas, and begs a boon.

Meanwhile one of the candidates for vacant Poet Laureateship has broken out into elegiac verse. "NEWNES," he exclaims,

"NEWNES, noble hearted, shine, for ever shine;
Though not of royal, yet of hallowed line."

That sort of thing would make some men vain. There is no couplet to parallel it since the famous one written by POPE on a place frequented by a Sovereign whose death is notorious, a place where

Great ANNA, whom three realms obey,
Did sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea.

The poet, whose volume bears the proudly humble pseudonym "A Village Peasant," should look in at the House of Commons and continue his studies. There are a good many of us here worth a poet's attention. SARK says the thing is easy enough. "Toss 'em off in no time," says he. "There's the SQUIRE now, who has not lately referred to his Plantagenet parentage. Apostrophising him in Committee on Evicted Tenants Bill one might have said:—

SQUIRE, noble hearted, shine, for ever shine;
Though not of hallowed yet of royal line."

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read second time. WEIR turned up. Sir WILFRID LAWSON and others said "Dam."

Saturday.—Appropriation Bill read third time this morning. Prorogation served with five o'clock tea.

"Parleyment!" said one of the House of Commons waiters loitering at the gateway of Palace Yard and replying to inquiring visitor from the country. "Parleyment's horff." So am I.

Business done.—All.



THE IMPERIAL SHEFFIELD NINE-PIN.

Invaluable to Budding Statesmen.

TO DOROTHY.

(My Four-year-old Sweetheart.)

To make sweet hay I was amazed to find
You absolutely did not know the way,
Though when you did, it seemed much to your mind
To make sweet hay.

We wandered out. It was a perfect day.
I asked if I might teach you. You were kind
Enough to answer, "Why, *of course*, you may."
I kissed your pretty face with hay entwined,
We made sweet hay. But what will Mother say
If in a dozen years we're still inclined
To make sweet hay?

Transcriber's Note:

Alternative spellings retained.

Punctuation normalised without comment.

Spelling regularised without comment.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL.107, SEPTEMBER 1,
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