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Title: Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 107, November 3, 1894

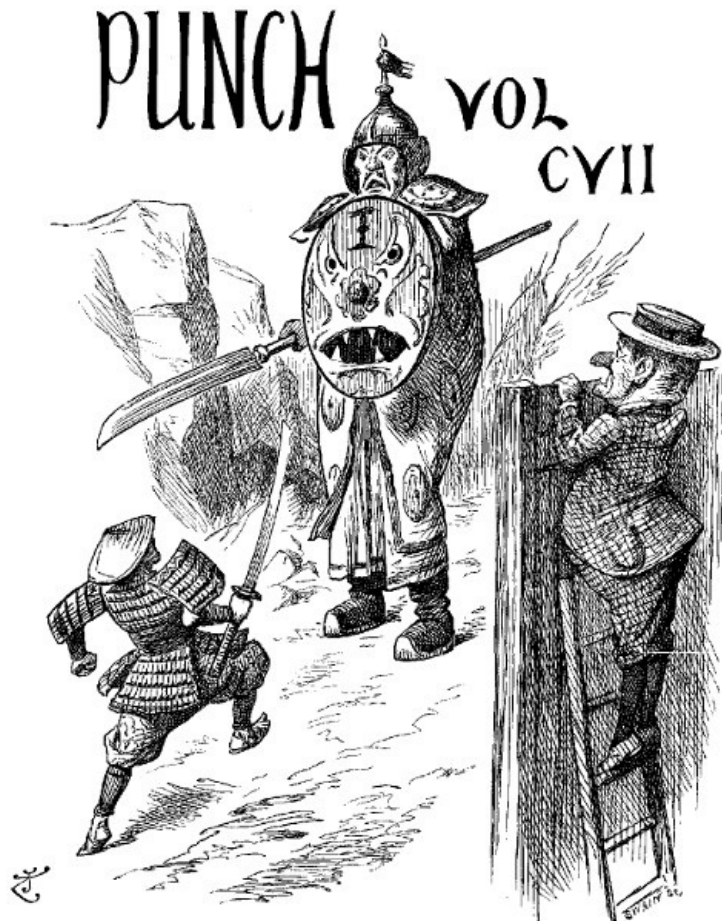
Author: Various

Release date: October 4, 2013 [EBook #43882]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Punch, or the London Charivari, Wayne Hammond,
Malcolm Farmer and the Online Distributed Proofreading
Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOLUME 107,
NOVEMBER 3, 1894 ***



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 107.

PUNCH TO THE NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Law is not Pan; but "BOB"'s a man,
To make us sure indeed.
Themis will play airs bright and gay,
Armed with this "vocal REID"!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



"Now I'm furnished," hummed the Baron. "Now I'm furnished"—with several books for my journey, and—"Tickets, please," broke in the inspector. "Just when I was comfortable," growled the Baron; "but no matter. And now for the *Pen and Pencil Sketches*."



"Little Billee."

The father of Mr. STACY MARKS predestined him for the coach-building business. Providence, interposing, made him a painter, and the gaiety of nations has been increased by the possession of some storks. In *Pen and Pencil Sketches* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) he has given the world some reminiscences of a career justly crowned by the laurels of the Royal Academy. The work is in two volumes, and my Baronite says would have been more than twice as good had it been in one. The first volume is charming, with its chat about LEIGH'S studio and the men met there; of CHARLES KEENE and the delightful cruise off Gravesend in the *William and Mary*; of merry days with the St. John's Wood clique; of nights at ARTHUR LEWIS'S; and of days with FRED WALKER. When the flood of memory runs dry, and there still remains a second volume to be produced, Mr. MARKS grows desperate, and shovels in anything he finds handy in the pigeon-holes of his desk. Thus the pleased reader finds reprinted articles that appeared in the *Spectator* thirty years ago, when Mr. MARKS was art critic to that respectable journal. Also there is a description of BAMPTON, which once

thrilled the readers of the *Tiverton Gazette*. This gives to the second volume something of the smell of an apple store-room. But the first is good enough to atone for the burden of the second. By a happy coincidence, whilst Mr. DU MAURIER in *Trilby* has made all the world in love with *Little Billee*, he appears under his own name in many of Mr. MARKS' pages, and is always the same charming, simple-minded, sensitive man of genius. It is pleasant to read how our Mr. AGNEW—"WILLIAM" the wise call him—gave the young painter his first substantial lift. WALKER had painted a picture he called "*Spring*," a young girl gathering primroses in a wood. Yielding to the advice of his friends, he put on it a price the amount of which abashed him. Mr. AGNEW saw the picture, recognised its merit, and wrote a cheque for the full amount asked. When the young artist heard of his good fortune he burst into tears, and gasping out "I must go and tell my mother," rushed from the place. Of the original sketches with which the volumes are enriched are some pen-and-ink drawings by FRED WALKER, which reveal in a new light the painter of "*The Almshouse*." Amongst many good stories, Mr. MARKS tells how he was addressed by a clergyman, who, believing from his name that he was a Jew, invited him to look in at his church and be converted. "MARCO'S" reply conclusively proved his possession of a Christian spirit.

Since SAMUEL WARREN wrote his *Diary of a Late Physician*,—to which, as the Baron supposes, allusion is made in p. 200 of this book, where the narrator says, "Thus it happens that the ablest chronicler of their (*i.e.* medical men's) experiences in our literature was a lawyer,"—no more interesting, and occasionally sensational, stories have appeared than those written by Mr. CONAN DOYLE, and published by METHUEN & Co. in a single volume, under the title of *Round the Red Lamp*. One of these, *A Straggler of '15*, has been recently developed into a one act dramatic sketch for Mr. IRVING, who, in the part of the ancient veteran "lagging superfluous," is reported to have



achieved a remarkable success. For pathos, *A Physiologist's Wife* is as perfect in style as it is original in design; to those who want to take something strong before going to bed, the Baron can confidently recommend *The Case of Lady Sannox*; while for those of the inferior sex whom Providence has blessed with nerves, the Baron prescribes to be taken, the last thing at night, with a favourite pipe and a tumbler of the reader's special "vanity," the story of *Lot No. 249*; "lights full up," as the stage directions say, the door locked, and the room previously searched, in order to be quite sure that no practical joker is in hiding behind screen, curtains, or under table, who might think it humorous to pop out when you are deep in the story, and "give you fits."

In the *Yellow Book*, No. 3, let me praise Mr. DOWSON's "Apple Blossoms in Brittany"; a charming unfinished picture. You must guess what the fruit may possibly be from the blossom. Also very good is HENRY HARLAND's "When I am a King."

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"A Late Physician."



"Reading *Lot No. 249*."

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

V.—LILITH LIBIFERA.

(After Rossetti.)



Under a canopy dark-hued as—well,
Consult the Bilious Book, page 51—
Lies pallid WHISKERSLEY'S presentment, done
By WHISKERSLEY'S own weird unearthly spell.
His is that Lady known as JEZEBEL
Or LILITH, Eden's woman-scorpion,
LIBIFERA, that is, that takes the bun,
BORGIA, VIVIEN, Cussed Damosel.

Hers are the bulging lips that fairly break
The pumpkin's heart; and hers the eyes that shame
The wanton ape that culls the cocoa-nuts.
Even such the yellow-bellied toads that slake
Nocturnally their amorous-ardent flame
In the wan waste of weary water-butts.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL HIBERNIAN-IBERIAN MEDDLE AND MUDDLE.—Lord HALIFAX writes to the Cardinal Archbishop of TOLEDO to protest against the appointment of an Anglo-Iberian bishop to Spain made by the Archbishop of DUBLIN & Co.; and his English Eminence Cardinal VAUGHAN writes to Spanish Eminence to protest against the protest of Lord HALIFAX. Of which the sum is that all the parties to the case are evidently, for the time being, Protestants!

ORIGIN OF THE BLUSH-ROSE.

I asked the Queen of Flowers
Why the blush-rose blushed so red,
Through the sun-rays and the showers,
And so bowed its modest head.
And fair Flora whispered "Hush!
It would hurt the rose to hear!—
The beginning of that blush
Was not love, or shame, or fear.
All the pretty faëry fancies
That you find in poet's song,
And encounter in romances,
Are entirely false and wrong.
That flush so fair and fleeting
Means not passion, pride or pity;
But hot memories of the meeting
Of a Vigilance Committee!"

Mrs. CHANT-I-CLEAR THE MUSIC HALLS.—So the verdict of the L.C.C. was against the Empire. This, of course, does not prove that the Members of the Council are amenable to *Chantage*. On this occasion Mrs. CHANT made them sing to her tune. But the tune will not be popular.

A CRUEL POET.—Father Time is the offender when he begins to write lines on your face.



"ADVICE GRATIS."

Betsy Trotwood (Mrs. London City) to Mr. Dick (Mr. H-w-s). "NOW HERE YOU SEE SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S CHILD, AND THE QUESTION I PUT TO YOU IS, *WHAT SHALL I DO WITH HIM?* COME, I WANT SOME VERY SOUND ADVICE."

THE CONTEMPLATION OF OLD ST. PAUL'S SEEMED TO INSPIRE HIM WITH A SUDDEN IDEA, AND HE REPLIED BRISKLY, "I SHOULD WASH HIM!"

"MR. H-W-S," SAID MRS. LONDON CITY, "SETS US ALL RIGHT. WE'LL FILL THE FIRE-ENGINE WITH SOAP-AND-WATER!"—*David Copperfield,* adapted.

A HOPELESS QUEST.

My mind a perfect blank I've made,
Upon a disc I've fixed my eyes.
I hoped, by mesmerism's aid,
To probe stupendous mysteries.
Hour after hour in solitude
I thus have spent, but, to be frank,
There was no magic trance ensued,
My mind remained a perfect blank.

To *séances* if I repair,
"A hostile influence" they detect.
The spirits, of my presence ware,
Their customary rites neglect.
A few faint raps, and they have flown,
With all their perfumes, notes, and flowers.
The mediums on my entrance frown—
I am not blest with occult powers!

PERFECT.—The *Daily Telegraph*, in a short notice of a present made to a Mr. OSLER for assisting the police, mentions the unavoidable absence on this interesting occasion of "Chief Inspector BELTON,"—which is a good name suggestive of staff attached to "belt on,"—and of "Mr. Superintendent FERRETT"—than which no better name was ever found, out of a burlesque novel, for a clever detective.

TWO WAYS OF AUDITING.

I.—THE OLD WAY.

SCENE.—*A Chamber in a Civic Building. The Town Clerk and the Auditor discovered at a table covered with papers.*

Clerk. Then I believe that you are entirely satisfied with the accounts?

Auditor. Oh, perfectly. (*After a pause.*) There is one item I wanted to ask about—I've no doubt you'll be able to explain it satisfactorily—it's this "£25 for ginger-beer to the Mayor and Council on the occasion of opening the new Cemetery." Does not—er—that sum represent a rather large number of bottles?

Clerk (in an off-hand way). Well, we put down ginger-beer, you know, as it *looks* better, and there's a rather strong temperance party in the borough. Of course, it was really champagne—"extra sec," too, you bet!

Auditor. Oh, of course. I merely mentioned the matter for the sake of form. And the "£15 for cigars"—that was an expenditure incurred at the same time, I conclude?

Clerk (carelessly). Oh, yes. Y'see, one of the Councillors is the leading tobacconist in the place.

Auditor (relieved). Ah, that accounts for it. Then these "models of the Crematorium in gold and jewels, as brooches for the wives of the Councillors"—I see they come to £105 in all.

Clerk (sternly). You don't *object* to the brooches, I presume?

Auditor (anxiously). Oh, not at all. Not in the least. A most—er—praiseworthy method of spending the ratepayers' money.

Clerk. Quite so. Our Mayor's our leading jeweller, you know. So, as you've put "Examined and Approved," shall we go in to lunch? For a "cold collation on the occasion of the audit" our Council always allows £10. It'll be rather a good feed.

[*Exeunt into banqueting apartment.*]

II.—THE NEW WAY.

Auditor. Oh, what larks!

[*Subsides into a chair, and takes two minutes to recover from his fit of merriment.*]

Clerk (surprised). I really fail to see where the joke comes in.

Auditor. Oh, don't you know? I'm one of the new class of comic auditors—"made in Manchester." What tickles me is this item of £17 for gold match-boxes for lighting the cigars of the Mayor and Aldermen on the occasion of the visit to the Sewage Farm. *There's* persiflage, if you like!

Clerk (smiling). I'm glad you take so humorous a view of the matter. Of course you allow that expenditure?

Auditor. Allow it! Not for worlds. Then—(*with difficulty restraining another outburst of mirth*)—how about "£27 for oysters and Chablis" after the visit?

Clerk. The Council naturally required some refreshment at the end of the journey—quite a quarter of a mile, in their own carriages—and oysters were rather dear just then—a little out of season.

Auditor (after a guffaw). Capital! "Out of season"—out of reason, too, *I* should say. Of course I must surcharge the oysters and Chablis. Really, I'm enjoying myself immensely!

Clerk (gloomily). I hope the Council will feel equal enjoyment at your report. Do you mean seriously—

Auditor. Seriously! Not a bit of it. I tell you I'm a comic character. And what better practical joke can one play than suddenly to come down on public officials with an audit disallowing all their little personal luxuries? Afraid I must strike out these items of "Visits to Olympia by Corporation to inspect the lighting arrangements," and "Ditto at Empire and Alhambra Theatres." No doubt the Aldermen will be glad to pay for them themselves. Now I think the business is finished. Lunch? No, thanks. A screaming joke like this is lunch enough for me.

[*Crams handkerchief in mouth, and exit.*]

CANT v. CANT.

If "want of decency is want of sense,"
So want of sense may very likely lead
To want of decency. The poor pretence
Of interested vice sense will not heed.
A satyr's satire is but sorry stuff;
Anti-Cant's canting is most sickening fudge.
Belial, who backs his trade with bounce and bluff,
Wins not a case where wisdom is the judge.
Protests against the prying of the prude
Are not to help the profitably lewd.

THE POLITE GUIDE TO THE CIVIL SERVICE.

(*By an Affable Philosopher and Courteous Friend.*)

HOW TO ENTER THE CIVIL SERVICE.

In the good old days of yore there was little trouble in obtaining admission to the Civil Service. All that was necessary was a slight knowledge of a Cabinet Minister, and a smattering of schooling. The latter might be obtained at Eton, Winchester, Rugby, Westminster, or Harrow. The acquaintance of the Minister, of course, had to be made by your father. You were too young to have attracted the attention of so important a personage. Suppose you had reached the mature age of eighteen, and had given up the round jackets and collars of boyhood, and had assumed "stick-ups" and "cutaways," your father would probably ask you "What you intended to do next?"

"No, my dear fellow," would be the paternal reply to a suggestion about Trinity or Christ Church. "I am afraid I can't manage either. You see, your two elder brothers went to the University, but then we could find *them* family livings. It would be useless to let you read for the Bar, because we haven't any of us married into a single firm of Solicitors; and in these hard times I really can't afford to buy you a commission."

You would notice *sotto voce* that when ways and means were being discussed, times were always hard.

"I suppose you could be a doctor if you pleased; but walking the hospitals is not a particularly pleasant occupation. Then there is another opening—why not try the Civil Service?"

You would rather freshen up at this. You would have read in a comic paper, that never will be nameless, that Government clerks were like the fountains in Trafalgar Square (old style), "because they played from ten to four."

"Well, yes," you would return. "I don't think I should mind that so much. It would be rather fun to go to Paris as an *attaché*."

"I'm afraid I couldn't quite manage that, my dear boy," your fond parent would respond. "They don't pay *attachés* at first, and so you would have to be satisfied with the War Office or the Admiralty instead of the Foreign Office."

"All right, Pater," you would say, and leave the matter in the hands of the elder generation.

Then your father would write to any Cabinet Minister of his acquaintance about things in general and nothing in particular, and would add a "P.S." asking for a nomination. In due course a reply would come granting the sweet boon. A test examination would follow of a perfunctory character, and an intimation of your appointment would be the sequel. Then you would take up your daily residence in Pall Mall or Whitehall for twenty or thirty years and then retire as a Knight or a C.B. Thus was done in the comparatively long ago. But now-a-days another plan has to be adopted.

Instead of entering the Civil Service as a junior join it as a senior. As a preliminary you must get into the House. This is simpler than having to cram and then stand the racket of a competitive examination. Any one under certain conditions can enter Parliament, but the Civil Service Commissioners bar the entrance to the Government offices with equally certain regulations. For the sake of argument let me assume that you are in the House. You have stood for Slocum-on-the-Marsh, and have persuaded the Slocum-on-the-Marshers to elect you. As an M.P. you are duly qualified to accept any appointment under the Crown when the Government ask you. The best plan is to think of an office and then add one to it—yourself.

"Why not the Public Squander Department?" you ask yourself. To which you reply with a second question, "Why not?"

Yes, the P. S. D. is not half bad. But how to get into it. Well, why not take up Milestones? All the world knows that the Public Squander Department are responsible for all the Milestones not under the superintendence of the county authorities. Go for the Milestones.

Begin with a question. Learn that the Milestones in the Old Bath Road are in many cases illegible. Request the Secretary of the Public Squander Department to inform you when the inscription of such and such a Milestone was last restored? The official will fence the query. Probably his Private Secretary, considering you a new man, will have failed to furnish the necessary information. You must expect a little retardation at the first set-off.

And here let me point out for your future guidance the importance of having a private secretary thoroughly up to his work. Had your answerer been possessed of the proper sort of assistant you would have been discovered, respectfully button-holed, and perforce satisfied. You would never have had the heart to put your question about the Milestones. But the particular Private Secretary of your answerer being *not* up to his work you get snubbed.

But don't be discouraged; stick to your Milestones.



Bombard "the Right Hon. Gentleman opposite" with questions. Ask him for particulars about the Milestones in the Old Kent Road and on Salisbury Plain. If he requests notice, give him notice. By degrees you will find that you are becoming an institution. Milestones are your specialty. When the House is sitting demand particulars. When the House is up, write to the papers. Move for returns about Milestones. Go down to Slocum-on-the-Marsh and read papers on Milestones. If possible, be made a F.S.A. on the strength of your knowledge of Milestones. So identify yourself with Milestones that when your name is casually mentioned anywhere, let it be common form for some one to say, "Of course, the chap who looks after the Milestones."

Wait patiently until your side move over from the Opposition to the Government benches. Then will come your opportunity. You will have sat upon a Milestone Commission. You have been very instrumental in getting Milestones polished. You have caused Milestones to be multiplied. All these services must be recognised. And they will.

You will find yourself offered the Secretaryship of the Public Squander Department—to take care of the Milestones. Accept it. You will now have become a Civil Servant. On some future occasion I may suggest how you may successfully perform your duties in your new position.



A REALIST IN FICTION.

"I SAW A RABBIT RUN THROUGH THAT

HEDGE!"

"NO, DEAR. IT WAS IMAGINATION!"

"ARE 'MAGINATIONS WHITE BEHIND?"

DEFINITION.—A London Square is the Paradise of Perambulators.

LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

PART XVIII.—THE LAST STRAW.

SCENE XXVII. (continued).—*The Chinese Drawing Room.* SPURRELL'S *ingenuous remark upon the coincidence of the title of the volume in his hand with the name of his bull-dog has produced a painful silence, which no one has sufficient presence of mind to break for several seconds.*

Miss Spelwane (to herself). NOT CLARION BLAIR! Not even a poet! I—I could *slap* him!

Pilliner (to himself). Poor dear VIVIEN! But if people will insist on patting a strange poet, they mustn't be surprised if they get a nasty bite!

Lady Maisie (to herself). He *didn't* write *Andromeda*! Then he hasn't got my letter after all! And I've been such a *brute* to the poor dear man! *How* lucky I said nothing about it to GERALD!

Captain Thicknesse (to himself). So he *ain't* the bard!... Now I see why MAISIE'S been behavin' so oddly all the evenin'; she spotted him, and didn't like to speak out. Tried to give me a hint, though. Well, I shall stay out my leave now!

Lady Rhoda (to herself). I thought all along he seemed too good a sort for a poet!

Archie (to himself). It's all very well; but how about that skit he went up to write on us? He *must* be a poet of sorts.

Mrs. Brooke-Chatteris (to herself). This is fearfully puzzling. What made him say that about "Lady Grisoline"?

The Bishop (to himself). A crushing blow for the Countess; but not unsalutary. I am distinctly conscious of feeling more kindly disposed to that young man. Now why?

[*He ponders.*]

Lady Lullington (to herself). I thought this young man was going to read us some of his poetry; it's too tiresome of him to stop to tell us about his bull-dog. As if anybody cared *what* he called it!

Lord Lullington (to himself). Uncommonly awkward, this! If I could catch LAURA'S eye—but I suppose it would hardly be decent to go just yet.

Lady Culverin (to herself). Can ROHESIA have known this? What possible object could she have had in—And oh, dear, how disgusted RUPERT will be!

Sir Rupert (to himself). Seems a decent young chap enough! Too bad of ROHESIA to let him in for this. I don't care a straw what he is—he's none the worse for not being a poet.

Lady Cantire (to herself). What *is* he maundering about? It's utterly inconceivable that *I* should have made any mistake. It's only too clear what the cause is—*Claret!*

Spurrell (aloud, good-humouredly). Too bad of you to try and spoof me like this before everybody, MISS SPELWANE! I don't know whose idea it was to play me such a trick, but—

Miss Spelw. (indistinctly). Please understand that nobody here had the *least* intention of playing a trick upon you!

Spurr. Well, if you say so, of course—But it looked rather like it, asking me to read when I've about as much poetry in me as—as a pot hat! Still, if I'm *wanted* to read aloud, I shall be happy to oblige—

Lady Culv. (hastily). Indeed, *indeed*, Mr. SPURRELL, we couldn't think of troubling you under the circumstances! (*In desperation.*) VIVIEN, my dear, won't you *sing* something?

[*The company echo the request with unusual eagerness.*]

Spurr. (to himself, during MISS SPELWANE'S song). Wonder what's put them off being read to all of a sudden. (*As his eye happens to rest on the binding of the volume on his knee.*) Hullo! This cover's pink, with silver things, not unlike cutlets, on it! Didn't EMMA ask me—? By George, if it's *that!* I may get down to the Housekeeper's Room, after all! As

soon as ever this squalling stops I'll find out; I *can't* go on like this! (Miss SPELWANE *leaves the piano; everybody plunges feverishly into conversation on the first subject—other than poetry or dogs—that presents itself, until* Lord and Lady LULLINGTON *set a welcome example of departure.*) Better wait till these county nobbs have cleared, I suppose—there goes the last of 'em—now for it!... (*He pulls himself together, and approaches his host and hostess.*) Hem, Sir RUPERT, and your ladyship, it's occurred to me that it's just barely possible you may have got it into your heads that I was something in the *poetical* way.

Sir Rup. (to himself). Not this poor young chap's fault; must let him down as easily as possible! (*Aloud.*) Not at all—not at all! Ha—assure you we quite understand; no necessity to say another word about it.

Spurr. (to himself). Just my luck! They quite understand! No Housekeeper's Room for me this journey! (*Aloud.*) Of course I knew the Countess, there, and Lady MAISIE, were fully aware all along—(*To Lady MAISIE, as stifled exclamations reach his ear.*) You *were*, weren't you?

Lady Maisie (hastily). Yes, yes, Mr. SPURRELL. Of course! It's all *perfectly* right!

Spurr. (to the others). You see, I should never have thought of coming in as a visitor if it hadn't been for the Countess; she would *have* it that it was all right, and that I needn't be afraid I shouldn't be welcome.

Lady Culv. To be sure—any friend of my sister-in-law's—

Lady Cant. ALBINIA, I have refrained from speech as long as possible; but this is really *too* much! You *don't* suppose I should have introduced Mr. SPURRELL here unless I had had the strongest reasons for knowing, however he may be pleased to mystify us now, that he, and nobody else, is the author of *Andromeda*! And I, for one, absolutely decline to believe in this preposterous story of his about a bull-dog.

Spurr. But your ladyship must have known! Why, you as good as asked me on the way here to put you down for a bull-pup!

Lady Cant. Never, never! A bull-pup is the last creature I should ever dream of coveting. You were obliging enough to ask me to accept a presentation copy of your verses.

Spurr. Was I? I don't exactly see how I *could* have been, considering I never made a rhyme in my life!

Sir Rup. There, there, ROHESIA, it was *your* mistake; but as we are indebted to it for the pleasure of making Mr. SPURRELL's acquaintance—

Lady Cant. I am not in the habit of making mistakes, RUPERT. I don't know what you and ALBINIA and MAISIE may know that I am in ignorance of, but, since you seem to have been aware from the first that Mr. SPURRELL was not the poet you had invited here to meet me, will you kindly explain what has become of the *real* author?

Sir Rup. My dear ROHESIA, I don't know and I don't *care*!

Lady Cant. There you are *wrong*, RUPERT, because it's obvious that if he is not Mr. SPURRELL, his absence has to be accounted for in *some* way.

Spurr. By Jove, I believe I can put you on the track. I shouldn't wonder if he's the party these dress clothes of mine belong to! I daresay you may have noticed they don't look as if they were made for me?

Lady Cant. (closing her eyes). Pray let us avoid any sartorial discussions! We are waiting to hear about this person.

Spurr. Well, I found I'd got on his things by mistake, and I went up as soon as I could after dessert to my room to take 'em off, and there he was, with a waste-paper basket on his head—

Lady Cant. A waste-paper basket on his head! And pray what should he have *that* for?

Spurr. He said he wouldn't take it off till he saw me. And I never saw anyone in such a mess with ink and flour as he was!

Lady Cant. Ink and flour, indeed! This rigmarole gets more ridiculous every moment! You can't seriously expect anyone here to believe it!

[ARCHIE *discreetly retires to the smoking-room.*]

Spurr. Well, I rather think somebody must have fixed up a booby trap for *me*, you know, and he happened to go in first and get the benefit of it. And he was riled, very naturally, thinking *I'd* done it, but after we'd had a little talk together, he calmed down and said I might keep his clothes, which I thought uncommonly good-natured of him, you know. By the way, he gave me his card. Here it is, if your ladyship would like to see it.

[*He hands it to* Lady CULVERIN.]

Lady Culv. "Mr. UNDERSHELL!" ... ROHESIA, that *is* CLARION BLAIR! I *knew* it was *something* ending in "ell." (*To SPURRELL.*) And you say Mr. UNDERSHELL is here—in this house?

Spurr. Not now. He's gone by this time.

The Others (in dismay). Gone!

Spurr. He said he was leaving at once. If he'd only told me how it was, I'd have—

Lady Cant. I don't believe a single word of all this! If Mr. SPURRELL is not CLARION BLAIR, let him explain how he came to be coming down to Wyvern this afternoon!

[*Partial reaction in company.*]

Spurr. If your ladyship doesn't really know, you had better ask Sir RUPERT; *he'll* tell you it's all right.

Lady Cant. Then perhaps *you* will be good enough to enlighten us, RUPERT?

Sir Rup. (driven into a corner). Why, 'pon my word, I'm bound to say that I'm just as much in the dark as anybody else, if it comes to that!

Spurr. (eagerly). But you wired me to come, Sir! About a horse of yours! I've been wondering all the evening when you'd tell me I could go round and have a look at him. I'm here instead of Mr. SPAVIN—*now* do you understand, Sir RUPERT? I'm the Vet.

[*Suppressed sensation.*]

Sir Rup. (to himself). This is devilish awkward! Don't quite know what to do. (*Aloud.*) To—to be sure you are! Of course! That's it, ROHESIA! Mr. SPURRELL came down to see a horse, and we shall be very glad to have the benefit of his opinion by-and-by.

[*He claps him amicably on the shoulder.*]

Lady Cant. (in a sepulchral tone). ALBINIA, I think I will go to bed.

[*She withdraws.*]

Sir Rup. (to himself). There'll be no harm in letting him stay, now he *is* here. If ROHESIA objects, she's got nobody but herself to blame for it!

Spurr. (to himself). They won't want to keep me upstairs much longer after this! (*TREDWELL enters, and seems to have something of importance to communicate to Sir RUPERT in private.*) I wonder what the dooce is up *now!*



"Albinia, I think I will go to bed!"

TO LETTINA.

(*By a Profound Thinker.*)

I don't know why, but fifty times a day,
To you my thoughts persistently will fly,
You come to me, and, coming, come to stay—
I don't know why.

Sometimes I catch myself inclined to try
From heart and mind to banish you away.
I always fail. If you are not too shy,
Just write a line to tell me that I may
Think fondly of you. Then in future I
Shall think of you, and never want to say
I don't know why.

THE NEW CANDIDATE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I trust you will give me the hospitality of your columns (and thus save me the cost of extensive advertising) to announce that I intend to offer myself as a candidate for all the eleven divisions at the forthcoming School Board Election. I do this for several reasons. In the first place, as I have no more chance in any one place more than in any other, I feel it quite impossible to make any choice. Besides, to be elected at the top of eleven polls would be an unique distinction, second only to being defeated at the bottom of eleven. In the next place, as I can find no other persons who will come forward on my platform, I am bound to offer myself everywhere. My views are extensive, not to say peculiar. On the religious question, I agree with everything that has been said by everybody. I hope in this way to avoid incurring *odium theologicum* of any kind. I am in favour of no one paying rates unless he has children actually at a Board School. I am told that this will not secure for me the Labour Vote, but it ought, at any rate, to rally to my side all the "intelligent and respectable." On all other points I believe I am well fitted to sit on the London School Board. I understand that at its meetings oysters and Chablis are sometimes the order of the day. If I am returned, my main object, I avow it frankly, will be to make them the standing order. Soliciting the vote of every patriotic citizen, I am,

October 27. Yours up-to-(being-a-candi-)date,

WOTTOL ARK.



"HE'S HAPPY NOW."

["A CONSTANT READER'S"
favourite craze is now
being discussed in all the
papers.]

"I AM SO GLAD THIS SUBJECT IS BEING
THOROUGHLY VENTILATED. IT MUST BE DOING
SO MUCH GOOD AMONG THE YOUNG."

MAYENNAISE v. MAYONNAISE: A REJOINER.

My poor Mayonnaise, they have sullied your fame!
They would alter your spelling, my sweet Mayonnaise.
The younger DUMAS has *e-mended* your name
And sent you forth "o"-less the rest of your days.

So this man of romances—this writer of plays—
Who has woven full many a plot in his time—
Would force us to spell you henceforth Mayennaise.
Nay! *this* is a plot little short of a crime!

'Twill make not an atom of difference to me.
The younger DUMAS may discourse as he will;
He's welcome, with *Weller*, to "spell with a 'wee'"—
To me and the world you are Mayonnaise still.

He says, at the time when the city Mayenne
Was besieged by an army and riddled with shot,
Your charms were acknowledged and praised by the men.
Was that army not led by Sir Thomas de Rot?

Say, Queen of the Sauces, which vow'l shall it be?
Will you yield up the name your admirers bestow?
Pronounce—while your lover is down on an "E"—
Is it that which you choose? Is it yes? or a "NO"?

* * This correspondence must now cease.—Ed.

"WHERE IS HE?"—With diamond robberies and darksome murders, of which the perpetrators are still at large, we are all crying out for a real genuine "SHERLOCK HOLMES." We, WATSONS, are waiting for him to step forward and drag various dark mysteries into the light of day. Cheerfully shall the coming HOLMES be saluted with Mr. BROOKFIELD'S *refrain*, "O SHERLOCK, you wonderful man!"



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Hostess. "I HEARD YOU MET MY COUSIN, MAUD LESLIE, AT THE GIBSONS AT DINNER, MR. WILKINSON, AND THAT YOU WERE CHARMED WITH HER!"

Mr. Wilkinson. "CHARMED WITH HER? I SHOULD THINK SO! WHO *WOULDN'T* BE? WHY, I'VE ABSOLUTELY FORGOTTEN WHO THE LADY WAS I TOOK INTO DINNER, AND WHO SAT ON MY OTHER SIDE!"

Lady Visitor. "I'M AFRAID IT HAPPENED TO BE *ME*, MR. WILKINSON!"

"AN AWKWARD CUSTOMER."

AIR—" *The Bold Poacher.*"

When I was bound by Party ties to play the bold Premier,
I shouldered of my gun, my lads, and started void of fear;
With my trusty lurcher at my heels, to whom the sport is dear,
For he's game for fight by day or night at the season of the year!

As I and my bold comrade were after bird or hare,
The gamekeeper was watching us; for him we did not care.
For we were on our ground, my boys, grounds free to tyke or peer;
And they're my delight by day or night at the season of the year!

As I and my bold comrade were in the Peers' Preserve,
We heard the keeper's footsteps, but we did not halt or swerve.
But I whistled—to keep up my pluck—a song to sportsmen dear:
"Oh it's my delight on a shiny night, in the season of the year!"

The Gamekeeper popped through the copse, and faced us with a frown;
He's got a black-a-vised stern phiz, and a coat o' velvet brown.
He says "Hillo, Sir! *Poaching?*" I retorts, "Oh, don't *you* fear!
A gent may poach his own preserves at the season of the year!"

He says, "You ought to be ashamed to set so bad example
A sportsman true won't join the crew who trespass, trap, and trample.
A dirty bird fouls its own nest!" he adds, with a sour sneer.
"Swells should not poach by day or night in the season of the year."

Says I, "You sneer, but I'm your peer, my Sol. The people sent me!
Stare like an owl, or sneer and scowl, you know you can't prevent me!
These here Preserves want breaking up, Monopoly's pitch to queer
Is our delight by day or night, in the season of the year.

"A-poaching on one's own preserves scarce poaching seems at all.
My foot is on my native—copse! The old Game Laws must fall.
The 'Peers' Preserves' the people will throw open—or else clear,
And you'll have to fight for your old old right at the season of the year.

"You ask me if I like the job? That's neither here nor there!
I'm simply bound to do it, and I really don't much care.
If Peers will claim the best o' the game, and strive the rest to queer,
We'll take *our* right, by day or night, at the season of the year!"



"AN AWKWARD CUSTOMER."

GAMEKEEPER S-L-SB-R-Y. "HALLO! YOUNG FELLOW!
POACHING?"

THE "YOUNG FELLOW" R-S-B-RY. "IF I AM POACHING, I'M ON
MY OWN PRESERVES."

LOCAL COLOUR.

Mr. ASQUITH was reported the other day to have said that the Government was spoken of as having been accused of refusing so-called amendments to the Employers' Liability Bill in "*peacock* temper." The *Daily News*, in referring to this, suggests that "peacock temper" was a misprint for "pique, or temper." But surely this is not so. Mr. ASQUITH evidently has given in his adhesion to the new system of "colour adjectives." This opens great possibilities to the future. Radicals will denounce the "scarlet scandals of the purple-clad peers." Tories will wax eloquent on "the pink miasma of revolutionary Radicalism." No one will know what it all means, but that is part of the programme. Even if this colour scheme will not work, there is still a justification for the Asquithian phrase. Everybody has heard of a "foul slander." Why not a "peacock temper"?

A Case of Parallelism.

(Extracts from the Report of a recent Conference.)

"Dr. STANLEY BOYD advocated the use of milk and lentil soup."

"Mrs. STANLEY BOYD thought that all such novels as *The Heavenly Twins*, *The Manxman*, and *The Wages of Sin*, should be tabooed."

SIR PETER.—A well-written letter in the *Times* last week puts what maybe called "The Hard Case of Sir PETER EDLIN"—

and, indeed, he must be pretty well case-hardened at the Middlesex Sessions by this time—clearly and forcibly before the public. Sir PETER EDLIN, it seems, has been doing treble the amount of work for a two-third's salary. This should be righted, and the Judge at the Middlesex Sessions should be independent of the would-be ubiquitous L. C. C. Such is the opinion of this Correspondent to the *Times*, and it is doubtless the opinion of a fair and just majority. As *Joseph Surface* observes in *The School for Scandal*, "Well, it will give SIR PETER great satisfaction to hear *this*."

ONLY NATURAL.—A shareholder at a recent company meeting complained, with some amount of feeling, that he found it next to impossible to obtain a "good penny bun." Can it be that so many people have "taken the bun" that there are none left?

THE LINKS.

'Tis a brilliant autumn day,
And the breeze has blown away
All the clouds that lowered gray,
 So methinks,
As I've half an hour to spare,
I will go and take the air,
While the weather still is fair,
 On the Links.

I admire the splendid view,
The delicious azure hue
Of the ocean and—when, *whew!*
 With a crack,
Lo! there drops a little ball
Which elects to break its fall
By alighting on the small
 Of my back.

In the distance some one cries
Some remark about my eyes,
None too pleasant, I surmise,
 From the tone;
So away my steps I turn
Till a figure I discern,
Who is mouching by the burn
 All alone.

He has lost a new "Eclipse,"
And a little word that slips
Front his sulky-looking lips
 Tells me true
That, besides the missing ball,
Which is gone beyond recall,
He has lost—what's worst of all—
 Temper too.

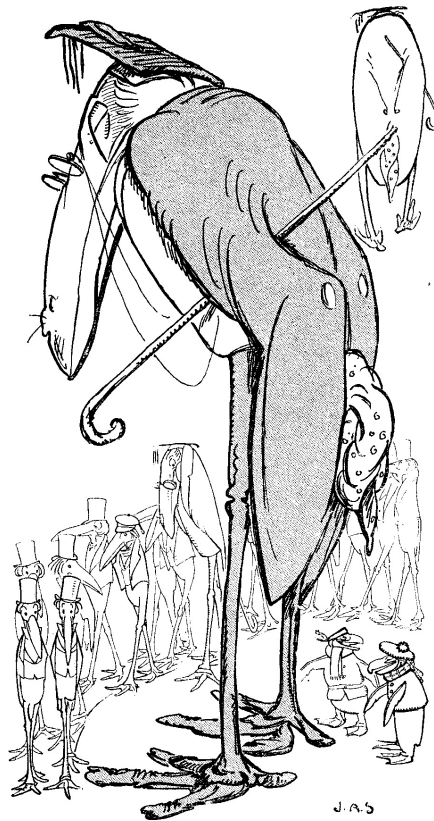
I conclude it will be best
If I leave him unaddressed,
Such a melancholy quest
 To pursue;
And I pass to where I spy
Clouds of sand uprising high
Till they all but hide the sky
 From the view.

They proceed, I understand,
From a bunker full of sand,
Where a golfer, club in hand,
 Freely swears
As he hacks with all his might,
Till his countenance is quite
As vermilion as the bright
 Coat he wears.

I observe him for a while
With a highly-tickled smile,
For it is the queerest style
Ever seen:
He is very short and stout,
And he knocks the ball about,
But he never gets it out
On the green.

Still I watch him chop and hack,
Till I hear a sudden crack,
And the club-head makes a track
In the light—
There' s a startled cry of "FORE!"
As it flies, and all is o'er!—
I remember nothing more
Till to-night,

When I find myself in bed
With a lump upon my head
Like a penny loaf of bread;
And methinks,
For the future I'll take care,
When I want a little air,
That I won't go anywhere
Near the Links.



STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

THE STORK AS HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

THE DILEMMA OF THE HEADLESS SPECTRE.

I've always done my best to please,
Then wherefore do they scoff?
A headless ghost, in days like these,
Is very badly off.

Some say, for MYERS we ought to go,
And some for Mr. STEAD.
I really can't profess to know,
For I have lost my head.

They come and ask me for a key
To life's dark prison cell.
Oh, what's the use of asking *me*?
However can *I* tell?

I do not understand the speech
Of all these learned men.
Wildly I wave my hand at each,
Again and yet again.

I feel that I have stayed too late,
And yet I can't move on.
I'm utterly inadequate,
Because my head is gone.

I wish I were I don't know what,
I wish that I were dead.
I don't know if I am or not,
For I have lost my head!

INS AND OUTS.

"Cricket was a far superior game to golf or tennis," said Lord KNUTSFORD to the members of the Victoria Park Cricket Association; and he went on to tell a story of the first introduction of cricket to Tonga, one of the Pacific Islands. Everybody took up the game so heartily that State affairs were allowed to slide altogether, and at last the King of TONGA had to lay down rules as to the times when the game might be indulged in. "Even then the Prime Minister was with difficulty prevented from bowling during forbidden hours." For Tonga read Westminster—where a good deal of *tongue*—ah!—goes on—and we get a result something like this:—

"After the usual luncheon interval, the Leader of the Opposition and the ex-Umpire-General faced the delivery of the First Commissioner of Stumps and the Scorin' Secretary. The punishment inflicted by the former on the bowling led to a Cabinet crisis, ending in the Secretary of State resigning his office and the leather to the Lord High Wicket-keep. The result of this change was soon apparent, for the Leader of the Opposition was clean bowled by a quotation from *Hansard*, and his place was taken by a prominent member from below the Opposition Gangway.

"As the score still mounted, the Ministry decided to apply the Closure to the game, an effort which was resisted by the whole force of the Opposition, armed with pads and wickets. During the all-night innings which ensued the Prime Minister retired hurt, and the Ministry were finally driven into the Pavilion, where they expressed a decided intention, in consequence of the underhand bowling of their opponents, of at once appealing to the country. The Committee of Lords' has placed its veto on these disorderly proceedings, and 'Down with the Lords' is likely to be the Ministerial rallying-cry during the forthcoming Election."

A LITERARY DISCOVERY.—It has been hitherto thought that only two "G. O. M.'s" existed, the one, *par excellence*, being *The G. O. M.*, and the other, the Right Hon. G. O. MORGAN. But there *is* a third, and he is GE-O M(EREDITH). No more at present.

TITLE FOR A TEMPERANCE TALE.—Under the Red Nose!

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

No novels now, but novelettes;
Cigars give place to cigarettes.
Titanic "suns" to twinkling "stars,"
Pictures to sketches, "pomes" to "pars";
Bonnets to things like housemaids' caps,
Banquets to tit-bits, books to scraps,
And three-vol novels to "short stories."
Gibbon-like length and epic glories,
Like mammoths and cave-bears, are gone,
Earth brings not back the mastodon;
The microbe takes its place. They kill us
Not by a giant, but bacillus.
Monsters, huge dragons, Laidly Worms,
We fear no more, 'tis unseen "germs"
That floor us in our life's full pride.
We want a "Jack the Germicide,"
And not the Giant Killer now.
Behemoth and the big bow-wow
Are gone; for aught not smart and little
We do not care one jot or tittle!

FAMILIAR LATIN QUOTATION (*adapted for the use of Empire, Alhambra, and Music Halls generally*).—"Spectaculum veniunt; venit inspector; out tipsy."



IMPROVEMENTS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

II.—IMPROVED KITCHEN ARRANGEMENTS.

BEAUTIES OF BOLOGNA.

Not those, along the route prescribed
To see them in a hurry,
Church, palace, gallery, described
By worthy Mr. MURRAY.

Nor those detailed as well by whom
But BAEDEKER, the German;
The choir, the nave, the font, the tomb,
The pulpit for the sermon.

No tourist traps which tire you out,
A never-ending worry;
Most interesting things, no doubt,
Described by Mr. MURRAY.

Nor yet, O gastronomic mind—
In cookery a boss, sage
In recipes—you will not find,
I mean Bologna sausage.

Not beauties, which, perhaps, you class
With your own special curry;
Not beauties, which we must not pass
If led by Mr. MURRAY.

I sing—alas, how very ill!—
Those beauties of the city,
The praise of whose dark eyes might fill
A much more worthy ditty.

O, Ladies of Bologna, who
The coldest heart might flurry,
I much prefer to study you
Than BAEDEKER OR MURRAY!

Those guide-book sights no longer please;
Three hours still, *tre ore*,
I have to lounge and look at these
Bellissime signore.

Then slow express—South Western goes
Much faster into Surrey—
Will take me off to other shows
Described by Mr. MURRAY.

But still, *Signore*, there will be,
By your sweet faces smitten,
One Englishman who came to see
What BAEDEKER has written.

Let BAEDEKER then see the lot
In frantic hurry-scurry.
I've found some beauties which are not
Described by Mr. MURRAY.

CLIO AT SALCOMBE.

(*Funeral of James Anthony Froude.*)

Scarce Clio's self, calm-soul'd historic Muse,
Praise to her fiery votary may refuse,
Though lacking somewhat the judicial poise
Of clear mind unperturbed by faction's noise,
And creed's fanatic clamour, valued most
But her who heads the grave recording host.
His vivid pictures live; his virile touch
(Though oft of the too little or too much
Ardently heedless in his passionate flow
Of words that wake and thoughts that warmly glow),
Quickens the past, and moves the patriot heart
Of British manhood. His the stylist's part,
The partisan's impressiveness. He missed
The highest height, clear, cloudless, morning-kissed.
But long will he be dear to those who love
The picturings that charm, the words that move;
And the grave Muse may well let fall a tear,
And lay her tribute laurel on his bier.

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE.—To the PROWLINA PRYS and their allies, the Visiting Injustices, may be addressed the ancient charge made against certain spies, "Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land have ye come."



A SKETCH AT PADDINGTON.

THE REVEREND MOTLEY, WHO MAKES ONE OF A RIVER-PARTY, FANCIES HE MET A GLANCE OF RECOGNITION FROM THE EYE OF HIS SOMEWHAT AUSTERE BISHOP, AND FEELS A TRIFLE UNCOMFORTABLE.

PAT THE PATRIOT.

(His reflection after reading of the Boa-bolting incident at the Zoo.)

ST. PATRICK had a potent fist,
And was a saint right clever,
When he gave the snakes and toads a twist
And bothered them for ever.
But och! here's a bettther plan than PAT's!
'Twould have saved the saint much bother
Had he trated the snakes like Kilkenny cats,
And made them swallow each other.
And even now 'twould save much row
In the shplit-up Oirish Parthy,
Could McCARTHY'S "bolt" end REDMOND'S revolt,
Or REDMOND swallow McCARTHY!

SPORTING.—'ARRY is delighted to hear that there is a two-year-old running named 'Arriet. "It's spelt Ariette I know," he says, "but that's just French cussedness."

TO A WOULD-BE DESPOT.

"Could I but rule!" with emphasis you say;
Then, doubtless, evil would be swept away.
How to begin, of course, is your affair,
Such practical arrangements are your care;
Our task would be no more than to obey!

Injustice then would speedily decay,
Merit, and only merit, then would pay;
Which means, perhaps, I'd be a millionaire
Could I but rule!

Well, many kings have lived and reigned their day;
I rather doubt if your despotic sway
Would quite fulfil the objects of your prayer;
Many have tried, and ended in despair,
And you, perhaps—But still you answer "Nay,
Could *I* but rule!"

THE REAL "SUN OF YORK."—FRANK LOCKWOOD, Solicitor-General.

THE ART OF NAVAL PLATTITUDE.

MR. PUNCH,—Dear Sir,—As an able-bodied seaman and expert on the marine serpent and other such questions of the hour, I have been very properly asked for my opinion on the late collisions in the far East. Lest my utterances should be misrepresented by journals unaccustomed to deal with refinements of maritime phraseology, I send you a correct report of my interview.



"What deduction," began the reporter from the recesses of a deck-chair that had figured at Trafalgar, "do you make with regard to the future of naval warfare from the engagements of which we have lately read such distracting accounts?"

"My leading deduction," I replied, "is that it is difficult beforehand to conjecture which side is going to win, and impossible afterwards to discover which has actually won. History, however, and a long course of technical experience, alike convince me that, given equal courage and skill on both sides, vessels equally well equipped and armoured and of precisely similar shape, tonnage, and fighting power, victory may be expected, in many cases out of a few more, to fall to the party that is *numerically the stronger of the two*. You are, perhaps, with me on this point?"

"I confess," he replied, "that you throw for me a new and lurid light on a question always difficult for the lay mind to

grapple with. But tell me of the torpedo and its mission."

"The deadliness," I said, "of this modern weapon of naval warfare is to be fully appreciated by such alone as have been its unhappy victims. In the incredibly short space of time between the moment of impact and the decease of those who are, as an immediate result, blown to indistinguishable atoms, no reliable evidence has, in the nature of things, been taken down from the lips of the people best qualified to submit it.

"Disconnected fragments of speech, chiefly of a profane character, constitute the sole testimony upon which we have to base our conclusions. But we may safely affirm that one of the most, if not *the* most, important detail in the manipulation of this projectile is the aim. Wrongly directed it is comparatively innocuous. In the unavoidable hurry and confusion of the moment, when the attention of the operator is diverted by the reiterated play of missiles upon his person, possibly a prey at the very time to insufferable nausea, it is almost impossible to guarantee the missile from aberration. You will pardon my technicalities?"

"I thank you," he replied, "and I follow you. But in what way do you account for the success of the Japanese with these submarine weapons?"

"Peruse the reports," I answered, "and draw your own deductions. '*On the morning of the 18th*' (the morrow of the battle) '*the Japanese flotilla of torpedo-boats returned to the Yalu and leisurely destroyed with torpedoes several stranded Chinese vessels.*'

"Here we have the best conceivable endorsement of my views. That which in the excitement of the fray they were impotent to achieve, this, with fitting leisure, unhampered by the annoyance of hostile opposition, and with the object rigidly fixed, as in a vice, they effected with unqualified and unquestioned success."

Dazzled by my reflections he proceeded to put a fresh conundrum to me. "What say you," he asked, "to the resources of China? I see that the Dowager Empress has sent three millions of taels to the forces."

"The tael," I explained, "is excellent eating. I perceive no immediate reason for the evacuation of Peking as far as the supply of game is concerned. This, however, is a side issue, and not strictly nautical in its bearing.

"To proceed at once, and in conclusion, to the matter of our own naval supremacy" (for I saw this inevitable question already framed on his lips), "I will give you in a word the accumulated wisdom of long years of naval intuition. My motto is '*Always win!*'

"Once let the enemy, however inferior, win, and for the time being you are beaten. We are—and here I rely not only on my own observation, but on the testimony of countless myriads of my species—*we are an insular nation*. Further, *our commerce is largely dependent on our merchandise*. It was not till I had realised to the full these two momentous and crucial facts that I arrived at the conclusion which I have already imparted to you, and now venture to repeat—'*Always win!*' You bear me out, I imagine?"

"I bear myself," he affably replied; thus concluding an interview in the course of which there had been no manner of hitch except the usual nautical one at the moment of his coming aboard; and that was due not to the absence of braces, but to respect for my position as an Admiralty Crichton.

There, *Mr. Punch*, you are welcome to make any use you will of a statement that contains practically and tactically the final word on the future of naval warfare.

Crede, dear Sir,

Yours unusually

EXPERTO.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

In pursuance of a recent correspondence in the *Times*, it has been decided to safeguard the rights and legalise the *status* of interviewees by the formation of an influential association. *Mr. Punch* has been accorded an advance proof of the prospectus.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF HELPLESS AND DESERVING INTERVIEWEES.

(*Founded Oct. 24, 1894.*)

Chief Offices: Utopia. Operating Room and Infirmary: Harrow Weald.

COUNCIL.

The MIKADO (President); SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K. C. B. (Vice-President); BARNABY BAMPTON BOO, Esq., of the *Bab Ballads*; BORRIA BUNGALEE BOO, ditto, King; MRS. BOO; REGINALD BUNTHORNE, Esq., *Fleshly Poet*; The Lord Bishop of RUMTI-FOO; SIR EDWARD CORCORAN, K.C.B., Capt. R.N.; Lord MOUNT ARARAT; Lord TOLLOLLER; POOH BAH, Esq., of the Japan Society; Mdlles. PEEP-BO, PITTI SING, and YUMYUM, of the Savoy Theatre.

Solicitors: Messrs. KOKO & Co. Jester: Mr. JACK POINT.

Jailor and Chucker-out: Mr. WILL SHADBOLT.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

(1.) To develop the new calling of Professional Interviewee. (2.) To provide the newspaper-reading public with amusement. (3.) To supply eminent humorists and others with enjoyable, rational, and profitable employment. (4.) And, incidentally, to encourage retiring and diffident lady interviewers.

RULES.

1. That all persons shall be eligible for membership of the Society, with the following exceptions:—Infants in arms; Their Descendants and other Relatives within the Prohibited Degrees; Parties who are balmy on the Crumpet,; H. M.'s guests at Portland, Newgate, and Broadmoor; JABEZ; Persons who have written a book; Persons who haven't; Mrs. PROWLINA PRY; also all the pragmatic and prudish nonentities who have pranced in prurient print over the unsavoury question lately discussed *ad nauseam* in the columns of the *D. T.*

2. That if the interview be conducted by one of the male sex, the Society's chucker-out, jester, and solicitors shall always be present.

3. That the following scale of fees, payable by the Interviewer to the Interviewee, be adopted:—

	£	s.	d.
Mere Nobody	0	0	2
Nobody Else	0	2	6
Mr. WH-STL-R, over a recent Grievance	0	6	8
Minister, of Cabinet Rank	1	1	0
Gaiety Girl, of the Front Rank	1	1	1
Cabman, of any Rank	1	1	2
Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, on Things in General	2	2	0
Ditto, on the Empire Question	3	3	0
Any leading Burglar, Pickpocket, or Company Promoter, with discount for cash	4	4	0
Pugilist, including services of Policeman and Surgeon	5	5	0
G. O. M., if you can get at him	10	10	0
Eminent Humorist, when irritated	21	0	0
Ditto, if a Lady, and pretty (these are scarce)	50	0	0
Anybody who hasn't yet been Interviewed (these are scarcer)	100	0	0

4. That the Society be immediately dissolved, in view of pending litigation.



Transcriber's Note

Inconsistent spelling and hyphenation are as in the original.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOLUME 107, NOVEMBER 3, 1894 ***

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