

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Punch, or the London Charivari, Vol. 108,
April 27, 1895, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Punch, or the London Charivari, Vol. 108, April 27, 1895

Author: Various

Editor: F. C. Burnand

Release date: January 19, 2014 [EBook #44708]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Malcolm Farmer, Lesley Halamek and the Online
Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 108, APRIL 27, 1895 ***

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

Volume 108, APRIL 27, 1895

edited by Sir Francis Burnand



CLASSIC QUOTATIONS ILLUSTRATED.

(For the Use of Schools.)

EXAMPLE I.—"AMARI A-LIQUID."

THE LATEST CRAZE.

(A Dramatic Study of Cause and Effect.)

Enter ANGELINA and her people.

Paterfamilias. Well, now that we are here, I hope you are satisfied. As for myself, I hate these problem plays.

Materfamilias. They are entirely the vogue just now, and we must see them. What everybody does we must do.

Angelina. So I told EDWIN—I should say, Mr. DOMUM—when he complained of our going.

Mater. Of course. We have to follow the fashion.

Pater. Hush! You must not talk any more, see the curtain has risen.

(Five minutes pass.)

First Heroine (on the stage). And so, my dear, my marriage was an utter failure. The monotony of the life was terrible. My husband anticipated my every wish. The tameness was too awful for words, and so I left him.

[Loud applause.]

Mater. (to her husband). Ah, I never left you, RICHARD!

Pater. (to his wife). Nor I you, BRIDGET!

Angelina (aside). I suppose married life must be very wearisome.

(Ten minutes pass.)

Second Heroine (on the stage). And now I will tell you the secret of my life. I never loved my husband. He gave me all I required—fine clothes, sparkling jewels, an opera box. But his presents were insults in disguise, and I left him.

[Loud applause.]

Pater. I did not insult you by handing you too many gifts, BRIDGET?

Mater. Indeed you did not, RICHARD. In fact, I think you carried your abstention too far.

Pater. Not at all. See, after these many years, we are devoted to one another!

Angelina (aside). Failure of Marriage Number Two! Weddings seem to be mistake!

(Two hours pass.)

Third Heroine. I tell you, my Lord Bishop, that I have never regretted leaving you. Twenty years ago you were a young curate, and you spoilt our married life by your indulgence. You let me have everything I wanted. No, my Lord, I will hear no more.

Angelina (aside). Another matrimonial failure! I really must have a good think over it.

Pater. (to Mater.). Well, I hope you are satisfied!

Mater. (to Pater.). Awfully depressing, but I don't see what harm it can do to anyone.

(An hour passes.)

Angelina (writing in her own room). "Dear EDWIN, I call you by your christian name, for the last time. I can never be yours. I am convinced from all I have heard that marriage is a failure. Sincerely yours, ANGELINA."

[Scene closes in upon a flood of tears.]

HEXAMETERS TO DATE; AND A PREHISTORIC PEEP.

[Mr. FLINDERS PETRIE has just excavated the city of Ombi on the Nile, and vindicated JUVENAL'S geographical reputation.]

ECCE novi'st aliquid (per FLINDERS PETRIE Magistrum)

Ex Africâ semper! Quite like some arch-humourist rum,
Playing with tombs and skulls, he unearths fresh funny
surprises,

Scandals of Athor's "past," or long-veiled secrets of Isis.
Now this gravedigger-Yorick, this Egypt's new ABERCROMBY,
Scores yet another conquest—he's found out JUVENAL'S Ombi,
Found out the next-door neighbours of Nile-washed Tentyra

(you will
 See in the Fifteenth Satire their truceless, truculent duel).
 Thus they lived some ages B.C. (in the thirtieth cent'ry),
 Cannibals, six feet high, and long-legged Libyan gentry,
 Buried *à la* trussed fowl, with heads on which wavy brown hair
 rose;
 These were the folk who once made things pretty hot for the
 PHARAOKHS.
 Dig then, PETRIE, away 'mid potsherds, mummies, and cinders,
 Delve on, and add fresh towns to the underground kingdom of
 FLINDERS!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Hearty congratulations from the Baron and his assistants to Mr. H. W. LUCY on his delightful life of Mr. GLADSTONE (W. H. ALLEN & Co). No one certainly has had better opportunities than TOBY, M.P., for studying the great statesman in all his varying moods; and it may be affirmed with equal certainty that no other man (or dog) could have used his opportunities to greater advantage for the benefit of the public. There are in this little volume a tone of easy yet scholarly courtesy, a fine literary touch, and a marvellous power of condensing details into one vividly descriptive sentence. It is an admirable piece of work, which, seeing that it only costs a shilling, ought to be sure of a popularity fully equal to its high merits.



THE BARON DE
 BOOK-WORMS.

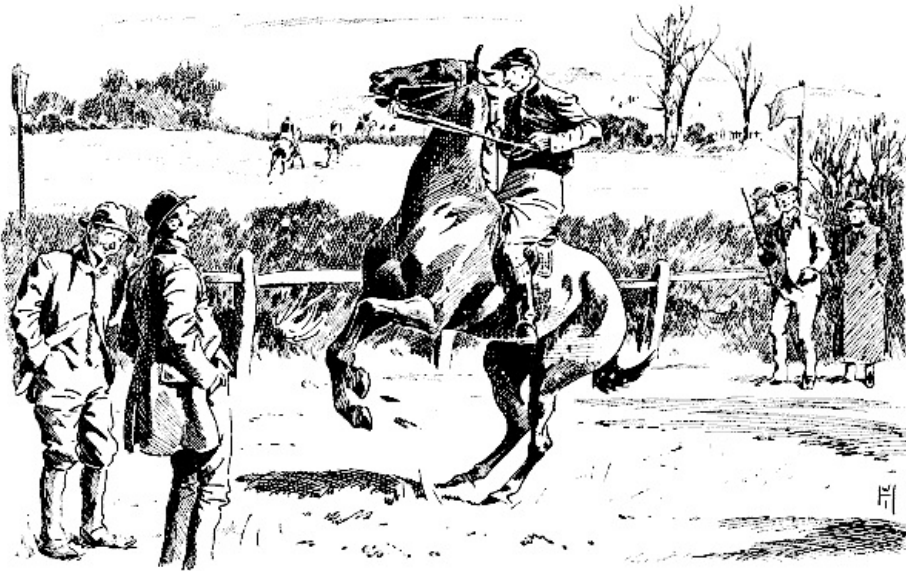
"Bravo TOBY!" says

CHANGE OF DESCRIPTIVE TITLE.—In the Egyptian explorations, the results of which, so far, have been recently given in Professor PETRIE's lecture, reported in the *Times* of Thursday, April 18, the lecturer tells us how he was accompanied in his researches by Mr. GRENFELL, "The Craven Fellow." How doubly plucky of Professor PETRIE to proceed with such a companion so extraordinarily timorous as is expressed in such a *sobriquet* as "The Craven Fellow." However, he belied his name by showing such pluck and perseverance in rendering assistance to the Professor as will entitle him to explain himself as "*Late* the Craven Fellow," but *now* "the C. F., or Courageous Fellow."



THE JAP IN THE CHINA SHOP.

Master of the Situation (loq.). "NOW THEN, YOU PIG-HEADED OLD PIGTAIL, OPEN YOUR SHOP—AND HAND ME THE KEYS!"



SCORCHING.

First Countryman (to third-rate Amateur Jock, whose mount won't have the Fence). "NOW THEN, SHOVE 'IM AT IT AGIN, MISTER! WHOI DENGED IF OI WOULDN'T JUMP THAT 'ERE LITTLE PLACE WI' A JACKASS!"

Second Countryman. "MAYBE YER WOULD, MA LAD; BUT YER SEE THAT 'ERE 'OSS DON'T SEEM TO CARE ABOUT JUMPING WI' A JACKASS!"

THE JAP IN THE CHINA SHOP; OR, THE NEW "OPEN SESAME."

["China, properly opened up, would be an El Dorado for mankind.... The true conquest effected by the war is the conquest of the right to a market, and that apparently on an enormous scale."

"Daily News" on the terms of Peace between China and Japan.]

Little Jap loquitur:—

Come, wake up, old chap! I'm the go-ahead Jap.

Open Sesame! Yes, that's the word, JOHN!

In your den you would stop, or e'en shut up your shop,

Your proceedings are highly absurd, JOHN!

Spite your bounce and your boast, I have got you on toast,

And thereby, friend JOHN, hangs a *big* tale.

When your carcass I'd wake, I have only to take

A sailor's round turn at your pigtail!

Your notion of shopkeeping's shutter and key.

Since you don't know their use, hand 'em over to

Me!

For thousands of years your pride and your fears

Have muddled your market completely.

Ah! would you, old slug? But a twist and a tug

Bring you up to your bearings most sweetly.

'Tis no use to kick! You will have to move slick,

Now you've got in the hands of Young Jappy;

Don't you get in a scare for your crockery ware.

Rouse up, open shop, and be happy!

Afraid? Superstitious? Oh, fiddle-de-dee!

Throw open your markets, and leave it to *Me!*

For ever so long you've been going all wrong.

Your Empire is under a shadow;

But well opened up, by ships, railways, and KRUPP,

It will turn out a true El Dorado.

Don't fly to your door! Eh? your pigtail is sore?

You think me a cocky invader?

Why you'll find in the end I'm your very best friend,

When I force you to be a free trader.

Blow your grandfather's bunkum, you Heathen

Chinee!
Take down all your shutters, and hand *me* the
key!

For *my* use alone? you inquire with a groan.
Oh, dear! you *must* be an old duffer!
Excuse me this wink,—but what do *you* think?
Do you hold "Outside Devils" will suffer
The Flowery Land to be locked by my hand,
Any more than by yours, in their faces?
Pig-headed old Pigtail, I fancy I know
How to get into Europe's good graces.
So pay up my millions, you Heathen Chinee!
Throw open your market, and *hand me the key!*

"STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES."

The four strangers were gathered together in the all-but-deserted inn. They were forced to enter into conversation, because the solitary periodical taken in by the landlord had been read from title to imprint by everyone of them.

"A strange article," said the first, as he laid down the *Lancet*. "And so men disappear entirely for awhile, and then come back to their homes and profession as if nothing had happened."

"Extraordinary," murmured the second. "I see that the scientific publication you have just relinquished suggests that the cause of these hurried exits partake of the nature of post-epileptic phenomena." And then the talk went on. The four strangers dined together, supped together, and on the following morning partook in company of breakfast. The waiter, at about eleven o'clock, presented each of them with a note. It came from the landlord, and was full of figures. A weird look appeared on their faces.

"We must move on," said one of the quartette; "but as the staircase is steep, let us descend by the window."

The no-longer-perplexed strangers adopted the suggestion, and gently sliding down a rope, were soon quit of the inn. They walked together for about a quarter of a mile, and then coming to four cross-roads, scattered.

"Dear me," said the landlord of the inn, when he once again found himself alone. "Their disappearance is most strange. I am inclined to agree with the *Lancet*, 'that the phenomenon remains striking and mysterious, interesting in its psychological aspect, but in its concrete form full of practical and medico-legal difficulties;' and, believing this, I must write to the proper authorities." And he sat down and composed two letters. One he addressed to the President of the Royal College of Physicians, and the other to the Editor of *Hue and Cry*.

BLIND ALLEY-GORIES.

BY DUNNO WÄHRIAR.

(Translated from the original Lappish by Mr. Punch's own Hyperborean Enthusiast.)

NO. II.—THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

The sky was darkened by swart birds, with tufted tails, and a look in their clay-coloured eyes as of millions of stifled croaks; the rain fell in grizzled sheets like the streaming hair and beard of some Titanic lunatic, and the thunder boomed over the town as if it had just discovered another epoch-making novel.

Night fell; I lit my lamp and closed the shutters, drew my curtains, so as to shut out any gleaming cats' eyes that might be peering at me through the chinks, and mixed myself a tumbler of hot punch.

As I finished it, a wild piercing shriek rose from the universe, as though someone had run a pin into the Great Unknown, and a shining blue-white ball came down the chimney and burnt a hole in the yellow-green gloom of my hearthrug.

I looked up; a strange man was sitting right in front of me. His crested hair had a blue-white gleam, like the electric light in a mountain hotel when the storm is nearly ended; it stuck out in a spiral fringe round his cheeks and chin; his mouth was prim like a purse; but his spectacles twinkled with laughter like the new ferrule on a gingham umbrella.

"I am the Shaker of Society's Pillars, I have discovered that the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil bears nothing but rotten apples. There are milestones on the Bergen road—but I can see

through most of them. I am the New Generation knocking at the old stage-door. I am also the Dramatiser of Social Conundrums to which there will never be any answer."

Time passed—a second or an hour. I began to wish he would go.

"I am the great Wizard that has ennobled and purified Humanity by showing that they are all the morbid victims of a diseased heredity. The great fire at Christiania was *not* the fire in which *Mrs. Solness's* nine dolls were burnt. I am he who has emancipated Woman by convincing her that she has the *right* to be hysterical."

Again time passed—an hour or a second. I fancy I must have dropped off to sleep.



"I fancy I must have dropped off to sleep."

"I am he who has broken through the conventions of the well-constructed drama. When we lived at Drontheim, BERNICK'S gander was stolen by tinkers. I am the original eld, and also the child who instructs the grandmotherly critic in the art of sucking problematic eggs; but I, too, am a master-builder of magnificent bathos."

And again time passed—a second or an hour. I wondered whether he had come to stay the night.

"Read, I am called 'dramatic'; acted, I am called 'impossible.'"

With that the cock crew. The stranger had flown before I had an opportunity of asking him his name or asking him to look in again some evening.

I was rather sorry, for he seemed to have a flow of agreeable small talk, though it was perhaps a little egotistic.

THE WOULD-BE SOLDIER'S VADE MECUM.



Question. Why did you become a member of a Volunteer corps?

Answer. With the intention of strengthening our national defences.

Q. Then you think such a proceeding patriotic?

A. Not only patriotic, but necessary.

Q. You probably have some recollection of the French collapse in 1870-71?

A. Yes; but I have been chiefly influenced by considerations of a mathematical character.

Q. Make your meaning plainer.

A. I mean that it stands to reason that as only a small percentage of our people are trained to arms, and ninety-six per cent of our neighbours are converted into soldiers, the latter, in the case of a quarrel with us, would have the upper hand.

Q. And you think a quarrel entailing the arbitration of the sword might be sprung upon us at any moment?

A. Precisely; that is entirely my opinion.

Q. And, consequently, you take a serious view of Volunteering?

A. Assuredly, or I would not give up most of my leisure time to master drill in all its branches.

Q. Do you obtain any social advantages by wearing the uniform of a Volunteer?

A. No; on the contrary, the grade of a private in the long run causes considerable expense; and the commission of an officer is inseparable from large expenditure and a loss of self-respect.

Q. Why is the holding of a commission of a Volunteer officer "inseparable from a loss of self-respect"?

A. Because, in the general estimation, the holder of a commission in the Volunteers is worthy of ridicule, pity, or contempt.

Q. Can you give the reason for this impression?

A. It is probable that it has been created by the consideration that a Volunteer officer is chaffed by his friends, sneered at by his enemies, and mulcted of much money by his comrades.

Q. Then a Volunteer officer or private usually joins the force from the most patriotic of motives?

A. Certainly. Nine-tenths of the rank and file and their commanding officers wish to qualify as soldiers capable of repelling a foreign invasion.

Q. And this being so, they do not wish to spend three or four days of training in practising "marches past" and other manœuvres of a more or less ornamental character?

A. Quite so; not even when the practice terminates with a review in a royal park, and a salute performed to the strains of the National Anthem.

Q. Nor do the Volunteers desire to be made into a raree show?

A. Not even to make a cockney Bank Holiday.

Q. And if you are told that this is the sort of thing that the Volunteers want, what do you reply?

A. Nonsense.

Q. And if it were added that more serious work would be unpopular, what would be your suggestion?

A. Try and see.

MEM. FOR VETOISTS.—It is the question of "tied" houses which makes the compensation question so knotty.

RAILWAY BALLADS.

I.—THE EXPRESS TRAIN.

A gruesome tale I tell of the
West-Eastern Railway Companee.
"Its virtues few, its faults a score"—
(I quote the view held heretofore).

The chief among its faults, you see,
Is sad unpunctualitee.
Now, gentles all, list what befel
AUGUSTUS HALL, of Camberwell.

The Fates were stern, the world unkind;
And this, I learn, unhinged his mind.
Che sarà, sarà! Think how sad!
His evil star it drove him mad!

"If life has no more joy to give,"
Quoth he, "I'll go and cease to live.
Nor yet delay an hour to dine,
But straightway lay me on the line.

"The train now due will end distress—
So haste thee, Two o'clock Express!"
With that he'd gone, nor stayed to
snack;
But climbed upon the railway-track.

He waited now two hours—not less;
And yet, I vow, came no express!
And he had nought his pangs to ease.
He wished he'd brought some bread
and cheese.

He had to fast. He fain would sup.
The hours flew past. He sate him up.
"Tis strangely late. I should not mind
—
I'd gladly wait—if I had dined.

"If I'd a joint that I could carve,
I'd strain a point; but here to starve!!
May I be hung if e'er I see
Such gross unpunctualitee!

"No gentleman can now depend
On any plan to plan his end."
Twelve hours or more he waited thus.
"A train?" he swore; "an *omnibus!*

"It tarries yet all through the night,
And helps to whet my appetite!"
His hunger grew inside his chest;
With nought to chew, he was—*non est.*

Two days pass by, and then we find
The train draw nigh, three days behind!
Directors sigh, deplore, and frown;
And fine the driver half-a-crown.

"But had I been on time," JACK said,
"HALL's death, I ween, were on my head."
"Quite true, good JACK! Our conscience
pricks.
We hand you back your two-and-six!"

Envoi.

Now that is all I have to tell
Of Mr. HALL, of Camberwell.



THESE DULL TIMES.

Lady Gushton (always so agreeable). "AND THE MAGNIFICENT PICTURES YOU HAD HERE LAST YEAR,—HAVE YOU GOT THEM ALL STILL?"

Mr. Flake Whyte (sadly). "YES; I HAVE THEM ALL."

Lady Gushton. "HOW VERY NICE! IT IS SO HARD TO PART WITH ONE'S OWN PICTURES, IS IT NOT?"

Mr. Flake Whyte (with much feeling). "AWFULLY, AWFULLY HARD! SOMETIMES IMPOSSIBLE!"

ROBERT AND THE COUNTY COUNSELLS.

BROWN and me has been a having sum rare good fun lately. We has managed to see and hear a good deal about the County Counsellors, and werry emusing we finds em to be. They suttently does manage to quarrell among each other more than I shood have thort possibel. There's a depperty Counsellor among em who will tork whenever he gets a hoppertunity, yes and keeps the pot a biling, as BROWN says, for nearly arf a nour at a time, and then finds hissself beaten into a cocked at, and so has to sit down, while the others has a jolly larf.



Ever so many on em belongs to the Tems Conserwancy, and so we are offen hearing of their going up the River, when there's two much water there, and hofferin to show the poor natives how to get a lot of it away, but from what I hears they don't seem for to be werry sucksessful.

Too or three on em went to the Boat Race the other day and took ever so many Ladies with em, and jolly nice dinners they had on bord after the Race was over and there wasn't no more fear of no more rane, which had rayther splyt the morning.

It's reel good fun to hear the Counsellors tork about the Copperation nowadays! such a differance to what it was about a year ago! Then it was all bragging and boasting, now it's all begging your pardon, and arsking your grace, and it shant occur again! I never thort to see such a change, and it's really werry emusing. The two places where they speshally seems not at all at their ease are the Court of Common Counsel and the Manshun House; and in both of these honnerd places the few as wenters in do look uncumferal indeed! and the reel natives don't show them no pitty! not a bit of it, but takes a quiet larf whenever they gits a good chance.

I've herd as one of the Counsellors has been herd to say as there are no less than three on em in the House of Commons, each of em quite equal to the late Speaker, if not shuperior to him, and that it was only beggarly jealousy as prewented them giving them a fare chance!

The same honorable Gent has been herd to say that the County Counsellors was much shuperior to the City Copperation, for it was only last Toosday as they agreed, without a word of remonsterance, to raise no less than two millions of money from next year's rates!

I wunder if it's all trew!

ROBERT.

THE NEWEST NUISANCE.—The woman with a past before her.



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

"COOT-NIGHT, MRS. PROWN. I HAF TO SANK YOU FOR DE MOST BLEASANT EFENING I HAF EFFER SCHBENT IN MY LIFE!"

"OH, DON'T SAY THAT, HERR SCHMIDT!"

"ACH! BOT I *DO* SAY DAT! I *ALWAYS* SAY DAT!"

THE NEW CONDUCTOR.

["You have been elected by a majority of the House. You are the representative of the whole House."—*Report of the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour's speech on the election of Mr. Gully as Speaker.*]

Mr. Punch to Mr. Speaker.

If the Second Fiddle's satisfied, you're all right with the First!
The Harp may heed your *bâton*, and as for the Big Drum,
When it booms out on the night with a loud sonorous burst,
That makes the whole proscenium shake and hum;
What matter if the clatter, and the bang and bump and batter,
Keep but time?

If they're docile to your nod, and obedient to your rod,
The New Conductor's post will be prime!

The Orchestra has doubtless been a little bit at odds,
And what should bring forth harmony has fallen into row;
But, good gracious! there were shines sometimes among the
Olympian gods,
And the noisy ones look milk and honey *now*.
The brazen and the windy both outdid Wagnerian shindy,
For a while;
Now there's calm at wings and middle, and even the First Fiddle
Veils his virtuous indignation with a smile:

The *tutti* did go wrong, all the parts appeared at strife,
They liked the Old Conductor, were in doubt about the New;
And WH-TBR-D'S tootling piccolo, and WH-RT-N'S wry-neck'd fife,
Went decidedly a little bit askew.
But, in spite of blare and blether, they're now going well
together,
String and reed,
Parchment, and wood, and brass; and it yet may come to pass
That the New Conductor's *début* will succeed.

The Old Conductor's style was perfection, there's no doubt,
Impossible to beat, and extremely hard to follow;
But the new one seems to know pretty well what he's about.
A Mercury *can* play, though no Apollo.
So let us cheer all round, as he makes his bow profound!

Tap, tap, tap!
Go the fiddle-bows, in proof that, while welcome shakes the
roof,
The orchestra agree to cheer and clap!

Sir, that St. Stephen's Orchestra is mighty hard to lead:
Needs mastery, and dignity, and coolness, and fine ear,
Great was the *bâton*-wielder 'tis your fortune to succeed;
But tackle your big task, Sir, without fear!
Punch trusts the name of GULLY on Fame's roll will not shine
dully

At the end!
Now tune up string and bow, let the New Conductor know
That he finds in each performer a fair friend!

PARTY POLITICS.

First Man (conciliatory). You're a Tory?

Second Man (also conciliatory). Well, no. I'm a Unionist. Yes, a Unionist. Certainly I don't approve of Home Rule—

First Man. Don't say that. I think well of Home Rule.

Second Man. Oh, do you? Well, I agree with the Liberals in some ways.

First Man. Come to that, in some ways I agree with the Tories. Now take Disestablishment.

Second Man. Ah, that's just one point where I disagree with the Liberals.

First Man. Well, you may be right. But I should be a Tory if they supported Home Rule.

Second Man. And I should be a Liberal if they didn't want Disestablishment.

First Man. Now, CHAMBERLAIN—

Second Man. Ah, yes. CHAMBERLAIN—

First Man. He opposes Home Rule.

Second Man. He supports Disestablishment.

[*Left mutually abusing Mr. CHAMBERLAIN*]

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—"The LORD LIEUTENANT was present at Punctestown for the races. His Excellency and the house party from the Viceregal Lodge, which included TOBY, M.P., met with a hearty reception." Naturally. If TOBY, M.P. was not made welcome at *Punch's* town, who should be?

CITY NOTES.—*The latest Crushing Report.*—The Londonderry Mine.



THE NEW CONDUCTOR.

"YOU HAVE BEEN ELECTED BY A MAJORITY OF THE HOUSE. YOU ARE THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE WHOLE HOUSE."

Report of the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour's speech on the election of Mr. Gully as Speaker.



A BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

TRADE BETRAYED.

Returned Anglo-Indian Colonel (to friend of his boyhood). Either your climate is colder than it used to be, or your coals throw out less heat. Which is it?

His Friend. Oh, it's the coals. Rubbishy things, rather. Come from Tomsk in Siberia.

R. A.-I. C. Siberia! They ought to be sent there! But aren't English coals good enough?

His Friend. Oh, yes, they're *good* enough. But then, you see, they're dear. That's the result of the last coal strike.

R. A.-I. C. Oh, I heard about that at Bangalore. Then how about your razors? I bought one yesterday in the Strand. If you believe me, I've only used it once and it's blunt already.

His Friend. "Made in Germany," no doubt. The trade's gone over there, they say.

R. A.-I. C. And boots, now. Why has the pair I got in the City a month ago split open in two places?

His Friend. That's the late boot strike. Cheap American goods have ousted the genuine British article.

R. A.-I. C. (meditatively). Ah—heard of the boot strike too at Bangalore. But I didn't find my bootmaker charged me any less than in the old days for 'em. Tell you what, there's only one thing that will save England.

His Friend. What's that?

R. A.-I. C. Why, a new kind of strike altogether. Why shouldn't the strikers *strike striking*? Eh?

MY PIPE.

I do not now attempt to sing,
With laudatory phrases,
That now, in verse, quite hackneyed
thing,
Which poet, painter praises:
Beloved by TURNER, CLAUDE, or CUYP,
The excellent tobacco-pipe.

Nor yet of bagpipes do I write,
Pan's pipes with Punch and Judy,
Or organ ones, because you might
Read books on them, from MUDIE,
In varied tongues, in varied type—
On any sort of music pipe.

Nor, plagued of late however much
By bronchial affections,
Do I propose just now to touch,
With medical reflections,
On what Jack Frost delights to gripe,
My choking, wheezing, sore wind-pipe,

Nor am I speaking now of wine,
Nor yet, from MARRYAT learning,
Of what the Cockney would define—
Poor A as ever spurning—
"The sime in nime, but not in shipe,"
The pipe of port; the boatswain's pipe.

No! Now I sing—but not with praise,
To praise it would be rummer
Than any other sort of craze,
Excepting in a plumber;
I am not such a fool, a "snipe,"
As says the Bard—my water-pipe.

For weeks I could not get a drop
Of water, it was frozen;
When thus congealed the thing would
stop,
I spoke as would a boatswain.
For seamen's oaths the time was ripe,
I here translate them—Hang that pipe!

Then suddenly, of course at night,
There came a sudden splashing,
And I, in most unequal fight,
About my bedroom dashing,
With sheets and towels tried to wipe,
Or check, the flood from that vile pipe.

You would not say that frost is fine,
So exquisitely bracing,
If you had had a pipe like mine,
Your ruined home defacing;
On carpet, stain; on paper, stripe;—
Oh, blow that beastly water-pipe!



PARLIAMENTARY "LIBERTY MEN" COMING ABOARD AFTER TEN DAYS' LEAVE.

A SONG OF SPRING.

Oh, painters, you who always "come
Before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March"—till May—with
some

Atrocious smell of paint, and make
The streets in such a shocking state, you
Are quite a nuisance—how I hate you!

How can I wear in peace a neat,
Silk hat, and coat of decent black,
When, passing you in any street,
Your paint may tumble on my back,
Or I may smash, which might be sadder,
My hat against your sloping ladder?

How can the spring delight my mind,
How can I like the budding trees,
The butterflies of any kind?
A Painted Lady could not please
In any way the mental man,
Were I a painted gentleman.

How can I like the balmy air,
How dream of violets in bloom,
When paint-pots swing aloft and scare
With visions of impending doom?
I'm mad and hot—quite crimson madder

—
With dodging each successive ladder.

TO A BANTLING.

(Lines written to a Lady who "Banted.")

Some rhymes to make you laugh? I can't
Drop, Wegg-like, into rhyme instanter.
It's easiness itself to bant,
Comparatively hard to banter.

The many pretty things I'd say,
The pleasant thoughts I'd like to utter,

I may not do, it seems to-day—
You scorn the bare idea of *butter!*

"Sweets to the sweet." Not long ago,
Why chocolates—you'd gladly greet
them.
Now you've abandoned them, and so
You never (hardly ever) eat them.

To see you drink hot water—that
The very stoniest heart would soften,
You evidently think it flat,
You're in it—aren't you—much too
often?

Yet whether 9st. 12, as when
You weighed that day at Margate
Station,
Or 10st. 7, or 7st. 10,
I can't pretend to indignation.

To bant from early morn till late
May be, of course, supremely right of
you;
But if you feel oppressed by weight,
Would it not do if we made light of
you?

Though that I swear I will not do,
Let others, if they like, make bold to—
I merely write these rhymes for you,
I always do just what I'm told to!

But if you cease to peak and pine
(For Time the Banting Conscience
hardens),
You will not fail to drop a line—
My chambers are in Temple Gardens.

SEXOMANIA.

By an Angry Old Buffer.

"When ADAM delved and EVE span,"
No one need ask which was the man.
Bicycling, footballing, scarce human,
All wonder now "Which is the woman?"
But a new fear my bosom vexes;
To-morrow there may be *no sexes!*
Unless, as end to all the pother,
Each one in fact becomes the other.
E'en *then* perhaps they'll start amain
A-trying to change back again!
Woman *was* woman, man *was* man,
When ADAM delved and EVE span.
Now he can't dig and she won't spin,
Unless 'tis tales all slang and sin!



DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

"WHAT IS IT, NURSE?"

"IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, THE CHILDREN *WILL* MAKE SLIDES ON
THE FLOOR WITH TAPIOCA PUDDING!"

OSTRICH FEATHERS.

[*"The magnificent ostrich at the Zoological Gardens, presented by the QUEEN, has recently died from lung-disease."—Daily Paper.*]

My eyes are wet with dewy tears,
That will not cease to flow.
Like MARY'S little lamb, my grief
Somehow is sure to go
Wherever I do. It all comes
From something that I've read,
The ostrich that I loved so well
Fell ill, and now is dead.

"Magnificent" indeed, it was.
I never ceased to take
A pride in its magnificence
For its own special sake.
But added unto this there was
An extra joy. I mean
That loyalty asks ardour for
A present from the QUEEN.

Oh! ostrich. I have often thought
Your smile childlike and bland,
And speculated if it's true
That right down in the sand
You really *do* conceal your head.
But even though that's wrong,
It seems without a lung for life
You could not live for long.

My wife and I delight to hear
Our wee girl's merry laugh,
As she's astride the elephant
Or feeding the giraffe.
But ostrich—regal, lung-gone,
dead!

When we are at the Zoo,
My wife's best hat will always
serve

CARMENCITA.

(*An Impression.*)

"O east is east, and west is west
And never the twain shall
meet."

And the dance of Spain is one of
the twain
To the English Man in the
Street.

We love the trick of the lofty kick
And the muscular display
Of the nymph who has leapt at a
muslin hoop
And stopp'd in her flight half-
way.

A plain, blunt girl in the stormy
swirl
Of accordion pleats and laces,
Tho' she cannot dance, if she spin
and prance,
Is numbered among the Graces.

For heel and toe our hearts can
glow
And the feats of the rhythmic
clog,
And a poem of motion wells forth
in the notion
Of a Serpentine Dancing Dog.

But the dancer's art, of her life a part,
A song of the wordless soul
With a tale to tell, like the music's swell,
Too large for the word's control,

That goes not down in London town
Where dogg'd conventions stick,
And dancers still must charm with frill,
Or "make shymnastic drick."

As the jungle king with his wrathful
spring,
To the lamb that aptly bleats,
As the trumpet's blare to the palsied air
Of that which plays in pleats,

So is east to west, with its sun-born zest,
With fire at the quick heart's core,
And passions bold as the ardent gold
Of the sun on a southern shore.



THE BALLAD OF THE KAISER'S MERCY.

(*In brief.*)

"The sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise."

Henry the Fourth, Part I., Act i.,
Sc. 3.

A quarrel, anything but pretty,
Cannot be healed by parmaceti.
But honour, bruised in the leg,
Finds sovereign solace in an egg.

Saturday.—Things looking queer. Leamington in a ferment, Tories denouncing *me*. Like their impudence. Must order ARTHUR BALFOUR to stop this nonsense, and bring rebels to reason. I shall want Hythe thrown into the bargain. BALFOUR must write more letters. If our little lot are to get nothing out of all this, what's the use of having sacrificed principles and COURTNEY? Obviously none. JESSE COLLINGS quite agrees. Says the Tories will repent, when it is too late, of having refused to submit to the greatest, wisest, most generous and noblest statesman of this or any other age, past or future. Wonderful amount of sense in JESSE. Shall make him Governor-General of India, or First Lord of Admiralty.

Monday.—Have seen BALFOUR. Says he can do nothing at Leamington. Wanted me to withdraw Liberal Unionist candidate. Me! The mere notion ridiculous. Told him so. Also asked him how about Compact. He said "Compact be —". At this moment GOSCHEN came in, and interrupted. BALFOUR said missing word was "observed." GOSCHEN full of sympathy, but said he could do nothing. Shall not allow him to be Chancellor of Exchequer again. Shall be Chancellor of Exchequer myself. Letter in *Times* from GEOFFREY DRAGE, saying kind things about me. Rather patronising, but well meant. Shall make DRAGE Home Secretary.



Tuesday.—Letter in *Times* from Lord TEYNHAM attacking me on account of vote on Welsh Disestablishment. Even a fool of a lord might know a man can't wriggle out of everything, and can't please everybody. Have written to SALISBURY ordering him to throw TEYNHAM into the Tower as soon as Unionist Government in power. If he refuses, shall accept Premiership myself and execute TEYNHAM on Tower Hill. Leamington still raging. If this goes on shall march at head of Birmingham Fencibles and rase Leamington to the ground—all except three houses said to belong to Liberal Unionists. That'll teach them to oppose *me*.

Wednesday.—Letter in *Times* from BYRON REED. Says I'm not so bad as they want to make me out. Nice sensible fellow BYRON. Shall make him Minister of Agriculture. Have sent ultimatums to SALISBURY, BALFOUR, AKERS-DOUGLAS, MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, and CHAPLIN, ordering them to retire from public life. Shall run the show on entirely different lines with AUSTEN and JESSE to help me. Have heard from editor of *New Review*, who refuses to disclose name of author, of an attack on me. Have sent HENRY JAMES to editor with new patent rack and thumbscrews. But there, my name's easy. Never could bear malice. Always forgive everybody.... Notes from SALISBURY, BALFOUR & Co. They refuse to retire. HENRY JAMES returns. Editor broke rack and threw thumbscrews out of window. A very rude man, HENRY JAMES says. GULLY elected Speaker. I'm off to Birmingham.

* * * * *

Later.—Letter from HART DYKE in the *Times*. A good fellow, HART DYKE. But why, in the name of screw-nails, should they all presume to patronise *me*?

* * * * *

Letter in *Standard* from STANLEY BOULTER. Must stop that kind of nonsense. Leading article in *Standard*. Usual futilities: "We fully recognise loyal services, but on the present occasion," &c. Shall refuse peerage and retire to Central Australia with JESSE to found a Me-colony. Sick of the whole show.

QUEER QUERY.—ANY ADVANCE?—I see that at the Shop Assistants' Conference at Cardiff it was said that what shop-workers ought to go in for was a "Forward Policy." Surely this must be a mistake? If there is one thing that everybody objects to, it is forward young men and women behind the counter. One often hears the shop-walker say, "Will you come forward, Miss JONES, and serve this lady!" And perhaps *that* was what the Cardiff people were thinking of. Can this be the true explanation? I sincerely hope so; I don't want a "forward" young person, a sort of "independent labour party," slamming down goods for *me* to inspect!—ALARMED.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL. 108, APRIL 27, 1895 ***

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

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this

eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission

for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party

distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are

particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.