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February 10, 1915, by Various and Owen Seaman**

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Title: Punch or the London Charivari, Vol. 148, February 10, 1915

Author: Various

Editor: Owen Seaman

Release date: February 16, 2014 [EBook #44933]

Language: English

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

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL.  
148, FEBRUARY 10, 1915 \*\*\*

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**PUNCH,  
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.  
Vol. 148.**

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**February 10, 1915.**

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**CHARIVARIA.**

"Kultur belongs to my Germans alone," says the KAISER. We were not aware that the charge had been brought against any other country.

\* \* \*

"The Indians," complains the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "have an extraordinary way of fighting. They jump up, shoot with wonderful precision, and disappear before one has time to notice them properly." Our contemporary has evidently not been studying the pages of *Punch*, or it would know that the disappearance is worked by the well-known Indian trick of throwing a rope into the air and climbing up it.

\* \* \*

Letters from the British troops operating in Damaraland show that the prevailing complaint there is with respect to the heat; and a dear and very thoughtful old lady writes to suggest that, as our men in Flanders dislike the cold, it might be possible to arrange an exchange.

\* \* \*

With reference to the attentions paid by German aeroplanes, the other day, to the British provision establishments at Dunkirk, we understand that the bombs which were dropped made no impression whatever on our bully beef, so famous for its durability.

\* \* \*

The Norwich Liberals have selected as their candidate Lieutenant HILTON YOUNG, and it has been decided that the election shall not be contested. It is realised that in time of war "*Le monde appartient aux Jeunes.*"

\* \* \*

In his account of the dynamiting of the C. P. R. bridge over the St. Croix river, REUTER tells us that "A German officer who has been hanging around the neighbourhood for the past few days has been arrested." We have a shrewd idea that he may be hanging in the neighbourhood again very shortly.

\* \* \*

We are surprised that the advocates of Mr. WILLETT'S Daylight Saving Bill have been so quiet lately. Surely it would be an enormous advantage to rush this measure through now so that the Germans may have less darkness to take advantage of?

\* \* \*

Dr. HANS RICHTER, the celebrated WAGNER conductor, who enjoyed English hospitality for so long, has now expressed the hope that Germany may punish England who has so profoundly disgraced herself. It is even said that the amiable Doctor asked to be allowed to conduct a Parsifal airship to this country.

\* \* \*

Professor KOBERT, of Rostock University, one of Germany's best-known chemists, is advocating a mixture of pig's blood and rye-meal as a most nutritious form of bread for his countrymen. There is, of course, already a certain amount of pig's blood in the composition of some Germans.

\* \* \*

Our newspapers really ought to be more careful. We feel quite sure that the following paragraph in *The Daily Mail* will be quoted in the German Press as showing the Londoner's fears of a Zeppelin visit: "The Golder's Green Training Corps yesterday morning mobilised eighty motor-cars and drove out to Harpenden to see how quickly the corps could get out of London in case of emergency."

\* \* \*

*The Times* has been discussing the question as to whether khaki is the best protective colour for soldiers. In this connection it is worth noting that the uniforms worn by the men of KITCHENER'S Army appear to render them almost completely invisible to the correspondents of German newspapers in this country, who report that there is only a mere handful of these soldiers.

\* \* \*

By the way Colonel MAUDE pointed out recently in *Land and Water* that it is essential that our gunners should be able to watch our infantry closing on the enemy, and that in this respect khaki is a drawback. We now hear that the wide-awake Germans are taking the hint, and that their new uniforms will have scarlet backs, which will not only help their artillery, but will act as a powerful deterrent should their troops think of running away.

\* \* \*

Extract from a Book Merchant's Catalogue:—"I venture to assert no more acceptable gift could be sent to our Heroes on Active Service than a few cwts. of Literature. A book is the best of all companions and always useful, for one in the breast pocket has been the means of saving many a man's life in action." A Society for supplying every recruit with a complete set of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* is now, we believe, in process of formation.

\* \* \*

A book which is stated to have been "kept back on account of the war" is entitled *Hell's Playground*. One would have thought it would have been peculiarly *à propos*.

\* \* \*

A live frog has been discovered embedded in a piece of coal hewn from a colliery in the Forest of Dean. It is thought that the colliery owners, by means of a series of bonuses like this, intend to make their coal look almost worth the price that is now being charged for it.

\* \* \*

Frankly we were not surprised to hear that the moon was full a little while ago. In these times our own planet is certainly not a very desirable place.

\* \* \*

It is now stated that Herr LIEBKNECHT, the Socialist leader, who was called to the colours a few days ago, has been relieved of service in the Landwehr. This is most annoying as it throws out all the carefully calculated figures of our experts as to the number of men Germany is putting into

Even the Censor nods occasionally. *The Tailor and Cutter* has been allowed to state that a Holborn tailor is making a uniform for a sergeant in KITCHENER'S Army who stands 6 ft. 8 ins. high. The fact that we have a man of these dimensions in reserve was, we understand, to have been one of our surprises for Germany.



*Small Military Enthusiast.* "AUNTIE, DO YOU MIND IF I MAKE THE GERMANS WIN JUST ONE BATTLE NOW AND THEN? THEY'RE GETTING WORN OUT."

### THE MARK OF THE BEAST.

(With acknowledgments to a cartoon by Mr. WILL DYSON.)

[In a Munich paper HERR GANGHOFER recites the following remark of the KAISER'S, whose special journalistic confidant he is said to be:—"To possess Kultur means to have the deepest conscientiousness and the highest morality. My Germans possess that."]

'Tis enough that we know you have said it;  
We feel that the facts correspond  
With your speech as a Person of credit,  
Whose word is as good as his bond;  
Who are we that our critics should quarrel  
With the flattering doctrine you preach—  
That the German, in all that is moral,  
Is an absolute peach?

But the puzzle grows odder and odder:  
If your people are spotless of blame,  
Being perfectly sound cannon-fodder,  
Then whose is the fault and the shame?  
If it's just from a deep sense of duty  
That they prey upon woman and priest,  
And their minds are a model of Beauty,  
Then who is the Beast?

For a Beast is at work in this matter;  
We have seen—and the traces endure—  
The red blood of the innocent spatter  
The print of his horrible spoor;

On their snouts, like the lovers of Circe—  
Your men that are changed into swine—  
The Mark of the Beast-without-mercy  
Is set for a sign.

You have posed (next to God) as the pillar  
That steadies the fabric of State,  
Whence issues the brave baby-killer  
Supplied with his hymnal of hate;  
Once known for a chivalrous knight, he  
Now hogs with the Gadarene herd;  
Since it can't be the other Almighty,  
How *has* it occurred?

When at last they begin to be weary  
Of sluicing their virtues in slime,  
And they put the embarrassing query:—  
"Who turned us to brutes of the prime?  
Full of culture and most conscientious,  
Who made us a bestial crew?  
Who pounded the poisons that drench us?"—  
I wouldn't be you.

O. S.

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### THE PLAINT OF A BRITISH DACHSHUND.

DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—I desire to address you on a painful subject. Let me state that I am (1) a dachshund of unblemished character; (2) a British-born subject; (3) a member of a family which, though originally of foreign extraction, has for several generations been honourably domiciled in one of the most exclusive and aristocratic of our English country seats. Imagine then the surprise and indignation experienced by myself, my wife and our only daughter when, shortly after the opening of the present unfortunate hostilities between our country and a certain continental Power, we found the atmosphere of friendly, nay, affectionate respect with which we had so long been surrounded becoming gradually superseded by one of suspicion and animosity.

The ball was started by Macalister, an Aberdeen terrier of unprincipled character, who has never forgiven me for summarily crushing the unwelcome advances which he had the bad taste to make last spring to my daughter. He had had the impertinence to approach me with a large (and, I confess, a distinctly succulent-looking) object, which he laid with an oily smile on the ground before my nose. But I had heard from Gertrude (my wife) of his attentions to our offspring, and I saw through the ruse.

"If you imagine," I said, "for one moment that this insidious offer of a stolen bone will induce a gentleman of family to countenance an engagement between his daughter and an advertisement for Scotch whisky you are greatly mistaken. Be off with you, and never let me see your ruffianly whiskers near my basket again!"

Rather severe, no doubt, but when I am deeply moved I seldom mince matters; in fact, as a Briton, I prefer to hit out straight from the shoulder. In any case, for the time being it settled Macalister.

I say for the time being. In the autumn he had his revenge. One morning early in October I was walking down the drive accompanied by a recent arrival within our circle, a rather brainless St. Bernard (who gave his name with a lisp as "Bwuno"), when we met my child's rejected suitor. Since the incident mentioned above I had consistently cut Macalister, and I passed him now without recognition. No sooner was he by, however, and at a safe distance, than he deliberately turned and snarled over his shoulder at me the offensive epithet, "Potsdammer!"

My blood boiled; I longed to bury my teeth in the scoundrel's throat; but I remembered that Gertrude had once told me that galloping made me look ridiculous. So I affected not to hear the insult, and proceeded, outwardly calm, with my morning constitutional. But, for some reason or other, Bruno's flow of small talk appeared suddenly to dry up, and once or twice I detected him looking at me curiously out of the corners of his eyes. Next day, on my calling for him as usual he pleaded a cold. His manner struck me as odd; still I accepted his excuse. But when the cold had lasted, without any perceptible loss of appetite, for a fortnight, and I had seen him meanwhile on two occasions actually rabbiting (an absurd pastime for a St. Bernard) with Macalister, I saw what had happened and decided to ask him what he meant by it. He endeavoured to assume a conciliatory attitude, but the long and short of it was, he said, that as a Swiss, and therefore a neutral, it was impossible for him to be too careful, and he feared that my society might compromise him. I did not argue with him; it would merely have involved a loss of dignity to do so.

Since that time, though we have endured in silence, the lot of myself and my family has been a hard one. We have been fed and housed as usual, it is true, but when one has been accustomed to live on terms of the most privileged friendship with a household it is galling to find oneself

suddenly treated by every member of it, from the butler downwards, as a prisoner of war. I am not even allowed now to bite the postmen; and I used to enjoy them so much, especially the evening one, who wears quite thin trousers. Our only consolation has been the hope that our misfortune might be an isolated instance. To-day, however, I learn that it is not so. I have discovered by my basket (and I have reason to think that they were conveyed thither by the malignant Macalister) three humorous (?) sketches depicting members of my race in situations which I can only describe as ridiculous, and obviously insinuating that they were to be regarded as aliens.

I appeal to you, Sir, as a lover of justice and animals, to put this matter right with the public, for the life that a British dachshund has to lead at the present moment is what is vulgarly known as a dog's life.

Yours to the bottom biscuit,                      FRITZ.

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**THE RIDDLE OF THE SANDS.**

TURKISH CAMEL. "WHERE TO?"

GERMAN OFFICER. "EGYPT."

CAMEL. "GUESS AGAIN."

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### THE REFUGEE.

"BOBBY DEAR, CAN'T YOU GET MARCELLE TO PLAY WITH YOU SOMETIMES?"

"I DO TRY, BUT SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO CARE ABOUT IT—SHE'S ALWAYS KNITTING. I THINK, MOTHER, PERHAPS IT MIGHT BE BETTER IF, FOR THE NEXT WAR, WE HAD A BOY."

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### HOT WATER.

At the beginning of things I sat outside my tent in the early hours of the morning while a stalwart warrior poured buckets of cold water down my spine. I felt heroic.

Towards the end of October I began to dislike my servant; I had a suspicion he was icing the water. Before November was in I had given up sitting outside my tent. My bathing I decided (one cold wet morning) should take place under cover, either at the Golf Club or at some kindly person's house.

A few days later, not being on duty, I had arranged to dine with the Fergusons. In the late afternoon I strode into the Golf Club and had a hot bath. From there I wandered into town, where I met Mrs. Johnston.

"Hello!" she said. "I'm just going home. Won't you come with me?"

Mrs. Johnston is one in a thousand.

"Rather," I agreed. "Forward—by the right."

Tea over, my hostess turned to me brightly. "Now," she said, "I know what it must be in camp. I'm sure you'd like a nice hot bath," and she rang the bell.

Somehow I didn't tell her I'd had one at the Club. You might have done differently perhaps, but—well, the little lady was beaming hospitality; was it for me to stifle her generous intentions? I thought not.

I went upstairs and splashed manfully.

For the third time that day I dressed; then I went downstairs and found Johnston.

"Hello," he said. "Been having a bath? Good!"

I stiffened perceptibly at "good."

We chatted a little while, then I breathed my sincere thanks and left them.

My arrival at the Fergusons' was rather early, somewhere about seven-thirty. I was shown into the drawing-room while the maid went to inform Mrs. Ferguson of my arrival. In two minutes she returned.

"Will you come this way, Sir?" she said.

I went that way.

Ten minutes later I emerged from Ferguson's bath and walked into his dressing-room. Ferguson

had arrived.

"Hello!" he said. "Been having a bath? Good!"

I winced at the word; then I smiled bravely and started to dress—for the fourth time.

It was eleven o'clock when I got back to camp, and I found to my surprise that the Mess had been moved from the tent to the new hut.

"Hello!" they said, "how do you like the new quarters?"

I surveyed the bare boards.

"Topping," I replied, "but it's not anywhere near finished."

"No," said the Junior Major, "but the bath's in. Hot water, by Gad! Go and have a bath."

I looked at him blankly. "I've had three, Sir, to-day."

I might have known it was foolish; the Junior Major is still young.

"It's up to the subalterns," he suggested, "to see he has No. 4."

They saw to it.

"Baron von Bissing, the Governor of Belgium," says *The Central News*, "has paid a visit to Turnhout and inspected the German guards along the Belgo-Dutch frontier." In the whole of our experience we know no finer example of self-control than our refusal to play with that word Turnhout.

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### IN QUAINTEST CINEMALAND.

In these troublous times Cinemaland is about the only foreign country in which it is possible to travel for pleasure. It has occurred to me that some account of its curious manners and customs may not be without interest for such readers as are still unacquainted with them.

As Cinemaland contains many departments, each of which has peculiarities of its own, I cannot attempt more than a general description.

The chief national industry is the chase of fugitives. In some departments this is done on horseback, with a considerable and rather aimless expenditure of ammunition; in others by motor car, or along the roofs of railway carriages. It seems a healthy pursuit and provides all concerned with exercise and excitement. The women are, almost without exception, young and extremely prepossessing. Nature has endowed them, among other personal advantages, with superb teeth, of which they make a pardonably ostentatious display on the slightest provocation. They are all magnificent horsewomen and fearless swimmers, and they do not in the least mind spoiling their clothes.

In their domestic circles, however, they show a feminine and clinging disposition, with a marked tendency to fall in love at first sight with any undesirable stranger.

The principal occupation of the children is reconciling estranged parents by contracting serious illnesses or getting run over. The latter is even easier to manage in Cinemaland than in any London thoroughfare. I have seldom, if ever, seen an aged Cinemian grandparent, a long-lost

wife, or a strayed child try to cross the emptiest street without being immediately bowled over by a motor-car. The mere wind of it has the strange potency not only of knocking down a pedestrian, but inflicting the gravest internal injuries. Fortunately, Cinemaland is a country rich in coincidences, so the car is invariably occupied by the very person who has been vainly seeking the sufferer for years. This of course is some compensation, but, all the same, it is hardly the



THE BLOCKADE. A FAIR WARNING.

ideal method of running across people one is anxious to meet.

The victims are always removed to the nearest hospital, but, if I may judge from what I have seen of their wards, I should say that medical science in Cinemaland is still in its infancy, and it has never surprised me that so many patients die soon after admission.

But then Science of any kind seems to be a dangerous and unprofitable occupation there. The inventor, designer, or discoverer of anything is simply asking for trouble. If he doesn't blow himself up in his laboratory and get blinded for life, some envious rival is certain to undertake this for him. Or else a vague villain will steal his formula or plans and sell them to a Foreign Power with Dundreary whiskers. And the extraordinary part of it is that no Cinemian has ever invented anything yet of which the secret could possibly be worth more than twopence. I fancy the stealing must be done from sheer wanton devilry.

Crime in Cinemaland is invariably detected sooner or later, though I doubt if it would be but for a careless practice among criminals there of carrying in their breastpockets the document that proves their guilt. They seem to have a superstitious idea that to destroy it would bring them bad luck.

The exterior of a private mansion in a fashionable Cinemian suburb is stately and imposing, but the interior is generally disappointing, the rooms being small and overcrowded with furniture that is showy without being distinguished. In some houses the owners appear to have a taste for collecting antiques and to have been grossly imposed upon by dealers.

It is usual for young couples with a very moderate income to keep not only a smart parlourmaid but a butler as well. The manner of all Cinemian domestics is one of exaggerated deference; an ordinary English employer would be painfully embarrassed if his servants bowed to him so low and so often, but they appear to like it in Cinemaland.

Social etiquette there has exigencies that are all its own. For example, a guest at an evening party who happens to lose a brooch or necklace is expected at once to stop the festivities by complaining to her hostess and insisting on a constable being called in to search everybody present. It might be thought that Cinemian Society would have learnt by this time that the person in whose possession the missing article is discovered is absolutely sure to be innocent. But the supposed culprit is always hauled off (with quite unnecessary violence) to prison, amidst the scorn and reprobation of the hostess and her other guests. It is true they make the handsomest amends afterwards, which are gratefully accepted, but in any other country the hostess's next invitation to any social function would be met with the plea of a previous engagement. If these amiable and impulsive people *have* a failing, I should say it was a readiness to believe the worst of one another on evidence which would not hang an earwig.

They are indefatigable letter-writers, but, after having had the privilege of inspecting numerous examples of their correspondence, I am compelled to own that, while their penmanship is bold and legible, their epistolary style is apt to be a trifle crude.

The clergy of Cinemaland all wear short side whiskers and are a despised and servile class who appear to derive most of their professional income from marrying runaway couples in back parlours.

In certain departments it is a frequent practice to dress up in Federal and Confederate uniforms and engage in desperate conflict. I have witnessed battles there with over a hundred combatants on each side. There was a profusion of flags and white smoke on these occasions, but, so far as I was able to observe, no blood was actually shed.

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There is another department which is inhabited by a singularly high-strung, not to say jerky, race, the women especially betraying their emotions with a primitive absence of self-control. There, the pleasure of the cause has become a delirious orgy, though much valuable time is lost both by pursuers and pursued, owing to an inveterate habit of stopping and leaping high at intervals. Squinting is a not uncommon affliction, as is also abnormal stoutness, the latter, however, being always combined with a surprising agility. In personal encounters, which are by no means uncommon, it is considered not only legitimate but laudable to kick the adversary whenever he turns his back, and also to spring at him, encircle his waist with your legs, and bite his ear. The local police are all either overgrown or undersized, and have been carefully trained to fall over one another at about every five yards. As guardians of the peace, however, I prefer our own force.

I could not have written even so brief an account as this unless I had paid many visits to Cinemaland. If I am spared I fully expect to pay many more. The truth is that I cannot keep away from the country. Why, I can't explain, but I fancy it is because it is so absolutely unlike any other country with which I happen to be familiar.

F. A.





*The one seated (reading newspaper of January 29th). "20,000 GERMANS FALLEN IN ATTEMPT AT COUP-DE-MAIN." CAN YER SEE IT? C-O-U-P., D-E., M-A-I-N. STICK A UNION JACK IN THERE."*

"The practice of compulsorily enrolling men for defence against invasion can be traced from before the time of Alfred the Great, when every man between 18 and 60 had to serve right up to the time of the Napoleonic wars."—*Saturday Review*.

It was found, however, that men who had enlisted in ALFRED THE GREAT'S time at the age of sixty were of little real use in the Napoleonic wars.

### FLEET VISIONS SEEN THROUGH GERMAN EYES.

[A number of curious facts about the British Army, lately gathered from German sources, may be supplemented by some further information of interest bearing on our Fleet.]

The facts may be obscured for purposes of recruiting, but it remains true that British seamen are no better than serfs. Their officers have the most complete proprietorship in their persons and can do with them what they like, as in the case of the English captain who had a favourite shark, which followed his ship, and to which he threw an A.B. each morning. That their slavery is acknowledged by the men is shown by their custom of referring to the Captain as "The Owner."

The savagery of the British Navy has passed into a by-word, and the bluejackets popularly go by the name of Jack Tartars.

It is all very well for America to protest her neutrality to Berlin, but how can we ignore the fact that President WILSON actually has a seat on the board of the British Admiralty—where he is known as "Tug" WILSON. He is even the author of a work aimed deliberately at us, and entitled *Der Tug*.

The superstitions of ignorant British seamen, notably the Horse Marines, whose credulity has no parallel, is extra-ordinary. Mascots are carried on all ships. For instance, no ship's carpenter will ever go to sea without a walrus.

### SELECT CONVERSATIONS.

(At about three o'clock in the morning.)

AT THE WAR OFFICE.

*Myself.* I want to see Lord KITCHENER, please.

*Policeman.* Quite impossible, Sir.

*Myself (coldly handing card).* I don't think you realise who I am.

*Policeman (much impressed).* This way, Sir.

[*I ascend the secret staircase, pat the bloodhounds chained outside the sanctum, and enter.*

*Kitchener (sternly).* Good morning; what can I do for you?

*Myself (simply).* I have come to offer my services to the War Office.

*Kitchener.* Have you had any previous military experience?

*Myself.* None at all, Sir.

*Kitchener (warmly).* Excellent. The very man we want. You will bring an absolutely fresh and unbiassed mind to the problem before us. Sit down. (*I sit down.*) You have a plan for defeating the Germans? Quite so. Now—er—roughly, what would your idea be?

*Myself (waving arm).* Roughly, Sir, a broad sweeping movement.

*Kitchener (replacing ink-pot and getting to work with the blotting-paper).* Excellent.

*Myself.* The details I should work out later. I think perhaps I had better explain them personally to Sir JOHN FRENCH and General JOFFRE.

*Kitchener.* I agree. You will be attached to Sir JOHN'S Staff, with the rank of Major. I shall require you to leave for the Front to-night. Good day, Major.

[*We salute each other, and the scene changes.*

AT GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

*French.* Ah, how do you do, Major? We have been waiting for you.

*Myself.* How do you do, Sir? (*To JOFFRE, slowly*) *Comment vous portéz-vous?*

*Joffre.* Thank you; I speak English.

*Myself (a little disappointed).* Good.

*French.* Now then, Major, let us hear your plan.

*Myself.* Well, roughly it is a broad sweeping move—I *beg* your pardon, Sir!

*Joffre (with native politeness).* Not at all, Monsieur.

*Myself (stepping back so as to have more room)*—a broad sweeping movement. More particularly my idea is—

[It is a curious thing, but I can never remember the rest of this speech when I wake up. I know it disclosed a very masterly piece of tactics ... the region of the Argonne ... a *point d'appui*... No, it has gone again. But I fancy the word "wedge" came in somewhere.]

*French.* Marvellous!

*Joffre. Magnifique!*

*Myself (modestly).* Of course it's only an idea I jotted down on the boat, but I think there's something in it.

*French.* My dear Major, you have saved Europe.

*Joffre (unpinning medal from his coat).* In the name of France I give you this. But you have a medal already, Monsieur?

*Myself (proudly).* My special constable's badge, General. I shall be proud to see the other alongside it.

*The scene fades.*

[I can only suppose that at this moment I am moved by the desire to save useless bloodshed, for I next find myself with the enemy.]

AT POTSDAM.

*Kaiser (eagerly).* Ah, my good TIRPITZ, what news of our blockade?

*Myself (removing whiskers).* No, WILLIAM, not TIRPITZ!

*Kaiser.* An Englishman!

*Myself.* An Englishman—and come to beg you to give up the struggle.

*Kaiser.* Never, while there is breath in man or horse!

*Myself.* One moment. Let me tell you what is about to happen. On my advice the Allies are making a broad swee— Put back your sword, Sire. I am not going to strike you—a broad sweeping movement through Germany.

*Kaiser (going pale).* We are undone. It is the end of all. And this was *your* idea?

*Myself.* My own, your Majesty.

*Kaiser (eagerly).* Would an Iron Cross and a Barony tempt you to join us? Only a brain like yours could defeat such a movement.

*Myself (with dignity).* As a Major and a gentleman—

*Kaiser.* Enough. I feared it was useless. (*Gloomily*) We surrender.

*The scene closes.*

[The final scene is not so clear in my memory that I can place it with confidence upon paper. But the idea of it is this.]

AT — PALACE.

*A Certain Person.* Your country can never sufficiently reward you, Major, but we must do what we can. I confer on you the V.C., the D.S.O., the M.V.O., the P.T.O. and the P. and O. The payment of a special grant of £5,000 a year for life will be proposed in the House to-morrow.

*Myself.* Thank you, Sir. As for the grant, I shall value it more for the spirit which prompted it than for its actual— Did you say *five* thousand, Sir?

[At this point I realise with horror that I have only a very short vest on, and with a great effort I wake.... The papers seem very dull at breakfast.]

A. A. M.

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### THE SOLDIER'S ENGLAND.

My England was a draper's shop,  
And seemed to be the place to fit  
My size of man; and I'd to stop  
And make believe I fancied it—  
That and a yearly glimpse of mountain blue,  
A book or two.

A bigger England stirs afloat.  
I see it well in one who's come  
From where he left his home and boat  
By Cornish coasts, whose rollers drum  
Their English music on an English shore  
Right at his door.

And one who's left the North a spell  
Has found an England he can love,  
Hacking out coal. He's learnt her well  
Though mines are narrow and, above,  
The dingy houses set in dreary rows,  
Seem all he knows.

The one of us who's travelled most  
Says England, stretching far beyond  
Her narrow borders, means a host  
Of countries where her word's her bond  
Because she's steadfast, everywhere the same,  
To play the game.

Our college chum (my mate these days)  
Thinks England is a garden where  
There blooms in English speech and ways,  
Nurtured in faith and thought we share,  
A fellowship of pride we make our own,  
And ours alone.

And England's all we say, but framed  
Too big for shallow words to hold.  
We tell our bit and halt, ashamed,  
Feeling the things that can't be told;  
And so we're one and all in camp to-night,  
And come to fight.

"No judgment of recent years has aroused more widespread interest than that of Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane, in which he decided that the Slingsby baby was the son of his mother."—*Evening News*.

Wonderful men our judges.

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*Doctor.* "YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW, AND I HAVE MUCH PLEASURE IN RETURNING YOU THE TWO SOVEREIGNS WHICH I FOUND SHOT INTO YOU WITH THE PURSE."

*Sergeant.* "THANK YOU, SIR; I DON'T CALL HALF A QUID DEAR FOR DOIN' THAT JOB."

*Doctor.* "I DON'T FOLLOW YOU."

*Sergeant.* "WELL, I HAD TWO-POUND-TEN IN THAT PURSE."

### HOW TO DEAL WITH SUBMARINES.

[*The Syren and Shipping* offers £500 to the captain, officers and crew of the first British merchant vessel which succeeds in sinking a German submarine."—*The Times*.]

In order to assist captains of merchant ships to deal with raiding submarines, a few suggestions and comments, which it is hoped will be helpful, are offered by our Naval Expert.

In the absence of a 4.7 naval gun, a provision suggested as useful by a writer in *The Times*, any 13-inch shells that you happen to have on board might be hoisted over the side, disguised as bunches of bananas, and dropped on to the offending submarine. If this does not sink her at once, additional bunches should be dropped.

But before disposing of your shells be sure that your submarine is close alongside. In case she should hold off, let the first mate beckon to her, in a manner as nonchalant as possible, to come closer.

When the enemy boards your ship, the captain should endeavour to interest the boarding party with the latest war news from German bulletins, whilst the bo'sun, the second steward and the stewardess, with the aid of peashooters, pour liquid explosive down the submarine's periscope.

If you are fortunate enough to have on board one of those trained sea lions which have been showing for some years at the music-halls, you need not trouble to practise the subterfuges given above. On the enemy's submarine making her appearance on the starboard side you should lower your sea lion over the port side, preferably near the stern, having previously attached to it a bomb connected with wires to a battery. When the sea lion is close to the submarine just press the button. Possibly you will lose your pet, but the general result should be satisfactory.

Owing to unavoidable circumstances you may not be able to put into practice any of these hints.

If that be so, when the enemy comes aboard, work up a heated discussion on the origin of the War. If skilfully managed, you should draw into the discussion the entire company of the submarine, with the result that you will make time and possibly be got out of your difficulty by one of our patrol ships.

Should all and every one of these expedients be useless, as a forlorn hope you should read aloud the appropriate clauses of the Hague Convention, and at the same time take the names and addresses of the boarding party for future reference.

If you have an amateur photographer aboard, let him get going. The payment made by illustrated papers for pictures that reproduce the sinking of your ship will probably exceed the value of the ship, so that in any case your owners will not lose by the deal.

But it is always best, where possible, to sink the submarine.

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From a letter in *The Liverpool Echo*:—

"At a time like this we must be prepared to have our prejudices shattered. When the whole world has been turned upside down, is it fair that women should be left standing still?"

It is a delicate question, and the women must be left to take up their own position in the matter.

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*Village Constable (to the Vicar, who has been hurrying to fetch fire engine). "So YOUR 'OUSE IS AFIRE, IS IT? AH! I'VE BIN A-WATCHIN' THAT LIGHT. DIDN'T EXPECT TO RUN INTO ME, DID YOU? 'OW'M I TO KNOW YOU BAIN'T SIGNALLIN' TO GERMANY?"*

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### JOHNSON.

When the task of training scholars Johnson manfully essayed  
At a school whose Eton collars were the finest ever made,  
It was largely lack of dollars drove him to the teaching trade.

Nature meant, had Fate allowed, him to command a t.b.d.,  
Both his parents gladly vowed him to the service of the sea,  
But the Navy doctors ploughed him for some *itis* of the knee.

Yet, in spite of this embargo, he had spent each Oxford vac.  
In a tramp as supercargo or on board a fishing-smack,  
Till of sailors' lore and *argot* he was full as he could pack.

In the sphere of gerund-grinding Johnson wasn't a success;  
Boys are overprone to finding fault with masters who transgress  
Rules which they consider binding in regard to form and dress.

Johnson's taste was always slightly *outré* in his ties and caps;  
Furthermore he never rightly saw the fun of booby traps;  
And he clouted, none too lightly, boys who larked with watertaps.

Some considered him half-witted, or at best a harmless freak;  
Some reluctantly admitted that he knew a lot of Greek;  
All agreed he was unfitted for the calling of a "beak."

So, reluctantly returning to their mid-autumnal grind,  
Nearly all the boys, on learning Mr. Johnson had resigned,  
Showed the usual undiscerning acquiescence of their kind.

Thus he passed unmourned, unheeded, by nine boys in ev'ry ten,  
And as week to week succeeded, bringing Christmas near again,  
Quite a miracle was needed to recall him to their ken.

Deeds that merit lasting glory almost daily leap to light;  
But one morning brought a story which was "excellently bright,"  
And the Head, *rotunda ore*, read it out in Hall that night.

'Twas a tale of nerve unshrinking—of a "sweeper" off the Tyne,  
Which had rescued from a sinking trawler, shattered by a mine,  
Though a submarine was slinking in her wake, a crew of nine.

Well, you won't be slow in guessing at the gallant skipper's name,  
Or from whom the most caressing message to the hero came—  
Boys are generous in redressing wrongs for which they are to blame.

Johnson still continues "sweeping," in the best of trim and cheer,  
As indifferent to reaping laurels as immune from fear,  
While five hundred boys are keeping friendly watch on his career.

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**THE OUTCAST.**  
A PLACE IN THE SHADOW.

[Pg 112]

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Tuesday, 2nd February.*—First business on resumption of sittings after Recess was issue of writ for election of Member for Shipley Division of Yorkshire to fill the seat of PERCY ILLINGWORTH, whose place on Treasury Bench and in Whips' Room will know him no more.

Herein a tragedy notable even amid absorbing interest of the War. When in last week of November House adjourned for recess, the CHIEF LIBERAL WHIP was in what seemed to be perfection of health. A little tired perhaps with exhausting labour of prolonged Session, but cheerily looking forward to interval of comparative rest. Physically and intellectually in the prime of life, he had happy constitutional turn of making the best of everything. A good sportsman, a famed footballer, healthy in mind and body, he habitually counteracted influence of sedentary life by outdoor exercise. If one had cast an eye round Benches on both sides and estimated which was the most likely man for whose county or borough a writ would, on reassembling of Parliament, be moved to fill vacancy created by his death, one would last of all have thought of PERCY ILLINGWORTH.

Two years ago selection by PRIME MINISTER of a young, comparatively unknown, inexperienced man to fill important post of Chief Ministerial Whip was regarded with some surprise. That shrewd judge of character and capacity as usual justified by the event, ILLINGWORTH speedily made his mark. Courteous in manner, frank in speech, swift and capable in control of circumstance, he gained, and in increasing measure maintained, that confidence and personal popularity indispensable to the successful Whip.

Pleasant for his many friends to think that he lived long enough to have conferred upon him a Privy Councillorship—a simple title, but good enough for PEEL and GLADSTONE, and for DIZZY throughout the plenitude of his prime.

It was not without emotion that GULLAND, promoted to the Chair in the Whips' Room vacated by his esteemed Leader, moved the writ. He was comforted and encouraged by hearty cheers, not wholly confined to Ministerial side, approving the PREMIER'S choice.



PROMOTED TO THE CHAIR IN THE WHIPS' ROOM.  
(Mr. J. W. GULLAND.)

Full but not crowded attendance such as usually foregathers on opening days of the school at Westminster. Khaki-clad warriors moving about House and Lobbies with martial step suggested explanation of falling-off. Two hundred Members are at the Front on active service, a score or more engaged in civilian service in connection with the War.

Business brief, curiously lifeless. Only one Question on Printed Paper where in ordinary times not unusual to find two hundred. On motion for adjournment, made within twenty minutes of SPEAKER'S taking the Chair, number of desultory topics were introduced by way of cross-examination of Ministers. No disposition shown to pursue them in controversial mood. At 4.30 House adjourned.

*Business done.*—Both Houses reassembled after Winter Recess. In Commons PREMIER announced that Government will take the whole time for official business. Private Members and their Bills thus shunted, it will not be necessary to meet on Fridays.

*Wednesday.*—Gloom that lies like a pall over House momentarily lifted by unexpected agency. As at the circus when things are drifting into dullness the Clown suddenly enters, displacing monotony by merriment, so when Questions about enemy alien and the sacredness of the rights of private Members had droned along for some time Mr. GINNELL, who classifies himself as "an Independent Nationalist," presented himself from below Gangway. First distinguished himself above common horde on occasion of election of SPEAKER at opening sitting of present Parliament. The SPEAKER being as yet non-existent, the authority of the Chair undelegated, he had House at his mercy. Might talk as long as he pleased, say what he thought proper, with none to call him to order. Used opportunity to make violent personal attack on SPEAKER-DESIGNATE.

Up again now on same tack. Appears that yesterday he handed in at the Table two Bills he proposed to carry through. No record of the procedure on to-day's Paper. Mr. GINNELL smelt a rat. He "saw it moving in the air" in person of the SPEAKER, who was "perverting against the House powers conferred on him for the maintenance of its functions and its privileges." Mr. GINNELL not sort of man to stand this. Proposed to indict SPEAKER for misconduct. But not disposed to be unreasonable; always ready to oblige.

"If," he said, addressing the SPEAKER, "I should be out of order now, may I to-morrow call attention to your conduct in the Chair?"

SPEAKER cautiously replied that before ruling on the point he would like to see the terms of motion put down on the Paper.

Thereupon Mr. GINNELL proceeded to read a few remarks not entirely complimentary to the SPEAKER, which for greater accuracy he had written out on what PRINCE ARTHUR once alluded to as a sheet of notepaper. Holding this firmly with both hands, lest some myrmidon of the Chair should snatch it from him, he emphasised his points by bobbing it up and down between his chin and his knee. Whilst primarily denunciatory of the SPEAKER he had a word to say in reproof of PRIME MINISTER, whose concession to private Members of opportunity for an hour's talk on motion for adjournment he described as being "like cutting off a private Member's head, then clipping off a portion of his ear and throwing it to his relatives."



ON THE OLD TACK.  
(MR. GINNELL.)

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*Business done.*—Without division House consented that Government business shall have precedence on every day the House sits. PREMIER in exquisite phrases lamented the early cutting-off of PERCY ILLINGWORTH, of whom he said: "No man had imbibed and assimilated with more zest and sympathy that strange, indefinable, almost impalpable atmosphere compounded of old traditions and of modern influences which preserves, as we all of us think, the unique but indestructible personality of the most ancient of the deliberative assemblies of the world."

Impossible more fully and accurately to describe that particular quality of the House of Commons which every one who intimately knows it feels but would hesitate to attempt to define.

*Thursday.*—Noble Lords are studiously and successfully disposed to conceal passing emotion. Masters of themselves though China fall, even should it drag down with it Japan and Korea. Return of Lord LANSDOWNE after prolonged bout of illness, an event so popular that it broke through this iron shield of hereditary conventionality. His reappearance welcomed from both sides with hearty cheer, in volume more nearly approaching House of Commons habit than what is familiar in the Lords.

LEADER OF OPPOSITION is unquestionably one of the most highly esteemed among Peers. There have been crises in history of present Parliament when, through attitude taken by extreme partisans, he has found himself in difficult situation. Invariably circumvented it. Without making pretension to be a Parliamentary orator—pretension of any kind is foreign to his nature—he has the gift of saying the right thing in appropriate words at the proper moment. Looks a little worn down with long seclusion in sick chamber. But, as the House noticed with satisfaction gracefully reflected by Lord CREWE, "is unimpaired in his power of Parliamentary expression."

This afternoon, to debate on Lord PARMOOR'S Bill amending Defence of Realm Act he contributed a weighty speech instinct with sound constitutional principles.

*Business done.*—In Commons McKENNA found opportunity of refuting by statement of simple facts circumstantial fables about Home Office patronage of ex-German waiters. Supplementary Estimates for Civil Service voted. House counted out at 5.40. Adjourned till Monday.

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**PEOPLE WHO OUGHT TO BE INTERNED.**

"I MIGHT LET HAROLD GO TO THE FRONT IF I THOUGHT IT REALLY NECESSARY. BUT THERE ARE SO MANY BOYS WHO ARE MORE USED TO ROUGHING. YOU SEE, HAROLD HAS BEEN SO VERY CAREFULLY BROUGHT UP."

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**ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, 1915.**

*A Missive from the Front.*

Ere the first grey dawn has banished  
Restless night and her alarms,  
When the sleeper's snores have vanished  
On the order "Stand to arms!"  
When the sky is bleak and dreary  
And the rain is chill and thin,  
Be I ne'er so damp and weary,  
Yet my thoughts on You I pin.

When the bullets fly unheeded  
O'er the meagre parapet,  
As I pace my ditch impeded  
By the squelching mud and wet;  
When I eat my Army ration  
With my fingers caked in clay—  
You can stake your total cash on  
Me remembering You this day.

Though the glittering knight whose charger  
Bore him on his lady's quest  
With an infinitely larger  
Share of warfare's pomp was blest,  
Yet he offered love no higher,  
No more difficult to quench,  
Than this filthy occupier  
Of an unromantic trench.



*Recruit (who had given his age as 33 on enlistment).* "DID YOU 'EAR THAT? TOLD ME MY BRIDLE WASN'T PUT ON RIGHT! BLESS 'IS BLOOMIN' INNOCENCE! AND ME BIN IN A RACIN' STABLE FOR THE LAST FIVE-AND-THIRTY YEAR!"

## A TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.

### IV.

MY DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—In case you formed any mental pictures of my first Christmas as a Territorial in India, let me hasten to assure you that every single one of them was wrong. I neither took part in the uproarious festivities of the Barracks nor shared the more dignified rejoicings of the Staff Office in which I am condemned for a time to waste my military talents. An unexpected five days' holiday, and a still more unexpected windfall of Rs. 4 as a Christmas Box (fabulous gift for an impecunious private) enabled me to pay a visit to some relatives, who live at, well ——. One has to be careful. The Germans are getting desperate, and they would give worlds to know exactly where I am.

--- is a place rich in historical interest and scenic beauties. Freed from the rigid bonds of military discipline and the still more hampering restrictions of official routine, I was at liberty to enjoy them to the full. It was the opportunity of a lifetime to see something of the real India. Did I take it? No, *Mr. Punch*, to be honest, I did not.

After hundreds of years (so it seems) of Army active service rations, of greasy mess tins and enamelled iron mugs, I found myself suddenly confronted by civilised food waiting to be eaten in a civilised fashion. And I fell. Starting with *chota hazri* at 7 A.M., I ate steadily every day till midnight. That is how I spent my holiday. I may as well complete this shameful confession; it was the best time I ever had in my life.

I feel confident that my stomachic feats will never be forgotten in ---. I shouldn't be surprised if in years to come the natives are found worshipping a tree trunk or stone monolith rudely carved into the semblance of an obese Territorial. It is pleasant to think that one may even have founded a new religion.

But I am grieved and troubled about one thing. I ate plantains and guavas and sweet limes and Cape gooseberries and pomolos and numberless other Indian fruits (O bliss!), but not custard apples. Custard apples, it appears, are the best of all, and they went out of season just before I arrived in India and will not come into season again for months and months.

I am confident that you will appreciate my predicament. I want the War to finish quickly, but I want to eat custard apples. I want to get to the Front and have a go at the Germans, but I desire passionately to eat custard apples. I want to get home again to you, but after all I have heard about them I feel that my life will have been lived in vain if I do not eat custard apples. It is a trying position.

Home was very much in my thoughts at Christmas time. The fact of having relatives around me, the plum pudding, the mince pies, the mistletoe, the clean plates, the china cups and saucers, the crackers, the cushions, the absence of stew,—all these and many other circumstances served to remind me vividly of the old life in England. And when regretfully I left ——, and (like a true soldier cheerfully running desperate risks) travelled back in a first-class carriage with a third-

class ticket, I found at the Office yet another reminder of home and the old days. My kindly colleagues had determined that I should not feel I was in a strange land amid alien customs. They had let all the work accumulate while I was away and had it waiting for me in a vast pile on my return.

That is why this is such a short letter.

Yours ever,  
ONE OF THE *PUNCH* BRIGADE.

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### THE CHEERY DOGS.

#### I.—*Mr. A.*

"Well, what have we done?—that's what I want to know. Where are the Germans? In France and Belgium. Where are we? This side of them. Where is their Navy? Still only too active. And so it goes on. My dear fellow, I like to be cheerful, but you give me no material to do it on. The cold truth is that we are just where we were months ago. 'Time is on our side,' you say. May be; but the War can't go on for ever, and meanwhile look at things here—food rising, coal rising, distress all around. What do you think the income-tax is going to be soon? Ha! Still it does not do to air these opinions and doubts. We must all be gay. That is our first duty."

#### II.—*Mr. B.*

"Yes, of course there's Russia, as you say. But what is Russia? You know what Russia is. They've no heart in fighting, and I'm told that many personages in high places, and one very high indeed, are moving at this moment towards peace. That would be a nice thing, wouldn't it? It would liberate all the East frontier men and guns to come over to the West. And there's another thing about Russia too—how is it to get any more ammunition into the country with Archangel frozen? I suppose you know that we have been supplying them with ammunition ever since the start; and there's precious little left, I can tell you. You didn't know that? You surprise me. No, it doesn't do to lean too much on Russia. And money too. Where is that coming from? For ultimately, you know, all wars are fought with money. We shall have to find that too. So it isn't too easy to grin, is it? And yet I flatter myself that I succeed in conveying an impression of distinct optimism."

#### III.—*Mr. C.*

"Well, of course, if all the naturalised Germans in this country are not interned we have only ourselves to thank if we are completely conquered. Think of the terrible advantage to the enemy to have waiters spying on the guests in hotels and at once communicating with Berlin! What chance have we if that kind of thing goes on? I was in an hotel at Aylesbury only yesterday, and I am sure a waiter there was a German, although he was called Swiss. He watched everything I ate. I tell you there are German spies everywhere. What can a waiter at Aylesbury tell Berlin? Ah! that's what we don't understand. But something of the highest moment and all to our disadvantage in war. But we have spies too? Never. I can't believe that England would ever be clever enough to make use of any system of secret service. No, Sir, we're back numbers. Still, it mustn't get out. We must all pretend, as I do, that everything is all right."

#### IV.—*Mr. D.*

"I don't like the look of things in America, I can assure you. Anything but satisfactory. DERNBURG'S a clever fellow and the politicians can't forget what the German vote means to them. I see nothing but trouble for us there. This Shipping Purchase Bill—that's very grave, you know; and they don't like us—it's no use pretending that they do. I read an extract only this morning from a most significant article in *The Wells Fargo Tri-Weekly Leaflet* which shows only too clearly how the wind is blowing. No, I view America and its share in the future with the gloomiest forebodings, although of course I do my best to conceal them. To the world I turn as brave a face as anyone, I trust."

#### V.—*Mr. E.*

"I don't doubt the bravery of the French; but what I do say is, where is the advance we were promised? Nibbling is all very well, but meanwhile men are dying by the thousand, and the Germans are still in the invaded country. I hear too of serious disaffection in France. There's a stop-the-war party there, growing in strength every day. We'll have 'em here soon, mark my words. The French have no stomach for long campaigns. They want their results quickly, and then back to their meals again. I take a very serious view of the situation, I can tell you, although I do all I can to keep bright and hopeful, and disguise my real feelings."

#### VI.—*Mr. F.*

"This activity of the German submarines is most depressing. Man for man we may have a better navy, but when it comes to submarines they beat us. What kind of chance have we against these stealthy invisible death-dealers? They're the things that are going to do for us. I can see it coming. But I keep the fact to myself as much as possible—one must not be a wet blanket."

"If only we had a decent government, instead of this set of weaklings, I should feel more secure. But with this Cabinet—some of them pro-Germans at heart, if the truth were known—what can you expect? Still, one must not drag party politics in now. We must be solid for the country, and if anyone raises his voice against the Liberals in my presence he gets it hot, I can tell you. None the less a good rousing attack by BONAR LAW on the Government, root and branch, every few days would be a grand thing. As I always say, the duty of the Opposition is to oppose."

And these are not all.

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**REVERSES.**

*(From the Front.)*

Just a line to let you know, Jim, howall goes.  
Well, in spite of Bosches, rain and mud and muck,  
I've had nothing to complain of as I knows  
Till last week, when comes a run of rotten luck.

First, a Black Maria busts aside o' me,  
And I lost, well, I should say a hundred fags!  
Then I goes and drops a fine mouth-organ—see?  
And it sinks in one of these here slimy quags.

Then I chucks my kit down when we charged next day  
(You've no use for eighty pounds odd when you sprints),  
And while we was at it, what d' yer think, mate, eh?  
Why, some blighter pinched my tin o' peppermints!

Crool luck, warn't it? But I'm pretty bobbish still—  
Here's the Surgeon come, a very decent bloke;  
I'm in horspital, I should 'a' said—not ill,  
Just my right leg crocked and four or five ribs broke.

---

First Lessons in Seamanship.

Extract from the CHURCHILL interview:—

"Pacing his room thoughtfully, Mr. Churchill paused before a globe which he twirled round in his fingers like the rudder of a ship."

---

This is "What 'Roger' Hears" in *The Northampton Daily Chronicle*:—

"That a burglar entered 34, Birchfield road, Northampton, last evening, and decamped with several articles of jewellery while the residents, Mr. and Mrs. Mace, were out for an hour and a half.

That the Belgian guests who are being so generously entertained by the Mount Pleasant friends were present, and rendered musical items."

On police whistles, we hope.



*Small boy.* "WHAT'S ON THE POSTER, MOTHER?"

*Mother.* "ONLY 'MORE GAINS AND LOSSES,' BUT WHETHER ON OUR SIDE OR THE OTHER IT DOESN'T SAY."

### BROKEN MELODIES.

"Aren't music publishers maddening?" said Clarice. "Here's a tune that promises awfully well, and breaks off suddenly."

I went over to the piano.

On the music-rest was a sheet of music, back to front, showing the opening bars of several songs the publishers wished to commend to our notice; appetisers, as it were.

Clarice played the opening bars, the only ones which were given.

"Please continue," I said; "I'm beginning to like it already."

"How can I?" said Clarice. "How do I know how it goes on? It's simply maddening."

"Aren't there any rules?" I said. "What I mean is, don't certain notes follow certain other notes?"

"Not necessarily," said Clarice. "Why should they?"

"Why shouldn't they?" I persisted. "In hockey, footer, billiards and the other arts certain movements are inevitably followed by certain consequences. It ought to be the same in music. However, as a poet it is the words which really interest me. Listen to this: '*Somebody whispered to me yestre'en, Somebody whispered to me, And my heart gave a flutter and—*' Ah, of course I know—and *I trod on the butter.*"

"Which soon wasn't fit to be seen," said Clarice.

"Bravo," I said, "very soulful. Now look at the one above it: '*The rosy glow of summer is on thy dimpled cheek, While—*' There's a poser for you."

"Oh, how pretty!" said Clarice. "And listen to the tune." She played what notes there were two or three times over. "I really must get that one," she added.

"Do," I said. "I should like to hear more about that girl. These publishers know how to whet one's appetite, don't they? By Jove, here's a gem—'*I sat by the window dreaming, In the hush of eventide, Of the—*' Now what does one dream about at that time?"

"You dream of dinner chiefly, I've noticed," said Clarice.

"That's the idea," I said. "*Of the soup (tomato) steaming, The steak and mushrooms fried.* Who's the publisher?"

"Crammer," said Clarice.

I took up another sheet of music and hunted for more treasure. "Here's something fruity," I said, "published by Scarey and Co.: '*Oh, the lover hills are happy at the dawning of the day; There are winds to kiss and bless us, there is—*'"

"What?" said Clarice.

"How should I know?" I said. "Let's get the song and find out. Get them all, in fact."

"Do you think we ought to?" said Clarice.

"Yes, certainly," I said. "It's good for trade. My motto is 'Music as Usual during the War.'"

---

The Contractor's Touch.

From a label on a tin of Army jam:—

**"DAMSON AND APPLE,  
From Seville Oranges and Refined Sugar only."**

Thus monotony is avoided.

---

"In standing at ease recruits *will* not carry the left leg twelve paces to the left, and balance the body on both legs equally."—*Royal Magazine*.

Probably they think that they would not feel really at ease if they did. Personally we find that two paces and a half is our limit.

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**MORE THAN TWO.**

*Host.* No, please don't sit there.

*1st Guest.* Oh yes, I much prefer it.

*2nd Guest.* Do let me.

*Host.* I can't have you sitting there.

*1st Guest.* I assure you I like being back to the driver.

*Host.* No, if anyone sits there, naturally it must be me.

*2nd Guest.* Do let me.

*1st Guest.* Not at all.

*2nd Guest.* I assure you I prefer it too.

*Host.* No, sit here. When you're both comfortably settled, I'll get in.

*1st Guest.* Oh no, please. I'm sure you never sit there. I hate to take away your own place.

*2nd Guest.* Do let me.

*Host.* I insist.

*1st Guest.* Please don't say any more about it. See, I'm in now and quite comfy.

*Host.* It's very wrong of you to be there.

*2nd Guest.* Do let me.

*Host.* Can't I persuade you to change?

*1st Guest.* No.

*2nd Guest.* Do let me.

*Host.* Well, it's very wrong. I know that.

*1st Guest.* Please let us get on now. I never was more comfy in my life.

*Host.* You're sure?

*2nd Guest.* Do let me.

*Host.* But it's most unsatisfactory.



## A PRELUDE.

["Birds in London are already growing alive to the approach of Spring."—*The Times*.]

A portly, fancy-vested thrush,  
That carolled, on a wintry spray,  
A crazy song of Spring-time—Hush!

No, not the one

By MENDELSSOHN

Victorian Britons used to play,  
But just the sort of casual thing  
An absent-minded bird might sing.

Observing whom—"Alas," I said,  
"Good friend, how premature your theme!  
By some phenomenon misled,

You've overshot

The date a lot;

Things are so seldom what they seem!"  
"Then hear the simple truth," quoth he,  
"For that's another rarity.

"There is a foreign, furious man,  
That sends great engines through the air  
To deal destruction where they can,  
To rain their fires  
On ancient spires,

Ousting the birds that settle there,  
And agitates, of fixed intent,  
Our pleasance in the firmament.

"And everybody says the Spring  
Will see him pay the price of it,  
So that is why I choose to sing  
What isn't true—  
But as for you,

Be off and do your little bit!  
It's not for you to stand and quiz—  
The season's *what I say it is!*"

---

"A Chicago Reuter message says that Hugh Henderson has won the American draughts championship by defeating Alfred Jordan, the London champion.

Draught horses were in most demand at Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, yesterday, and the sums obtained ranged from 30gs. to 49gs."

*Daily Telegraph.*

The forty-nine guinea one has challenged HUGH HENDERSON.

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*East Coast Farmer*. "HAVE I REALLY TO DO THIS WI' ALL MY BEASTS, IF SO BE AS THE GERMANS LAND IN THESE



PARTS?"

*Officer.* "YES. LIVE STOCK OF EVERY DESCRIPTION HAS TO BE BRANDED AND DRIVEN WEST."

*Farmer.* "I CAN SEE MY WAY ALL RIGHT EXCEPT FOR MY BEES. WHAT AM I TO DO WI' MY BEES?"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

There are few living writers of romance who can carry the sword and doublet with the ease of Miss MARJORIE BOWEN. She has long since proved herself a practised mistress of mediævalism, and *The Carnival of Florence* (METHUEN) finds her therefore on sure ground. It is a pleasantly stimulating tale of love and adventure in the days of SAVONAROLA. The heroine is one *Aprilis*, a fair Florentine whose matrimonial affairs were complicated by the fact that early in the story she had been abducted (strictly *pour le bon motif* in order to score off the gentleman to whom she was then engaged) by the too notorious PIERO DEI MEDICI. The unfortunate results were twofold, for though *Aprilis* was returned unharmed to her father's house her noble betrothed would have no more of her, so she had to put up with another husband who took her for charity, and to suffer in addition the pangs of unrequited love for the Lord of Florence whom she was unable to forget. What happened—how the MEDICI were turned from their heritage, and the part played in all this by the grim Revivalist of San Marco—is the matter of a story well worth reading. As is his way with tales in which he appears, the figure of SAVONAROLA comes gradually to dominate the whole; did he not even master GEORGE ELIOT? The present story is dedicated "In Memory of Florence, Summer 1914." Presumably, therefore, Miss BOWEN shares with me certain memories that have been very vividly recalled by her pages—memories of a June evening when, as in the days of which she writes, the Piazza della Signoria echoed to the clash of swords and the tumult of an angry mob. That it has thus reminded me of what would, but for greater happenings since, have been one of my most thrilling chimney-corner reminiscences, is among the pleasures that I owe to a stirring and successful novel.

Among my favourite gambits in fiction is the return to his impoverished home of one who left it a supposed wastrel, and has now lots and lots of money. Personally, if I have a preference, it is that my wanderer should be at first unrecognised; but I am perhaps too fastidious. Certainly I am not going to complain about *Big Tremain* (MILLS AND BOON) just because when he came back to the Virginian township that he had quitted as a bank thief his old coloured nurse saw through him in once. There is, of course, Homeric precedent for the situation; it is one that, deftly handled, can scarcely fail of its effect. And the story of *Big Tremain* is very deftly handled almost all through. MARIE VAN VORST evidently knows the gentle Southern life thoroughly; her pictures of it have served to increase my conviction that Virginia must be one of the pleasantest places on earth. Not less true and delicate is her treatment of the relations between masterful *Tremain* and the gently obstinate mother who turns so slowly from distrust to adoration of her returned son. There are, in short, a great many qualities in this story that I have found vastly agreeable. Also what seems to me one big defect. But as this latter is so far essential that without it there would be no story I am unable further to tell you about it. Still, I am bound to say that its revelation was a nasty shock to my admiration, which had been roused more than anything else by the sincerity and unconventionality of the argument. This is a matter on which you shall pass your own verdict. Mine would be "A Happy Ending committed through unjustified fear of the libraries"; and in view of the charm of her earlier chapters I should discharge the author with a friendly caution.

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Most of us might freely confess to some vagueness in our minds as to "the social and economic state of things in the Prairie Provinces of the Dominion," and not a few of us are ready to spend five shillings and a leisure hour or two in finding out for certain, if only to be prepared with a refuge in the event of England being Teutonised. Miss E. B. MITCHELL, the author of *In Western Canada Before the War* (MURRAY), knows her subject at first hand and deals with the right matter in the right manner for our purpose; that is to say, she is discriminating in her selection of topics and is always pleasant if never violently exciting or amusing in her treatment of them. The book is short, as such books should be; it does not pretend to be exhaustive, yet it leaves a very clear and precise impression on the mind. But (and every intelligent reader will have been waiting for this "but") why on earth should it be called *In Western Canada Before the War*, seeing that it was clearly written without any thought of the present European conditions and would have been published just about this time even if we had been at peace with everybody everywhere? The only reference in point which I can recall is a passing wonder expressed in a few lines as to what, if any, effect Armageddon will



*Voice on telephone (from Berlin).* "WELL, HAVE YOU DAMMED THE SUEZ CANAL YET?"

*Turk.* "YES—OFTEN!"

have in Canada; this is hardly enough, I fancy, to justify the topical suggestion of the cover. I cannot help feeling that the object of the last three words of that title was less literary than commercial.

*In the City of Under* (ARNOLD) shows Miss EVELYNE RYND to have quite a pretty talent in the not unattractive *genre* of fantastic incoherence something after the pattern of *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, though in a less robustious mood. But I doubt if talent (however pretty) is altogether sufficient to carry the reader through three hundred pages with no possible clue as to what it is really all about. All the same I do, in justice and most gladly, say that the author keeps one piqued to the extent of wishing to find out; one also loses all suspicion of its being an improving book, and distinctly likes that uncharacteristic Cheltenham boy, *Augustus Clickson*, who helps little *John Hazard* to find a job. *John* was very small and ineffectual and engaging, and his V.C. father had left the family wofully ill off, and *John* felt it was up to him to do something about it. He meets the *Hawker*, who has a comforting habit of turning up at odd moments and assuring people that there's a way out of every difficulty, whereas the old lady, *Mrs. Letitlie*, asserted roundly and frequently that there was none. Then we have a nice wild unpractical Professor and a perplexed archæologist who get tangled in the skein; as also a spy, and, in fact, any old person and thing that occurred to the writer. There's enough good stuff and good humour in this queer patchwork to make me sure that any defect is one merely of form, and I would wager that it was the Notting Hill hero, before alluded to, that was responsible for setting our author on a dangerous path.

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*The Seventh Post Card* (GREENING) was one of a series written anonymously, as harbingers of sudden death, to motor-car drivers whose bad luck or bad management had made them run over a fellow-creature with capital consequences. Capital, also, for helping on the plot of the story; for the sudden death really did come off in such a considerable number of cases that we should have been quite justified in feeling worried when the delightful *Joanna*, driving the car belonging to her equally delightful *Jack*, was unfortunate enough to knock down a tramp; even though the immediate consequences when *Jack* found her awakening from unconsciousness by the roadside were—well, delightful too, and such as could be expected. Indeed, the sadly-worn word "delightful" seems somehow applicable to the entire string of clues, deductions, inquests, murders and other horrid thrills, or, at any rate, to Mr. FLOWERDEW's telling of them. Is my capability for melodramatic emotion declining, that I thread this maze of tragic mystery in a mood no more intense than that of comfortable content? Perhaps; or it may be only the soothing effect of the author's clean English, coupled with the conviction that so long as he takes care to keep *Sir Julian Daymont*—the famous novelist-detective—on their side, no serious harm can come to the people we care about most. So, although a really nasty charge of murdering his grandfather turns up against the hero just when things (but for the number of pages left) are beginning to look prosperous, I can defy you to get seriously uneasy about his future; and, sure enough, *Sir Conan*—I mean *Sir Julian*—solves the problem in convenient time to pack the lovers safely off on their honeymoon. And, really, what more could you ask for?

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