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December 8th, 1894, by Various and F. C. Burnand

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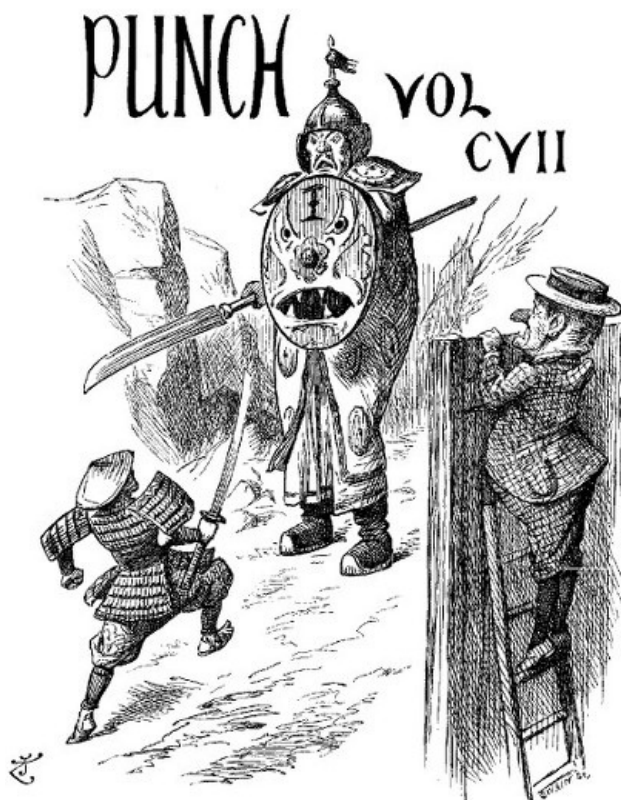
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOLUME 107, DECEMBER 8TH, 1894 ***



Punch, Or the London Charivari

Volume 107, December 8th, 1894

edited by Sir Francis Burnand

A TRIUMPH OF THE SCHOOL BOARD.

The collector of statistics was fairly posed by the attitude assumed by his visitor. The elderly lad (or, rather, very young man) had claimed admittance on the score that he was an "old boy" of the School Board. He wished to give his evidence anent the fate of the State-educated juvenile population.

"And you say you are not one of the 547 clerks?" queried the collector.

"No Sir, I am not. I would rather beg my bread from door to door than occupy a lofty stool from dawn to sundown."

"And you are not one of the 413 milkboys?"

"Again, no. It has been a tradition in our family for centuries to avoid water, so how could I dabble in the milk trade?"

"And you are neither an actor, a jockey, nor a hairdresser?"

"I am not," was again the reply, couched in a tone of hauteur.

"And you are not a soldier—one of the ten that left the School Board for the more or less tented field?"

"I am not—nor a sailor."

Then the collector of statistics paused for a moment, and spoke with a measure of hesitation.

"You have not gone to the bad?"

"Like my 333 schoolfellows?"

"Yes."

Then the red blood of the visitor mounted to the roots of his hair and suffused his cheeks with crimson. He indignantly denied the imputation. He might be poor, but at any rate he was honest. "No, he had never been in prison."

"Then what are you?" asked the collector, in a tone not entirely free from traces of annoyance. "Surely you must be something!"

"I am more than something!" returned the visitor, proudly. "I am *unique*—I am a curiosity."

"What may you be?"

"I am a boy, educated by the School Board, who is satisfied to follow in the footsteps of his father. My father was a bricklayer, and I am satisfied to lay bricks myself."

"My dear Sir," said the collector, grasping him cordially by the hand, "I congratulate you. This is the first time I have met a boy who has been satisfied to adopt the trade followed by his parent. And now you can do me a small favour." And then the collector engaged his guest to renovate the walls of his house, which (on account of the scarcity of trained labour) had for many years been sadly out of repair.



GOING TO EXTREMES.

He of the Ruffled Temper. "AS SURE'S MA NAME'S TAMMAS PATERSON, I'LL HAE THE LAW O' YE, THOUGH IT SHOULD COST ME HAUF-A-CROON!"

MORE MEMORIES BY DEAN HOLE.—We are gradually getting at the Hole Truth. Not a deep Hole, but a good all-round Hole, and, as a whole, eminently readable when you have a half Holeyday to spare.

SUGGESTION.—The Egyptian Hall is advertised as "The Home of Mystery." Mightn't the Lyceum be entitled, for advertisement purposes, as "The Home of Miss TERRY?"

THE CHRONICLES OF A RURAL PARISH.

V.—THE PARISH MEETING.

Mudford, December 4, 11.30 P.M.

The Parish Meeting—long looked for, eagerly expected, anxiously anticipated—has come and gone. It has been indeed an interesting and eventful night.

The meeting was called for half-past seven, and, when I reached the schoolroom, at two minutes before that time, the room was packed with parochial electors. A subdued cheer broke out as I entered, and, bowing my acknowledgments, I found my way to a seat in the front row, which a thoughtful overseer had reserved for me, his fellow overseer being stationed at the door to see that only those were admitted who had got on the wedding garment; or, to put it in a different way, whose names were on the Register. I soon saw that, practically, everyone was present. There were the MARCHITES, the LETHAM HAVITTITES, and BLACK BOB and his following, whilst the Vicar and the Squire were there, to lend an air of real intelligence and respectability to the whole affair. It never struck me before, though, how dull a man the Vicar is when you see him without his daughters—who, of course, were not present.

Punctually at 7.30 the overseer asked the meeting to proceed to elect a chairman. There was a hush of expectant silence, and then BLACK BOB jumped up and proposed me. I had taken a great interest in the subject, and the tremendous amount I knew about it made me the most suitable person to take the chair that evening. A warm glow of satisfaction came over me, which

deepened into a sense of burning joy when Mrs. MARCH seconded the motion, which was agreed to unanimously.

I took the chair, and after a hurried glance at my instructions, invited nominations to be sent in to me. Seven were sent in in the first two minutes—nominations of the seven who had previously issued election addresses. Then came an awful and an awkward pause. I waited, for I had to wait for a quarter of an hour—the instructions told me to. It was *un mauvais quart d'heure*. Of course I was waiting for my own nomination. It is a humiliating fact to have to record, but it did not come. Then the whole thing became clear to me; my election to the chair was a sop to console me for being shunted from the Parish Council. But I was not to be fobbed off in this way. I put my hand in my pocket, and a minute before the time was up produced a nomination paper which I had got my gardener and coachman to sign. It is always well to be prepared for accidents.

However, even bad quarters of an hour come to an end, and at the end of the remaining minute I announced that as I had been nominated myself, I could not stay in the chair. This was evidently an unexpected turn, but Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT was equal to the occasion. She proposed the assistant-overseer. He was elected, declared all the eight nomination papers were in order, and then threw the meeting open to questions.

The heckling began at once. I was the first victim over that confounded Free Trout-fishing. Was I in favour of it? I said that as all there was belonged to me, it was obvious I could hardly be expected to answer the question. Mrs. ARBLE MARCH and Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT said they were prepared to use all the powers the Act conferred as to free fishing. I noticed that a curious smile lurked round the mouths of both, and I should have said, if I had not thought it to be too incredible to be true, that Mrs. MARCH almost winked her eye. Anyhow, the meeting cheered, and seemed satisfied. BLACK BOB made a long and impassioned speech, in which he called the Act the Charter of the Peasants' Liberty. This, too, evoked great enthusiasm. Finally the questioning flickered out, no one withdrew their candidature, and the voting commenced. I had previously noticed that there were 173 electors present. My name—WINKINS—came last. Marvellous to relate, 173 hands were held up for each of the first seven candidates—for I thought it only a courteous thing to vote for my opponents. When my name was put, only 59 hands went up. It will be noticed that the total number of votes was more than seven times the number of votes, and no one ought to have voted more than seven times! The show of hands was a fraud and a farce, so it was only in common justice to the parish and myself that I should demand a poll. A poll I did demand, and we are to have an election on Monday week.

When I got home I found a letter from the Local Government Board, referring me on the trout-fishing point to the words of the Act, to which accordingly I at once turned. Then I saw that the clause was "to utilize any ... stream within their parish ... but *so as not to interfere with the rights of any corporation or person...*" I had stopped short before at these last words. I understand at last why Mrs. ARBLE MARCH winked—for wink I now know she did.

266

267



AND IF HE DOES—?

Sportsman (who has given a mount to a Nervous Friend). "LET HER HEAD GO! LET HER GO, MAN! SHE'LL BE A REGULAR WILD CAT

"THE JUDGMENT OF 'PARISH.'"

(A very long way after the late Laureate's Version.)

[On December 4, every rural parish will, for the first time, "assemble for the purpose of managing, in some organised and systematic way, its own affairs."—*Daily News*.

"He invited them to choose men, and women too, who they believed would manage their parish affairs best.... If the leading landowner desired to have a large influence in parish affairs, and if he were a fit man, by all means give him the power; but if he was not a fit man, put in the agricultural labourer." (Laughter and cheers.)—*Lord Ripon at Newbury*.]

Spirit of the Good Old Times lamenteth:—

Picturesque Parish, thankless-hearted Parish,
Holding a pippin big as a pine-apple,
Came up upon the fourth to judge and vote.
Fronting the dawn he moved; his Sunday smock
Draping his shoulders, and his sun-burnt hair
Clustered about his forehead, freshly oiled;
And his cheek brighten'd as a cheek will brighten
After brisk towel friction; and my heart
Mishgave me as to what might be his game.

He smiled, and opening out his horny palm,
Showed me the fruit of long, fierce party fight,
The Power-Pippin, and what time I look'd,
And listen'd, his full-flowing river of speech
Came heavy on my heart.

"Wha' cheer old 'Ooman!
Old frump o' the Old Times as fules ca'd good,
Just twig this fruit! It's gotten to be given
'To the most fit.' At present thof, 'tis *mine*,
And I'll consider ere I pairt wi' un!"
And added "This wur cast upon the board
By FOWLER when the full-faced M.P. lot
Ranged in the Halls of Stephen; wheerupon
Rose row, with question unto whom 'twere due;
But artful 'ENERY quickly settled *that*,
Delivering this to me by t' common voice
Selected oompire. Passon cooms to-day,
Varmer, an' Grocer-chap, demanding each
This fruit as 'fittest.' Ho! ho! ho!—to Me!!!
Ne'er thought to see sic spoort till Latter Lammas!
Squoire will look on as red as any fox,
An' as fur Passon's missus,—grutherem-grouts!
Wunt *she* fume foinely?

Ye'd best stand asoide;
Hide your old-farrant face behind yon ellum,
Hear all, and see your Parish judge the nobs!"

'Twas as he said. To woo his voice they came,
Humble they came to that smooth rustic sward,
And at their feet the daisies seemed to droop
At the un-English, strange, new-fangledness
Of such a notion as for Church, and Land,
And Trade to "tuck their tuppennies in" to—what?
This rustic Parish, once their humble slave
Now their authoritative arbiter,
And chuckling critic.

Fools to Parish make
Proffer of plenteous power, ample rule
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish village state and make
The rustic home a rural paradise.
What tommy-rot it is!

So "Passon" says
(In sleeker language, be it understood),

But offers him fair creeds and catechisms.
And nice long sermons, and benevolent doles;
Tendancy in sickness, help at marriage-time,
A "gentlemanly presence," crowning boon!—
At church a happy place—in the free seats,
Behind the pillar, with undying bliss
In knowledge of True-Blue Supremacy.

He ceased, and Parish held the costly fruit
More closely cuddled.

"Varmer" next spake out.
"You know *me*, HODGE: I woo you not with gifts.
Long generations have not altered me,
And Parish Meetings shall not. Trust your boss,
They're bosh, lad! Judge thou me by what I am,
And you will find me fittest. But allow
Those dashed Rad agitators to upset
Our old relations, fill your mind with fudge
Concerning healthier homes and higher wage.
And it's all up with England, Me—and *You!*
Tip me the Pippin!"

Parish cocked a snook,
And held the apple tighter.

As for him,
The sleek mild grocer, Parish shut him up
Almost 'ere he had spoken. "I promise thee
A good cheap article and lots of tick——"
But Parish said, "Talk not to me of tick!
I shall not need 'un wi my whacking wage,
And 'overflowing revenue'; new cottage,
Allotment patch, three acres and a coo,
And a' the rest o' 't. As for this here Pippin,
I've grupp'd at last, 'tis mine, an' I dunno
As I won't have first bite at 'un mysel'!"

He spoke and laughed. I shut my eyes in fear,
But when I look'd, Parish had raised his hand.
And I beheld the Parson's angry eyes,
The Farmer's furious glance, and, weazel-like,
The glittering of the Grocer-man's amaze.



"THE JUDGMENT OF 'PARISH.'"

Hodge (meditatively). "GROCER-CHAP, PASSON, AND VARMER, EACH ON 'EM WANTIN' TH' APPLE. WELL,—I DUNNO AS I WON'T HAVE A BITE AT IT MYSELF!"

268

LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

PART XXIII.—SHRINKAGE.

SCENE XXXIII.—*The Yew Walk.*

Lady Maisie (to herself, as she watches UNDERSHELL approaching). How badly he walks, and what *does* he mean by smiling at me like that? (*Aloud, coldly.*) I am sorry, Mr. BLAIR, but I must leave you to finish your stroll alone; my maid has just told me—

Undershell (vehemently). Lady MAISIE, I ask you, in common fairness, not to judge me until you have heard *my* version. You will not allow the fact that I travelled down here in the same compartment with your maid, PHILLIPSON—

Lady Maisie (wide-eyed). The *same!* But *we* came by that train. I thought you missed it?

Und. I—I was not so fortunate. It is rather a long and complicated story, but—

Lady Maisie. I'm afraid I really can't listen to you *now*, Mr. BLAIR, after what I have heard from PHILLIPSON—

Und. I implore you not to go without hearing both sides. Sit down again—if only for a minute. I feel confident that I can explain everything satisfactorily.

Lady Maisie (sitting down). I can't imagine what there is to explain—and really I ought, if PHILLIPSON—

Und. You know what maids *are*, Lady MAISIE. They embroider. Unintentionally, I daresay, but still, they *do* embroider.

Lady Maisie (puzzled). She is very clever at mending lace, I know, though what *that* has to do with it—

Und. Listen to me, Lady MAISIE. I came to this house at your bidding. Yes, but for your written

appeal, I should have treated the invitation I received from your Aunt with silent contempt. Had I obeyed my first impulse and ignored it, I should have been spared humiliations and indignities which ought rather to excite your pity than—than any other sensation. Think—try to realise what my feelings must have been when I found myself expected by the butler here to sit down to supper with him and the upper servants in the Housekeeper's Room!

Lady Maisie (shocked). Oh, Mr. BLAIR! Indeed, I had no—You weren't *really!* How *could* they? What *did* you say?

Und. (haughtily). I believe I let him know my opinion of the snobbery of his employers in treating a guest of theirs so cavalierly.

Lady Maisie (distressed). But surely—*surely* you couldn't suppose that my Uncle and Aunt were capable of—?

Und. What else *could* I suppose under the circumstances? It is true I have since learnt that I was mistaken in this particular instance; but I am not ignorant of the ingrained contempt you Aristocrats have for all who live by exercising their intellect—the bitter scorn of Birth for Brains!

Lady Maisie. I am afraid the—the contempt is all on the other side; but if *that* is how you feel about it, I don't wonder that you were indignant.

Und. Indignant! I was *furious*. In fact, nothing would have induced me to sit down to supper at all, if it hadn't been for—

Lady Maisie (in a small voice). Then, you *did* sit down? With the servants! Oh, Mr. BLAIR!

Und. I thought you were already aware of it. Yes, Lady MAISIE, I endured even that. But (*with magnanimity*) you must not distress yourself about it now. If *I* can forget it, surely you can do so!

Lady Maisie. Can I? That *you* should have consented, for any consideration whatever; how could you—how *could* you?

Und. (to himself). She admires me all the more for it. But I *knew* she would take the right view! (*Aloud, with pathos.*) I was only compelled by absolute starvation. I had had an unusually light lunch, and I was so hungry!

Lady Maisie (after a pause). That explains it, of course.... I hope they gave you a good supper!

Und. Excellent, thank you. Indeed, I was astonished at the variety and even luxury of the table. There was a pyramid of quails—

Lady Maisie. I am pleased to hear it. But I thought there was something you were going to explain.

Und. I have been *endeavouring* to explain to the best of my ability that if I have undesignedly been the cause of—er—a temporary diversion in the state of Miss PHILLIPSON'S affections, no one could regret more deeply than I that the—er—ordinary amenities of the supper-table should have been mistaken for—

Lady Maisie (horrified). Oh, stop Mr. BLAIR, please stop! I don't want to hear any more. I see now. It was *you* who—

Und. Of course it was I. Surely the girl herself has been telling you so just now!

Lady Maisie. You really thought *that* possible, too? She simply came with a message from my mother.

Und. (slightly disconcerted). Oh! If I had known it was merely *that*. However, I am sure I need not ask you to treat my—my communication in the strictest confidence, Lady MAISIE.

Lady Maisie. Indeed, that is *perfectly* unnecessary, Mr. BLAIR.

Und. Yes, I felt from the first that I could trust you—even with my life. And I cannot regret having told you, if it has enabled you to understand me more thoroughly. It is such a relief that you know all, and that there are no more secrets between us. You *do* feel that I only acted as was natural and inevitable under the circumstances?

Lady Maisie. Oh, yes, yes. I—I daresay you could not help it. I mean you did quite, *quite* right!

Und. Ah, how you comfort me with your fresh girlish—You are not *going*, Lady MAISIE?

Lady Maisie (rising). I must. I ought to have gone before. My mother wants me. No, you are not to come too; you can go on and gather those snowdrops, you know.

[*She walks slowly back to the house.*]

Und. (looking after her). She took it wonderfully well. I've made it all right, or she wouldn't have said that about the snowdrops. Yes, she shall not be disappointed; she shall have her posy!

Lady Maisie (alone—to herself). Thank Goodness, *that's* over! It was *awful*. I don't think I *ever* saw Mamma a deeper shade of plum colour! *How* I have been mistaken in Mr. BLAIR! That he could write those lines:—

"Aspiring unto that far-off Ideal,
How should I stoop to any meaner love?"

and yet philander with my poor foolish PHILLIPSON the moment he met her! And then to tell Mamma about my letter like that! Why, even Mr. SPURRELL had more discretion—to be sure, *he* knew nothing about it—but *that* makes no difference! RHODA was right; I ought to have allowed a margin; only I should never have allowed *enough*! The worst of it is that, if Mamma was unjust in some things she said, she was right about *one*. I *have* disgusted GERALD. He mayn't be brilliant, but at least he's straightforward and loyal and a gentleman, and—and he did like me once. He doesn't any more, or he wouldn't have gone away. And it may be ages before I ever get a chance to let him see how *dreadfully* sorry— (*She turns, and sees* Captain THICKNESSE.) Oh, haven't you gone *yet*?

Captain Thicknesse. Yes, I went, but I've come back again. I—I couldn't help it; 'pon my word I couldn't.

Lady Maisie (with a sudden flush). You—you weren't *sent* for—by—by anyone?

Capt. Thick. So *likely* anyone would send for me, isn't it?

Lady Maisie. I don't know why I said that; it was silly, of course. But how—?

Capt. Thick. Ran it a bit too fine; got to Shuntin'bridge just in time to see the tail end of the train disappearin'; wasn't another for hours—not much to do *there*, don't you know.

Lady Maisie. You might have taken a walk—or gone to Church.

Capt. Thick. So I might, didn't occur to me; and besides, I—I remembered I never said good-bye to *you*.

Lady Maisie. Didn't you? And whose fault was that?

Capt. Thick. Not mine, anyhow. You were somewhere about the grounds with Mr. BLAIR.

Lady Maisie. Now you mention it, I believe I was. We had—rather an interesting conversation. Still, you might have come to look for me!

Capt. Thick. Perhaps you wouldn't have been over and above glad to see me.

Lady Maisie. Oh, yes, I should!—When it was to say *good-bye*, you know!

Capt. Thick. Ah! Well, I suppose I shall only be in the way if I stop here any longer now.

Lady Maisie. Do you? What makes you say that?

Capt. Thick. Nothin'! Saw your friend, the Bard, hurryin' along the terrace with a bunch of snowdrops; he'll be here in another—

Lady Maisie (in unmistakable horror). GERALD, *why* didn't you tell me before? There's only just time!

[*She flies to a door and opens it.*]

Capt. Thick. But I *say*, you know! MAISIE, may I come too?

Lady Maisie. Don't be a *goose*, GERALD. Of course you can, if you like.

[*She disappears in the Conservatory.*]

Capt. Thick. (to himself). Can't quite make this out, but I'm no end glad I came back!

[*He follows quickly.*]

Undershell (entering). I hoped I should find her here. (*He looks round.*) Her mother's gone—that's *something*! I daresay Lady MAISIE will come in presently. (*He sits down, and re-arranges his snowdrops.*) It will be sweet to see her face light up when I offer her these as a symbol of the new and closer sympathy between us! (*He hears the sound of drapery behind him.*) Ah, already! (*Rising, and presenting his flowers with downcast eyes.*) I—I have ventured to gather these—for you. (*He raises his eyes.*) MISS SPELWANE!

Miss Spelwane (taking them graciously). How very sweet of you, Mr. BLAIR. Are they really for me?

Und. (concealing his disappointment). Oh—er—yes. If you will give me the pleasure of accepting them.

Miss Spelw. I feel immensely proud. I was so afraid you must have thought I was rather cross to you last night. I didn't mean to be. I was feeling a little overdone, that was all. But you have chosen a charming way of letting me see that I am forgiven. (*To herself.*) It's really *too* touching. He certainly is a great improvement on the other wretch!

Und. (dolefully). I—I had no such intention, I assure you. (*To himself.*) I hope to goodness Lady MAISIE won't come in before I can get rid of this girl. I seem fated to be misunderstood here!

(*To be concluded.*)



"How very sweet of you, Mr. Blair. Are they really for me?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A Strange Career is the title of a book recently issued by BLACKWOOD, and it sets forth the life and adventures of JOHN GLADWYN JEBB. Mr. RIDER HAGGARD supplies an introduction, in which he testifies touching Mr. JEBB that of "all friends he was the gentlest and truest, of all men the most trustful." At first reading this testimony is almost necessary, for so wild were Mr. JEBB's adventures in Mexico, so imminent his frequent peril, and so miraculous his inevitable escape, that one seems to be reading a work by Mr. LOUIS STEVENSON, or the author of *She*. In merit of graphic power and style the work need not shrink from comparison even with these masters of the art. It purports to be written by Mr. JEBB's widow, but as the lady did not become his wife till his strange career had several times been nearly brought to an abrupt close, Mr. JEBB must have been as effective with his pen as he was with his gun. The picture of the eclipse of the sun seen from one of the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains; the discovery of the pipe-stem when digging round the snow-submerged site of a hut in the mountains, a discovery which, carefully followed up, brought to light "the whiteish-grey fingers of the dead man closely clutching the bowl of the pipe"; the account of the revolt in the streets of the city of Mexico; and the story of the coach party robbed by bandits four times in a single day on a journey from Puebla to Vera Cruz—these are among the frequent flashes in one of the most stirring narratives that has for a

long time come in my Baronite's way.



Evidently "Mars," in return for our late curiosity, has been keeping his eye on this gay little planet of ours. His experiences, published by the Parisian firm of *Plon, Nourrit et Cie*, are pictorially related in *La Vie de Londres*. Needless to remark it was our *Côtés rians* which struck him.

The Baron cannot finish his notes of admiration without giving one of them, and that a big one, to *Phil May's Annual*. That May should appear to brighten up December fogs is nice in itself; and it is phill'd with the best of May produce. "Another thing," quoth the Baron, "about this annual by PHIL MAY is, that all *mes filles* can read it and see it with pleasure."

At this time of year the Baron examines the "Hardy Annuals" that are heaped upon his table. At the first examination he gives the apple to the "Pip," *i.e.*, to the *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, that is, as represented by its Christmas number called *Christmas Cards*. Charming picture, too, of "The Queen of Hearts," photographed from the life—"may she live long and prosper!"—and the story re-latey'd by the indefatigable JOHN LATEY "will delight the most insatiable story-devourer," quoth

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

IMPROVED AND IMPROVING DIALOGUES.

(Arranged on the strictest Lines of Truth.)

At Mrs. SOMEBODY'S on "At Home" Day.

Mrs. Somebody. Well, I am pleased you have come at last, as I wanted you to notice that, although you have a slightly better address, my drawing-room is far larger than your own.

Mrs. Caller. You are most kind to say so; and I may add that we should not have dreamed to come to this out-of-the-way part of the world had we not wished to purchase some cheap carpets in the neighbourhood.

Miss Caller. I suppose your extremely plain daughter ARAMINTA is away from home; she seldom contrives to hit it off with her mother.

Mrs. Somebody. You have guessed rightly; but I may say that she is staying at Lady DASHAWAY'S place in the country. I mention the fact casually, although I am glad to get in a title somehow in the course of my conversation.

Mrs. Caller. If you are obliging enough to give me the opportunity, I will get in a dozen persons with handles to their names. You will pardon the vulgarity?

Mrs. Somebody. Most certainly, as knowing that your father was a bootmaker in a large way, and your mother the daughter of a milliner, nothing else could be reasonably expected.

Mrs. Caller. Aware that you may know something of my immediate ancestry, I will leave no stone unturned to find an opening for some reference to my uncle the curate.

Miss Caller. Being glad to add on every conceivable occasion to the list of my partners at any promiscuous charity ball that I may patronise with my presence, I will ask after your eldest unmarried son?

Mrs. Somebody. I thank you, my dear child, but as I intend him to look rather higher than yourself for a matrimonial alliance, I will meet your politic inquiry with a pailful of polite cold water.

Mrs. Caller. Having now consumed the regulation cup of cold weak tea and section of luke-warm muffin, I will say good-bye, and take my departure. But before leaving I will make special reference to my brougham.

Miss Caller. And I will add my *adieux*, after giving a good long look at your hair, which seems to require attention at the roots.

Mrs. Somebody. I will warmly speed your parting, reflecting the while, as a sop to my wounded feelings, that you are both looking dreadfully old, and that your conveyance is merely a hired brougham. No doubt your stay would have been longer if the charge per hour had been what your vulgarian of a husband and father (who, thank goodness, has *not* called) would term "easier."



ASSOCIATION V. RUGBY.

She (plaintively—to famous Rugby half-back). "WOULD IT GET YOU VERY MUCH OUT OF PRACTICE IF WE WERE TO DANCE 'SOCKER' A LITTLE?"

"SHAKY!"

The McRosebery loquitur:—

"The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside"
(Which ROBBIE BURNS in days lang syne descry'd)
Attend me noo!

Lo the Auld Brig uprears
Its shaky timbers on its sheep-shank piers!
Wull I win owre in safety? Losh! I feel
Like *Tam o' Shanter* after that witch-reel.
Fays, spunkies, kelpies seem to throng the air;
Swift as the gos drives on the wheeling hare
They drive on me, like vera deils. Lang rains
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
The "flowing tide" beneath me brawls like Coil,
But the wrang gait its billows brim an' boil.
Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes.
If down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise,
But dash the gumlie jaups up to the skies.
A lesson sadly teaching to your cost
That the Brig(g)-builders' Liberal arts seem lost.

Wad I were owre! Sin' Forfarshire went wrang,
And our old cause gat sic an unco bang,
My speerits sink and groan in deep vexation,
To see sic melancholy alteration.
Conceited gowks, puff'd up wi' windy pride,
Still swell and swagger of the flowing tide.
Flowing—but whither? All their fads and havers,
Their whigmaleeries and their clishmaclavers
Won't change those stubborn "chiels that winna ding."
Scotland the good auld songs was wont to sing
In a' but universal unison;
But noo the janglin' seems to hae begun
Even ayont the Tweed. What fa' from grace
Hath late begat a base degenerate race?
Nae longer phalanxed Rads, their party's glory!
Your tartan'd Scot comes forth a true-blue Tory.
Nae longer thrifty citizens, an' douce.
Vote WULLIE'S lads to the great Council-House,
Owre Liberty an' Law to stan' stout sentry,
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless gentry,
The herryment and ruin o' the country,
Win owre their votes, and Scotia aid affords
To that sad gilded cell, the House o' Lords!

Weel, weel! wi' Time we'll have to warstle lang,
Be toughly doure, e'en although a' gae wrang;
Stands Scotland where she did? That maun be tried.
This mony a year thou'st stood the flood and tide,
Auld Brig(g); and though wi' Forfar sair forfairn,
My hap I here must tent and soon shall lairn.
I ken the noo, no much about the matter,
But twa-three footsteps will inform me better.
Shaky! My fears frae friend an' foe I'll cover,
But, like puir TAM, I wad I were weel owre!



"SHAKY!"

THE McROSEBERY. "EH—BUT I'D LIKE FINE TO BE WELL OVER THIS 'BRIGG'!"

[Brigg polling day, Friday, December 7.]

WAIF AND STRAY.—A very touching incident was recently recorded in the *Times*. It appears that news was received from the astronomical station at Kiel to the effect that "a very faint comet had been discovered by Mr. EDWARD SMITH. It was moving slowly towards the east." Wounded it may be by a shooting star, and "moving," perhaps crawling, to finish its existence in the east. Was ever heard a more moving tale than this of the crawling comet! Alas! Ere now it may be ... but the subject is too pathetic for words.

THE HOUSE-AGENT'S DREAM.

The dreary fog envelopes all the street,
 The dingy chambers seem more dingy still.—
 To advertise them as a "charming *suite*"
 Would tax e'en *my* imaginative skill!—
 But when I feel dejected, sad, or ill,
 In swift imagination I can fly
 To that sweet residence which some day will
 A home to PHYLLIS and myself supply,
 When fortune, long-delayed, shall join us by-and-by.

"Delightful scenery" the spot surrounds
 Where that "palatial edifice" will stand,
 Secluded pleasantly in "park-like grounds,"
 (Which means an acre of neglected land,
 Shooting and hunting will be "near at hand,"
 (Provided you interpret rightly "near.")
 The bracing climate, too, is simply grand—
 Its title to the epithet is clear,
 Compared, at least, with this appalling atmosphere!

"Reception halls" there certainly will be,
 "Elegant boudoirs," too, where we shall sit
 And entertain acquaintances with tea,
 A "library"—I doubt my using it,
 But every mansion has one, you'll admit—
 Stabling that's "excellent," but not too big,
 (A cupboard for my bicycle, to wit,
 "Shelter for stock"—a solitary pig—
 "And spacious flower-beds"—which I shall have to dig!

So, PHYLLIS, from all murmuring refrain,
 Nor let the thought of poverty annoy,
 Although you view a "villa" with disdain,
 And sigh for riches as your chiefest joy,
 While monetary pleasures quickly cloy,
 "Sweet are the uses of advertisement,"
 The magic of my calling I employ,
 And lo! a home that might a prince content,
 Though fifty pounds a year may pay its modest rent!



Young Lady (on the road to School—to Friend, who, fearing to be left behind, has been calling her by Name to wait for her). "Ho! COME 'LONG, BELINDA, DO—AN' DON' KEEP HON

THE FOOL'S VADE MECUM.

(*Excerpts from a Handbook for the Majority.*)

If you have reason to suspect a gun of being unloaded, make sure by firing at your friend's head.

If you find Him and Her *tête-à-tête*, join the little party. This will show a sympathetic nature, and take all the awkwardness out of the situation.

If you are a woman, always flop down in a smoking-carriage, without noticing the obvious label and the looks of the occupants. When made aware of the situation, say, "Oh, I don't mind smoking," and consider the question solved.

If a man, select carefully a compartment in which Two Young People are ostentatiously trying to look as if they don't find their own company quite sufficient for a journey of any duration.

If you are hurrying for a train, and want an easy, always slacken just as you catch another person up, and walk close behind him, panting and puffing till you are ready for another spurt.

Always read, or recite, your compositions to your friends. Believe them when they protest they would really like you to do so.

Engage in serious argument with a woman with whom you wish to be on really good terms—a rich relation for choice.

Always curse the waiters if the cook has failed in his treatment of your chop or steak.

Always act contrary to the directions in crowded places of public interest. This shows an imperial spirit, and will make you, for the time, an object of general interest.

Always stay to the very end on any occasion when you have been invited at the last moment.

Always talk loud, and, as far as possible, always talk about yourself.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.—"Sir,—Seeing the advertisement of a book entitled *Poets on Poets*, I should much like to know what has become of a once much-quoted work entitled *Pelion on Ossa*? Who was 'Pelion'? and what did 'Ossa' write?—Yours, T. NOODELLE."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Pisa, placid Pisa, only awakened at half-past eleven by the rushing tourist who traverses your sleepy streets. By the half-past two train he starts afresh, and leaves you to doze as peacefully as before. My train arrives with amazing punctuality, and I reach the hotel earlier than was ever known; 11.35 A.M., and apparently nobody up yet. The *vetturino* loudly cracks his whip, but, to no purpose. Suddenly I notice some electric bell-pushes. Ring one. Ring another. Finally, ring them all. Then at last rushes out an elegant gentleman, probably the manager, who excitedly endeavours to speak, and to apologise, in four languages at once. Reduce him to calmness, and to two languages, with a few words from a third thrown in occasionally, and demand *déjeuner*. Another delay. The elegant gentleman does not explain; but evidently the cook is still asleep, and the waiters only just up. But at last I am served, and excellently too, and go off to see the sights.

Unfortunately am seized with an insane wish to ascend the Leaning Tower, when I might have remained comfortably on the beautiful turf at the foot of it. Rouse the official at the door. He says I cannot go up alone. Remember that sort of trick, so tell him he may accompany me. He says he must stay below. Remember also that sort of trick, and offer him a lira. He is still unconvinced! Do not remember any trick of that sort. An extraordinary *custode!* What will convince him? Am just asking where I can find a companion, when a small, quiet man strolls up. For fifty centesimi he will accompany me. That's cheap enough, so follow him at once. The steps lean first one way and then the other as one goes round the tower. It is like climbing the companion way, as I think one should call it—say the staircase, in plain English—of a steamer in a storm. Begin to dislike the sensation, when my guide suddenly stops. He suggests that the tower is very high and fifty centesimi very low. Tell him I don't mind sixty or seventy, and on we go, round and round. Begin to feel almost giddy—imagine a *circular* staircase in a steamer in a storm!—when he stops again.

Notice in the dim light that he is broad-shouldered and muscular, though short. Pleasant sort of place for a fight with a reckless ruffian! Perhaps he has weapons! He says I ought to pay him a lira. Agree to this at once.

Up again, round and round. Think of all the mysterious murders one reads of, and wish I had never come. Look up at him. He is certainly bigger than I am. And what is that long straight thing which makes his pocket stick out? Oh, horror! It must be a knife, or a dagger in a sheath! Just then he stops, and says he would like a cup of coffee when we get down again. How I wish we were down again! Agree at once. Up a few more steps, and then he stops again and says it is very hot, and he would like a bottle of wine as well. Agree to this also at once. Up again, round and round and round, and at last reach an outside gallery. Peep out through the doorway. Refuse to trust myself beyond. There is only a single iron rail, and that not all round. Guide says I might as well give him five lire, to include the wine and coffee. Agree to this also, and feebly suggest that I have seen enough. But he is inexorable, and on we go again.

At last at the top. Look over at happy, sleepy Pisa, and wish I was down there. So I should be, pretty soon, if he threw me over! Just then he says he would like a few cigars. Tell him I will make it six lire, and that I should now like to go down. No! I must see Livorno. Hang Livorno! But obey him meekly. Then he says he has some antiquities for sale, among them some swords and daggers. Ah! Just what I thought. Glance nervously at the straight thing in his pocket, and say I will look at them. Then he wants me to look over the iron railing at the sloping base below. Hang over in the air? Never! But he will hold my legs. What? Balance myself on a slender bar, while a brigand, as he probably is, tilts me over by the boots? Would sooner buy all the antiquities in Pisa. Good idea. Tell him I will buy his swords if I can go at once to see them. Whereupon he hurries down so fast that I cannot keep pace with him. But I feel happier as I get nearer the outer world, and at last step out safely on to the level earth. Look joyously at the beautiful grass and the road to the railway station. Then perceive the *custode* and a little man with him. Can that be my guide? Why, I could knock him down easily! What a fool I was to be afraid of him! Still, that dagger—I must pay him the six lire as I have promised them. He reminds me that I also promised to buy his swords. Feel inclined to dispute this, but cannot. So settle it by giving him six lire more. Then, before hurrying to the station, ask him to show me the thing in his pocket. "*Si, signore,*" says he, in a meek, deferential tone, and pulls it out. It is a flute.



"*Si, signore,*" says It is a flute.

A FIRST IMPRESSIONIST.



Temperance Enthusiast. "LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL LIVES OUR FIRST PARENTS LED. DO YOU SUPPOSE *THEY* EVER GAVE WAY TO STRONG DRINK?"

The Reprobate. "I 'XPECT EVE MUST 'A' DONE. SHE SAW SNAKES!"

THE SEASONS.

When Winter flies, and sunny skies
Invite the lark to sing, my dear,
My heart in exultation cries,
"Ah! give me balmy Spring, my dear!"

When scented Summer fills the air
With zephyrs from the West, my dear,
I stretch me on the grass and swear
I love the Summer best, my dear.

When gorgeous Autumn paints the wood
In red and gold, and green, my dear,
I cry delighted, "By the Rood,
But Autumn is the Queen, my dear!"

And yet, when through the leafless trees
Skirls loud the icy blast, my dear,
We, basking by the fire at ease,
Do hear it sweeping past, my dear;

And when you mix, as well you know,
My tumbler reeking hot, my dear,
Why then, what matter ice and snow?—
Bleak Winter beats the lot, my dear!

DIARY OF A DUCK.

["It is even hinted that the London County Council may fill the lakes and ponds of the Metropolitan Parks with sea water."—*Daily Paper*.]

Monday.—Curious what a lot of human beings have come to the water's edge to-day. What's going to happen? St. James's Park crammed with them. We don't mind, of course. The more loafers, the more bits of loaf and biscuit for *us*. Immense amount of quacking going on, too, up at Spring Gardens. What *can* it all mean?

Tuesday.—Headache. My liver must have gone wrong, I fancy, as a result of yesterday's unusual supply of eatables. What stale biscuits some people do chuck into the water! Those hard crusts, too, *don't* agree with me. Same crowd as yesterday. They seem to be waiting for something. Ask a goose what's going on. Goose says, "Dinner," and gobbles up a biscuit. Stupid creature!

Wednesday.—Appetite all right again—but must be careful. Fortunately can pick and choose *now*. Won't look at a crust. Inclined to insist on fancy bread. Friendly wild-fowl says just the same crowd waiting round Serpentine, *which has been emptied*. Will they empty *us*?

Thursday.—They will! No doubt about it. Level steadily sinking. Crowd as usual. None of us will touch anything under a bath bun. What a slimy place we *do* seem to live in, now it's being uncovered! Where's the inspector of nuisances, I wonder?

Friday.—Water off! What'll be the next move? Offered a Huntley and Palmer with no sugar on it! Scandalous!

Saturday.—More quacking at Spring Gardens. Then a sort of procession down to the banks by members of the L. C. C. Ask goose what a member of the L. C. C. means. Goose says "Quack!" Idiotic bird. Water really coming in now. Hurrah! Sure to be fresh, anyhow. Have my first dive. How my eyes smart! What funny water it is! Taste some. Why,—*it's salt!* Just wondering what this means, when a man comes along, claps me into a hamper with all my relations, and takes me off to Leadenhall Market—so he calls it. Told that the L. C. C. has filled all the park ponds with sea-water! No more use for *us*—going to have a lot of sea-gulls instead. What treachery! (*Later*.) Sold.

SOUNDING THE ANTITOXIN!

(See Dr. Robson Roose's excellent article on "The Spread of Diphtheria" in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1894.)

The *Antitoxin* sounds! "And what the doose
Is Antitoxin?" cries the reader, lightly.
But he'll not chaff if he reads ROBSON ROOSE
Upon Diphtheria in the new *Fortnightly*.
There he'll learn how the "Antitoxic serum"
Attacks *bacilli* with a view to queer 'em.

The *Antitoxin* sounds to a new war
On diphtheritic microbes, which are rum 'uns;
And Doctor ROOSE, perched on Hygeia's car,
Rides forth in battle-rig to spread the summons.
Ah! the old conquerors were mere death-dealers,
But greatest of Earth's heroes are the healers!

Their war is on man's foes, not on mankind.
Hygeia is Humanity's "Little Sister."
Funds for her service, though, 'tis hard to find;
Hence this appeal of good Sir JOSEPH LISTER¹
For money-aid, successfully to urge
The war of the new cure on the new scourge.

It spreads, it strikes, it slays our little ones
In legions; deaths in twenty years it doubles;
Now LÖFFLER, KLEBS, ROUX, YERSIN, all great guns,
Attack the toxic source of dread throat-troubles,
As ROBSON ROOSE explains. Read—and remember—
All in the new *Fortnightly* for December!

CHRISTMAS DIARIES.—*Mr. Punch* suggests that the publisher of these should prefix as an advertisement to these little diaries, dainty diaries, pocket companions, and so forth, all delightful little gifts, *Ophelia's* words, "Here's (DE LA) RUE for you."

275

WORDS TO THE WISE WOMEN.

Woman, in unmeet subjects crudely taught,
Stung by the splendour of a well-worn thought,
First shrieks, as she had sat upon a pin,
Then, like a hen amid her cackling kin,
Fills a bewildered world with loud, officious din.
In time inconstant even to abuse
Our rebel sisters hoist a flag of truce,
Through deafen'd ears steals Nature's saner voice,
Bending the will to Mrs. HOBSON'S choice,
And, half-ashamed, with truer glance they scan
The fancy-monster they have made of Man.
Left to herself, with ample length of rope,
The Pioneer, relenting, bids him hope,
And Man, though of his manhood nowise cured.
Learns that by women he may be endured.
But still, ungrateful or accustom'd grown,
He leaves the thorny sisterhood alone,
And, bold because his conscience knows no fear,
Whispers soft counsel to the Pioneer.
First, your *soi-disant* woman-slaves to raise,
You copy silly men's most silly ways,
As the rich upstart who to *ton* aspires
Reveals the sordid source of his desires
By shunning culture, dignity, and grace,
To follow Folly's lead, and go the pace.
So boys, first freed from tutelage and rules,
Set forth to paint the city total gules,
With this excuse for draining Folly's cup,
"Boys will be boys,"—but *you* are *quite* grown up.
Too conscious still, and still the slaves of fuss,
You take example by the dregs of us,
The lantern-jaw'd Effeminates, who tell
How Truth lies wallowing in the foulest well.

How truth lies warbling in the roughest vein;
The critic Zanies, who admire a poet,
Only, it seems, for other fools to know it,
And found Societies of glorious name
That a prig President may filch some fame.

Man, still more human as he learns the more,
Seeks, like a sportsman true, new tasks to floor.
Large wisdom gathers as he cracks a bottle
With Sages who've ne'er heard of ARISTOTLE,
Rates at their proper low stage in creation
The prim apostles of Examination,
And whether learning brings him fame, or no,
Is happier, humbler, gentler, wiser so.

Ah, learn whate'er you will, yet spare our hearts
A home-grown, feminine Baboo of Arts.
Believe it, envious maids, the men you spurn,
Think little of the honours that they earn.
Too well they're taught in common sense's rules
To dwell upon their triumphs in the Schools,
And chiefly prize the Baccalaureate fur
Because, in love's young days, it pleases Her.
But you, in purpose tyrannously strong,
Get, in each effort, your perspective wrong.
Learn all you wish to learn, exult in learning,
For Hymen's torch keep midnight oil a-burning,
Bulge your fair foreheads with those threatening bumps,
Ungraceful as an intellectual mumps,
Be blatant, rude, self-conscious as you can,
Be all you feign—and imitate—in Man.
Spurn all the fine traditions of the past,
Be New or nothing—what's the gain at last?

You know as much, with hard-eyed, harsh-voiced joy,
As the shock-headed, shambling fifth-form boy;
Adding, what his sound mind would never please,
An Asiatic hunger for degrees.
True learning's that alone whereon are based
Clear insight, reason, sympathy, and taste.
Not relic-worshipping of bones long dry,
Not giving puppet-life to x and y ,
And walking haughtily a fair world through
Because some girls can't do the sums you do.
Still less, the little, little world of cliques,
Where Mutual Admiration dons the breeks,
And then proceeds kind tolerant man to flout—
A petulant, unresented Barring-out.

Meanwhile our faith looks on, devoid of fear,
Facing the hatchet of the Pioneer.
Still will the storm, in Nature's potent plan,
Be temper'd to the shorn, or bearded, man.
Your sex will still be perfect in its place,
With voice of melody and soul of grace.
Pose, lecture, worry, copy as you will,
Man will be man, and woman woman still!



GIVING ONESELF AWAY.

The Admiral (standing beside his portrait). "YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW A BEARD CHANGES THE CHARACTER OF A MAN'S PROFILE, MISS SANDERSON. JUST LOOK HERE!"

Miss Sanderson. "A—A—I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN."

THE GAME OF CHRISTMAS CARDS.—That Father Christmas is coming to town with his usual entertainment is evident from the cards and advertisements sent everywhere in advance. What is the impossible future of the Christmas card? This is a question suggested by the modern way of looking at things, and especially at the marvellous ingenuity with which RAPHAEL TUCK AND SON have saved their cards from dwindling into the obscurity of dull *averageness*. They are in their pristine freshness scintillating with that adhesive frost on simple summer flowers so entirely metaphorical of the season. Their dainty, artistic, and useful calendars inspire one with a cheerful fascination to begin the New Year.

276

MORE SHE-NOTES.

(By ΙΟΡΝΑ, Author of "A Yellow Plaster.")

CHAPTER III.

Colour-blind from his tenth year, CHAMOIS HYDE (late of Christ's, Oxford, not to be confused with Christchurch, Cambridge), had hitherto ignored details of scenery; but now the vermiliony petal of the pimpernel, the rubicund radix of the carrot, the blue of the insensate bottle-fly—these

reminded him respectively of the cheeks of MARGERINE, her hair, the spots in her grey eyes where, as we said, the soul looked through. The harvest-sheaves again were, broadly speaking, her figure.



Till now he had been impervious to the new femalehood, rising like Proteus from the azure foam; dumbly he had waited for a woman with possible potentialities, or, failing this, with potential possibilities.

MARGERINE, whom we left a fortnight ago inarticulately gurgling by the trout-stream, caught the note of a step in the briar-patch. With her budding instinct she could tell her lover's footfall half a mile away, waking the age-echo in her chest. This one was lighter and less gregarious. In her sphinxy way she divined that it belonged to a woman with Puritan impossibilities and a yellow plaster next her heart.

Under a mask of habitual and hereditary reticence, the step came on, revealing a finished creature, gowned beyond all mending. MARGERINE, whose face was her ewe-lamb, became sub-acutely aware of her own half-made frock, and yearned a little in the other's direction.

"Oh!" she said; "how *did* you get it built that way? I mean the gown." The woman's voice came through the envelope of MARGERINE'S sub-consciousness, steely clear as a cheese-cutter. "My name is Mrs. CHAMOIS HYDE. In other words, I am the wife of Mr. CHAMOIS HYDE!"

"The wife of CHAMOIS HYDE?" said the innocent girl; "I do not follow you."

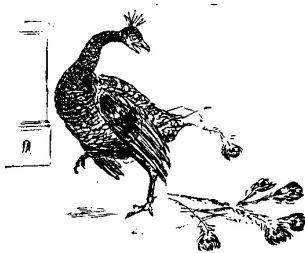
"Let me explain," said the other, unsparingly. "CHAMOIS HYDE, who is now due at your trout-stream" (MARGERINE smiled stoopingly), "is my husband. I say, he married me. Once I had a maiden name. That is all past. I changed it when I married. All *honourable* women do. *I* am honourable. *I* changed mine. Now I am Mrs. CHAMOIS HYDE. See?"

"Can't help that," said MARGERINE cheerfully; "he loves *me*." This was the folded-lamb's point of view.

"Girl, have you no shame?" This was the other woman's.

"Rather I blush for *you*," said the unfinished creature. "You couldn't make him love you, *you* couldn't; you're the hankering feminine counterpart of the man in the other book, the *Yellow Plaster* book. Now it is too late. We love each other. The matter is taken out of our hands. We are merely impassive, irresponsible, agents. Do try and look at the case as I do, from an unbiassed, impersonal, point of view; and see that the fault is utterly your own."

The girl's regard for her lover had suffered no transitional throwing-back at the news of his deception. She was overwhelming with her palpabilities. Ah! it is these that men love—palpabilities. "And have I none?" moaned the unhappy wife. "If I could blush, could only blush! He would have loved me then. But stay, he is colour-blind; I forgot."



Worth re-tailing.

"I said just now I would blush *for* you," replied the other, who had been under the eaves overhearing her thoughts. "And to think of the chances you have missed, and with a gown like that! Why, if you are his wife, you must often have met him about, and not had to make arrangements at a trout-stream like me. Conceivably he has even kissed you. I read once of a married man who kissed his wife." She suddenly stopped; not that one of her intoxicating gutturals had come loose; but an odd flood of pathos was playing on the other's brow as she caught sight of CHAMOIS whistling aloofly behind a sycamore, and went in thought all over that first kiss, complicated, perhaps, perhaps rather billiardly, but still a thing to remember.

Like a cloud the stigma lifted, and MARGERINE guessed her horrid secret. "*You* love him too? I never thought of that. How forgetful of me! But if *you* love him and I love him, why, we *both* love him! This is too much!" For a moment both of them pulsated even as one tuning-fork. Though sundered by the estranging ocean of the past that had closed its lid between them, leaving them like shuttlecocks, sick with strong doses of womanhood and experience, now that CHAMOIS, steadied by his breeding, was rapidly joining the party, the two women leaned against one another (how seldom women do this!), and waited, containedly restless. But the man, as I said before, comes into the next chapter, if we ever get as far.

["For assisting in destroying a legend, the Rev. Dr. NICHOLSON, who pulverised IGNATIUS DONNELLY's celebrated cryptogram, is to be presented with an illuminated address."—*Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 28.]

I've always been courageous, in a modest sort of way,
And sought an opportunity my valour to display,
There's nothing I'd like better than to lead a conquering host,
If STEVENSON or CONAN DOYLE would offer me a post.

But, in real life, such chances are extremely hard to find.
They disregard the model, too, you've carefully designed,
For if a foe—a burglar, say—you venture to attack,
The disagreeable scoundrel's rather apt to hit you back.

But here's a way—it's safer far, as you will soon confess,—
To have your courage recognised and praised in an Address;
It's a sort of learned skittles, and the method of it's plain—
You gravely set a dummy up, and knock it down again.

Just get a friend to postulate that TENNYSON's a sham,
That MARTIN TUPPER wrote the whole of *In Memoriam*,
Or else, that ROBERT BROWNING's greatest work was *Nancy Lee*,
And then—you prove your friend is wrong—and there you are, you see.

They'll give you testimonials, many speakers will allude
In tones of deep emotion to "a nation's gratitude";
So if you sigh for glory, I can recommend the game,
For literary ninepins is a speedy path to fame!



NEW HONOURS.

Last week Solicitor-General FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., was knighted. So was the High Sheriff of Surrey, Mr. FRED WIGAN. Quite appropriate that Queen's Counsel LOCKWOOD should appear with Wig-an'—the gown too, of course. After this J. WEEKS SZLUMPER was made a knight, and has now another "s" added to his name. All hail, Sir SZLUMPER, or "Zir ZLUMPER!" As the ex-mayor of Richmond quitted (backwards) the Royal Presence, did a concealed choir sing a verse of the ancient ballad commencing "Slumber my darling," and for this occasion altered to
"SZLUMPER my darling!"

LATEST WAR INTELLIGENCE.

In the House of Commons, and elsewhere, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR is accustomed to have appeals made to him to assist in providing facilities for the engagement and remunerative occupation of soldiers and non-commissioned officers no longer on active service. We are glad to notice, from the subjoined advertisement, which appeared in the *Daily News* of Thursday, that the public are themselves taking the matter in hand:—

TWO GENERALS WANTED, as Cook and Housemaid, for one lady. Light, comfortable situation. Good wages.—Apply, &c.

The advertiser, it will be observed, flies at higher rank than that usually considered in this connection. But the situation is "light" and "comfortable," with "good wages" pertaining, and she has some right to look for applicants of superior station. We presume that on festive occasions the gallant officers would be expected to don their uniforms. Few things would be more striking than to see a general, probably wearing his war medals, sweeping the front doorstep, whilst through the kitchen window a glimpse was caught of a brother officer, in full tog, larding a pheasant.



FOOTNOTES

¹ Chairman of the Council of the British Institute of Preventive Medicine, who has as yet received only £500 out of the £2000 required to prepare the Antitoxin on an adequate scale.

Transcriber's Note:

Inconsistent spelling and hyphenation are as in the original.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
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