

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 152, June 27, 1917 eBook

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PUNCH,

Or the London charivari.

Vol. 152.

June 27, 1917.

[Illustration]

PUNCH

Vol. CLII.

Punch, or the London charivari, June 27, 1917.

[Illustration]

Calendar, 1917.

January

S	...	7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	29
Tu	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	31
Th	4	11	18	25	...
F	5	12	19	26	...



S 6 13 20 27 ...

February

S ... 4 11 18 25

M ... 5 12 19 26

Tu ... 6 13 20 27

W ... 7 14 21 28

Th 1 8 15 22 ...

F 2 9 16 23 ...

S 3 10 17 24 ...

March

S ... 4 11 18 25 ...

M ... 5 12 19 26 ...

Tu ... 6 13 20 27 ...

W ... 7 14 21 28 ...

Th 1 8 15 22 29 ...

F 2 9 16 23 30 ...

S 3 10 17 24 31 ...

April

S 1 8 15 22 29

M 2 9 16 23 30

Tu 3 10 17 24 ...

W 4 11 18 25 ...

Th 5 12 19 26 ...

F 6 13 20 27 ...

S 7 14 21 28 ...

May

S ... 6 13 20 27

M ... 7 14 21 28

Tu 1 8 15 22 29

W 2 9 16 23 30

Th 3 10 17 24 31

F 4 11 18 25 ...

S 5 12 19 26 ...

June



S ... 3 10 17 24 ...
M ... 4 11 18 25 ...
Tu ... 5 12 19 26 ...
W ... 6 13 20 27 ...
Th ... 7 14 21 28 ...
F 1 8 15 22 29 ...
S 2 9 16 23 30 ...

July

S 1 8 15 22 29
M 2 9 16 23 30
Tu 3 10 17 24 31
W 4 11 18 25 ...
Th 5 12 19 26 ...
F 6 13 20 27 ...
S 7 14 21 28 ...

August

S ... 5 12 19 26
M ... 6 13 20 27
Tu ... 7 14 21 28
W 1 8 15 22 29
Th 2 9 16 23 30
F 3 10 17 24 31
S 4 11 18 25 ...

September

S ... 2 9 16 23 30
M ... 3 10 17 24 ...
Tu ... 4 11 18 25 ...
W ... 5 12 19 26 ...
Th ... 6 13 20 27 ...
F ... 7 14 21 28 ...
S 1 8 15 22 29 ...



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October

S ... 7 14 21 28
M 1 8 15 22 29
Tu 2 9 16 23 30
W 3 10 17 24 31
Th 4 11 18 25 ...
F 5 12 19 26 ...
S 6 13 20 27 ...

November

S ... 4 11 18 25
M ... 5 12 19 26
Tu ... 6 13 20 27
W ... 7 14 21 28
Th 1 8 15 22 29
F 2 9 16 23 30
S 3 10 17 24 ...

December

S ... 2 9 16 23 30
M ... 3 10 17 24 31
Tu ... 4 11 18 25 ...
W ... 5 12 19 26 ...
Th ... 6 13 20 27 ...
F ... 7 14 21 28 ...
S 1 8 15 22 29 ...

After the War: The War-work Habit.

[Illustration: *Lady green-Parker (Late platoon-Commander in A woman's volunteer corps) starts her gardeners at work for the day.*]

[Illustration: *Mrs. Brompton Rhodes (who has been working on the land) finds it impossible to arrange the Flowers on her dining-Table without Donning her Smock and corduroys.*]

[Illustration: *Lady Albert Hall (formerly A Red-Cross ambulance Driver) deals with A break-down of her car in Bond street.*]



[Illustration: *The Hon. Mrs. Kensington Gore (once A munition-Worker) is informed that something is wrong with the tap of her scullery Sink.*]

* * * * *

After the War: The War-work Habit.

[Illustration: *The duchess of Pimlico (who used to entertain convalescent soldiers at her country Seats) gives A Garden party at Pimlico house, Belgravia.*]

[Illustration: *The Countess of Knightsbridge and her charming Daughters (who have all been working in canteens) cannot at once accustom themselves to the ordinary amenities of afternoon "At Homes."*]

* * * * *

[Illustration: *Sergeant-Major (who has the professional mind). "He's A good man in the trenches, sir, and A good man in A scrap, sir; but you'll never make A Soldier of him."*]



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[Illustration: *Sergeant-Major (to nervous gunner who has got mixed up with drag-rope). "What were you before you joined the Army? A snake-charmer?"*]

* * * * *

[Illustration: *Home-made munitions.*]

* * * * *

[Illustration: *"Heavens, Sergeant, what's this?"*

"That joke of mine, you know—when I Ask A recruit who's been thrown, 'who the devil asked you to dismount, sir?' Well, here's one of the papers says it's the oldest wheeze in the world!"]

[Illustration: *Why not V.A.D. Section of VIVANDIERES at our theatre-Bars to Render first aid to any reckless Youth who has the Temerity to take A theater whisky?*]

* * * * *

A false alarm.

[Illustration: *"Call me at seven sharp."*]

Boom!

Bang!

Crash!

"Oh, ZEPPE?"

"I was afraid it was time to get up!"]

* * * * *

The Complete film actor.

[Illustration: *"Are you A good pugilist?"*]

Mr. Percy Garrick Smithers, actor, finding the path to fame less smooth on the legitimate stage than he believed it to be by the Cinema route, went to a producer of film plays and offered his services.

"Yes," said the producer, "I might possibly give you lead in a big sensational I am about to put up. Are you a good pugilist?"



“I have indulged a little in the pastime of sparring,” answered Percy.

“Good,” said the producer. “You see, the picture opens with Bill Bloodred, the champion prize-fighter, demanding certain documents from his aged uncle. As the latter won’t surrender the papers. Bill gives him a swinging blow to the jaw, a few more heavy ones to various other parts of the body, and then proceeds to kick the old man to death as the latter lies helpless on the floor. It’s one of those thrilling scenes the juveniles like so much! Then *you* come in and tackle Bill.”

“Quite so,” said Percy.

“A terrific fight ensues. Bill surpasses anything he has ever done in the ring, and it goes on until at last you collapse. Bill escapes, leaving you for dead. Do you catch the idea?”



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“Pretty well,” said Percy.

[Illustration: “*It is yourself VERSUS the police.*”]

“Now Bill goes straight away to the police office and states that you have murdered his uncle. When you come to, you are surrounded by about twenty members of the police force, the chief of whom slips the handcuffs over your wrists. With one wrench you snap the chain and are free!”

“With *one* wrench?” asked Percy, to be sure he was getting the details correctly.

“With one wrench. Then ensues another big struggle. This time it is yourself *versus* the police.”

“The twenty?”

“Quite right. After some time you show signs of weakening, and the police look like getting the upper hand.”

“Ah!” remarked Percy.

“But just then Mignon, the old man’s daughter, emerges from behind a screen. She tells the police the facts and proclaims your absolute innocence.”

“Good!” said Percy.

[Illustration: “*You are seen falling, falling, falling.*”]

“The chief of the police thereupon shakes you by the hand and apologises. You indicate that it will now be your life’s work to bring the assassin, Bill, to justice, and then you quit. I should mention that before leaving you fall in love with Mignon, and promise that on your return you’ll marry her at once. That parting scene will want a bit of acting. Your countenance must show successive degrees of pain, as if you had eaten something that was disagreeing with your digestion; and you mustn’t omit the most effective suffering expression of all—chin raised, mouth open, eyelids closed tightly—just as if you were about to sneeze. You’ll find your experience on the stage quite useful, you know.”

“Oh, quite, quite,” agreed Percy.

“Now you are out in the street. You seize the first motor-car at hand, and start off on the grand hunt after Bill. Through the crowded streets, out into the country highway, you fly at a terrific speed. Up the mountain passes you race, down precipitous slopes with every-increasing momentum. Every moment, it seems, will be your last. But you come safely through.”



“Certainly,” said Percy.

“That is to say—almost. Unfortunately, in turning a sharp corner, the car plunges into the waters of a rapid mountain torrent!”

“Dear, dear!” said Percy.

“But you come safely through—”

Percy heaved a sigh of relief.

[Illustration: “*You follow him.*”]



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“You are seen falling, falling, falling, still in your car, with the descending cataract. Over and over you are turned in the seething waters, dashed against rocks, hurled through ravines, and finally you are given a sheer drop down a perpendicular waterfall of three hundred feet. Out of the white foam formed in the bed of the waters you emerge swimming strongly hand over hand, until at last you reach the broad waters of the placid river, and finally the shore. Here you notice a train passing some little distance away, and in it, gazing out of one of the windows, you observe—Bill, the murderer! You at once start in pursuit; by a superb effort you catch up the train, and just succeed in swinging yourself safely on board. You can do a little sprinting, I suppose?”

“I could give an ordinary train a bit of a start, no doubt,” said Percy with confidence.

“Just so,” pursued the producer. “And now you find yourself confronting the miscreant, Bill. The train is passing through a city. It is on the elevated railway. Bill makes a dash for the door, springs out, and lands on the roof of a house. You follow him—your leap being considerably greater, because between his jump and yours the train has proceeded a certain distance.”

“Precisely,” said Percy.

“Now there is a scramble over the roof-tops. You climb up pipes, slide down slates, leap across spaces between separate houses, cling to coping stones, and all that sort of thing.”

“I grasp the idea,” said Percy.

[Illustration: *“He cuts the wires on which you are crossing.”*]

“At last Bill is seized with a notion. He throws himself on to the telephone wires, and, hanging by his hands, manages to convey himself across to the houses on the opposite side of the road. You imitate him. As Bill arrives on the other side, he turns and cuts the wires on which you are crossing. Before the ends of the wires fall, however, you turn a quick somersault and land beside Bill. Once more there is a race over the roofs until Bill reaches a factory chimney. Down the shaft he dives. So do you. Into the furnace below, then out of it, the chase continues—it doesn’t pause for a moment.”

“Not a moment,” echoed Percy as in a trance.

[Illustration: *“The last scene of all will be your wedding.”*]

“Yes, it does, for you and Bill have dragged out of the furnace some of the burning coal; this has caught some inflammable material, and soon the whole factory is alight. Now you rush round to alarm the workers. And what do you find? Mignon! She had gone out into the world to earn her own bread, and had found employment in this factory. The

manager of the factory, an arch villain, had noted Mignon's beauty, and just as you arrive he is dragging her away. You snatch Mignon from his



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grasp. At that moment Bill comes up, takes in the situation, seizes the treacherous manager, and flings him into the devouring flames. Then Bill assists you to carry Mignon through the suffocating smoke out to safety, but as you disappear the now dying manager draws his revolver and fires after you. You are struck by the bullet, but bear up until, with Bill's help, you have brought Mignon out of danger. Then you faint away."

"Not till then?" said Percy.

"No, not till then. The last scene of all will be your wedding at the church. Mignon, of course, is the bride, and Bill is your best man. You see, he retrieved his character by the aid given at the factory fire, and you have forgiven him the murder of his uncle. Oh, and, by the way, you wouldn't have to be *really* shot at the rehearsals, you know."

"That's fine!" said Percy. "When would you like me to start?"

"A week from now."

"Good. That will give me a nice opportunity to get fit, and to have one last good time in case any unforeseen mishap should occur in the course of rehearsal. Of course I see no reason whatever to anticipate any accident, but they have been known to happen under circumstances even more commonplace, if that were possible."

* * * * *

The eviction of an enemy in our midst.

[Illustration: *British matron, in A spasm of patriotism, decides to get rid of her German Piano. Messrs. Dugout and Co. Undertake to remove it.*]

[Illustration: "Now, then, when I SES, 'to me!'"]

[Illustration: "To me!"]

The eviction of an enemy in our midst.

[Illustration: "To YOU! FROM ME!"]

[Illustration: THE SPIRIT OF FRIGHTFULNESS ACTIVE TO THE VERY END.]

[Illustration: PEACE—AT A PRICE.]

* * * * *



[Illustration: MESOPOTAMIA.

Tommy (to Padre, who has been telling him about the Scriptural associations connected with the country). "SUPPOSED TO BE THE GARDEN OF EDEN, IS IT, SIR? WELL, IT WOULDN'T TAKE NO FLAMIN' SWORD TO KEEP ME OUT OF IT."]

* * * * *

THE TRUCE—AND AFTER.

[Lines alleged to have been recently found on the back of a miniature target (of which only the bull's-eye was perforated), and believed to be the work of a private in the County of London Volunteer Regiment.]

[Illustration]

This year at ease on Ben Macquhair
Couches a certain stag;
Fearless he sniffs his native air
Because he knows I can't be there
To scare him off his crag.



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This year his instinct (true, though dumb)
Tells him by subtle signs
No bullet loosed by me shall come
Shattering earth below his tum
Or whistling through his tines.

Yet little knows he why the hill
Misses my wonted feet,
Or how I've learned a lethal skill
At mimic butts that bodes him ill
When next I stalk his beat.

I trow that he would swoon for fright
Upon the purple ling
To know that in a decent light
I'd undertake the death, at sight,
Of any living thing.

O not for nothing do I grow
Efficient, eye and hand,
Schooling myself to strike a blow
In home defence against a foe
That never means to land.

Some fruit of toil there yet shall be
For this poor volunteer;
When War's abatement sets him free
From bloodless duties, I foresee
A deadly time for deer!

O.S.

* * * * *

MR. PUNCH'S UNAUTHORISED WAR PICTURES.

FIRST SERIES. AT THE FRONT.

[Illustration: GENERAL LLOYD GEORGE, WAR LORD.]

* * * * *

[Illustration: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL (JOURNALIST) GIVES THE HUN ANOTHER SHOCK.]



* * * * *

AT THE FRONT.

[Illustration: MR. ARNOLD BENNETT AND MR. H.G. WELLS (*rival bookmakers—together*). “WHAT’S THIS FELLOW DOING HERE?”]

* * * * *

[Illustration: *Mr. Hilaire Belloc*. “THIS TRENCH IS WRONG. IT DOESN’T AGREE WITH MY MAP.”]

* * * * *

AT THE FRONT.

[Illustration: SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO TAKES A TRIP ON A TANK TO SEE HOW HOUSES ARE BROUGHT DOWN.]

* * * * *

[Illustration: SUSPENSION OF HOSTILITIES TO ALLOW SIR HERBERT TREE TO THROW OFF A FEW SOLILOQUIES FROM *HAMLET*.]

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AT THE FRONT.

[Illustration: LORD NORTHCLIFFE DICTATES AN ARTICLE FOR *THE TIMES*.]

* * * * *

[Illustration: MR. WOODROW WILSON (WITH MASCOT) TRIES TO FIND A SYMPATHETIC SOUL.]

* * * * *

[Illustration: Mr. PUNCH’S NATIONAL SERVICE FOR ALL.

It is not implied that the above are at present out of War Work—but Mr. Punch is very anxious to see everybody’s natural gifts employed to the best advantage.]

[Illustration: LITTLE TICH proves of the greatest assistance to the Field Telegraph Service

MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY contents himself with the post of Advisory Instructor to the Prime Minister.



MR. BERNARD SHAW, with supreme self-denial, consents to acts as a Scarecrow on the Land.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN devotes his energies to recruiting.

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MLLE. GABY DESLYS turns her taste in millinery to account.

LORD HALSBURY joins the Boy Scouts.]

* * * * *

SECOND SERIES. IN FRONT OF THE FRONT.

SOME OF THE ENEMY'S UNFULFILLED ANTICIPATIONS.

[Illustration: WILLIAM IN BAGHDAD.]

* * * * *

[Illustration: FRANCIS-JOSEPH IN VENICE.]

* * * * *

IN FRONT OF THE FRONT.

[Illustration: THE CROWN PRINCE IN PARIS. A LITTLE VISIT TO THE LOUVRE.]

* * * * *

[Illustration: BETHMANN-HOLLWEG OCCUPIES NO. 10, DOWNING STREET. WELCOME BY TEUTON VIRGINS ARRANGED BY WOLFF, PRESS AGENT.]

* * * * *

IN FRONT OF THE FRONT.

[Illustration: HINDENBURG IN THE NEVA-NEVA LAND.]

* * * * *

[Illustration: RICHARD STRAUSS CONDUCTS THE "HYMN OF HATE" AT THE ALBERT HALL.]

* * * * *

IN FRONT OF THE FRONT.

[Illustration: COUNT ZEPPELIN TAKES THE SURRENDER OF LONDON.]

* * * * *



[Illustration: TIRPITZ UP THE THAMES.]

* * * * *

FASHIONS IN THE NEW GERMANY.

[Dr. EUGEN WOLFF has contributed to the *Illustrierte Zeitung* an article on “How we are to order our External Life in the New Germany,” from which we cull the following selected passages.]

[Illustration: “LET OUR WOMEN WHO LOOK TO PARIS FOR THEIR FASHIONS,]

[Illustration: OUR MEN WHO LOOK TO LONDON, REMEMBER THAT—]

[Illustration: OUR PHYSICAL FORM IS NOT THAT OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH.”]

[Illustration: “GERMAN CLOTHES AFTER THE WAR MUST BE MODELLED ON SOME PARTICULAR NATIONAL COSTUME NOTED FOR ITS EASE AND BEAUTY.”]

* * * * *

[Illustration: *Uncle*. “WELL, MY BOY, WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE IN A BATTLE WITH ME? FOLLOW ME—OR RUN AWAY?”

Nephew (carried away by martial enthusiasm and prepared to undertake anything). “BOTH, UNCLE.”]

* * * * *

[Illustration: *Military Policeman*. “WHO ARE YOU?”

Muddy Tommy. “THEY CALLS ME—CALLS ME, MIND YER—A BLANKETY LANCER!”]

* * * * *

HYGIEIA AND THE CHEMIST.

[Illustration: IDEAL ADVERTISEMENT OF A SUFFERER FROM INDIGESTION ABOUT TO IMBIBE A PATENT REMEDY.]

[Illustration: THE SAME SUBJECT FROM LIFE.]

* * * * *

A ROYAL FOUR-BALL MATCH.

ST. HELENA GOLF COURSE.

[Illustration: MEHMED OF TURKEY DRIVES OFF FROM THE FIRST TEE.]

Like the enemy, Mr. Punch also has projected himself “in front of the front,” and, in a moment of prophetic inspiration, anticipated the following account, from the pen of his Special Correspondent, of a *post-bellum* competition on the St. Helena links:—



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“The life of our royal captives in the internment camp at St. Helena is the subject of a report from the Governor of the Island, which was issued last night as a Purple Paper. The Governor, after dealing with general matters, writes:—

[Illustration: CROWN PRINCE “THROWS BAG OF CLUBS AFTER THE BALL.”]

‘In the interests of health I have permitted the less exalted members of the camp to lay out a small golf course within the enclosed area, and yesterday the links were declared open, the ceremony taking the form of a four-ball competition, in which the German CROWN PRINCE was partnered with FRANCIS-JOSEPH of Austria against FERDINAND of Bulgaria and MEHMED of Turkey. Although present at the proceedings I feel that I cannot do better than include in my report an account of the contest which appeared in *The St. Helena Sentinel*.’”

Extract from *St. Helena Sentinel*:—

“*Internment Camp, 3 p.m.*—CROWN PRINCE, who plays slashing reckless game, takes honour at first hole (Liege to Loos), hooks at right angles, dents two spectators, and ends up in Aisne Bunker. FERDINAND (canny, cautious type of player) hits a wind-cheating screamer which finished fully forty yards from the tee. Critics differ as to FRANCIS-JOSEPH’s shot, and it is still a moot point whether he had a species of fit or was simply trying to follow through. When restored to perpendicular was found to have ball deeply embedded in his person. Disqualified for handling. MEHMED (a left-hander; uses clubs with scimitar-shaped shafts) puts his drive over short slip into the club-house kitchen. C.P., after converting Aisne Bunker into mine crater, picks up. M., hopelessly bunkered in the Irish Stew, also picks up. F. holes out in a stealthy nineteen. Bulgar-Turk Combine one up.

2nd Hole (Ypres Salient—120 yards pitch).—FRANCIS-JOSEPH, strongly urged by Czech backers to use his foot instead of his clubs, heels out in seventeen and squares the match. (Sensation.)

3rd hole (Czernowitch to Brest-Litowski).—CROWN PRINCE, taking the Przaritzow-Blokhod-Strypovitchi line, puts long-range shot into the Pripet Marches. MEHMED, after undermining greater part of the Bukowina, reports progress from the tee. FRANCIS-JOSEPH, reverting to clubs, misses tee-shot twenty-four times and retires exhausted to bath-chair. FERDIE’s wind-cheater, badly sliced, trickles into the Warsaw whins and is lost. C.P., arrived at edge of Pripet Marshes, drops another ball, tops it into hazard, throws bag of clubs after it, and sends for another set. Hole abandoned, M. having taken thirty-nine shots and a life-line to get out of the Blokhod Swamp.

[Illustration: “FIRST-HAND EXHIBITION OF FRIGHTFULNESS.”]



4th Hole (Kilimanjaro to Tanganyika).—CROWN PRINCE drives out of bounds twelve times, gives away second set of clubs and sends for a third. FRANCIS-JOSEPH, attempting the Smuts Smash from edge of Usambara Bunker, over-balances into hazard and is partially suffocated. FERDINAND is disqualified for pushing on the green. MEHMED holes his tee shot. (Uproar.) Orientals one up.



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5th Hole (Douaumont to Verdun—long heart-breaking test of golf.)—CROWN PRINCE gives first-hand exhibition of frightfulness and cuts down caddy with a niblick, the miserable fellow having coughed as C.P. was about to drive. MEHMED, who is now taking a larger size in fezzes by reason of performance at last tee, puts eight new balls into the Meuse Burn and gives up. FRANCIS-JOSEPH, still too full of sand to play hole, awaits arrival of vacuum-cleaner. FERDINAND, after twice exploiting the Big Push brassie shot, is suspended for cutting the cloth. C.P. abandons hole (or what is left of it) after missing two-inch putt.

5_p.m.—Match all square at the turn. Exhaustive search now being made for MEHMED, who was last seen (and heard) seeking his ball in the Mametz Wood. Ominous silence for past five minutes. Grave reason to fear that he has cut down entire wood upon himself.

5.30 p.m.—MEHMED rescued from *debris* but will take no further part in contest, following match on a stretcher. FRANCIS-JOSEPH now shows signs of extreme exhaustion and plays all shots from bath-chair. FERDINAND, who asserts himself a match for both his opponents, won tenth hole (Helles Hell—hundred-yards carry over dense undergrowth) with brassie shot that ricocheted off five spectators and two trees, finishing up three inches from the pin. By careful putting he got down in two more. CROWN PRINCE has just thrown away third set of clubs.

[Illustration: “A BRILLIANT RUN-THROUGH CANNON.”]

6 p.m.—FRANCIS-JOSEPH has retired. Can no longer swing a club, and has booked bed in camp hospital. CROWN PRINCE still awaiting fresh set of clubs. Will now play FERDINAND a single.

6.15 p.m.—FERDINAND, who has been granted permission to cue on the greens, has just won eleventh hole by a brilliant run-through cannon off CROWN PRINCE’s ball.

6.30 p.m.—FERDINAND has retired.

7.10 p.m.—FERDINAND has retired about two miles. Cause of withdrawal occurred on fourteenth green, when F. mis-cued and blamed CROWN PRINCE’s shadow. C.P., in his frightfulness, struck F. savagely in the face with a baffle and threw F.’s rubber tee into Salonika Pond. When F. remonstrated, C.P. took the offensive and F. was forced to yield ground. When last seen was yielding ground rapidly and in danger of having his lines of communication cut.

[Illustration: “TAKING A LARGER SIZE IN FEZZES.”]

7.50 p.m.—CROWN PRINCE to continue *solus*. Going out for record of the course.



8.10 *p.m.*—Record abandoned, CROWN PRINCE having thrown away or broken every available club in the St. Helena Sector.”

Governor’s report (resumed).—“In the not too sanguine hope that my prisoners will one day grasp the meaning of the term ‘Sportsmanship,’ I have given my consent to the holding of a cricket-match at an early date. I am reliably informed that in HINDENBURG the Austro-German XI. has a remarkable bowler of the googly order. On some of the Riga grounds, when two feet in mud, he was quite unplayable. FERDINAND, who will captain the other side, is very fast for several overs, though his action is not above suspicion. Great efforts are being made to get FRANCIS-JOSEPH to keep wicket. I trust to include an account of the match in a subsequent report.”



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* * * * *

There was an old Tsar of Bulgaria
Who climbed like a climbing wistaria;
 He spread and he spread
 Till he had to be bled
With a view to reducing his area.

* * * * *

THE "FORTRESS" OF LONDON.

(AS PICTURED BY TEUTON IMAGINATION.)

[Illustration]

[Illustration: THE CHURCH MILITANT.]

[Illustration: LETTING OFF A SAMUEL JOHNSON.]

[Illustration: A DOG'S-HOME GUN-TEAM.]

[Illustration: THE ROYAL ZOOLOGICAL ARTILLERY.]

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THE "FORTRESS" OF LONDON.

(AS PICTURED BY TEUTON IMAGINATION.)

[Illustration: A CITY TEA SHOP BEFORE THE ALARM.]

[Illustration: THE SAME AFTER THE ALARM.]

* * * * *

[Illustration: THE MUSIC-HALL MANAGER'S DREAM.]

* * * * *

[Illustration: "WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME."

PEACE DAYS IN PICCADILLY.]

* * * * *



[Illustration: *Excited Tommy (as the gun gets into position).* “‘ERE, BACK ‘ER DOWN A BIT. SHE’S ON MY FAG!”]

* * * * *

[Illustration: THE FALSE INCOME-TAX RETURN—]

* * * * *

[Illustration: —AND ITS RECTIFICATION.]

* * * * *

[Illustration]