

PUNTY



BERNARD
PARTRIDGE.

Price:

Sixpence

Punch
Office:

London.

Annuaire

1916

Picture Offer

To "De Reszke" Smokers only

This "Rilette" Picture, "Munitions—By George," on art paper 1 Gins. by 10 ins., will be sent free to any smoker forwarding to address below a "De Reszke" box lid and 2d. in stamps, mentioning picture No. 31. Previous pictures on same terms, viz., a box lid and 2d. for each picture required. Please mention picture number when sending.



Your Friend on Active Service!

If you intend to send him cigarettes remember he is worthy of the very best. So buy a box of "De Reszke" and post them with your own hands. Then you know that they will reach him safely.

"Munitions—By George!"

The Demand for a Cigarette is Significant of its Quality

DEMAND is the barometer of public opinion. The sales of a cigarette are the best criterion of its quality because it affords indisputable evidence of public approval.

A decade ago the sales of "De Reszke" Cigarettes were trifling compared with competing brands. To-day three-fourths of all the cigarette smokers willing to pay their price demand "De Reszkes." What has wrought this remarkable change?

One thing only—**QUALITY.** A quality so good that when put to the test of comparison it is unmistakable.

THE "De Reszke" blend is the secret of the extraordinary popularity of this cigarette. It is the *blend* that is responsible for that perfect flavour—that pleasant but not pungent aroma—that exquisite mildness which is so rare a virtue.

FOR CHRISTMAS there is really no better present for a gentleman—or for that matter a lady—than "De Reszke" Cigarettes. They always afford the greatest degree of pleasure and satisfaction.

We invite comparison of "De Reszkes" with other brands. Our only object in so doing is to give the cigarettes a chance to recommend themselves.

"De Reszke"
The Aristocrat of Cigarettes

ONE QUALITY ONLY—THE BEST

	10	20	25	50	100
TENOR (large size) . . .	11d.	1/8	2/-	3/10	7/3
BASSO (extra large size)	1/2	—	2/7	5/-	9/6
SOPRANO (Ladies' size)	8d.	—	1/7	3/2	6/3

Your attention is particularly directed to the "De Reszke" AMERICAN Cigarette, which is recognised in the Trade as the finest cigarette of its kind in England.

7½d. per 10; 1/3 per 20; 1/7 per 25; 3/1 per 50; 6/- per 100.

Sold by all Tobacconists and Stores, or post free from J. MILLHOFF & CO., Ltd. (Dept. 7), 86 Piccadilly, London, W.

TO THE TRADE

Before the Budget 10 "De Reszke" American Cigarettes cost 6½d. They now cost 7½d. Other brands formerly sold at a halfpenny less now cost the same as "De Reszkes." Those tobacconists who make a point of studying their customers' interests will not lose sight of the opportunity of recommending the "De Reszke" American to their customers.



"Tommy" Dad



Shell Out



Silver Bullets



Armed Transport



Aerial Supplies



From 20,000 Reports on the Curative Value of the Muller System,

which is advocated and used by Lord Alverstone, Lord Nunburnholme, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir R. S. Baden-Powell, Ex-President Roosevelt, Sir Malcolm Fox, Sir William Crawford, J.P., Viscount Hill, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, Mrs. Alfred Illingworth, Alderman Broadbent, J.P., Rev. F. B. Meyer, and has also received Medical endorsement so weighty and complete as to leave no loophole for doubt as to its soundness.

Digestive and Intestinal Ailments.

Indigestion, Constipation, Headaches.

"Before commencing your exercises I was in a very bad state and had constipation. Now my digestion has become perfect, my bowels act regularly, and I can continue my studies the whole day without ever having headaches."

The "Wonderful System."

"The stomach can now digest anything. The constipation has entirely disappeared, and the same is the case with the rheumatism. The joints and the muscles are again as supple as in my twentieth year and the complexion as fresh. All this is due to your wonderful System. I am 51 years of age."

Stomach Troubles Cured in One Week.

"Through close application to office work for many years I became afflicted with flatulence, oppression of the stomach and indigestion. . . . After a week's practice of the Muller System I had got rid of all my stomach troubles."

After Indigestion for 20 Years.

"Indigestion had me in its claws for a matter of 20 years. Open air (two hours at least every day and as much more as possible), aided by Muller's breathing exercises every morning, has placed me in the happy position of being able to eat anything."

Marvellous Success in Five Weeks.

"If there is an elixir of life it must be the Muller System. It is not a system. It is a miracle, and that it works wonders I can prove! Five weeks ago I began with all energy to do the exercises. The success after this short time is marvellous, especially because for two years I have had a stomach trouble which it has entirely removed."

Young and Healthy at 76.

"I am now 76 years old . . . Since I started to do the exercises in your System daily my digestion has been considerably better. I never now suffer from constipation, and I have grown more energetic in my movements. . . . Many ladies of my acquaintance ask me what I have done to look so healthy and youthful. My answer is: 'I follow the System of J. P. Muller.'"

Lung Complaints.

The Cure for Colds.

"Before taking up your System. I was always having colds, but I have since thrown off all my woollen underclothing, and am simply wearing a shirt and no waistcoat, and have had no cold since."

"I am 65 years old . . . formerly very easily caught cold, but have quite lost that tendency since I began to use your System."

After Influenza, Bronchitis and Pleurisy.

"For 5 years I have performed daily the 18 exercises of the Muller System, and the result is wonderful. In these 5 years I have had no illness, neither influenza nor colds. My lungs and my heart are now normal, and I am strong and healthy."

Asthma.

"I had contracted asthma and indigestion with general debility and other ailments in its trail. I commenced the Muller System and performed the movements regularly, with the result that to-day I have practically cured the asthma, from which I had suffered for about 6 years."

"Being troubled with bronchial asthma and sciatica, I was recommended



A line drawing of a photograph of Boegebjerg's life-size statue of Lieut. Muller (Royal Danish Engineers).

by a doctor to take up your exercises, from which I have derived much benefit."

Uric Acid Troubles.

Supple and Hardened after Rheumatic Fever.

"I owe you especial thanks, because from being a gouty boy weakened by rheumatic fever, with a narrow chest and susceptible to cold, I am now a young man who is more healthy and strong, more supple and hardened, than most people."

Sciatica and Rheumatism.

"Since practising your System I have been quite free from sciatica and every sort of rheumatism, gout and so on, and I feel now, at 52 years of age, much stronger than I did ten years ago."

Muscular Rheumatism.

"I began at 57 years of age to do the exercises. The result has been the following: The rheumatism in the legs, arms and shoulders I have quite got rid of. The long-standing asthma has been entirely cured by the breathing exercises, and the body become so hardened that now I never catch colds."

Obesity.

"When I started your System, three months ago, I was too stout, weighing 14 st., measuring 39 ins. round the waist. To-day I am 11 st. 2 lbs., and 33½ ins. round the waist."

"I lost 17 lbs. in 7 weeks, and at 60 years of age I

The System is taught at the Muller Institute, 45 Dover Street, Piccadilly (opposite Tube Station), W., under the personal supervision of the author. No medical man is attached to it, and no one suffering from an organic complaint will be accepted as a pupil, except with written approval of his own medical man. It is an honest, intelligent and experienced attempt to supply the public with a much-needed want in the matter of health exercises.

Personal Instruction.

Tuition is given individually and privately at the Institute in bright, airy rooms. There are no classes. Separate instruction rooms are set apart for Ladies and Children. Competent Lady Instructors, working under the supervision of Lieut. Muller and the Lady Director, give expert assistance and individual attention.

Free Consultation.

Readers are invited to call at the MULLER INSTITUTE, 45 DOVER STREET (opposite Tube Station), PICCADILLY, W. (Telephone 416 Regent), for a free consultation with Lieut. Muller.

Postal Instruction.

Special courses of instruction by post are conducted by Lieut. Muller to enable persons in the country and especially adapted to individual requirements and abilities. The instructions are simple, and lucid, and include diagrams illustrating the various positions in each of the exercises. Write to-day for explanatory booklets, (1) for gentlemen, and (2) "The Royal Road to Health and Beauty" for ladies, and please mention "Punch" when writing.

am as vigorous and healthy as it is possible to be."

"I am 53 years old, and formerly suffered from gout and rheumatism. . . . My present joy of life, not known for many years, is solely due to your System. . . . I have worked off superfluous fat to the extent of about 25 lbs."

Neurasthenia.

Neurasthenia and Stomach Pains.

"I suffered from neurasthenia and acute pains in the stomach, but all that has now passed and my digestion is splendid."

Delicate for Many Years.

"I came, a pronounced neurasthenic, to the University. . . . I was in delicate health for many years . . . my nerves would not improve. . . . Then I commenced the Muller System, and soon afterwards I felt like a new man. . . . I consider your System the best of all hygienic, curative and strengthening remedies."

Insomnia and Nerves.

"I have not had a sore throat since I began the Muller System. . . . Besides this hardening the System acts very beneficially on the nerves. . . . I have never slept so well as after the rubbing exercises. . . . Your system has produced appetite, sleep, regularity of bodily habit, joy of life and love of work."

Melancholia Banished.

"After only a month I felt very well, and now I cannot do without the daily bath and exercises. . . . Sometimes I used to be quite ill from melancholia, but the System has helped me to get rid of this."

General Health.

Real Joy of Life.

"I am 51 years of age, and have done the exercises in the Muller System for three months. I feel very greatly benefited in health from it. I sleep well, the digestion is excellent, and the joy of life is a reality to me."

Gained Strength and Weight.

"I have been going through your exercises for about a year, and feel much stronger than when I started. I have gained 20 pounds in weight, and a much better development."

Improved Figure.

"I have worked at them steadily for 16 months, and my whole figure has altered in shape and my health is excellent."

Rejuvenated at 69.

"Though I am over 69 years of age, I feel quite a different and younger man from what I was four months since."

Much Benefit in Two Weeks.

"For a fortnight I have followed your exercises daily, gaining such benefit that I can safely say that I have never felt so well in my life. My heart, lungs, liver, stomach and kidneys are, thanks to the Muller System, in the pink of condition. I feel as hearty and as young as when I was a boy, and although working hard all day, I never feel weary or dull."

Never Too Late.

"I am delighted with the results of the Muller System, as also are the members of my family. Seeing that I am in my 79th year, I can fearlessly say that it is 'never too late to mend.'"

Benger's Food is specially prepared to build up the weakened digestive system, and to promote a high state of bodily nutrition while doing so.

It is the only food enabling rest and regulated exercise to be given to the digestive functions.

Benger's Food is not a predigested food; nor does it contain dried milk. It is made with fresh milk, and forms a dainty and delicious cream, with a delicate biscuit flavour.



BENGER'S FOOD

is for Infants, Invalids and the Aged, and all whose digestive powers have become weakened by illness or indisposition.

Benger's Food is obtainable throughout the World of Chemists, etc.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS:
BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester.

BRANCH OFFICES:
New York (U.S.A.): 90 Beekman Street;
Sydney (N.S.W.): 117 Pitt Street, and
Depots throughout Canada.

B114



QUICKER THAN A GAS STOVE THERMOS FLASKS

FROM ALL JEWELLERS, CHEMISTS, IRONMONGERS, AND STORES,
Wholesale only: THERMOS, Ltd., 8, Long Lane, London, E.C.

BY APPOINTMENT  TO H.M. THE KING
CONTRACTORS TO H.M. GOVERNMENT.

RONUK SANITARY POLISHES BRITISH INVENTED MADE AND OWNED.

BEST FOR

Furniture, Floors, Linoleum, Leather.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

RONUK, LTD., Head Office and Factory,
PORTSLADE, BRIGHTON, ENGLAND

LONDON: 16, South Molton Street, W.
TORONTO: 53, Yonge Street.

MANCHESTER: 285, Deansgate
CAPE TOWN: 20, Lower St. George Street.

Campaign Outfits

Whether you want a single article or a complete new outfit, you cannot do better than go to RIMELL & ALLSOP for it. You can be certain that anything supplied by this old-established Bond St. House will reach the high standard of quality and character which service conditions impose. A timely visit to RIMELL & ALLSOP, 54 New Bond St., W., may save you later on the inconvenience of discovering that some part of your outfit is faulty—just when you most need it, and can least easily replace it.

RIMELL & ALLSOP

Sporting and Military Tailors,

54, New Bond Street, London, W.

TERMS—Cash on or before Delivery.

"The"
"Sublime Port"

29'6

PER DOZEN.

Matured by many years storage
in the wood.

H·R·WILLIAMS & CO.,
6, Lime Street, London, E.C.

THE SEAPLANE SCHOOL

FLY FOR YOUR COUNTRY!

Tuition—quickly, efficiently, and safely—on high-powered Machines of modern design.

Write for our Booklet to the

SECRETARY,
The NORTHERN AIRCRAFT Co. Ltd.
BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE.



THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd.

With which is incorporated the Goldsmiths Alliance, Ltd (A. B. Savory & Sons) Established 1751.

DESIGN: *Jewellers & Silversmiths to H.M. The King.* VALUE QUALITY



10th Royal Hussars Badge Brooch. Gold and Enamel with Platinum Feathers £5 0 0



Canadian Badge. Fine Gold £1 17 6

APPROPRIATE PRESENTS

MILITARY Badges in the form of brooches and pins, etc., make acceptable gifts where presents of appropriate Military character are desired. The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company are displaying a large number of these made in Gold, Platinum and Enamel set with precious stones, in a wide range of prices.

THE BADGE OF ANY REGIMENT CAN BE REPRODUCED. *This Military Jewellery is of high quality. Each piece is correct in detail, and the workmanship and finish are of the finest character.*

Only Address:

112, Regent Street, London, W.



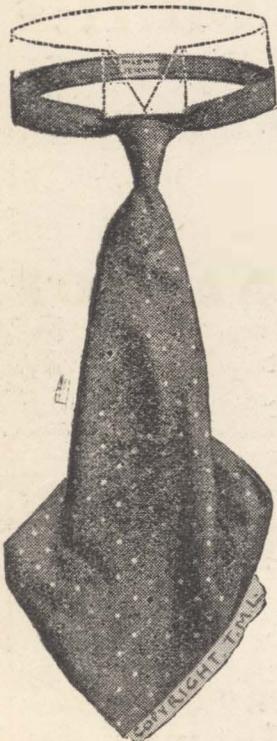
Royal Naval Flying Corps Brooch. Fine Gold with Ruby Eye. £2 10 0 All Diamonds £17 10 0



Royal Artillery Badge Brooch in Gold and Enamel with Diamond wheel £5 10 0 With Gold Wheel .. £3 5 0



2nd Dragoons Badge Brooch. Fine Gold and Enamel. £6 5 0 All Diamonds £30 0 0



PRICE 4/6

"REAL ENGLISH" Hand Loom Silk Ties

A Tie receives harder wear than any other article of apparel.

... This Silk, made upon the old Hand Looms in Spitalfields and other parts of England, from the finest yarns, is still unequalled for wear and durability, and being of a firm yet supple weave recovers from "creasing" in a way that no other silk can do.

... The designs are exclusive, the colourings perfect, and the silk will stand dry-cleaning when soiled, and be equal in appearance to new. Supplied in Black, any Plain Colour, Black and White, Navy and White, etc.

It is really an economy to buy Good Ties like these.

Only Address
T.M. Lewin, 18 Jermyn St LONDON, W.



THE Gift for those on Active Service.

There is one gift which the soldier or sailor appreciates and which he can carry about and use wherever he goes. It is a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.

For Soldiers, Sailors, Doctors, Nurses, Ladies, Travelers, Sportsmen, and all who need a pen for outdoor use the "Safety" Type is recommended. It cannot leak, however carried, and with careful use will last for years.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT.
Pleases for a lifetime. Post now for friends abroad.

For the Regular Type 10/6 and upwards.
For the SAFETY and the New Lever Pocket Self-filling Types.. 12/6 and upwards.

Of Stationers and Jewellers all over the World. Booklet free.

Fulllest satisfaction guaranteed. Nibs exchangeable any time if not suitable. Call, or send to "The Pen Corner." Full range of pens on view for inspection and trial.

L. G. SLOAN, The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London.

WHEN YOU are out for vigorous health suitable liquid refreshments are indispensable, and it is well to remember, in this connection, that the primary desire of the normal man is for water — for *pure* water made palatable.

Flavourless food—whether solid or liquid—leaves the harp of life untouched.

Fruits and Spices have been regarded, all through the ages, as the appropriate partners of pure water, and to-day

ROSS'S

BELFAST

Dry Ginger Ale

has become of Imperial importance because of its invigorating qualities.

Pure natural water, refreshing fruits and fragrant spices crushed with refined cane sugar, and the gentle spirit *Ariel* of Champagne dancing merrily through all, represent a beverage which undoubtedly contributes to the forcefulness of life.

It quenches thirst, charms away the feeling of fatigue, gives stamina, and fully satisfies the desire of the average man for PURE WATER MADE PALATABLE.

W. A. ROSS & SONS LTD., SOLE MANUFACTORY, BELFAST.

Punch's Almanack for 1916.



CALENDAR, 1916.

January							February							March							April							May							June								
S	...	2	9	16	23	30	S	...	6	13	20	27	S	...	5	12	19	26	S	...	2	9	16	23	30	S	...	7	14	21	28	S	...	4	11	18	25						
M	...	3	10	17	24	31	M	...	7	14	21	28	M	...	6	13	20	27	M	...	3	10	17	24	...	M	...	8	15	22	29	M	...	5	12	19	26						
Tu	...	4	11	18	25	...	Tu	...	1	8	15	22	29	Tu	...	7	14	21	28	Tu	...	4	11	18	25	...	Tu	...	2	9	16	23	30	Tu	...	6	13	20	27	...			
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Th	...	6	13	20	27	...	Th	...	3	10	17	24	...	Th	...	2	9	16	23	30	Th	...	6	13	20	27	...	Th	...	4	11	18	25	...	Th	...	1	8	15	22	29		
F	...	7	14	21	28	...	F	...	4	11	18	25	...	F	...	3	10	17	24	31	F	...	7	14	21	28	...	F	...	5	12	19	26	...	F	...	2	9	16	23	30		
S	...	1	8	15	22	29	...	S	...	5	12	19	26	...	S	...	4	11	18	25	...	S	...	1	8	15	22	29	...	S	...	6	13	20	27	...	S	...	3	10	17	24	...
July							August							September							October							November							December								
S	...	2	9	16	23	30	S	...	6	13	20	27	S	...	3	10	17	24	S	...	1	8	15	22	29	S	...	5	12	19	26	S	...	3	10	17	24	31					
M	...	3	10	17	24	31	M	...	7	14	21	28	M	...	4	11	18	25	M	...	2	9	16	23	30	M	...	6	13	20	27	M	...	4	11	18	25	...					
Tu	...	4	11	18	25	...	Tu	...	1	8	15	22	29	Tu	...	5	12	19	26	Tu	...	3	10	17	24	31	Tu	...	1	8	15	22	29	Tu	...	7	14	21	28	...			
W	...	5	12	19	26	...	W	...	2	9	16	23	30	W	...	6	13	20	27	W	...	4	11	18	25	...	W	...	2	9	16	23	30	W	...	1	8	15	22	29			
Th	...	6	13	20	27	...	Th	...	3	10	17	24	31	Th	...	1	8	15	22	29	Th	...	5	12	19	26	...	Th	...	3	10	17	24	31	Th	...	7	14	21	28	...		
F	...	7	14	21	28	...	F	...	4	11	18	25	...	F	...	7	14	21	28	F	...	4	11	18	25	...	F	...	1	8	15	22	29	F	...	2	9	16	23	30			
S	...	1	8	15	22	29	...	S	...	5	12	19	26	...	S	...	2	9	16	23	30	S	...	7	14	21	28	...	S	...	4	11	18	25	...	S	...	2	9	16	23	30	

Punch's Almanack for 1916.

WAR ECONOMIES.



She. "I'M GOING OUT SHOPPING, DEAR. I KNOW I OUGHTN'T TO BE SPENDING, BUT I MUST GET A FEW THINGS."
 He. "BY JOVE, SO MUST I. I'LL COME WITH YOU."



She. "DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR NEW HAT HERE? THEY LOOK VERY NICE AND SEEM MUCH CHEAPER THAN THE ONES YOU GENERALLY GET."



He. "NOW THAT'S THE SORT OF SENSIBLE BOOT YOU OUGHT TO HAVE FOR THE WINTER."



She. "LOOK, DARLING, HERE ARE SOME CIGARS QUITE AS BIG AS THE ONES YOU SMOKE, AND THEY'RE ONLY THREE-HA'PENCE EACH!"

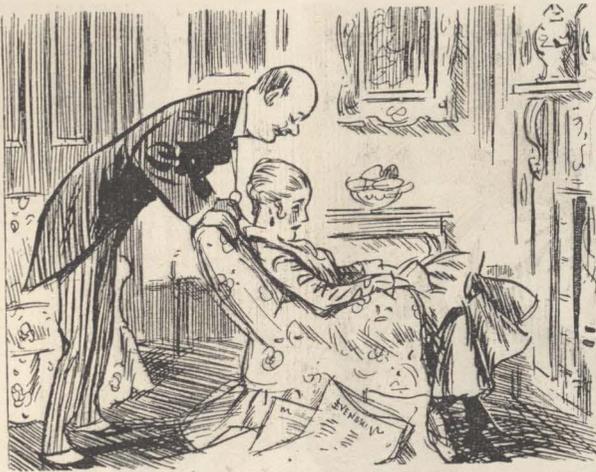


He. "BY THE BY, MY DEAR, ISN'T IT YOUR BIRTHDAY NEXT WEEK?"



He. "WELL, WE DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTING MUCH DONE. I THINK I'LL JUST LUNCH AT THE CLUB."
 She. "ALL RIGHT, DO. AND I'LL TAXI TO THE RITZ."

WAR ECONOMIES.



"I SAY, LET'S GO AND DINE OUT SOMEWHERE."
 "WE CAN'T AFFORD IT."
 "NONSENSE! I'VE BEEN TOLD OF A PLACE IN SOHO WHERE THEY GIVE YOU QUITE A GOOD DINNER FOR EIGHTEENPENCE."



"HERE WE ARE, YOU SEE—EIGHTEENPENCE. WELL, I THINK WE MIGHT LET OURSELVES GO A BIT OVER THE WINE, EH?"



"DONE EXCELLENTLY, THANKS. BY THE WAY I THINK I'LL HAVE ANOTHER CHARTREUSE; AND I WONDER IF YOU COULD SEND OUT FOR SOME CORONAS?"



"NOTHING LEFT BUT A FOUR-GUINEA BOX. A BIT STEEP, EH? STILL—JUST FOR ONCE—AS WE ECONOMISED OVER DINNER—WHAT?"



"I THINK WE MIGHT RUN TO A LITTLE SUPPER AS WE DINED SO CHEAPLY, DON'T YOU?"



"WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT FOR AN EIGHTEEN-PENNY DINNER—EH?"



Mr. X. (late for Bridge Party). "NOW THEN, MY DEAR, COME ALONG! LET'S SEE, HAVE WE GOT EVERYTHING—HELMETS, RESPIRATORS, ELECTRIC TORCHES—? WHY, BLESS ME, YOU'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR COLLISION-MAT!"



Inquisitive Lady. "AND WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THE SUBMARINES WHEN YOU CATCH THEM?"
Naval Officer. "DEPENDS ON THEIR SIZE. WE ALWAYS THROW BACK THE LITTLE ONES."

THE GERMAN SPORTSMAN'S AMBITION.



THE NEW M.F.H. FOR HOUNDSDITCH.



THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH.

Punch's Almanack for 1916.

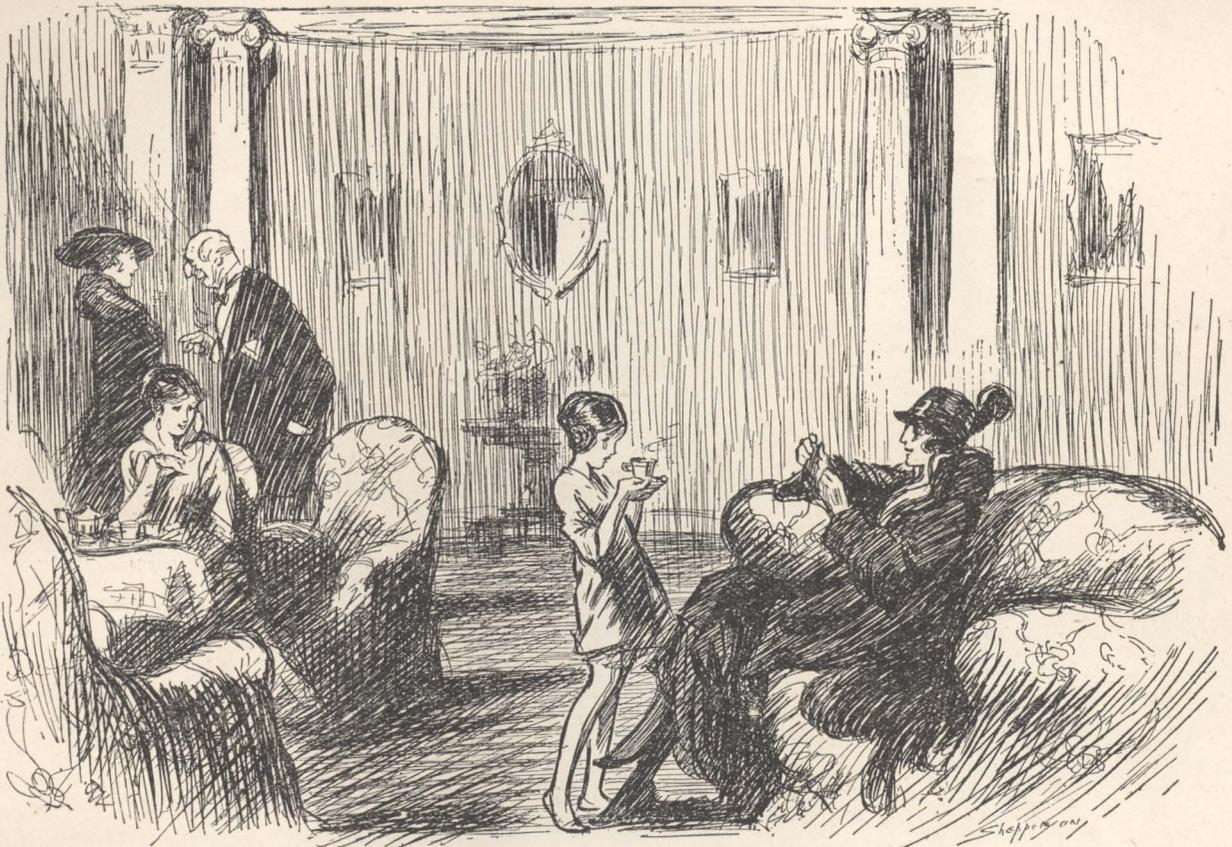


Intelligent Person (to Observation Balloon Officer). "I WONDER YOU DON'T HAVE A LADDER OR A FIRE ESCAPE OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, INSTEAD OF JUST THAT ROPE TO CLIMB UP AND DOWN."



Householder (somewhat startled by descent of balloon which has not been quite the success it should have been). "SO THIS IS WHAT YOU NAVY AIRCRAFT GENTLEMEN DO FOR A LIVING!"

Punch's Almanack for 1916.



Visitor (to little daughter of the house, whose father is working very hard at the War Office). "I SUPPOSE YOU DON'T SEE MUCH OF YOUR FATHER NOW, DEAR?"

Little Daughter. "NO, WE NEVER SEE DADDY NOW. HE SLEEPS DAY AND NIGHT AT THE WAR OFFICE."



"ALL RIGHT, SPESHUL! I WASN'T GOING TO PINCH THE BLOMIN' LANTERN. I WAS ONLY LOOKIN' AT IT."

THE GERMAN HUNT FOR METAL.



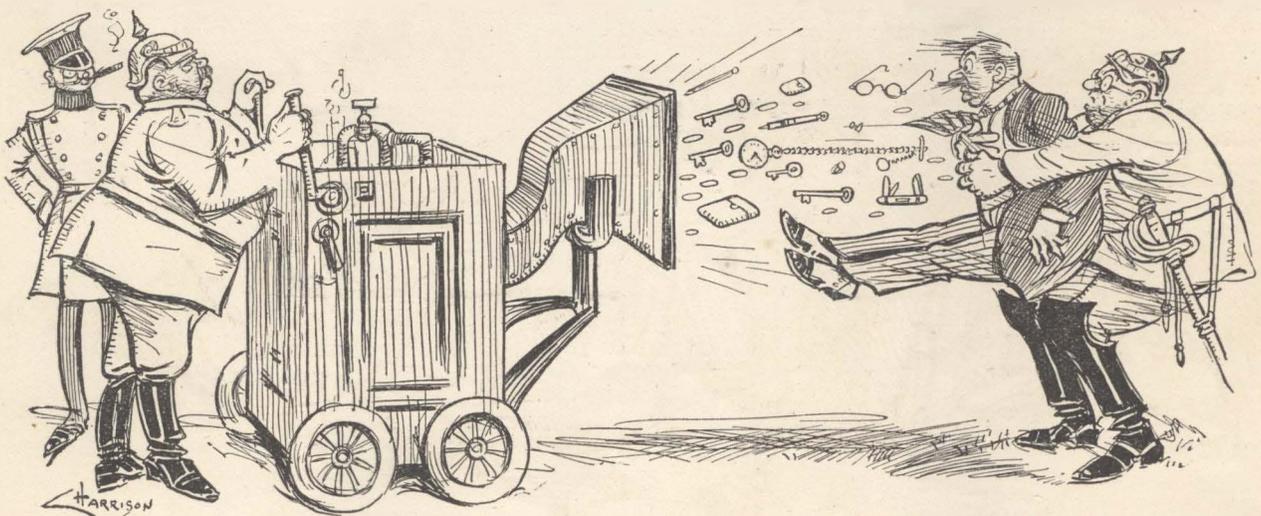
CITIZEN HAVING HIS HEEL-TIPS REMOVED.



DOG'S IRON DRINKING-VESSEL BEING COMMANDEERED.



CONFISCATING CHILD'S TIN TRUMPET BY IMPERIAL DECREE.



REMOVING ARTICLES OF METALLIC SUBSTANCE BY HIGH VELOCITY VACUUM PROCESS.



JUST WHAT HE NEEDS

Comforts are few at the Front, therefore give "Him" the very real comfort of an AutoStrop Shave. Send him the only razor that strops itself and automatically keeps the blades sharp whether in Field, Camp, Dug-out, or on Shipboard. Mr. R. M. Pyke-Winford, the African Explorer, says:

"I shaved me clean under all sorts of conditions—on the wind-swept summits of dizzy Basutoland passes; in the malarial valleys of Swaziland and Zululand; on the utter loneliness of the level veldt; in the kraals of the native chiefs, and, finally, on my stretcher and without the aid of a mirror (which had got broken), when I was recovering from a sharp bout of fever."

AutoStrop Safety Razor

SETS SPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR SERVICE USE

21/- 27/- 35/- 36/-

Of all high-class dealers throughout the world, and of the AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 61 New Oxford St., London.

The guinea set contains self-stropping AutoStrop Safety Razor, 12 Valet blades and Valet horsehide strop in strong nicked metal case (ask for No. 50 set). The 27/- set contains the same but with the addition of shaving stick and shaving brush in two heavily-plated silver tubes (ask for No. 6 set). The 35/- and 36/- sets are similar to No. 6, but have, in addition, a small shaving mirror, well protected in a special pocket of the case. The 35/- set is called No. 12, and is finished in black seal grained leather, while the 36/- set is called No. 8, and is in yellow pigskin for extra hard wear.



FRED REGAN



Of
interest
to **YOU**

SILVO is just the polish for that favourite bit of silver which you always like to clean yourself. It is so clean in use—there is no dust or mess—and ladies declare the polish is so beautiful that their Silver and Plate always look best when

SILVO

THE NEW PLATE POLISH

is used. It is absolutely harmless.

TO OBTAIN
BEST RESULTS
SHAKE WELL
EACH TIME



Because I happen to be a Cheruto - Carolina Cheruto - open at both ends, I cost ever so much less than a finely made cigar.

Yet I am just as good to smoke.

Like my more expensive brothers I also **AM MADE IN HAVANA.**

And I was a great favourite in the time of Christopher Columbus. Since then I have been re-discovered, and you can buy me everywhere in silver foil bundles of 5 for 1/9.

Carolina
CHERUTO
5 for 1/9 ^{32/6} per 100
Sold by all Tobacconists.

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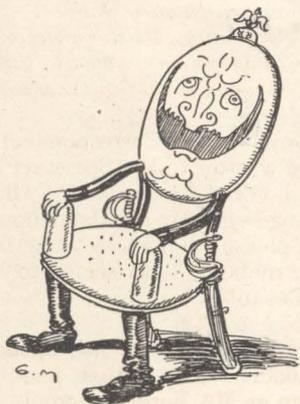
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Counteracts the effect of Lachrymatory Shells

MAKES YOU STOP WEeping AND LAUGH

For Zeppelin Commanders.

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Full size. Showing position of principal fortified churches, hospitals, infant schools and crèches.

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Personally conducted by **SVEN HEDIN**
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The Tour comprises
A Peep at Placid Potsdam,
A Blink at Breezy Berlin,
Capers in Gosy Kiel.

Finishing with
A Look at the Lissauer Country
"The Home of Hate."

IN THE PRESS.
READY IMMEDIATELY.

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A RECORD OF A BEATIFIC LIFE.

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DR. WILHELM'S **PINK PILLS for PALE PARTNERS**

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria writes:
"Since taking a box of Dr. Wilhelm's pills I see everything couleur de rose."

The Sultan of Turkey writes:
"Please send several more boxes; I feel already as if I had been painted red."

EXERCISE FOR ALL—

from Innocence to Old Age.

ADMIRAL TIRPITZ (Imperial German Navy) has reduced exercise to so fine a point that no apparatus is necessary but a pair of whiskers. These should be strong & elastic.

Admiral Tirpitz attributes his longevity, vigour and pelagic success wholly to daily exercises in the bath-room.

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A HOME FROM HOME.

OSTEND

"THE GLORIOUS"
The Queen of Belgian Watering Places.
Better than ever.
Germans round every corner.

ROMANTIC RUINS.
DELIGHTFUL DÉBRIS.
SECLUDED WALKS (with Military Escort).

HOTEL ALLHOF.

Compulsory Dancing in the Splinter Gardens.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS



PRETTY SOUVENIRS of the War for the Festival of Peace and Goodwill.

KEEP YOUR HATE SWEET by using the "LITTLE STRAFER" SUGAR CASTOR.



From a photograph of a life-size statue of Admiral Tirpitz.

CHARIVARIA.

[Many of the paragraphs originally appearing on this page have been excised by the Imperial German Censor as being offensive to the majesty of the Kaiser. Substitutes have been provided by the best German epigrammatists, and these are printed in itali s.]

THE report that Lord ROSEBERY has joined the Anti-Aircraft Corps has been officially denied. The error arose from a confusion between the Scottish Archers (of which body his lordship is a distinguished member) and the Scottish Archibalds.

Pessimist Clubs are now in great vogue in London, and every such institution has a long waiting list. A heavy fine is levied upon any member seen to smile, and a state of sepulchral gloom is everywhere insisted on. At the Broken Constitutional a member was expelled the other day for appearing on the Club premises in a fancy waistcoat.

"The Field tells us that every sportsman who is shooting at the present time should kill every bird on which he can lay his hands." The advice is good and patriotic. If you just catch them and wring their necks it saves ammunition.

In connection with the Zeppelin raids the opportunist press has not been slow to utilise for its own purposes even the present abject panic among Londoners. We learn that the Daily Quail is about to offer handsome prizes for the quickest recovery from a street faint.

Too much attention must not be paid to the statements regarding the alleged scarcity of food in Germany. True, a writer in the Vorwärts asserts that when the market opens in the afternoon he has seen "the hats torn from the heads of women and the dresses from their bodies." But there is reason to believe that he borrowed the description from an account of the Summer Sales in the West-end of London.

The Toronto Globe states that "mails from England bring the news of the capture of two more sea-going German submarines about the bridges of

the Firth of Forth, between Edinburgh and Glasgow." Most submarines are "sea-going," but these must have been land-going at the time.

A British nobleman, Sir WHITWORTH WALLIS, thinks to amuse his countrymen by telling them that we struck medals in honour of victories that never occurred, such as the capture of Paris,

are delighted to learn that mine-sweeping has such a refining influence. Mine-laying has, of course, the opposite effect.

We blush to think that our noble Fatherland should harbour such a croaker as PAUL HARMS, who writes to some obscure journal complaining that our great and wonderful Government

does not bring down the price of food stuffs. Let him betake himself and his petulant pen to England. If there is anything in a name, he is already half-way to being a HARMSWORTH.

A Quetta paper announces that it has been "favoured with the following book from the Theosophical Publishing Office: How We Remember Our Past Liver." But was it really necessary, in India of all places, to write a book about it?

We cull the following advertisement from the "Times Journal" of Ontario: "POULTRY. Remember the boys at the Front with your personal greeting." It gives one some idea of the low state of patriotism in the British Empire to learn that it is apparently necessary to appeal to the hen-run for the support of starving soldiers.

In an account of the reception given at Manchester to Lieut. Forshaw, V.C., who has been described as "the superb bomb-thrower," a local paper observed that "Lieut. Forshaw's wonderful achievement had put new metal into the men of the Expeditionary Force." In Germany, Military decorations are only given to those who put metal into the enemy.

A "University Correspondent" quotes from a letter to the Secretary of a Territorial Force Association.—"Sir, My husband has gone to the Dandelions, so will you please tell me how to get his Elopement money." He seems to be a bit of a Levanter.

The fox-hunting season has opened in the Balkans. The British pack is to be known as Mr. Ferdie's hounds.

[Note by the Imperial German Censor.—If there is any sporting significance in this cryptic paragraph, we have missed it.]



AFTER THE CONQUEST—TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

[Passed by the Imperial German Censor on the ground that the artist's attempted humour may be tolerated for the sake of his prophetic insight.]

and talks about "the chagrin of the German people when they had to be consigned to the melting-pot." It seems to have escaped his intelligence that this was one of our methods of establishing a reserve of the metals that we might need at a later stage in the War.

We sympathise greatly with the gentleman who advertises his needs as follows in a Liverpool organ:—"Bachelor (37), tall, dark, refined tastes (mine sweeping), through loneliness, would correspond with Lady of some means. View matrimony." We

THE FORTRESS OF LONDON.

[Passed by the Imperial German Censor as a characteristic specimen of British hypocrisy.]

OFt had I strayed through London town

Yet, till the Teuton gas-bags came

(Not shooting loosely at the brown

But with a most deliberate aim—
Or so it said in their report)

I harboured still the fond illusion

That this was not a martial spot

Tripled in steel against intrusion.

I took it for a haunt of peace,

Civilian to the very maw,

Its sole defence a stout police,

The sentinels of British law,

Who stood with lifted hand and large

Untying tangles in the traffic,

And now and then arrested men

Who tried to scorch or steal or maffick.

The forts of Hampstead, fully manned,

Escaped me; I had failed to view

The terraced bastions (MAPPIN'S brand)

Designed to guarantee the Zoo;

I'd seen no observation-post

High on St. Paul's when nights were stilly,

No tricky maze of trenchéd ways

Raking the slope of Piccadilly.

I'd missed the ponds in every Park

All stiff with Dreadnoughts off the brine,

And sailors singing after dark

"The Watch upon the Serpentine";

I was profoundly unaware

That, steaming hard and never stopping,

Our T. B. D.'s, as thick as bees,

Patrolled the waves from Kew to Wapping.

But now the film is off my eye;

I see, or rather take on trust,

The reason WILLIAM gives me why

London may be reduced to dust;

Her women-folk must go elsewhere,

Her old and sick, her young and tender,

Leaving behind the warrior-kind

To line her bulwarks and defend her.

And so, by German truth made wise,

I have an answer terse and clear

For those who would not recognise

My status as a Volunteer;

At last my manhood's hour has come

And, now that all the facts are shown up,

I claim the right, by sitting tight,

To have my chance of being blown up. O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

(From Count REVENTLOW.)

[This contribution from the pen of the Great ex-Dane, the strength of whose style is only equalled by its fine restraint, is inserted in the place of an article (under the same title) distinguished in its attitude to the All-Highest by an infamous blasphemy.]

O most splendid and most augustly glorious Ruler, You in the light of whose far-shining countenance the peoples have their being, You whose beneficence is celebrated in the farthest corners of the habitable globe, You whose mercy is as that of an all-seeing father, whose anger seeks out in their dark hiding-places the reptiles (mainly English) who have impotently endeavoured with their puny alien teeth to

bite your sacred and unconquerable heel, O be compassionate to me, the least worthy but most submissive of your worshippers, while on bended knees and with my head grovelling in the dust I attempt with paper and pen and ink to exalt the virtues for which you are renowned.

You are the successor in our beloved Prussia of FREDERICK THE GREAT, but never did FREDERICK shine with wisdom such as yours or prove so magnificently the might and majesty which adorn the head of a German monarch. Where he destroyed ten thousand, you with the devouring fire of your breath have swept millions and millions from the ranks of living men. Who, indeed, can withstand you when with your beloved eldest son you sally forth to war? Those who placed themselves in your way lie low in the dust waiting until you shall deign to trample on their bodies. France is your wash-pot; over England you have cast out your shoe—over England who presumes to dispute with you the rule of the land and the command of the sea. Yet cannot she abide your presence when in glittering armour you march at the head of your armies or direct the conquering course of your ships. She, the hereditary foe, snarls in her toothless rage at the proud works of German Kultur. She lets loose upon the ocean the armed mass of the *Lusitania*, and when with one flashing thunderbolt of war you punish her presumption she whines about the deaths of women and children. Those who perished were English women and English children, and therefore they rightly perished for daring to set themselves against your designs. And if in addition to these English vermin there were Americans amongst the drowned, so much the better, since, next to the English, the Americans are most to be detested for venturing to doubt your all-pervading goodness and righteousness. Let them all be swept from the face of the earth and of the water, so that there may be more room there for the solid race of Germans, whose guardian and darling you have graciously appointed yourself to be.

Therefore, hail, O irresistible conqueror of Belgium, hail, invader of ferocious Serbia, scatterer of death-dealing bombs on fortified London and on all the fortress-villages of England; mighty and most merciful KAISER. It is for you to reign triumphant while your enemies peep about to find themselves dishonourable graves. While I live I will exalt my KAISER and will cover with confusion and curses the foes of his house. And as for the English, let them be . . . let them be . . . They are assuredly doomed and . . . the fire shall devour . . .

[Note by the Imperial German Censor: At this point the writer abruptly terminated his letter, being apparently fearful lest the fervour of his loyalty should do some permanent injury to the natural moderation of his epistolary style.]

ON THE SPY STRAFE.

[Passed by the Imperial German Censor as an example of British ignorance of German sausages, dachshunds and other social features of the Fatherland.]

Fritz's dachshund, the Strafer, was on show in a sausage-shop window before Fritz had him. You see Fritz's father is in that line of business. He is very clever at it too, Fritz says, and can tell you what is the matter with every sausage in his shop.

Fritz says that people often come to his father for information like that; they show him a sausage they have purchased from him and ask him "What in the name of all that's holy and German" he calls that. One man came all the way from Mecklenburg-Schwerin—you could hear him doing it, Fritz says—and asked his father if he

TRUTH MIRRORED IN GERMAN ART.



The Soldier. "I AM NOT ALLOWED TO BUY YOU A DRINK, COMRADE, SO YOU MUST GO WITHOUT."
The Sailor. "THEN I SHALL DESERT FROM THE NAVY. IF I CANNOT DRINK I WILL NOT FIGHT."



SCENE SHOWING THE REFINED CRUELTY WITH WHICH STARVING GERMAN PRISONERS ARE TREATED BY THE BRITISH.

[The above two pictures, the work of typical Berlin artists, have been substituted by the Imperial German Censor for an impossible Cartoon in which doubt was cast upon the divinity of the Ka'ser.]

remembered selling him a large dark-brown single-cylindere sausage with a purple smell, answering to the name of "Rosebud." His father remembered it all right, Fritz says; he showed the man where it had bitten him once, and they compared bites.

Fritz says his father always goes round his sausages every morning, and one day he detected a rather more violent movement than usual taking place in one of the Zeppelin brands. Fritz says his father picked it up very carefully, so as not to injure the bloom, and held it to his ear. He knew what was the matter at once, Fritz says—one of the cylinders was missing fire.

Fritz says his father was just going to send it to the English-prisons-food-supply department, when his mother pointed out that parts of it were quite good yet, so he gave it to Fritz.

Fritz says his father warned him to be very careful how he handled it, so Fritz got a half-Nelson, I mean half-Tirpitz, on it and took it into the garden to hatch out. Fritz says you'd never believe, for the skin suddenly burst open and out crawled a lovely dachshund! Fritz says his father recognised the dachshund at once, and then went to examine the sausage machine.

It turned out, Fritz says, that it was an English-made sausage machine, that's why.

It's a splendid dachshund, Fritz says; he calls it the Strafer. Fritz says if you pat it on the head, it will wag its tail next day, and it's because of the distance, like Tipperary.

Fritz often takes it out strafing things; it strafed a fortified rabbit the other day. It was a very fierce rabbit, Fritz says, and kept biting at the grass and things. Fritz says the Strafer sank down in the grass out of sight and approached within five yards of it, and when the rabbit caught sight of the Strafer's periscope it made a demonstration down a rabbit-hole.

But the Strafer knows all about rabbits down holes; he just pushed himself backwards down the rabbit-hole, gave the rabbit a terrific boost with his hind legs and caught it as it came out at the other end. He is a splendid booster, Fritz says, and it's because of his back action.

Fritz says the Strafer caught three rabbits that day and a limp. He didn't want the limp. You see it was rather a short hole, and the Strafer had gone in backwards and was keeping his eye glued on the other end of the rabbit-hole whilst the rest of him was boosting about inside. Suddenly the Strafer saw what he thought was a rabbit coming out of the hole backwards, kicking like anything and sending earth flying everywhere. Fritz says the Strafer smiled to himself—it was too easy. Then he shut his eyes, made one grab and held on. That's how he got the limp. You see, what the Strafer thought was a rabbit was his own hind legs boosting two hundred to the minute, and when the Strafer made a grab he thought he felt the rabbit making a grab at him and that made him bite deeper.

The more he chewed, the better work the rabbit seemed to be putting in, so then the Strafer started to try and pull the rabbit backwards.

Fritz says the Strafer didn't dare open his eyes, because his hind legs were buzzing and the air was full of stones and gravel.

He pulled himself twice through the hole and out again before he could stop himself. Fritz says the Strafer doesn't know now where the rabbit finally got to; he only knows that it was in a sinking condition when he abandoned it.

Fritz is training the Strafer to do the goose-step, so that when the Germans take London he will be able to keep step with them.

Fritz's dachshund was on the Spy Strafe the other day and he nearly did it. You see a man got out of a tram that an officer had stopped and it made Fritz very suspicious because it wasn't the right stopping place and it is *verboten* to get out of or into trams except at certain places. You see

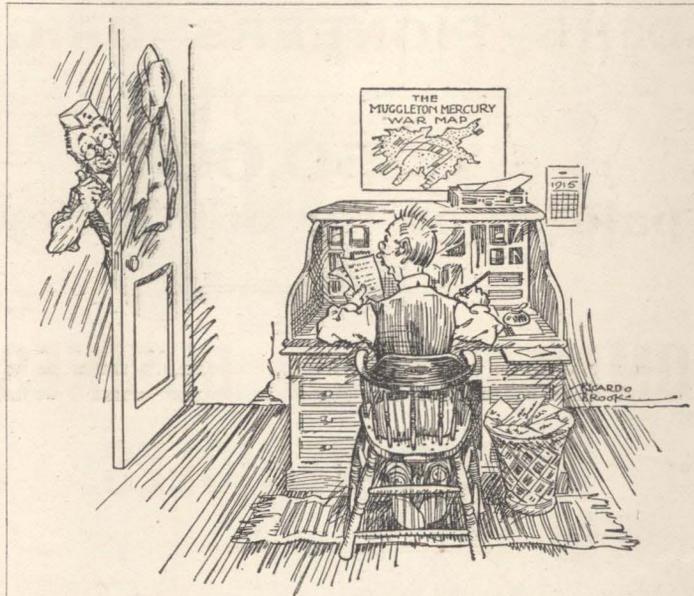
the officer saw the tram passing and put up his sword for it to stop; then he went slowly up to it, struck a match on it to light a cigar and then motioned it on. But it happened that the tram had stopped opposite the restaurant to which the man wanted to go, and he got out. Fritz says they fined him for getting out, made him take another ticket, then made him get in again, and fined him for getting in at the wrong place.

Fritz says the man spoke very fluent German to the policeman and the tram-conductor to put them off the scent. But the Strafer had his eye on him, and when he returned he followed him into the restaurant. Fritz knew he was disguised as a German because he had a suit of Deutschland über-alls on.

Fritz says some officers were in the restaurant, and when they drank to "Der Tag" he heard the man mutter something about "Der Tag, der Rag and der Bobtail." Fritz says the Strafer was soon on his track; he went and sat on his hind legs bolt upright close beside the man, ready to strafe as soon as he saw his opportunity.

Fritz says it was awful; he could see the Strafer edging up nearer and nearer all the time, licking his lips. Presently the man took up a toothpick out of a wine-glass. Fritz felt certain he was English because when he had finished with the toothpick he didn't put it back. And then suddenly everything happened. The Strafer could hold himself in no longer; he made a fearful grab at the man, missed him, but swallowed up all the meal he had left on his plate. The man gave the Strafer a push which made him execute a strategic retirement amongst the wine-glasses of the officers, who were loyally hoch-capping the KAISER. The man tried to apologise, and said, "I'm real sorry," but the officers drew their swords and nearly cut him in two.

Fritz says the man wasn't an Englishman after all; he was an American; but how was the Strafer to know the difference?



THE PINCH OF WAR.

Foreman Printer. "WE CAN'T DO WITH ANY MORE AIR RAID COPY, MISTER. WE'VE USED UP EVERY 'Z' IN THE PLACE!"

[Passed by the Imperial German Censor as indicating the shortage of metal in England—the result of the supremacy of the German Navy.]



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KENT—137/8, High Street, Brounley.
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LEICESTER—Corporation Buildings, Horsefairs Street.
LIVERPOOL—2, South John St. (Lord St. corner).
LONDON, CITY—11, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

LONDON, MID.—St. Mary's Chambers, 161A, Strand, W.C.
WEST—1, Albemarle St., Piccadilly, W.
MANCHESTER—1, Princess Street, Albert Square.
NEWCASTLE—2-8, Pilgrim Street.
NORTHAMPTON—Market Square.
NOTTINGHAM—Westminster Buildings, Theatre Square.
PLYMOUTH—99, Old Town Street. [Square].
READING—Broadway Buildings, Station Road.
SHEFFIELD—King's Chambers, Angel Street.
SOUTHAMPTON—Blenheim Chambers, Above Bar (The Junction).

Where is the rest of the fish?

If you only digest *part* of the fish you eat, you lose some of the nourishment you have paid for.

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Little Boy:—"Them's not new boots, Miss, them's the old 'uns cleaned up with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH."



British Bull:—

"My place is at the front—

"I hear they

"want more

"**BOVRIL**"

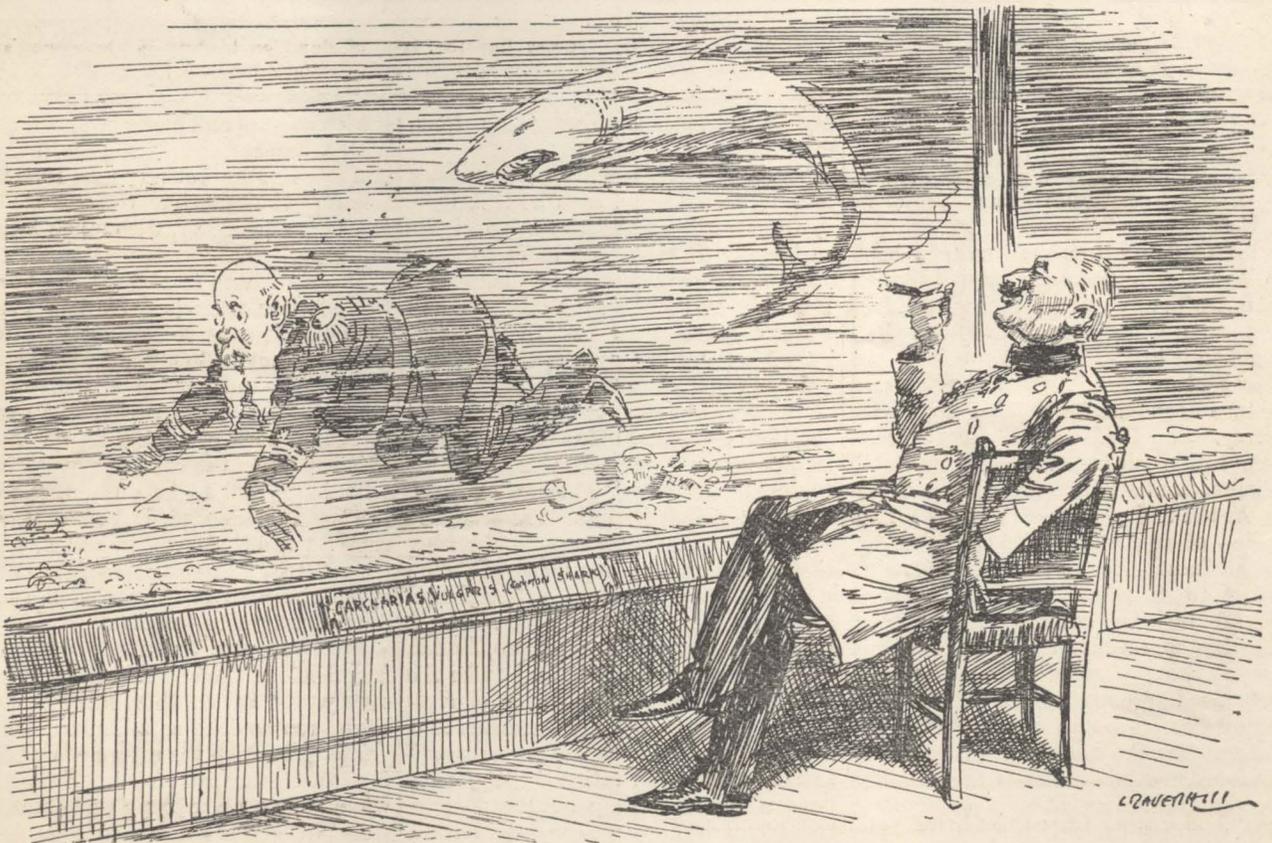
BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE

S.H.B.

LE ROI S'AMUSE.



Keeper. "ALL-HIGHEST, THE IMPERIAL BAG CONSISTS OF FORTY-SEVEN STAGS, ONE THOUSAND-AND-EIGHTY PHEASANTS, FIVE HUNDRED RABBITS, NINETY-FIVE WOODCOCK—AND A BEATER."
Wilhelm. "I DO NOT SEE HIM. LAY HIM OUT WITH THE OTHERS."



Wilhelm. "THIS OUGHT TO TEACH TIRPY A LOT."

[These two pictures are passed by the Imperial German Censor as showing the godless perversity with which the British refuse to recognise the humaneness of the Kaiser.]



DEUTSCHER HUMOR ÜBER ALLES!

THIS IS PRETTY DISMAL!

OH WILHELM, YOU ARE A WONDERFUL MAN! YOU OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN A LAMA!

IF ANYBODY TO STICK NA INTO ME, THERE BE TROUB

CHEER UP, MAHOMED: YOU & I WILL START A "BALKAN PUNCH."

B.P.

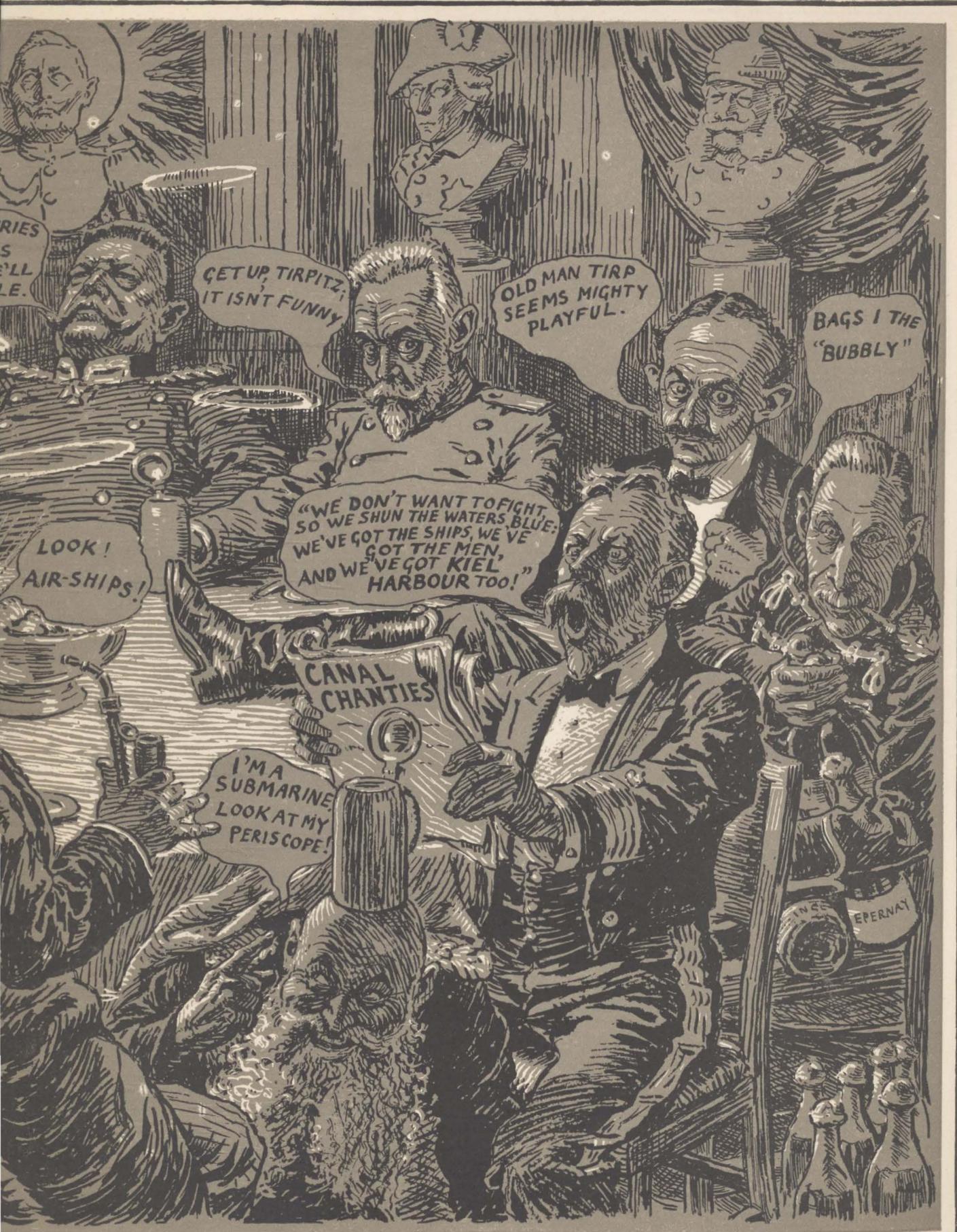
Sultan Mahomet V.

Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

Count von Zeppelin.

IF THE KAISER WERE TO EDIT "PU

[This Cartoon is passed by the Imperial German Cen



Grand Admiral von Tirpitz.

Prince Henry of Prussia.

Crown Prince of Germany.

"PUNCH": A GERMAN "PUNCH" DINNER.

[... as an example of the depravity of British humour.]

TRUTH MIRRORED IN GERMAN ART.



Despatch Rider. "ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS. THE ATTACK MUST BEGIN AT ONCE!"
British Officer. "WHAT! IN OUR DINNER-HOUR?"

[This picture, drawn by a Potsdam artist, and graphically representing the lack of devotion to duty in the enemy's ranks, is substituted by the Imperial German Censor for a foolish satire upon German Military methods.]

THE COMPLETE MESS PRESIDENT.

[Passed by the Imperial German Censor as a typical example of the deplorable levity of the British Army; also of its lack of organisation.]

SOME day I too shall write a book called *Misunderstood*. It will be all about a sunny young Mess President who went with the snowdrops. I shall publish it in the hope of touching the heart of our Adjutant, who once said things about me for which I hope he is sorry, when I had done my best to make the ration plum-and-apple jam taste like marmalade for a birthday surprise.

At the end of the book there will be a list of suggestions for the guidance of all future Mess Presidents, showing what to do when the Mess Cook is found leaning against a wall after hearing the Colonel's opinion of his pastry through two closed doors. There will also be an appendix of recipes, such as how to serve up rice when the C.O. likes it hot, the Major likes it cold, and the M.O. doesn't like it at all. The secret of success here is to have it thoroughly mixed with the coffee left from breakfast, and sent in as a shape under an assumed name. But before I describe these things I shall explain

my great method of providing fresh milk for tea and breakfast.

To do this successfully it is necessary to purchase a cow, such as Gabrielle, our Mess Milker and the pride of the regiment. It is no easy matter to buy one in Flanders just now. I doubt if I should ever have got Gabrielle had we not come upon her thoughtfully munching the last rose in the Sunday hat of the farmer's wife.

"This is the last time that Gabrielle shall abuse our kindness," said the farmer severely, and for three hundred francs she was ours. The next question was what to do with her. I approached the matter confidently enough, thinking that in a cavalry regiment the men would welcome the chance of tending a cow as a change from horses. Great was my surprise, therefore, when Private Richard Bird proved to be the sole applicant for the position of regimental herdsman. He assured me that a knowledge of cows "came natural" to the family, his father having once kept a grocer's shop off the Euston Road, where they sold eggs and butter. Accordingly I gave him the job, not without misgivings. Next morning I found Gabrielle tethered by one leg in

the horse lines and being groomed down with a dandy-brush. She too, I think, had her doubts; at any rate I saw her talking the matter over with the Doctor's mare later, with much lashing of her tail.

The limit was reached at the horses' feeding time, when her guardian wanted to tie a nosebag to her horns. With an indignant bellow she leapt through the hedge and evaded all subsequent pursuit. The same night, while sadly returning to my billet, I saw a figure stealing down the road. Private Bird, who happened to be on sentry-go at the time, challenged; but there was no reply. For a third time he called, "Who goes there?" and the response came down the road in the shape of a long-drawn-out "Moo—oo."

"Why couldn't you say you was a friend before, then?" said the aggrieved sentry. "In another minute you'd have been as dead as a donkey."

But even with the return of Gabrielle my troubles are not ended. Next week, when we go up in support behind the trenches, she is coming with us, and I am beginning to wonder whether it will not be the duty of the Mess President to give up his dug-out to the Mess Cow.

TRUTH MIRRORED IN GERMAN ART.



THE SENTRY'S SACRIFICE.

GIVES OVERCOAT, TUNIC AND LUNCHEON TO BELGIAN LITTLE ONES GOING TO SCHOOL ON A WINTER MORN.

[This chef d'œuvre, by a Wurttemberg artist, portrays the humanity of the Kaiser's troops, and has been substituted by the Imperial German Censor in place of Toby's "Essence of Parliament."]

ESSENCE OF REICHSTAG.

[EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF TAUBE, M.R.]

[This fanciful article, composed by a Prussian journalist whose irresistible gaiety and élan excuse his touches of cynicism, has been accepted by the Imperial German Censor in place of Toby's "Essence of Parliament."]

November 8th.—According to arrangement MacBethmann - Hollweg made statement on progress of War. Largely devoted to vindication of Turkish policy in Armenia. Armenians, according to CHANCELLOR, ferocious and warlike men who for centuries have preyed on peaceful Kurds, a pastoral tribe engaged in tending sheep, an animal which they closely resemble, and dairy farming: hence their name. Armenians all armed to the double-teeth, pagans addicted to cannibalism and other atrocities; Kurds, defenceless except for a few wooden pitchforks: vegetarians and devout Lutherans. SULTAN, goaded into action by long provocation, reluctantly obliged to intervene. But measures purely defensive and humane. Stories of extermination entirely fictitious. Methods those of peaceful persuasion. Only a few irreconcilables deported to sea-coast, but provided with lodgings and allowed excellent sea-bathing, where a few accidents led to abominable legend, circulated by the

Entente Powers, of wholesale drowning. Behaviour of Kurds exemplary; no reprisals or retaliation; merely demand for a few more pitchforks with metal prongs.

Business done.—Kurds whitewashed.

November 9th.—Discussion opened by Herr Bernhard Pschorr, who proposed that on annexation of the British Isle Ireland should be created Republic, with Sir ROGER CASEMENT as President, in acknowledgment of his patriotic services to German cause. Irish cities, he pointed out, lent themselves admirably to Germanisation. Thus Dublin would become Doppelheim, Cork Korch, Limerick Limmerich and Galway Gallweg. CHANCELLOR in reply deprecated preferential treatment of one section of enemy's country, but assured Herr Pschorr his valuable suggestions would receive sympathetic consideration at proper time.

Business done.—Herr Pschorr awarded Iron Cross and right to call himself von Pschorr.

November 10th.—Anxiety of agrarians allayed by reassuring statement of MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, who declared porcine population of Germany had enormously increased since outbreak of War. First-line pigs were now one hundred million strong, and reserves were as yet almost untouched.

Daily output of sausages ran into billions. Learned pigs entered the machine voluntarily, without any compulsion.

Herr Milchundwassermann (Socialist) asked whether it was proposed to give official recognition to patriotic pigs. MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE deprecated any invidious treatment of one class of beasts. Was sure all German animals were equally patriotic.

Business done.—Second Reading of Pig Protection Bill.

November 11th.—Sensation caused by Herr Milchundwassermann (Socialist) asking whether it is true that, owing to lavish distribution of iron crosses, the supply of that metal for warlike purposes had been seriously reduced. MINISTER FOR WAR explained that only two hundred and fifty thousand iron crosses had as yet been bestowed, and that latterly they had been made of compressed wood-pulp, which was indistinguishable from iron, and just as durable.

Herr Milchundwassermann deplored increasing cost of War. If it went on at this rate, he said, he would have to become iron crossing-sweeper.

"It's all iron crosses to-day," whispered the Member for Sarch. "On Good Friday we shall be eating iron cross buns."

Business done.—Nothing.

AFTERWARDS.

[This contribution from a brilliant *Frankfurterin*, who, as an honoured guest of various English families, has learned to appreciate the contemptible character of the enemy, is substituted by the Imperial German Censor for one of "Blanche's Letters."]

*Heimat, Mackensen Road,
West Kensington,
August 4th, 1915.*

MY DEAREST SELINA,—I was so delighted to get your letter at last, and to be permitted to reopen correspondence after so many years of silence. I am glad, too, to see that you quite understand how it was I didn't write; we were temporarily forbidden by the Government to correspond with Australia and America, for fear of the introduction of democratic ideas. I am so thankful that regulation is no longer considered necessary.

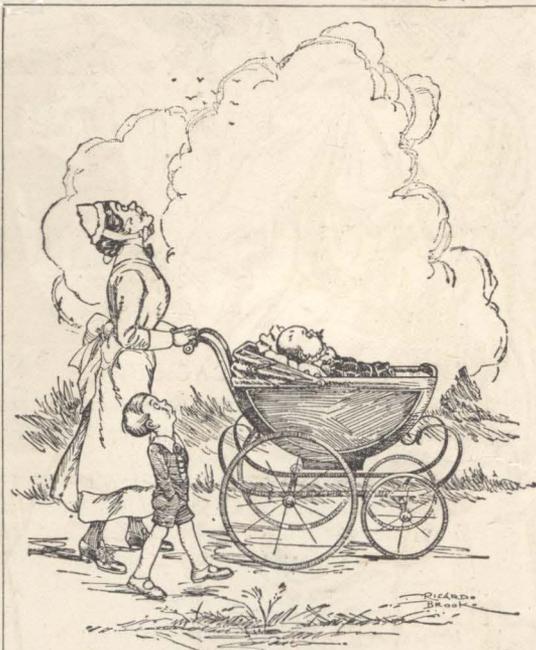
Yes, we have quite settled down now to Annexation. It is your good heart, dear Selina, which makes you so full of sympathy for us, but really, you know, dear, things are not so bad as all that. I fancy we are learning to appreciate some of the advantages of German rule. Of course I can understand that for you, in your remote corner of the world, it may be a little difficult to understand how things are with us. I remember when I last wrote we were going through all the horrors of defeat and humiliation. Well, that's over now, thank Heaven! All the Old World comes under the Pax Germanica, and it doesn't seem likely that any nation will ever be able to challenge the German supremacy, so we needn't fear any more wars. The United States may give trouble some time,

but so many good Germans are being sent out to settle there (with the requisite supply of hyphens) that it is expected they will be able to inoculate America with the German spirit to such an extent that she will voluntarily apply for admission to the Empire as a Reichsprovinz. People do say the same thing may possibly happen some day to Australia.

You see, there really was a lot of muddling in the old days! Nowadays, of course, there isn't any, because the Government does everything for us. You wouldn't believe how that simplifies things. There are no nervous breakdowns now, and of course it is just because you don't have to think nowadays; all you have to do is to obey the Code Wilhelm II. I am getting so used to it that I really don't know what I should do if the old times came

back again, and we had to decide things for ourselves. For instance, you ask what we are going to do with Jacky. Well, of course the Government will see to that. The day he leaves school, Jacky (by-the-by we call him Johann now), will present himself at the Bezirksamt, and there he will be told what is to be his future career. He may be drafted out to colonise Curaçao, or he may be sent to the Kensington Schornsteinfegerinstitut (Institute for the Training of Chimney Sweeps). Just think of the amount of trouble and responsibility we shall be saved!

It is the same with dear Hedwig (we



"WHAT A LUCKY BEGGAR BABY IS, NURSE! NEVER HAS TO STRAIN HIS NECK LOOKING FOR ZEPPELINS!"

[Passed by the Imperial German Censor as illustrating the enemy's affectation of indifference to our deadly aircraft.]

used to call her Edith, you remember). The Government will see her married, if the Herr Medizinat will pass her health; it will select her trousseau, apportion her dowry, supervise her education in cooking and motherhood (nothing else matters for a girl, you know), and finally choose her a suitable husband, probably some flaxen-haired youth from Brandenburg or Silesia, for the KAISER is in favour of such marriages, as they tend to raise the level of patriotism. Think what a relief for me!

As for Heinrich (Harry) and me, we shall in due time be nominated to one of the neat Institutions for the Old which are springing up all over the country. It would have been nicer, of course, to have had some voice in the selection of the locality, but then we are saved all the worry of choosing!

But perhaps it is in religion that the change is the most striking. You know what it used to be—how perplexed one was with different doctrines and practices. We all believe the same now, and we all worship in the same way. The KAISER has made such modifications in the German State Religion as he thinks best suited to the English temperament. I believe he gave some hours of serious thought to the matter, which, considering his age and his many duties, was really very generous of him. And I can assure you that it is quite a charming sight to see all the neighbourhood trooping off every Sunday morning to the West Kensington Gemeindegkirche. No one may stay at home, for we are all being taught our duties as German citizens. We have our cards stamped by the Herr Kirchengebrauchsinspektor as we go in.

It is astonishing how far-reaching the new Code is. Everything is regulated—birth, marriage, career, holidays, retirement, death. Even our friendships are officially arranged for us, for we are divided into Freundekreise, and you visit all the people of your own Kreis, and no one in anybody else's Kreis. You can imagine how that simplifies social life!

Yes, dear, you would never think it, but even the death-rate is regulated. If the death-rate where you live is too low, they move you somewhere else, where it is higher, so as to get uniformity!

By the way, in addressing letters, do remember that the country is called Engdeutschland now, just as France is Frankdeutschland. I mention this because it causes a little disagreeableness in official circles when one gets letters addressed in the old style. And would

it be too much to ask you to learn German, just a very little, you know, so that you could at least make a show of writing in German? The authorities are not very pleased with letters coming from abroad written in English.

I must close now, for I don't want to miss this week's censoring.

Your very affectionate Friend,
JOHANNA SCHMIDT (JANE SMITH).

P.S.—You will notice the new spelling of our names, won't you?

P.P.S.—Last Sunday the Herr Pastor chose as his text:—"Truly your lot is fallen unto you in pleasant places; ye have a goodly heritage." It may seem strange to you, but when he pointed out to us how fortunate we were in having our lives managed for us as they are I really felt quite touched; and so, I think, did Ha—Heinrich.

*Born 1820—
still going strong.*



OFFICER (Egyptian Service): "I'm going to tell our C.O. there's
a General come to see him."

JOHNNIE WALKER: "What! me a General?"

OFFICER: "Yes! General Favourite!"

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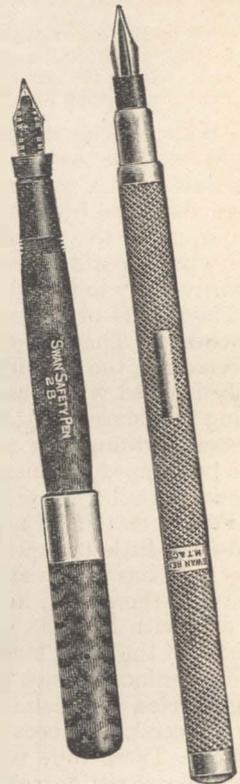
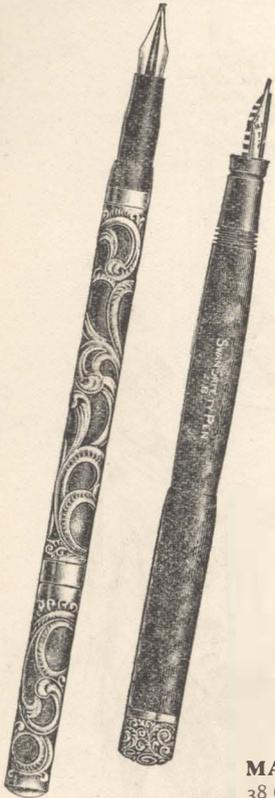
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FROM THE TRENCHES.

"I am sending you herewith a very excellent coat and fleece lining which I had from you at the beginning of November; it stood the winter in the Trenches simply splendidly; I know no better coat, it's warm without being fuggy. If you think this coat has had its day will you please send me another like it. Otherwise, please put the old one to rights and have the fleece lining cleaned, that is perfectly good anyhow."

This letter is genuine, and may be seen by anyone interested.

AQUASCUTUM Ltd.,

WATERPROOFERS BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

100, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

THE REGIMENTAL OUTCAST.

[Passed by the Imperial German Censor as a further proof of the incredible frivolity with which the British author regards the most serious and vital issues.]

WHEN the horrid thing happened, you could hear the amazed ripple along the lines, and a minute later the men were dismissed by a stricken Sergeant-major, under the instructions of a Captain who supported the Major as he crept wearily away to let the Colonel know.

The results of the shock will be far-reaching. Though enlightenment is proceeding, the battalion has not yet fully realised what this unprecedented thing may mean to the British Army, where anything you may want to do can be stopped by rules—if not by one, then by another.

For it certainly appears that this sad-faced little man with the humourless eyes has achieved the impossible, and that there is no known Army law to deal with his case. When the first horror of the thing struck home, something perilously like a panic reigned in high circles. The calm tapping of canes on officers' legs became an agitated tattoo. There were rumours that the Colonel was sitting, sobbing like a little child, before a pile of twenty-five futile books of regulations, and that the Major, broken-voiced, was endeavouring to persuade him to postpone his resignation.

Even now the cause of all the trouble is perpetually engaged with a crowd of fierce interlocutors. A dozen times a day he is cross-examined by every man with a possible shadow of authority over him (including the cook, who is reported to have purchased a significant-looking phial). Personally, however, I have my suspicions about the whole business. Yesterday, some time following a particularly riotous court of enquiry, I thought I recognised the little man's voice upraised in helpless laughter from the rear of the marquee. When he strolled casually to dinner, however, his face was sad as of yore. Doubtless he has many domestic afflictions.

I suppose I must tell you all. On a day the Major, in a creditable attempt to vary the monotony of drills, had spent fifteen busy minutes in recording the various religions rife amongst the men. Prouder and prouder he had grown as he worked his way down to our one Zionist (who admitted afterwards that he had been trying to recall the name of his religion and had got desperate at the finish); then, pink and smiling, he had taken that false and irrevocable step. He became the too-complete official. "Any man not answered?" he inquired jauntily. And the grave little man had stepped out.



THE NEW ORDER.

Anglo-Prussian Policeman (to low-class singing person). "STOP THAT NOISE! A SENSITIVE GERMAN MUSICAL FAMILY RESIDES CLOSE BY."

[Passed by the Imperial German Censor as typifying the respect in which German Kultur will be held after the Conquest of England.]

The Major's face became just a trifle apprehensive.

"Well, my man," he said, "what is your religion?"

And a sad still voice had replied, "Mormon."

* * * * *

Yesterday we beat the Engineers on their own infamous ground, across which they prepare concealed trenches before the start of a match. Yet all that remains certain of survival is that they and every living person on the ground knew us, and will ever know us, as "the Mormons."

But what oppresses the Colonel most is the horrid suspicion that, before the Mormon can be church-paraded, a search-party will have to be sent into the town to trace his wives. Our

youngest sub, unlike his seniors, blushes hotly at the mere idea that he might be put in charge of this light-skirmishing movement, and that perchance the sender of the pink envelopes which arrive every other day might get to know of it.

In any case, as matters now are, there is no bright spot in the future of the battalion. And, though the Colonel is a simple, kindly man, he is inviting the War Office to frame a regulation forbidding all Mormons to embrace the life military. Probably he will achieve this by pointing out the painful possibilities to be faced by those responsible for "the due and proper payment of Separation Allowances to Dependants." That is the way things are done in the Army.



[The original arrangement of these two figures has been readjusted by the Imperial German Censor so as to present truth instead of falsehood. The legend has been suppressed.]

WAR-TIME THRIFT.

[Passed by the Imperial German Censor as a true picture of the terrible straits produced in England by the German submarine blockade.]

A HOUSEKEEPER, writing to the Press concerning food economy, advocates "shopping warily" and looking for "food bargains." "For example," she says, "one day last week I bought for casserole cookery three old partridges for 2s. 9d. the three."

Mr. Punch has sounded some of his correspondents and offers their further suggestions for war-time saving:—

"SPARTAN MOTHER" (Berkeley Square) writes:—It is astonishing what bargains can be picked up by the thrifty housewife. Tradesmen are very apt to charge people according to their apparent position in life. I am saving many shillings a week by slipping out in the late evenings in a skirt and blouse that I bought for 1s. 6d. (secondhand, of course) in a little shop (recommended) in Scroggin's Rents, Victoria Street. A shawl instead of a hat is worth at least twopence in the pound off at any butcher's or fishmonger's; and a pair

of side-spring boots, with one toe-cap split (picked up ridiculously cheap in the Edgware Road), have saved me their cost again and again. I get Porson to stop the car just outside popular shopping districts in the evening and then set forth on foot with two string bags. I got a fine old cod one night in the Fulham Road for a mere song. Old eggs are still obtainable, and Saturday night just towards the closing hour is a great time for all sorts of bargains in genuine food antiques.

"PENNYSAVED, PENNYEARNED" writes from Peebles:—Paradoxical though it may sound, entertaining may be made to reduce the household bills in these times. The "quorum tea," my own invention, is an excellent idea. You invite your friends and tell them that, for an amusing war-time social novelty, each guest will be expected to bring his or her own bread, butter, cake, jam, knives and spoons, the hostess providing the tea. You will find that everybody has a tendency to bring more than he or she needs, and only the mean and parsimonious will pack up and take away their remnants. My last quorum tea resulted in nine pounds of bread,

broken but none the less edible, two ditto mixed jam, fourteen cakes, assorted, and two spoons and one knife, overlooked. Dexterity must of course be used to avoid "return" invitations.

"WOMAN OF RESOURCE" writes from Hornsey:—All the houses of Jellicoe Gardens (our road) are built alike. At night the only means of identifying our home is the illuminated "Chatsworth" in the fanlight over the front door. The amateur and late war-time deliveries of the tradespeople have inspired us with a splendid scheme of household economy. The proceeding is exceedingly simple. My husband ordered (not locally) about a dozen swiftly removable spare fanlights. We have chosen names from Jellicoe Gardens, "Mon Abri," "Llanystymdwy," "Mandalay" and "The Nasturtiums" at random; "Porthcawl" because a man lives there whom my husband dislikes, and "Capri" because the people there (retired from the Sam Browne belt trade) are reputed to keep a lavish table. The nightly bags range from useful assortments of groceries to sirloins. All that is necessary is to remove your own fanlight, fix up one of the others and lie in wait

GERMANY AND THE WORLD WAR.



NEW IMPENDING ALLIANCES.

I.—WITH PENGUINLAND (ANTARCTIC ZONE OF GERMAN INFLUENCE).



II.—WITH THE PICCANINNIES (TROPIC ZONE OF GERMAN INFLUENCE).

[These two pictures, in spite of their shocking flippancy, are passed by the Imperial German Censor as a confession of the compelling fascination which the glorious German offensive exerts in the remotest quarters of the globe.]

TRUTH MIRRORED IN GERMAN ART.



THE SURRENDER OF LONDON.

THE LORD MAYOR HANDING OVER THE KEYS OF THE CITY.

[This admirable forecast by a Munich artist, with its lifelike portraits of British public men, has been accepted by the Imperial German Censor in place of an English drawing full of gross inaccuracies.]

for the deliveries. Directly they are over, you change back again. There is, of course, a great deal of confusion caused, but there are quite enough troubles for all of us nowadays without concerning oneself about other people's petty local disputes. I need not add that the darkening of the streets is particularly helpful to the scheme.

"ADAPTABLE" writes from St. Albans:—Despite the straitened times, a great many people refuse to give up their motors. Have they practised by least one counterbalancing economy by trying "motor kedgerees"? My husband and I are still running our little two-seater, but we make it pay its way by contributions to the larder. It is only a matter of skilful driving and an observant eye for the roadside fauna. Last Saturday, for instance, our little car bagged a Pekinese (most excellent eating), four frogs (the economical French revel in them), a kitten (quite a rare find), and two fowls (decrepit certainly, but soluble by long and slow boiling). Skin, chop up small (reserving all bones for stock-pot), mix all together, add condiments (sparingly), boil and serve.

MORAHT ON KIRKCALDY.

[In order that Kirkcaldy might not be regarded as a fortified town by the Germans in the event of a Zeppelin attack, the Town Council have made arrangements for the removal of the obsolete guns which form part of the ornamentation at the main entrance to Beveridge Public Park.]—*British Press.*

[The following article, composed by the well-known German military critic, Major Moraht, appears, by order of the Imperial German Censor, in the room of a British article in which the methods of the German Staff are ignorantly ridiculed.]

A STUDY of the latest batch of English newspapers to hand reveals a significant fact of more far-reaching importance than the news from any of our battle-fronts this week. The fortifications of Kirkcaldy have been dismantled by order of the Burgomeister. Thus at last we have concrete and all-sufficient proof that our bomb-raining Zeppelins have penetrated to the heart of Scotland and have completed the military mastery of the British Isles, while England's lurking fleet looks helplessly on.

Kirkcaldy—pronounced KERKHÖDI—is a modern ring fortress of considerable

power, situated on one of the lower spurs of the Grampian mountains. It covers the main line of the Highland Railway, while at the same time its situation on the sea-board gives it the key to the defence of the Forth Estuary. Its guns (about which no precise information is at our disposal) are probably of 302 MM. They are mounted in cupolas, in pairs. It is possible that the fortress may not have been fully munitioned since the War began, but there can be no doubt that so important a position must have been held by a considerable garrison. It is interesting to recall that it was in pursuance of an endeavour to shepherd his opponent into this fortress that DUNDEE fought the battle of Killiecrankie.

The General Staff has long ago made us familiar with the crumpling up of fortresses before the onslaught of our all-shattering howitzers, but this is the first time that a threat from the air has rendered one of them impotent; and it is in itself a sufficient answer to those among us who have harboured ignoble doubts as to the ability of our superb Zeppelins to force a decision.

TRUTH MIRRORED IN GERMAN ART.



Tom Atkins. "WELL, JOCK, HAST THOU MANY OF OUR FOE SLAIN?"

Scotlander (who has not already to the battle-front been). "No, TOM; BUT I HAVE ONE KILT" (KILLED).

[This picture, supplied by a well-known Limburger humourist, who is also responsible for the felicitous legend, has been accepted by the Imperial German Censor in place of an English drawing sadly wanting in refinement.]

After Antwerp—Ivangorod! After Ivangorod—Kirkcaldy!

Yet it must not be supposed that the dismantling of a fortress is equivalent—in a military sense—to its surrender. The action of the Burgomeister deserves no ignorant contumely. On the contrary he has acted with a wisdom and a strict regard for orthodox military necessity too rare among our most-hated enemies. Recognising that he was unable to defend the place, he has spared the inhabitants the horrors of bombardment by rendering Kirkcaldy an open town. Naturally our so-humane and ever-carefully-discriminating Zeppelin Commanders will take cognizance of the fact, and we may be sure that Kirkcaldy will be spared (as far as possible) while bombs rain indifferently upon the neighbouring strongholds of Dunfermline, Cupar and Kinross. It only remains, now that Kirkcaldy has led the way, for London to follow suit, although in the case of the Metropolis, with its many arsenals, the evacuation of the entire civilian population (as we have already pointed out) to a place of safety is the only satisfactory course. It is not unlikely that

we shall hear before long that the intention is to transfer the population of London to the relatively safe refuge of Kirkcaldy.

So far we have assumed that the authorities are acting in good faith, but experience shows that in dealing with the treacherous British it is well always to look a little below the surface. Kirkcaldy is near to Dundee, and Dundee is the constituency of the unspeakable CHURCHILL. May there not be some deeper motive? Knowing as we do that the whole operations of the English Army are hampered and rendered impotent by lack of artillery it is at least plausible to suggest that the inhabitants of Kirkcaldy are to be left to their fate unprotected (and our Zeppelin Commanders cannot be expected to differentiate between one centre of population and another, so long as the hostile ruse of darkening the streets is persisted in) in order that the wavering front in the West may be further bolstered up. We venture to predict that even now our brave and never-to-be-pushed-back soldiers in Flanders may at any moment be subjected to the shell-fire of the Kirkcaldy guns.

If this surmise be correct it is but one more evidence of the exhaustion of our most implacable foe, who must scrape together what artillery he can, since his workmen have refused to work and no new guns can be constructed. It is not unlikely that the lurking Fleet has been denuded in the same way.

One other piece of news from Scotland. The island of St. Kilda—which has never been effectively occupied by Great Britain—has decided to remain aloof. She is about to mobilize to defend her neutrality.

[The following paragraphs are passed by the Imperial German Censor as being, to all appearance, harmless.]

"'Mais, messieurs,' he said simply, 'vous êtes Anglaises!' We could neither refuse nor undecieve such courtesy as that."

New Zealand Paper.

In fact these good fellows behaved like perfect ladies.

"Stick a penny stamp on your symptoms, and send them to 'Our Doctor.'"—*The Herald (Melbourne).*

Grateful patient: "Cured, by gum."

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

[By the Imperial German Censor's Staff of Cultured Clerks.]

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold, but I never remember a more fascinating volume to be found there than the *Autobiography of Count Zeppelin*. The great inventor, who is modesty itself, tells his sweet and simple life-history with a quiet charm all his own. Born seventy or more summers ago, he is still hale and robust, and sings the "Hymn of Hate" every morning in a robust tenor, while taking his bath. All these years he has devoted himself to perfecting his great idea, which came to him one day as he gazed upon a *Leberwurst* so ripe with age, so active in its maturity, that it soared into the empyrean on its own. By day inventing, by night poring over maps of the Eastern Counties of England, he came at length to complete fruition; and it is as the sweetest little cherub that ever sat up aloft that he will be known to posterity.

A sumptuous album of designs for the rebuilding of the English cathedrals bears the honoured name of Professor Steinklöpfer, but it is an open secret that this timely reminder of our reconstruction duties emanates from a more august source. In their complete detachment from the vicious traditions of mediævalism these designs are wholly admirable. They breathe the true spirit of modern Germany, robust yet ornate, flamboyant but solid. No more effective way of eradicating the taint of insular exclusiveness from our new provinces could be devised than the carrying out of these noble designs. In an interesting appendix I find a scheme for the remodelling of the National Gallery, with a special central hall designed as a setting for the greatest art treasure in existence, the wax bust of *Flora*, which, after the conquest of England, is to serve as an object-lesson in German taste and connoisseurship.

I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude to Professor Stosch, of Tübingen, for his charming study of the CROWN PRINCE. From winsome childhood to stalwart maturity the heir to the Imperial Throne is brought vividly before us in his true colours, with his love of sport and literature, his passion for collecting, and his unaffected piety. Professor Stosch points out that during the CROWN PRINCE'S visit to India he was never imposed upon by the treacherous hospitality of his hosts, but maintained a dignified and courteous independence. It is also shown that, though differing slightly in build and profile from MARTIN LUTHER, he closely resembles that great champion of German Christianity in his fearlessness and simplicity. If I have a criticism to make, it is that the author has not sufficiently emphasised the true modesty of the CROWN PRINCE. Only a finely-tempered and self-effacing commander could so effectively have kept out of the limelight as his troops passed on from one advance to another, always hearing the call of the Fatherland nearer and nearer.

A cordial greeting is due to the noble treatise of Dr. Schlimm, of Göttingen, on *The Righteousness of Hate*, which he proves to be an altogether noble emotion when prompted by a pure devotion to the Fatherland. It is thus, in fact, an integral part of the highest and truest form of love, and is therefore indistinguishable from it. Love is only possible when the object of love is lovable. Where it is otherwise, as in the case of persons and peoples who are radically evil and malignantly arrayed against the all-lovable Germany, it is automatically transformed to a burning and righteous hate. Altogether this is a worthy product of the rich and generous intellect of its distinguished author. It will serve as an effective antidote to the false humanitarianism of the few sentimentalists who discredit their country.

MUSICAL NOTE.

[Contributed by a Leipzig critic. By Command.]

A BITTER disappointment is felt by all true-hearted Germans at RICHARD STRAUSS'S choice of a subject for his new symphony. By a strange paradox he who was so often happily inspired by NIETZSCHE in peace-time, who glorified the superman and portrayed the joys of battle in his *Heldenleben*, has now, in the midst of war, been moved to portray the charms of—Alpine scenery. The contrast is indeed painful, for Switzerland is the home of cold-blooded neutrality, of frost and eternal snow, poles apart from the warm-blooded humanity of the German race. We fear that our RICHARD may have been influenced by the flattery lavished on him by the perfidious English, and the degree conferred by the infamous University of Oxford. But there is still time for him to make amends by a *Triumphlied* on the sinking of the *Lusitania* or a *Pæan* on the righteous destruction of Louvain.



THOUGHTS THAT KILL.

GERMAN PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY THINKING OUT A NEW POISON-GAS.

[Passed by the Imperial German Censor as an admissible compliment to German science.]

THE CHARGE.

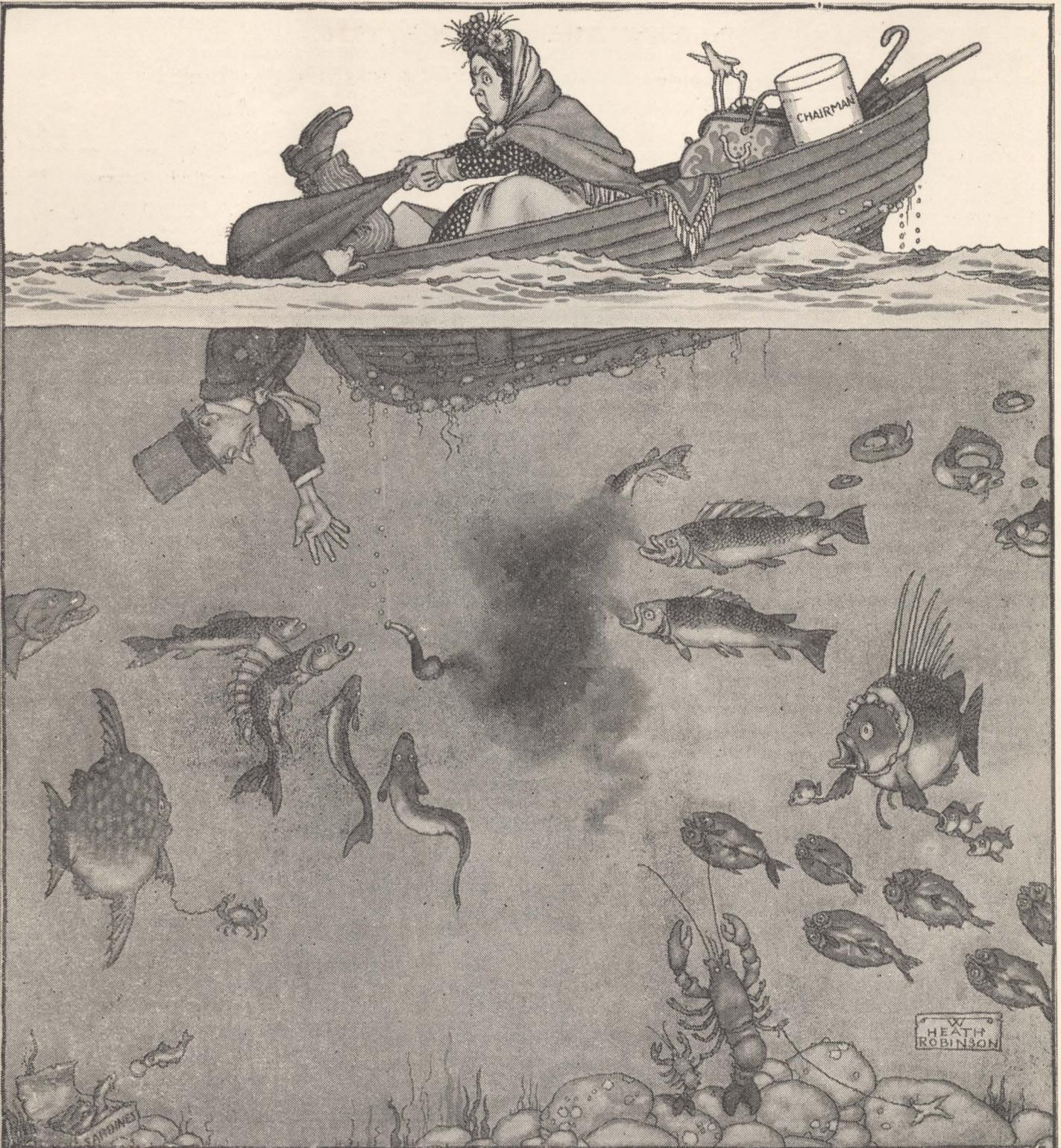
[Passed by the Imperial German Censor as a further example of the incredible levity of the British Soldier.]

WHERE the clouds of the poison-gas stifle and slay,
Behind them come pouring the Huns to the fray;
Packed rank after rank like long wave after wave,
They hearten their courage by shouting this stave—
"Deutschland über Alles!"

The gallant and glorious soldiers of France,
When the bugle-call sounds for the longed-for advance,
Set flame to their patriot blood with the call
That bids them in vengeance to conquer or fall—
"Vaincre ou Mourir!"

But see! from their trenches the Englishmen burst;
Like hounds over fallow they stream to be first;
Not of England or Glory or Death is their strain,
Their battle-cry rings in the deathless refrain—
"Early Doors, Sixpence!"

Here ends the censored issue of "Punch."



A Chairman Calamity.

This is the wholly misleading drawing that the artist supplied. His collaborator, the man of words and phrases, would have nothing to do with it. It worried him. He could not find a useful argument for his purpose in the tubby turbot, the confiding crab or the savoury sardine. Nor did the submersible smoker, the curious chicken—or should it be the searching seagull?—inspire him with words to convey the fact that the illustration is intended to emphasise the perfect combustion of Chairman.

So it is left for the commercial man to say that this quality is responsible for the intense and delightful coolness of his

tobacco and ensures its delicate flavour and pleasing aroma being enjoyed with every pipe however much it may be smoked.

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Punch's Almanack for 1916.



GRAHAM SIMPSON

Tommy (to new arrival at prisoners' camp). "WHAT WAS YOUR OCCUPATION?"
German. "ARMY BUTCHER."
Tommy. "CATTLE OR BABIES?"



G. L. STAMPA
1915

Ex-Policeman (recognising a peace-time acquaintance). "LUMME! IT'S YOU, IS IT? STILL SNEAKIN' ABAHT, ARE YER? I RECOLLECT WARNIN' YOU SOME TIME BACK ABAHT LOITERIN' IN THE FULHAM ROAD!"

ALLITERATION FOR ALLEMANDS.



ONE OMNIPOTENT OBERBURGOMEISTER
OVERFLOWING OSTEND.



TWO TRIUMPHANT TIPPLERS TOASTING
"TAGS."



THREE TRUSTING TURKS TRYING TO
TEUTONISE.



FOUR FEARSOME FORBEARS FRIGHTENING FATHER.



FIVE FAR-SIGHTED FATHERLANDERS FORAGING IN FLANDERS.



Ernest H. Shepard

SIX SVELT SUBORDINATES SALUTING SOMEBODY.

Punch's Almanack for 1916.

ALLITERATION FOR ALLEMANDS.



SEVEN SATURATED SUBMARINERS STRAFING SANDBANKS.



EIGHT ELEMENTAL EATERS ENJOYING ELYSIUM.



NINE NEUROTIC NOBLEMEN NEGOTIATING NEUTRALITY.



Ernest H. Shepard

TEN TORTUOUS TEUTONS TELEGRAPHING TOSH.



ENGLAND UNDER THE HUN.

DISASTROUS RESULT OF ATTEMPT OF GERMAN OFFICER TO IMPORT THE GOOSESTEP.



DISCIPLINE IN THE WEST INDIES.

“WHEN I TELLS YER ‘STAND EASY,’ THEN YER STANDS EASY, AND YER CAN WIPE YER FACES AND SCRATCH YERSELVES; BUT WHEN I ONLY SAYS ‘STAND AT EASE’ YER MUSTN’T MOVE—NOT EVEN IF A LION BITES YER.”

HINTS TO PATRIOTS ON PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.



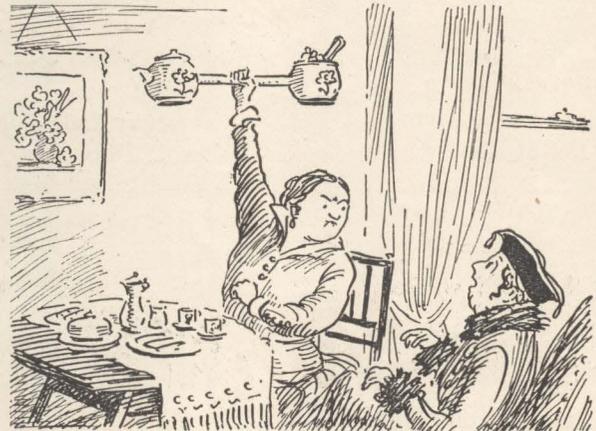
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Much have you given—give once more!

For little children spent with toil,
For little children worn with pain,
I ask a gift of healing oil—
Say, shall I ask for it in vain?

For, since our days are filled with woe,
And all the paths are dark and chill,
This thought may cheer us as we go,
And bring us light and comfort still;

This, this may stay our faltering feet,
And this our mournful minds beguile:—
We helped some little heart to beat,
And taught some little face to smile.

—R. C. L.

All donations will be gratefully acknowledged.

£2,000 has to be raised before the end of
the year to keep the Hospital out of debt.

JAMES MCKAY, Acting Secretary.

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IT is working with the approval of the British War Office, in conjunction with the British Army Veterinary Corps, for the Horses of the British Army, and is the only fund that has been authorised for this purpose. It is supplementing the provision already made by the British War Office, and is supplying motor lorries, horse ambulances, corn crushers and chaff cutters driven by petrol engines, rugs, halters, bandages, and other veterinary requisites; it has provided a Veterinary Hospital to accommodate 2,500 horses, and is now building another for 1,250 patients, besides giving shelters to hold 500 horses. The R.S.P.C.A. has in addition trained and sent to the British Army Veterinary Corps, for enlistment, nearly 200 men, including many of the Society's own Inspectors, and is giving special lectures on the care and treatment of horses to N.C.O.'s and other soldiers. The R.S.P.C.A. has also helped the British Army Horse at home by supplying ambulances, rugs, humane killers, veterinary stores and medicaments to regiments all over the country.

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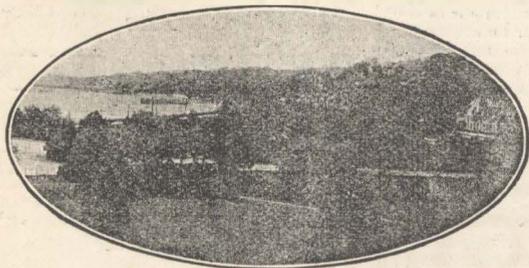
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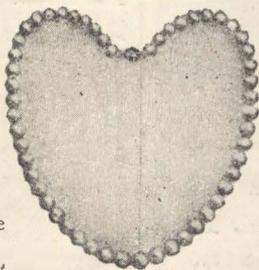
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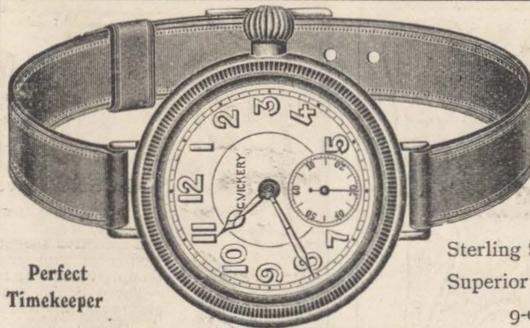
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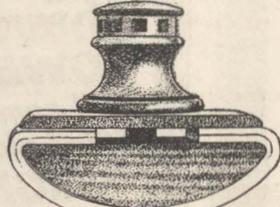
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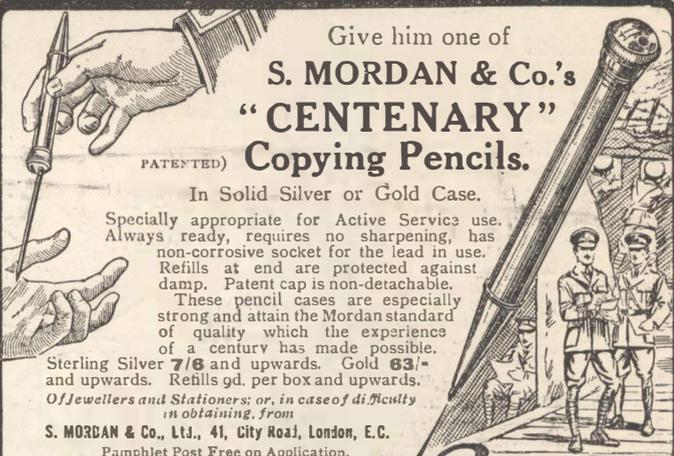
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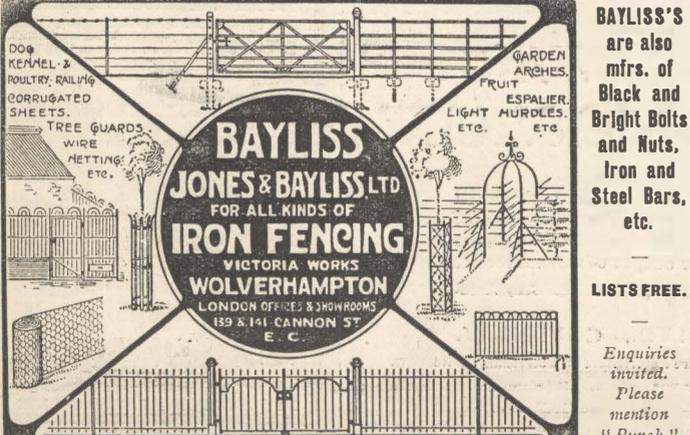
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