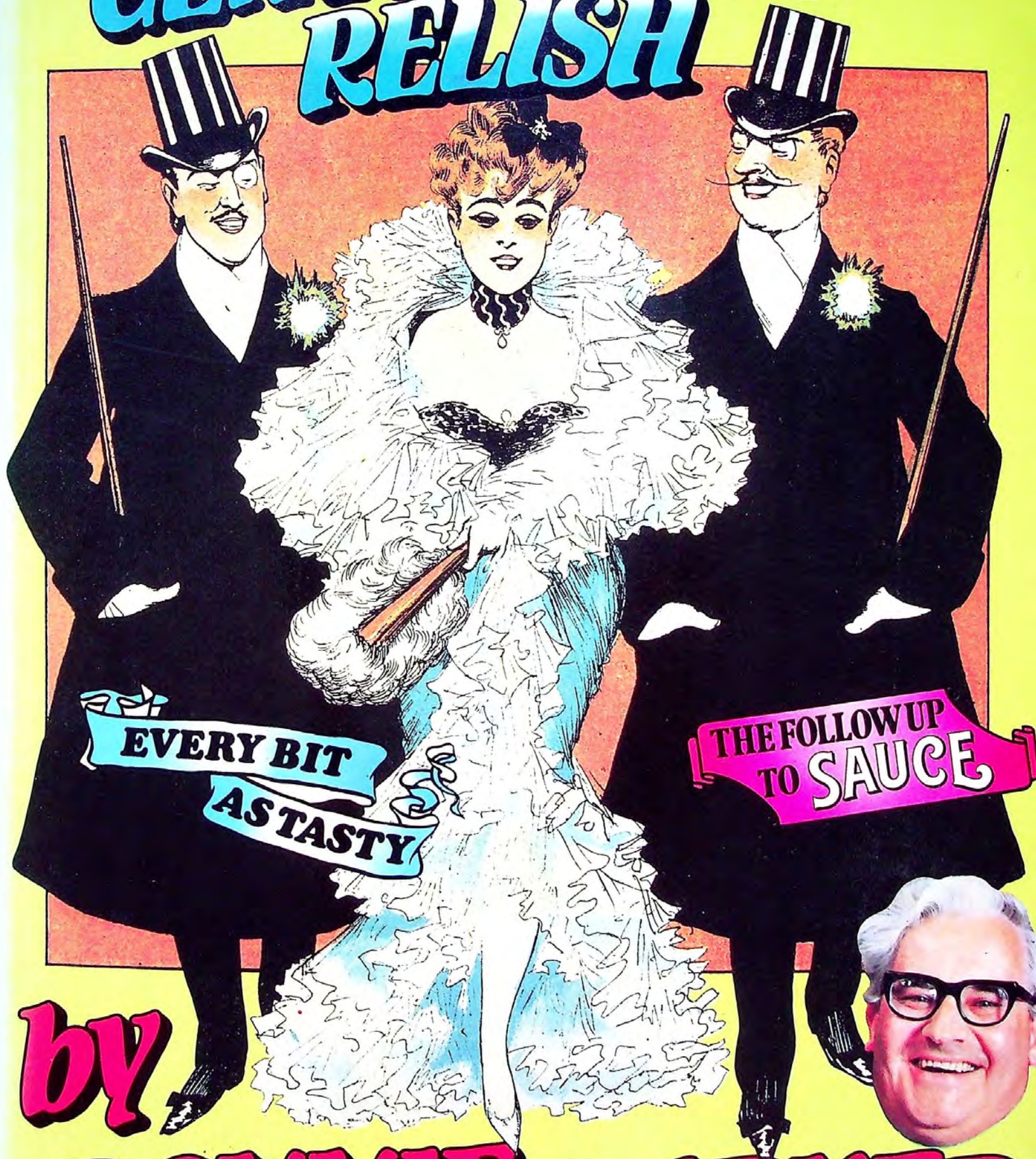


# GENTLEMAN'S RELISH



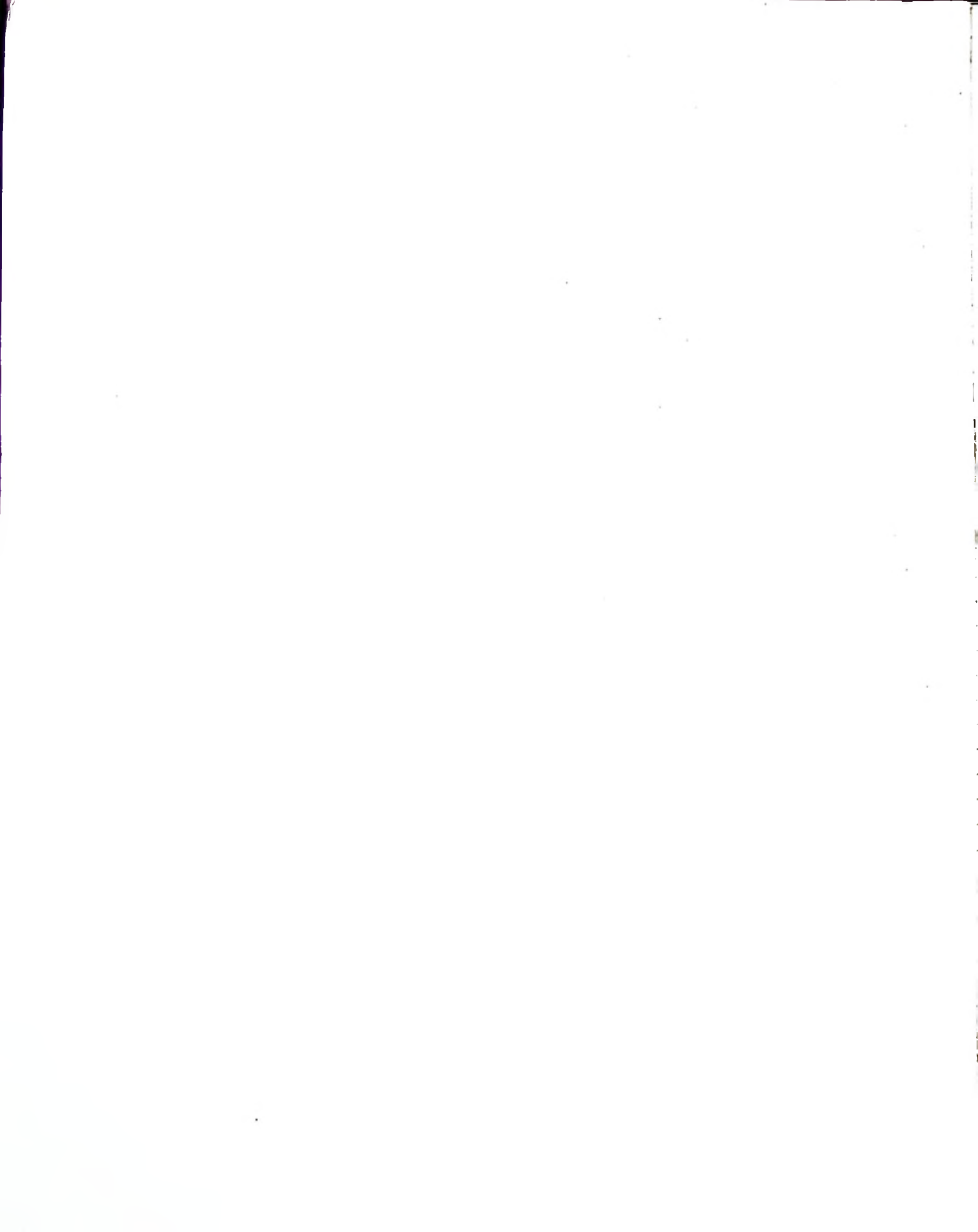
EVERY BIT  
AS TASTY

THE FOLLOW UP  
TO SAUCE

by

RONNIE BARKER





# GENTLEMAN'S RELISH



**by RONNIE  
BARKER**

The publishers confess that this is a trivial and foolish book, and they will not be offended if you laugh at it.

Drink **Cadbury's**  
**Cocoa** Guaranteed Pure and Soluble

MAKERS OF THE QUEEN

A PLEASANT TRIP ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

FED ON  
**GUINN'S**  
**FOOD OF LIFE**

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO  
 HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

SPECIALY ADAPTED FOR  
 INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

FOOD OF LIFE is a Nutriment manufactured from the FINEST OATS only, prepared by a process whereby the Meal is most perfectly ground. It is hence of a highly digestive nature, and in its fabrication particular account is taken of the physiological relations of the infantile digestive organs, notably the lack of salivary and pancreatic secretions. It has now been SOLD FOR MANY YEARS, and has given UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION.

ANALYTICAL REPORT  
 General Laboratories, Highgate Station, London N.C.  
 September 19, 1911

We have submitted to Chemical Analysis and Microscopical Examination a sample of "Guinn's Food of Life," which we find to be of great purity, rich in all the nutritive components of the Oat, and perfectly free from any of the deleterious foreign matters which are so common in the products of the Oat mill. The report on analysis is as follows: "Guinn's Food of Life" is a highly nutritive and digestible food, and is especially well suited for use by infants, the young, the old, and those who suffer from indigestion, and is a valuable food for the invalid. For further information see the "Food of Life" Leaflet.

ARTHUR HILL HAYWARD, B.Sc. Lond.  
 Director of Food, and Microscopical and the Methods for their Detection.  
 EDWIN GODWIN CLAYTON, F.C.S., F.I.C.

Dr. ARTHUR WILSON says: "FOOD OF LIFE we find to be A HIGHLY NUTRITIVE preparation, containing all the nutrient principles of the Oat, and therefore possessing both the nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous principles necessary for the maintenance of the body."

Sold by Grocers, Chemists, and Stores everywhere.  
 IN TINS, 3d., 6d., 1s. & 4s.

Samples Forwarded to any Address Post Free on Application.

WHOLESALE DEPOT—  
 51, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.  
 Mills and Stores at Bath and Liverpool.

THE STRONGEST CHILD ON EARTH



The Genuine bears the Trade Mark "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE" on every Packet and Tin.

The following Extract from "Review of Reviews," Nov., 1890, is of interest to every Smoker.  
**THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.**

The picture drawn by our Director, of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of many of our correspondents. One who writes to "The Hog" says: "I have been struck with your description of the Cigarettes of the Navy Cut. I am the most ardent smoker, but I never give up my pipe. I have tried many of the Cigarettes, but the smoke of some smokes at once in the neighborhood of a hair and will severely smother. We in London, if we were asked to contribute to the fund, and have contributed to it, we would smoke the Cigarettes for the next five months. I am, however, so a little, and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the best smoking tobacco, viz., 'Player's Navy Cut' (this is not an advertisement). I enclose, therefore, a cheque for the amount."

**Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes.**

In Packets containing 12 and Tins of 24, 50, and 100.

Manufactured from Player's world-renowned "Navy Cut" tobacco, hand-made by English girls.

PURE, COOL, & DELIGHTFUL.

*Wei-hai-Wei!*  
 Suit you use  
*Tears?*

并摩草

**WORMS IN CHILDREN.**  
**WORMS IN CHILDREN.**  
 are easily washed and with perfect safety get rid of by using KEATING'S POWDER. Nearly all the best suffer from Worms. If suspected, do not wait, you can with ease cure the child (that is, the average wormer). Sold by all Chemists, on Time, 1s. 1d. each.

**A CAPITAL RECIPE.**  
**TO MAKE CHOICE LEMONADE.**  
 Take 14 or Citrus Acid, 14 lb. Loaf Sugar 40 drops of Essence of Lemon (this must be perfectly good), one pint of boiling water.  
 Pour the Essence of Lemon on the Sugar and Acid in a jug. Add the boiling water, then cover till cold, when required for use put 2 parts to 4 or 5 parts of water and add the juice of two lemons.

**KEATING'S POWDER**

**AIR-SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.**

Of all the Powders made by art,  
 There's none like that of Keating,  
 From Bugs or Fleas twill free each part  
 Of Blankets, Rag or Sheetting  
 And when in Bed I lay my head,  
 His praise I'll be repeating,  
 There is no man in all the world,  
 Who's down on Fleas like Keating.

**"KEATING'S POWDER"**  
**"KEATING'S POWDER"**

This Powder is celebrated, is perfectly innocuous in destroying BED-BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all insects which perfectly harmless to all animal life. All woollens and furs should be well sprinkled with the Powder before placing away. It is invaluable to take to the Sea-side. To avoid disappointment only get the having "Keating's Powder." No other Powder is so effectual. Sold only in 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d. Beware of imitation. Don't be palmed off with an inferior article.

**GADBURY'S COCOA** is closely allied to milk in the large proportion of flesh-forming and strength-sustaining elements that it contains. It is prepared on the principle of excluding the superabundance of fatty indigestible matter with which cocoa abounds—supplying a refined thin infusion of absolutely pure cocoa, exhilarating and refreshing, for Breakfast, Luncheon, Tea or Supper—giving staying power and imparting new life and vigour to growing children, and those of delicate constitutions.

**"A Refreshment"**

**POSITIVELY THE BEST DRESSING FOR PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE HAIR.**

**EDWARDS' HARLENE "FOR THE HAIR"**

**WORLD-RENOWNED HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER.**

Is the best dressing, specially prepared and Perfumed for Toilet Use.  
 "Harlene" Produces Luxuriant Hair, prevents its Falling Off and Turning Grey.  
 Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache.

**THE WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY FOR BALDNESS.**  
 For Curing Weak and Thin Eyebrows, Preserving, Strengthening, and Reuniting the Hair beautifully Soft. For removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for restoring Grey Hair to its Natural Colour, it is without a rival. Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be devoid of any metallic or other injurious ingredients.  
 1s. 2s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per Bottle.

May be had from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers, all over the World, or sent direct, carriage paid, on receipt of P.O.O.

**EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95, High Holborn, London, W.C.**

**Specially Prepared and Perfumed FOR TOILET USE.**

**Despaired of Success.**  
 SIXS.—My delight at the remarkable results produced by the use of your "Harlene" impels me to testify to its efficacy. I had tried several other applications and had despaired of success, when I was advised to try yours. I have used three bottles, and as a result, my hair is as plentiful as it was ten years ago.—G. COSTA, 4, Rue de la Sourdiere, Paris.

**The Hon. Mrs. Thompson's Testimony.**  
 Ackworth Moor Top, Pontefract.  
 The Hon. Mrs. Thompson desires to testify to the value of "Harlene" for strengthening and preserving the hair, and will be pleased to allow her testimony to be publicly used.

**A Doctor's Opinion.**  
 Berkeley Lodge, Gipsy Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E.  
 Dr. Bishop has used two bottles of Edwards' "Harlene," and feels that it has had a good effect, and is encouraged to use more. Please send two bottles for money enclosed.

**WON'T WASH CLOTHES.** *Brook's Soap - Monkey Brand.* **WON'T WASH CLOTHES.**

**FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, & SCRUBBING FLOORS, KITCHEN TABLES, LINOLEUM, & OILCLOTHS.**  
 For Polishing Metals, Marble, Paint, Cutlery, Crockery, Machinery, Baths, Stair Rods.  
**FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS, AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE IRONS, MANTELS, &c. REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.**

## Acknowledgments

I would like to acknowledge the help of my children, Larry and Charlotte, in the research for this book, and also my wife, who, when I told her I had been searching for the right word for two weeks said "How about 'fortnight'?"



*This is an unlimited edition, of which this copy is 69,851. If you wish a higher number, your bookseller will gladly supply you.*



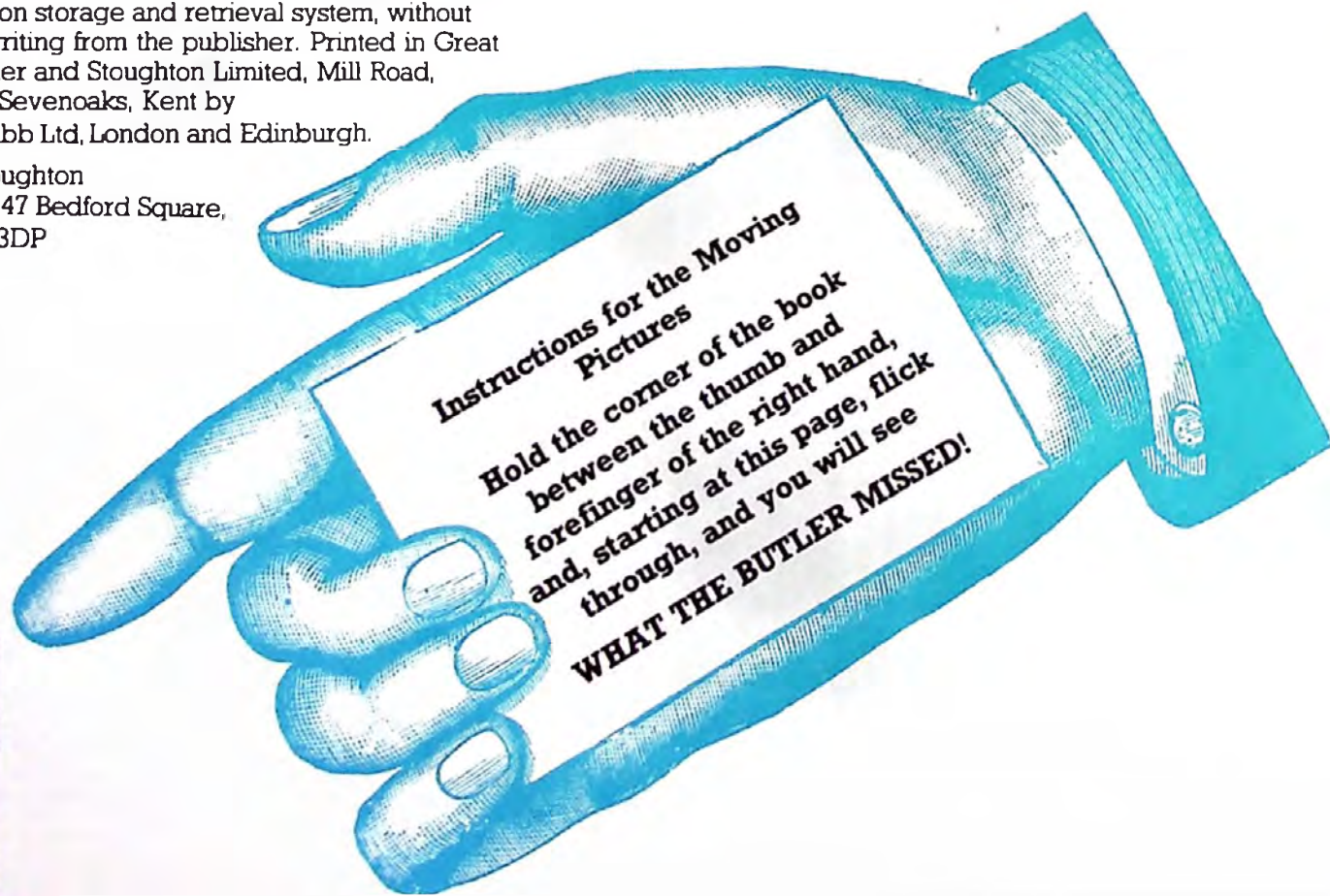
### CREDITS

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data  
BARKER, RONNIE  
GENTLEMAN'S RELISH

Boards 0 340 24778 9 Paper 0 340 24665 0

Copyright © 1979 by Ronnie Barker. First printed 1979.  
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. Printed in Great Britain for Hodder and Stoughton Limited, Mill Road, Dunton Green, Sevenoaks, Kent by Morrison and Gibb Ltd, London and Edinburgh.

Hodder and Stoughton  
Editorial Office: 47 Bedford Square,  
London WC1B 3DP



## CONTENTS

Introduction

**A Relish for the ladies**

**A Relish for  
LOVE AND ROMANCE**

**A Relish for  
DOMESTIC BLISS**

**A Relish for  
EATING AND DRINKING**

**A Relish for  
PHYSICAL FITNESS  
(including SPORTS AND  
PASTIMES)**

**A Relish for  
SOCIETY LIFE**

**Your Own Special Page**

**A Relish for  
ART**

**A Relish for  
FASHION**

**A Relish for  
FOREIGN PARTS**

**Puzzle Page**

**A Relish for  
THE THEATRE**

**A Relish for  
MUSIC AND DANCING**

**A Relish for  
HISTORY**

**A Relish for  
CHRISTMAS**

**Some after-dinner stories**

**A Relish for  
LAUGHTER**



**GENTLEMAN'S  
RELISH**



**HODDER & STOUGHTON**

(LONDON SYDNEY AUCKLAND TORONTO)

# *Introduction*

**Hello!\***



**\*(This is the shortest introduction possible, a five-letter word, in order to leave room on the page for the lady. Anything shorter could only be a four-letter word, and that would not be suitable for a book of such a jolly nature.)**





## A RELISH FOR THE LADIES

The "Gentleman's Relish" of the title is usually understood to refer to a rather piquant sandwich-filling, very popular with our grandfathers – and indeed, the front cover of this book offers us a very charming sandwich; two of our grandfathers, sandwiching someone else's grandmother.

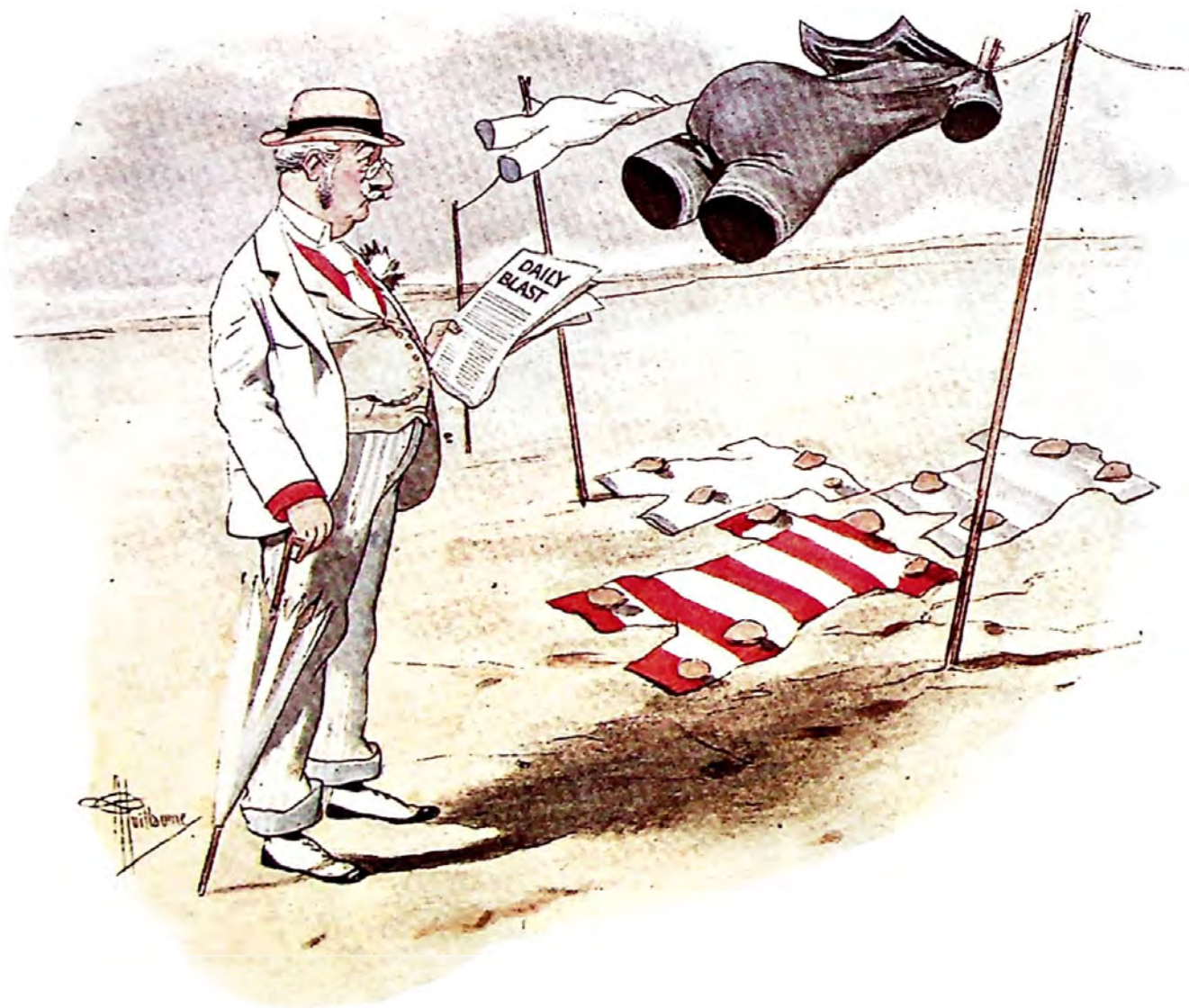
The ladies, God bless them, provide the filling of the sandwich throughout this book – some light and mouth-watering, some humble and home-cooked, some delicate, some distinctly meaty; some, I hope, to suit every taste. Like its companion volume, *Sauce*, published recently, *Gentleman's Relish* is crammed with bygone pictures; charming, grotesque, exciting, and comic (perhaps in itself a description of Woman with a capital W). When presented at table, *Gentleman's Relish* was served with varieties of toast; when presented here, only one toast will serve – "The Ladies".

How delightful they are – and how necessary. After all, what self-respecting man would think of marrying anything else?

Ronnie Barker

**NEW READERS START HERE.**

(old readers started a long way back . . .)



**Happy Days! Let us then start where it usually starts – with a  
Gentleman's Relish for LOVE AND ROMANCE...**



*A Relish For*  
**LOVE AND ROMANCE**



# A Relish For LOVE AND ROMANCE

"Love - what a volume in a word! An ocean in a tear! A seventh heaven in a glance! A whirlwind in a sigh! The lightning in a touch!" and sometimes, I might add (to Tupper's immortal, though seldom quoted words) "a storm in a tea-cup!"; and of course, not everybody's cup of tea. But the pictures on this and the following pages are drawn with such loving care that there can be no doubt as to the artists' leanings. The little tree in the drawing below seems to be made up entirely of apples, waiting to be picked. Is that why the girl is standing beneath it? For love and romance is all about picking and being picked - the lady weaving the silken web of delights with eyes, lips, and fingers; the man (to use the terms of the Army chap below) skirmishing round the objective with a view to an attack, but ready to withdraw should the ground prove unsuitable (He's at it again, seen through the mirror in the top picture).

Because it is mostly Man's nature to avoid being captured before he is ready. It is the woman who lays the table and serves the meal - it is the man who eats it, and then tries to leave without paying the bill.

The army officer who addressed his troops before a battle as follows, must merely have been passing on his own recipe for life. He said:

"Now listen, men. You have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes until your ammunition runs out - then run like Hell. I'm a bit lame, so I'm going to start now." He could only have been a bachelor.

But I'll wager some woman caught up with him!



Engaged.

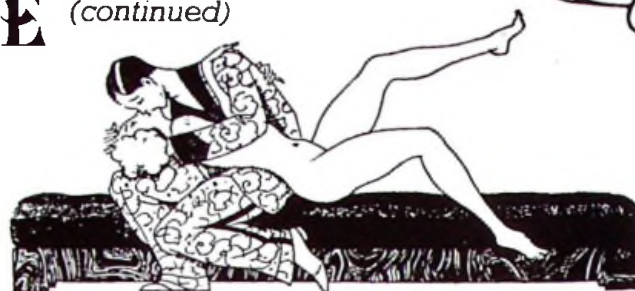


One and one  
makes two  
(at least)



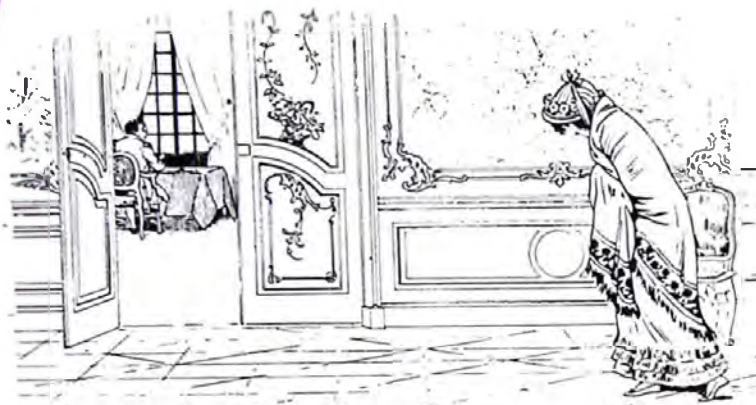
# LOVE AND ROMANCE (continued)

*Napoleon, Josephine and others*



*The Wedding Night*

*Bride:* Sorry, but I can't be expected to remember everything with only three rehearsals.



**1** "Is that you, Josephine?"



*She:* What are you thinking about?

*He:* Same as you.

*She:* I've a good mind to slap your face.

**2** "Not tonight, Josephine."

"Kiss me."

"No, I've got scruples."

"I've got chicken-pox, but who cares?"



**3** "I said, not tonight, Josephine!"

*She:* What sort of women do you like?

*He:* Most sorts.

*She:* Do you like bathing-girls?

*He:* Yes, I love it.



**4** *Josephine:* Don't you worry, chummy! Not tomorrow, either! (EXITS)

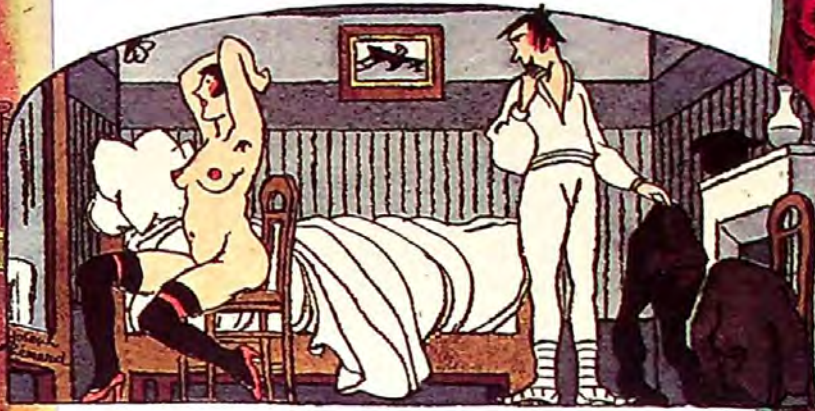


And here, a glimpse of the coarser side of romance, as depicted on the seaside postcard.



THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY

THAT'S DONE IT! NOW I REMEMBER WHERE I LEFT MY UMBRELLA!



He: You know, you're incredible. You're the eighth wonder of the world!  
 She: Well, don't let me catch you with the other seven.



ADAM I HOPE YOU'LL NEVER HIDE ANYTHING FROM ME

**IN OUR OFFICE**

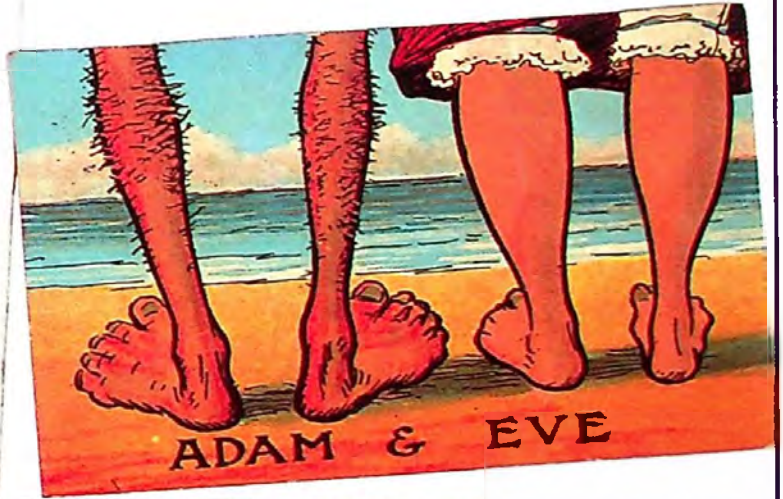


WE CAN ALWAYS TELL WHEN THE BOSS IS GOING TO DO SOME OVERTHROW

IN THE BEGINNING  
 WOMAN GAVE MAN  
 AN



NOW  
 SHE ONLY GIVES HIM  
 THE



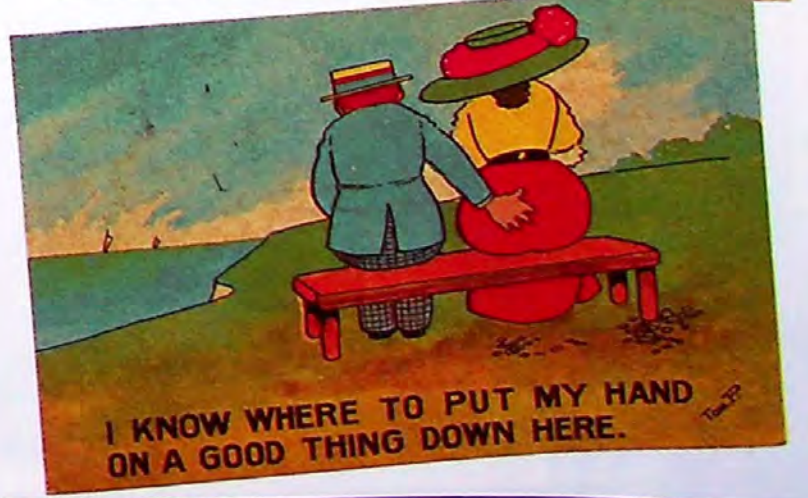
ADAM & EVE

"THAT BALLY KID CAN GET A TART FOR A PENNY!"



I LIKE PLENTY FOR MY MONEY.

WHO WERE YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?



I KNOW WHERE TO PUT MY HAND ON A GOOD THING DOWN HERE.

# LOVE AND ROMANCE (continued)



*On the train.*



First love's  
 The worst love  
 The feeling fit-to-burst love  
 Pure love  
 Demure love  
 The surest love of all

Calf love  
 "Don't laugh" love  
 Just sixteen and a half love  
 Young love  
 Unsung love  
 The deepest love of all.



*On the same.*



*The Honeymoon.*

*Midnight.*



*The Honeymoon*



*The Honeymoon.*

The Honeymoon – which, of course, takes us to **DOMESTIC BLISS . . .**



*A Relish For* DOMESTIC BLISS





## *A Relish For* DOMESTIC BLISS

"Love makes the world go round. Marriage makes it go flat." Bernard Shaw (no, that's not him above, although it looks like him) couldn't have put it more plainly. But this isn't a plain book, and I beg to disagree with his revered bones.

A bachelor has no-one to share his troubles with. Admittedly, he hasn't got as many troubles. Nevertheless, throughout life's trials and tribulations, it is an immense relief to have a wife by your side, and occasionally in other places. What bliss to hear a voice suddenly pipe out "John, there's something in this bed!" "Good gracious, what is it?" "Me!"

Not only a wife, but a home. That haven which you leave early in the morning, and arrive at early in the evening, too tired to enjoy: content to flop into an armchair and listen to your wife telling you what an enjoyable time *she* has had in it. That rallying-place of the affections, that seat of all comfort and that constant source of expense.

All summed up by the man who answered the door to a tramp.

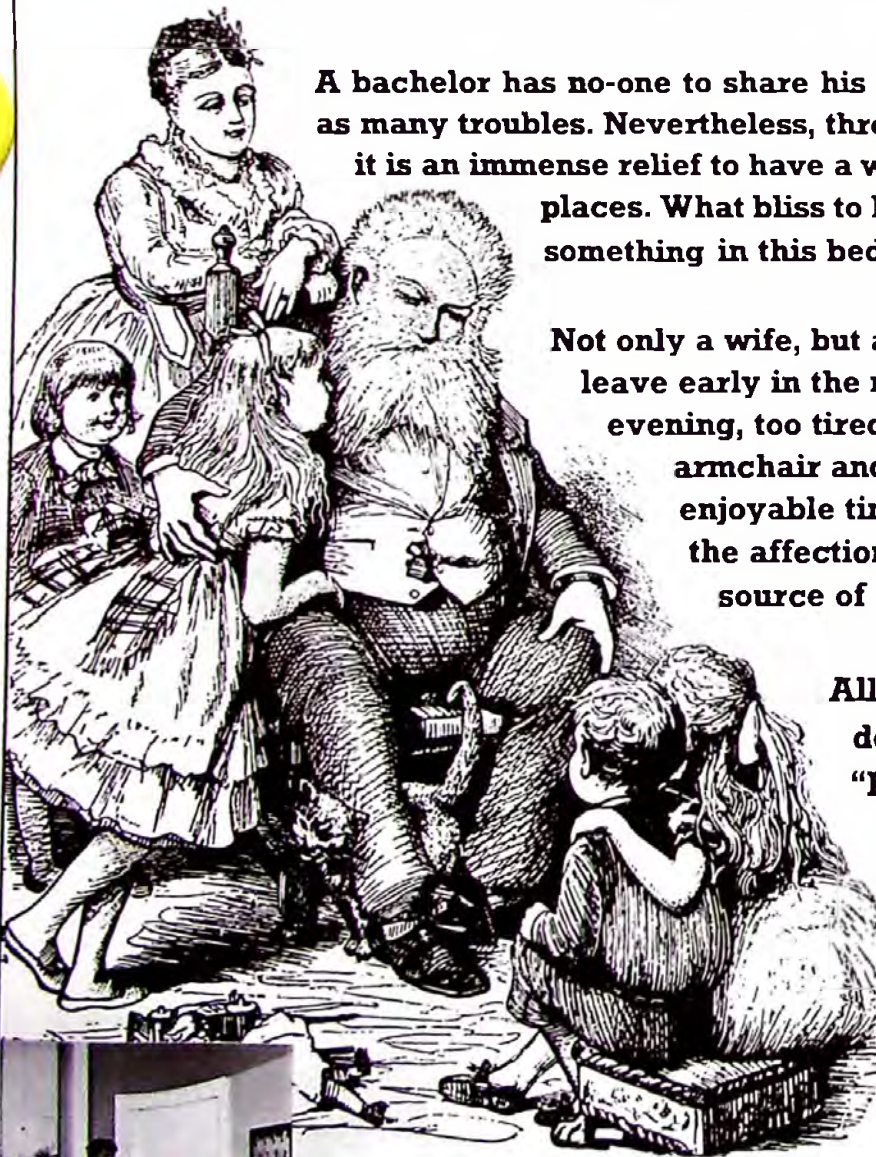
"Excuse me, sir," said the tramp, "have you any old clothes?"

"As a matter of fact, I have," said the man.

"What do you do with them?" enquired the tramp, hopefully.

"I fold them carefully and hang them over a chair every night, and then in the morning I brush them, and put them on again."

Here following, some of the pros and cons of domesticity.



The seaside postcard makes no bones about it (except on the far right).

WE WANT'S TO BUY A MATTRESS  
YES SIR! A SPRING MATTRESS?  
NAW, ONE 'AS WE CAN USE ALL  
THE YEAR ROUND.



"YOU MUST PAY FULL FARE FOR THAT  
BOY, HE WEARS LONG TROUSERS!"  
OH, IN THAT CASE I'LL PAY FULL FARE  
FOR HIM, HALF FARE FOR MYSELF,  
AND MY DAUGHTER CAN GO FREE!"



"I'VE DONE YER 'USBAND'S GRAVE UP,  
MUM—IT'LL BE 'ARF A CROWN FER  
CLEANIN' THE STONE, FIVE BOB FER NOO  
FLOWERS, AN' TEN BOB FER TURNIN'  
THE SOD OVER."



ADVICE TO YOUNG  
MEN ABOUT TO  
BE MARRIED.



BORROW SOME KIDS  
FROM THE NEIGHBOURS  
AND TAKE THEM OUT  
SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT!



What is the name of this boy?  
It's not a boy, let go my  
finger!



London Opinion  
He: "In Turkey a bride never sees her husband  
before the wedding day."  
She: "How odd! We never see our husbands after"



NO SPECTATORS, NO OBSERVERS,  
BUT AS MANY TIMES AS YOU LIKE.

ADVICE  
TO YOUNG  
LADIES  
ABOUT  
TO BE  
MARRIED



TRY SITTING UP  
FOR THE MILK  
A FEW NIGHTS!  
IT IS GOOD PRACTICE



MANY ARE CALLED  
BUT FEW GET UP,  
AT SOUTHPORT.



WHEN YOU'RE FIRST MARRIED  
YOU CALL HER "KITTEN"—  
AND SHE PURRS—



TEN YEARS LATER YOU  
CALL HER AN OLD CAT—  
AND SHE SCRATCHES!



I'VE HAD TO USE A WARMING  
PAN SINCE THE ARMY  
CAPTURED MY OLD MAN

# A Few Domestic Pearls



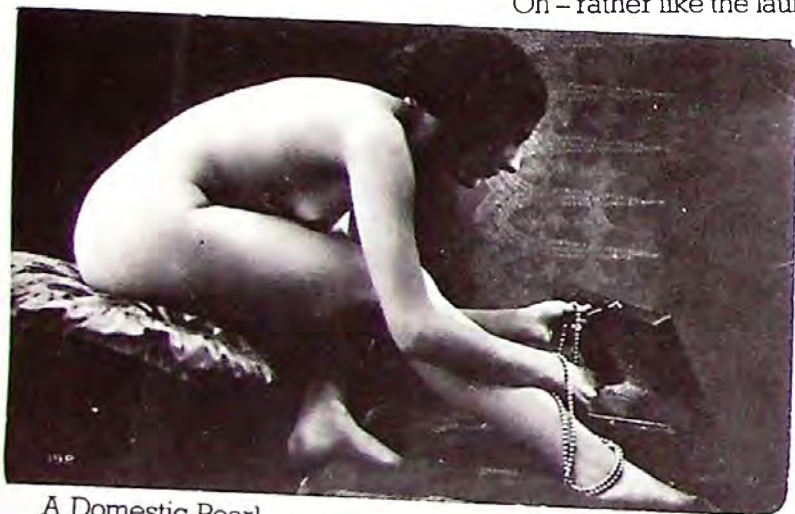
"How much are your lace collars?"  
 "Two for half-a-crown, Madam."  
 "And how much is one?"  
 "One and sixpence."  
 "I'll take the other one."



"Oh yes, the new vicar is wonderful – he really brings things home to you that you never saw before."  
 "Oh – rather like the laundryman."



"I don't intend to have more than three children."  
 "Why not?"  
 "I've been told that every fourth child born into the world is Chinese."



A Domestic Pearl.



"She wouldn't marry me on account of my family."  
 "Your family?"  
 "Yes – a wife and four children."

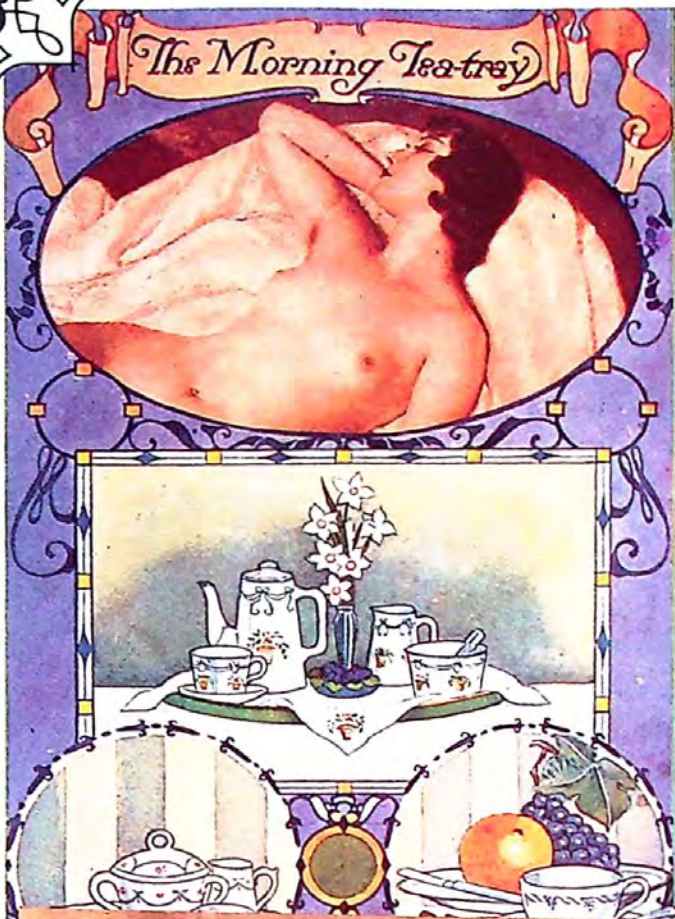


He: I've sacked my chauffeur. I'm looking for a chiffonier  
 She: That's a tall thing with drawers.  
 He: Yes, that's what I'm looking for.



He: I've made up my mind to stay in.  
 She: Hard luck: I've made up my face to go out.





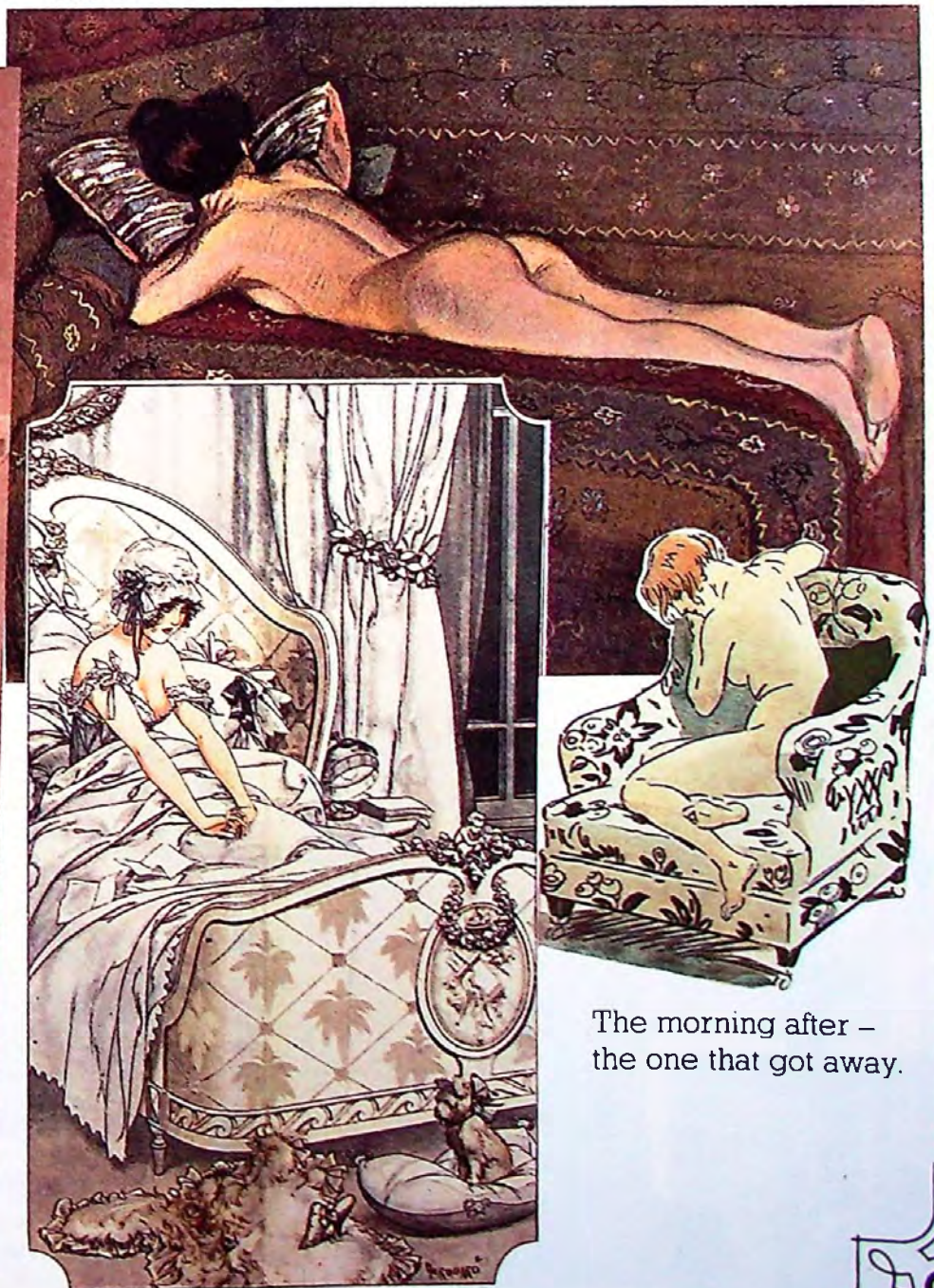
The morning paper.



The morning reverie . . .

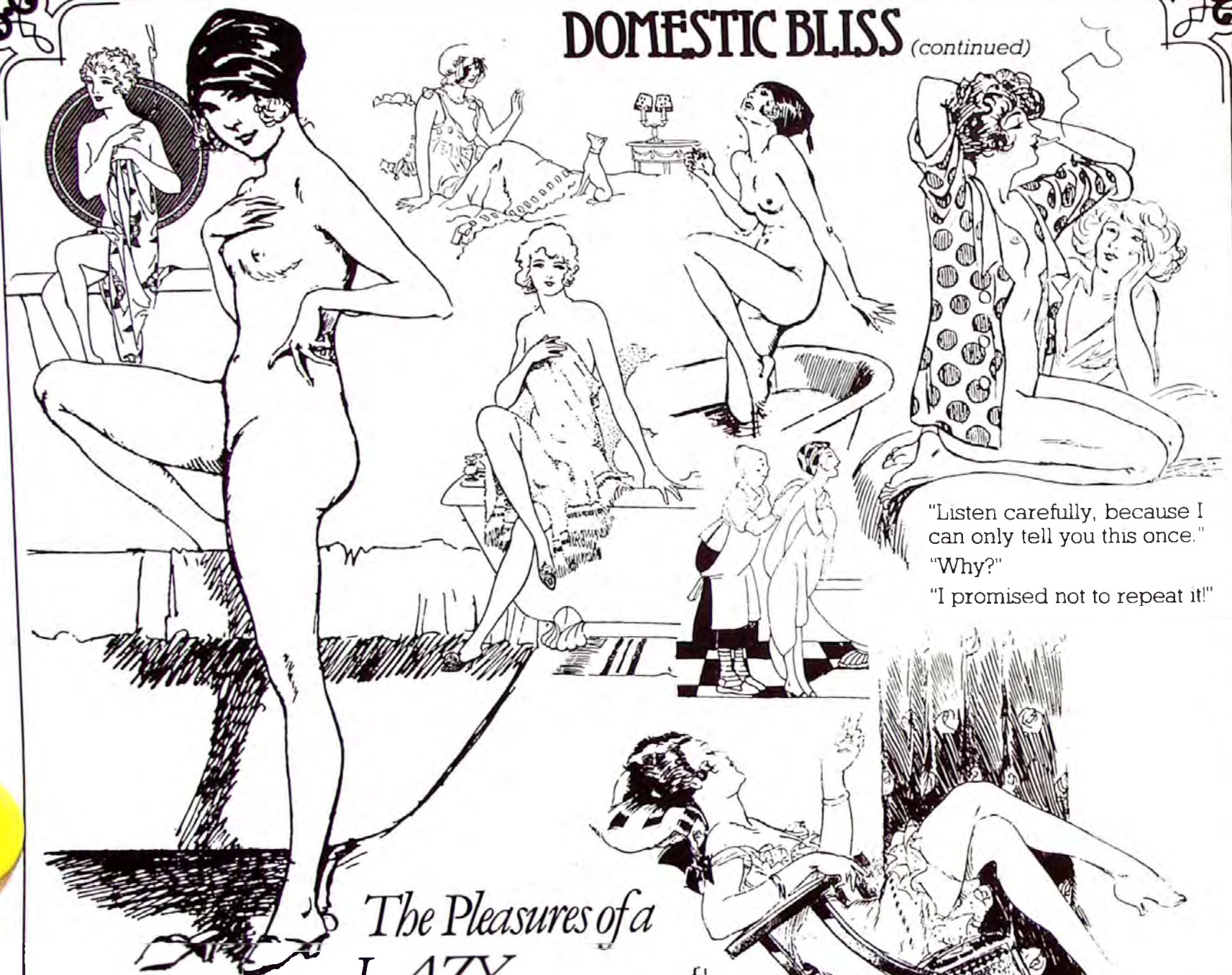


The morning mail.



The morning after –  
the one that got away.

# DOMESTIC BLISS (continued)



"Listen carefully, because I can only tell you this once."  
"Why?"  
"I promised not to repeat it!"

## The Pleasures of a LAZY MORNING



*Reflections*  
On the front-side of my looking-glass  
My front-side's clearly shown -  
But if I look the other side,  
Why can't I see my own?

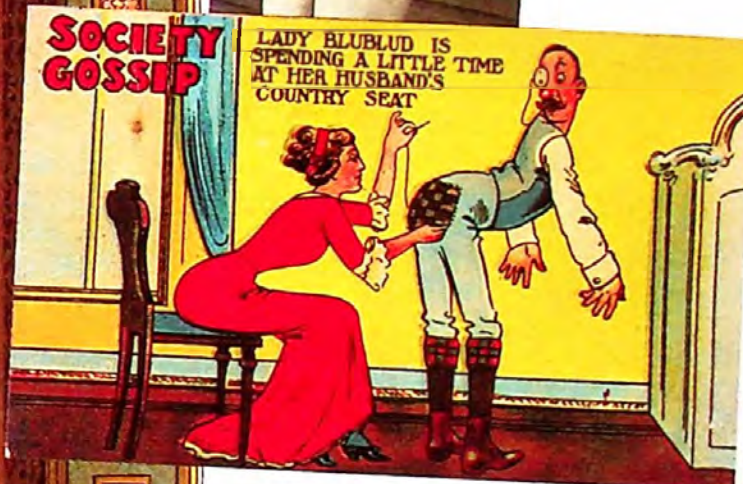
"Getting dressed is so exhausting."

# MAKING YOURSELF USEFUL DEPT.

A girl should not be just a pretty face, as the Damsel on the right demonstrates. She is tackling a man's job with a broad smile and two pounds of putty.



Outdoor Repairs (watch out for splinters)



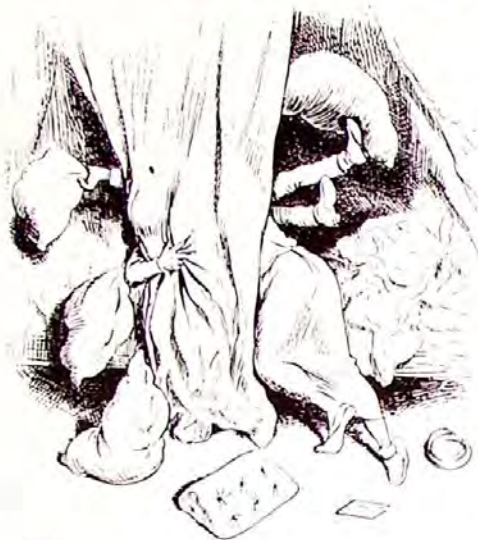
Outdoor cooking (watch out for hot bacon fat)

I'm hopeless with nails, or with paint-pots and pails.  
I can't even put up a shelf;  
And my husband's away for a rather long stay -  
How I wish I could do it myself.

# DOMESTIC BLISS (continued)



She: Are you annoyed with me?  
 He: Yes, I am!  
 She: Oh well - go and sit on your own lap then.



When a man and a woman marry, they become one. The question is, which one?



The woman who often wondered where her husband went to in the evenings - then one night, she came home early, and there he was.



DOMESTIC TRAGEDY - RUN OUT OF TEA, AND IT'S EARLY CLOSING!

## DOMESTIC DRAMAS



"Doctors say hard work never killed anyone, but who wants to prove it?"



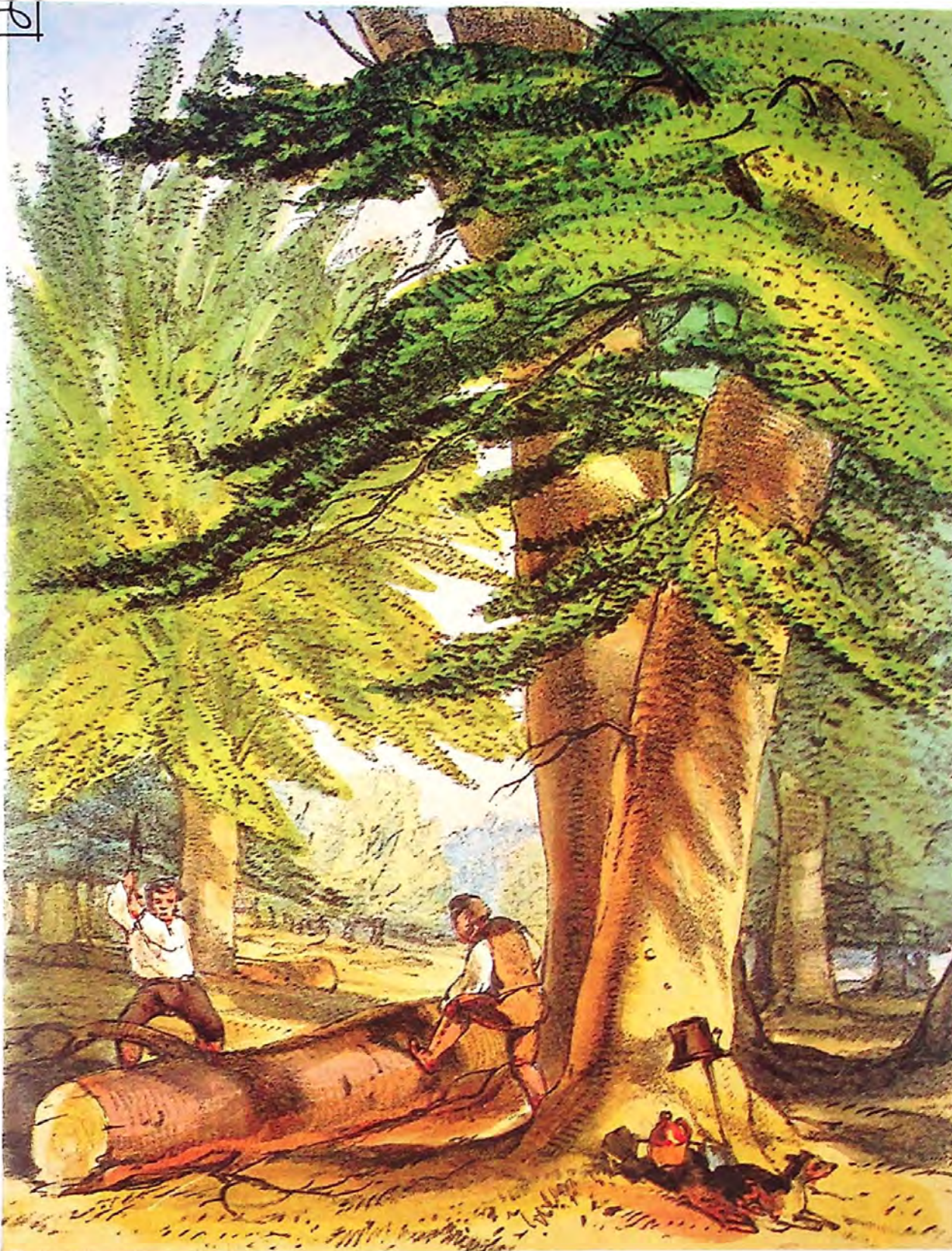
"And where's your brother Johnny?"  
 "He's in bed with a bump on his head"  
 "Good gracious. What happened?"  
 "Johnny and I were seeing who could lean out of the window the farthest, and Johnny won."



Incompatibility between husband and wife tends to become acute when he has no income and she has lost her patability.







## *The language of love*

*Young William:* Fur ar tis un umpt oo be gurtin ye dingby  
me an fur madle to up pars toot git marrid satdy.

*Old Garge:* Oh, woy?

*Young William:* Be scrantin me grubs fur darn thold  
mosin clern wi Betty, an her baist copt  
an anglin ben sertan thold pudden club.

# DOMESTIC BLISS *(continued)*



*Gardener:* The master came looking for you while you was out, Ma'am, and said he was going to give you a good hiding.

*Madam:* How dare he! What did you say?

*Gardener:* I said I was very sorry you was out, Ma'am!



"My husband calls my boudoir Paradise Lost, my lover calls it The Tomb of Virtue and my friends call it The Palace of Industry."



"I wish you'd give up drinking, for my sake."  
"I don't drink for your sake."



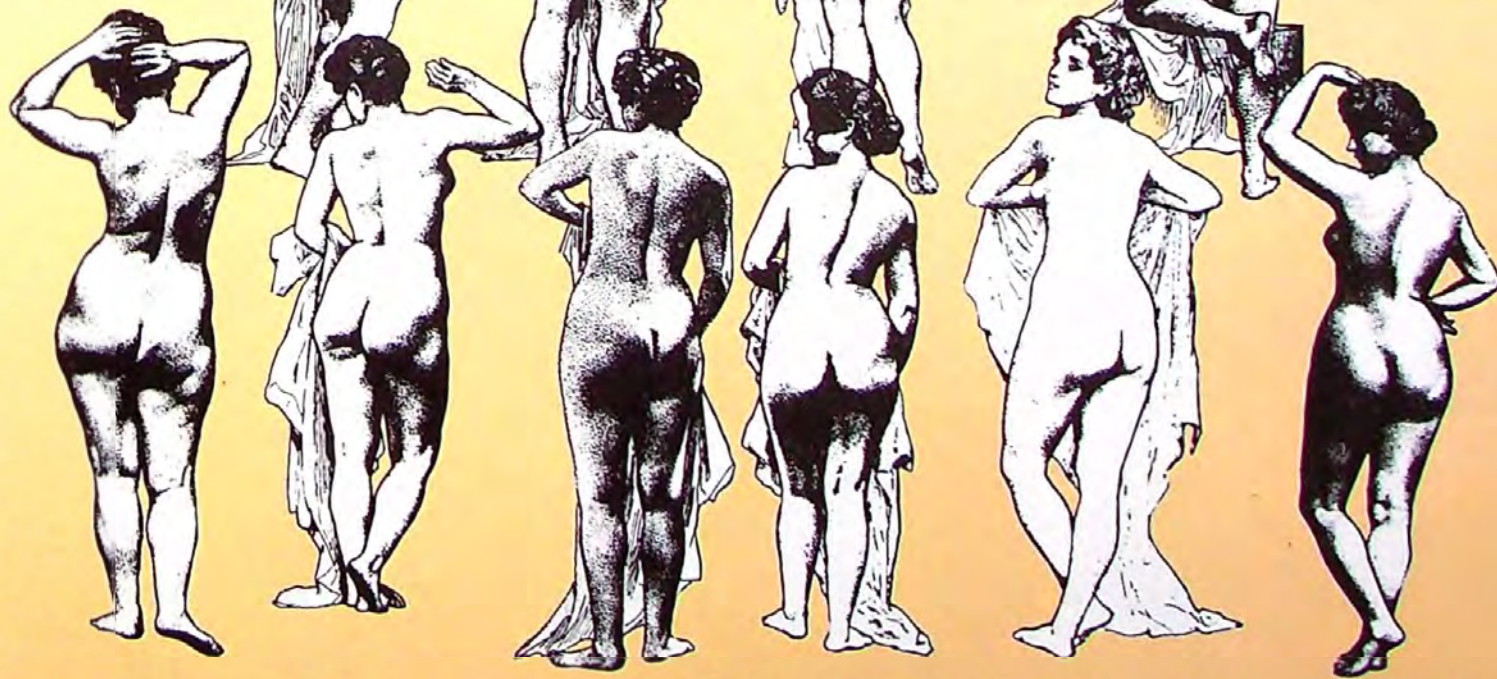
*Sophie:* Of course I am old enough to meet young men, Mama. I advertised, under an assumed name, that I would like to meet a nice gentleman.

*Mama:* And what was the result?

*Sophie:* I only got one reply, and that was from Papa.



# ETHNIC PICNIC (a quiz)



Above, a few of the living races of mankind – and, lower down, of womankind. "La Vie Parisienne" held that it is possible to tell the nationality of a lady by the contours of her rear view. The question is, which base is based in which place? The above countries are here represented:— FRANCE, BELGIUM, HOLLAND, BRITAIN, GERMANY, ITALY, AMERICA, SPAIN, SWEDEN, and GREECE. Can you recognise any of them? Score one point for each correct answer, or ten points for not bothering.

IT TAKES ALL SORTS...  
A few unlikely couples



She: If you kiss me, I won't shave for a week.

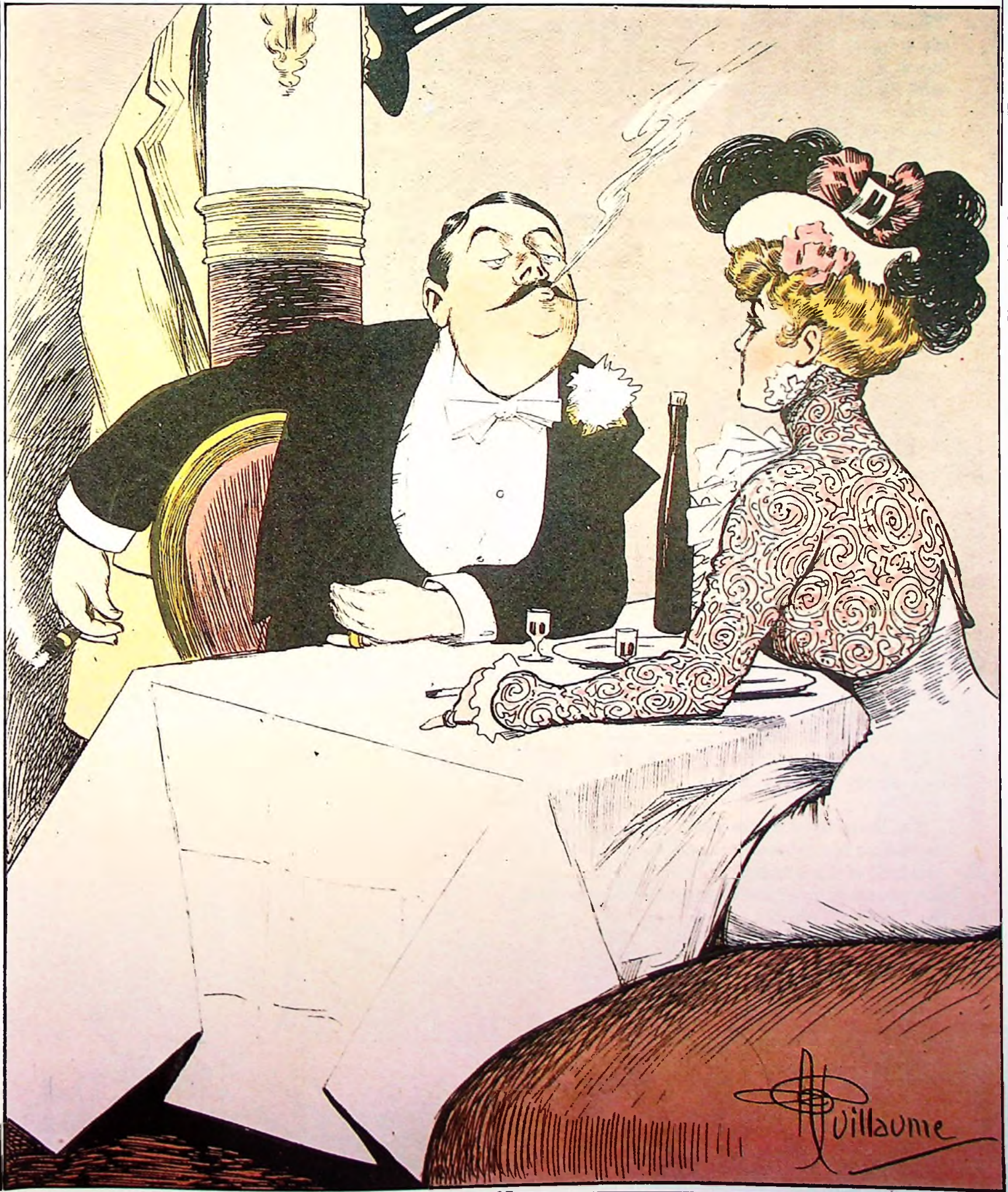
He: No, I haven't the strength.



There is, alas, no record of this giant - only his trousers remain.



*A Relish For*  
**EATING AND DRINKING**



# A Relish For EATING AND DRINKING

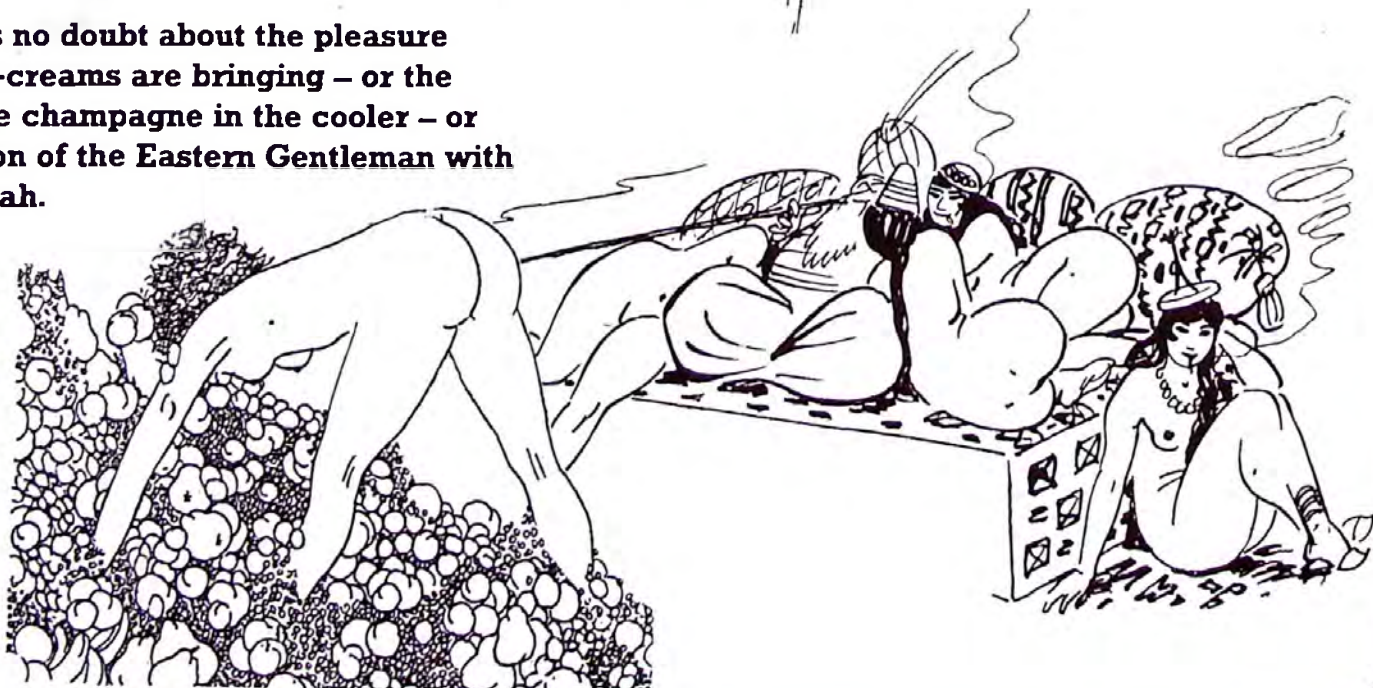
There are three things which most men do – which they seem always to have done, and perhaps always will do: and two of them are eating and drinking. (The third one is smoking, see right.) They are severally a comfort, a habit, a way of life, a means of continuing to live.

Pleasures, of course; pleasures attacked from all sides (sometimes quite rightly). Dieticians tell us we all eat too much – but it must be remembered that eating brings enormous pleasure to a number of enormous people.

Drinking, condemned since before the invention of the bottle, and the subject of countless quotations (“Work is the curse of the drinking classes” is my favourite); and smoking, ridiculed succinctly by the expression “A fire on one end, a fool on the other.” Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, is believed first to have said this – although she may have been referring to something else.

Nevertheless, the men and girls on the following pages seem to be enjoying themselves; the bottom girl on this page (you’ll know the one I mean) appears to be positively wallowing in a mountain of the fruits of nature – although maybe she has simply lost an ear-ring.

But there is no doubt about the pleasure those two ice-creams are bringing – or the promise of the champagne in the cooler – or the satisfaction of the Eastern Gentleman with the long hookah.



Many Happy Returns.



THE LEADING LADY OF THE BAR.



HI MISTER! I'LL HOLD YOUR LEG, IF YOU'LL PICK UP MY CLOTHES.



MY WIFE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE I AM— NEITHER DO I!

"I'VE TAKEN THE WRONG TURNING AND I LOOK LIKE LOSING MY WHEREABOUTS!"



THERE'LL BE THE D...L TO PAY.

# Eating and Drinking *(continued)*



*Waiter:* No, Madam, we have no wild duck, but I could get a tame one and irritate it.



*She:* Do you serve fresh crabs?

*He:* We serve anyone, Miss, take a seat



*The lady:* What is the difference between the burgundy at 5s. 6d. and the one at 6s. 6d?

*The waiter:* One shilling, Madam.



*He:* No dinner? Why is there no dinner?

*She:* Because the meat caught fire and spread to the pudding, and I used the soup to put it out.







"Aha! My favourite – Pâté à la Russe! And addressed to Lady Bedwell – that is where I dine on Monday!"



Monday arrives.



"Don't distress yourself – I'm refusing each course because I know what is to come!"



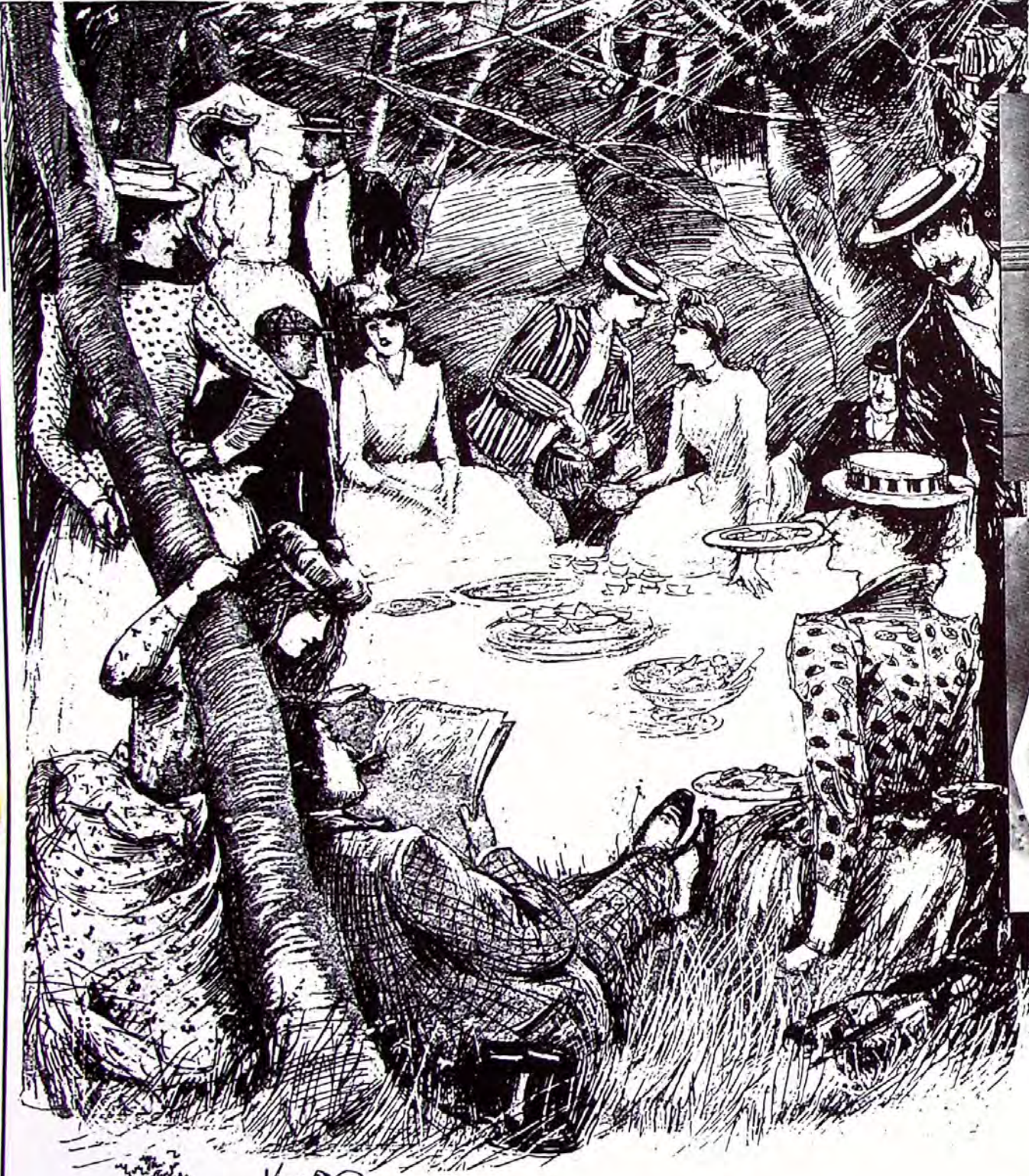
"That was the last course? But Lady Bedwell – what happened to the Pâté à la Russe?"

"Why, Mr Gorge, we had that yesterday!"

She: A wet day is best for picnics.  
 He: Why?  
 She: There aren't any wasps to get in the jam.

# Eating and Drinking

(continued)



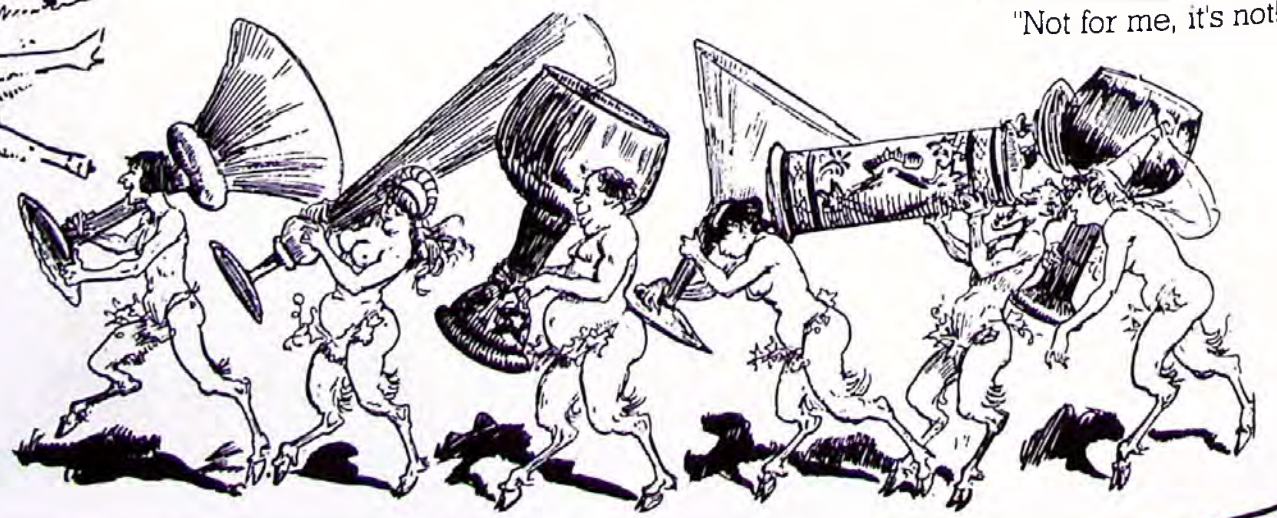
"Dinner is served."



"It's too hot to eat."



"Not for me, it's not!"



# Cherries

Here's a pretty bunch of cherries  
(those most succulent of berries)  
In the hair, the lips, the clothing –  
but the ones I like the best  
Are the ones that are ingeniously,  
charmingly, provocatively,  
Cunningly concealed amid  
the corsage on her chest.



## WINE, AND TOBACCO, AND LOVE

Young Cupid stands poised for his next naughty deed  
With his constant companions, the Grape and the Weed.  
The one with the other they go, hand in glove  
The pleasures of wine, and tobacco, and love.

On their own, they're enjoyed from Havana to Hull  
But, like soup, without salt they are wholesome but dull;  
And a Latin in Luton would tell the same story,  
The pleasures of Vino, Tobacco, Amore.



In France they import their tobacco, it's true –  
(Of the threesome, they claim to have fathered but two).  
So to Paris we turn for the thrill, the allure,  
The pleasures of Vin, et Tabac, et L'amour.

How sad that these pleasures, so fleeting and frail,  
Can end up distorted, diluted and pale  
And our dreams, once delightful, now doleful and drear,  
Boil down to our fags, and the Missus, and beer.



# THOUGHTS AT TWILIGHT

Now when tranquil Hesper glances mutely through my window-pane  
 Longing thoughts and wistful fancies thrill my spirit once again  
 And a phantom dinner-table greets my vision – snowy white  
 As I don my suit of sable, in the tender evening light.

While Apollo's horses wander out beyond the western sky  
 Let me sit awhile and ponder; will the wine be truly dry?  
 Ah! though time is ever bringing added cares to line my brow,  
 All the day my heart keeps singing – "Salmon is in season now."

See! The silver moon is gleaming; birds are still, and lilies droop,  
 And I'm doubting – hoping – dreaming – will they give us turtle soup?



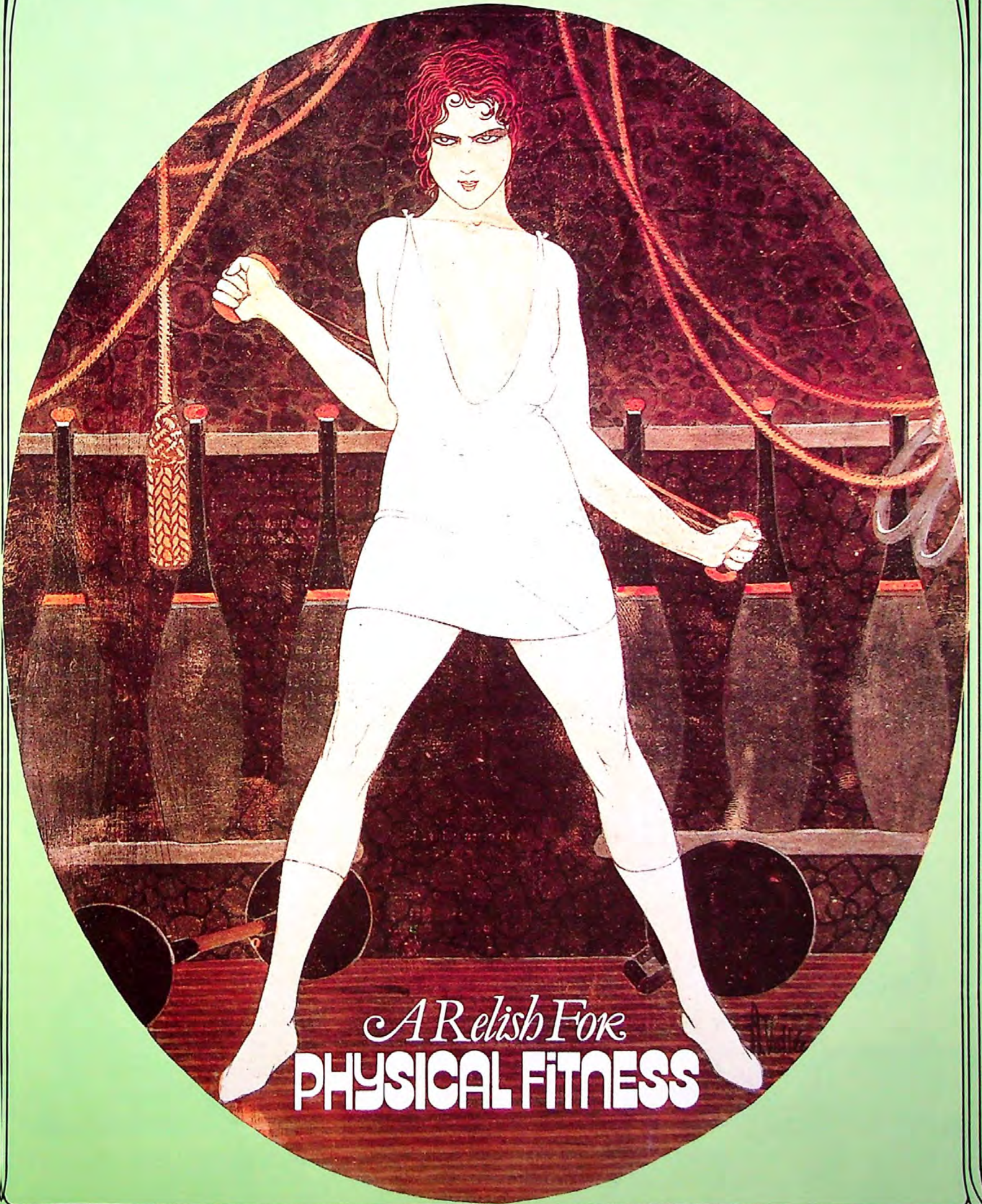
Day begins – I lie and languish; day proceeds,  
 through lunch and tea  
 Fraught with danger, fraught with anguish, lest it  
 end with fricassee!

Will, oh will they place before me Spring's sweet  
 gift of lamb and peas  
 Will a holy calm come o'er me, dining, dreaming  
 at my ease  
 Till at last I sigh and smoke a lovely lissom  
 cigarette  
 While I sip my café Mocha, thinking of the things  
 I ate?

Ah! When day is slowly dying, evermore with  
 throbbing breast,  
 I am dreaming, I am sighing, hoping bravely for  
 the best.



The Jenkins girl, the Jenkins girl!  
So full of Fital Fizziness –  
Oh she's got knees like trunks of trees  
And a chest like nobody's business.



*A Relish For*  
**PHYSICAL FITNESS**



## *A Relish For* **PHYSICAL FITNESS**

The pictures on these pages were drawn by a French artist of the 1890s at some resort like Aix-les-Bains, or as the English called it "Aches-and-Pains", where ladies of breeding went for the water-cure, from which many of them never quite recovered – partly because of the cold water, but mostly because of those big hairy attendants.

The next few pages are devoted to the urge to keep well. They certainly look well doing it.



"As you're here, dear, would you mind blowing my nose for me?"





# Helpful Hints Page



Fig. 1. Box or Full Steam bath.



Fig. 3. Foot Steam bath.



Fig. 6. Head Steam bath.



Fig. 4. Foot Steam bath.



Fig. 5.

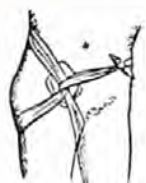


Fig. 49.



Fig. 1. Forward Body Movement.



Fig. 2. Backward Body Movement.



Fig. 1. The Knee-jet.

Fig. 2. The Head-affusion.



Fig. 3. Thigh-bending Movement.



Fig. 50.



Fig. 4. Thigh-extension Movement.



Fig. 3. Walking barefoot in wet grass.

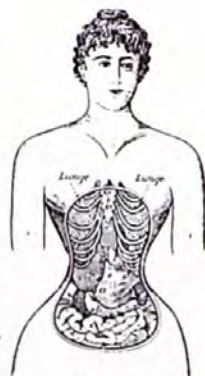


Fig. 402.

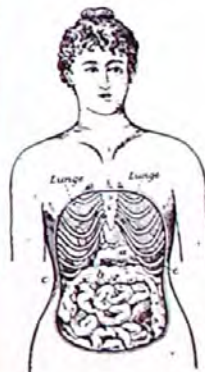


Fig. 403.

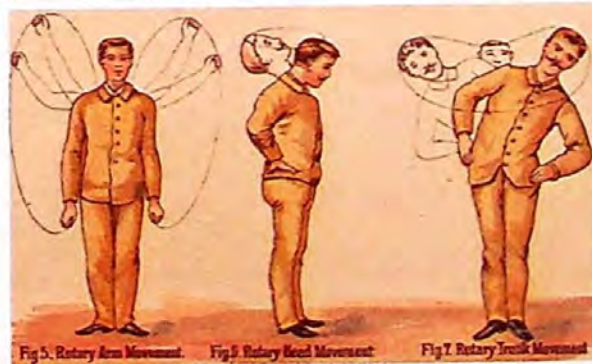


Fig. 5. Rotary Arm Movement.

Fig. 6. Rotary Head Movement.

Fig. 7. Rotary Trunk Movement.



Fig. 5. Treatment with Electricity.



Fig. 36.



Fig. 4. Putting on Calf-pack.

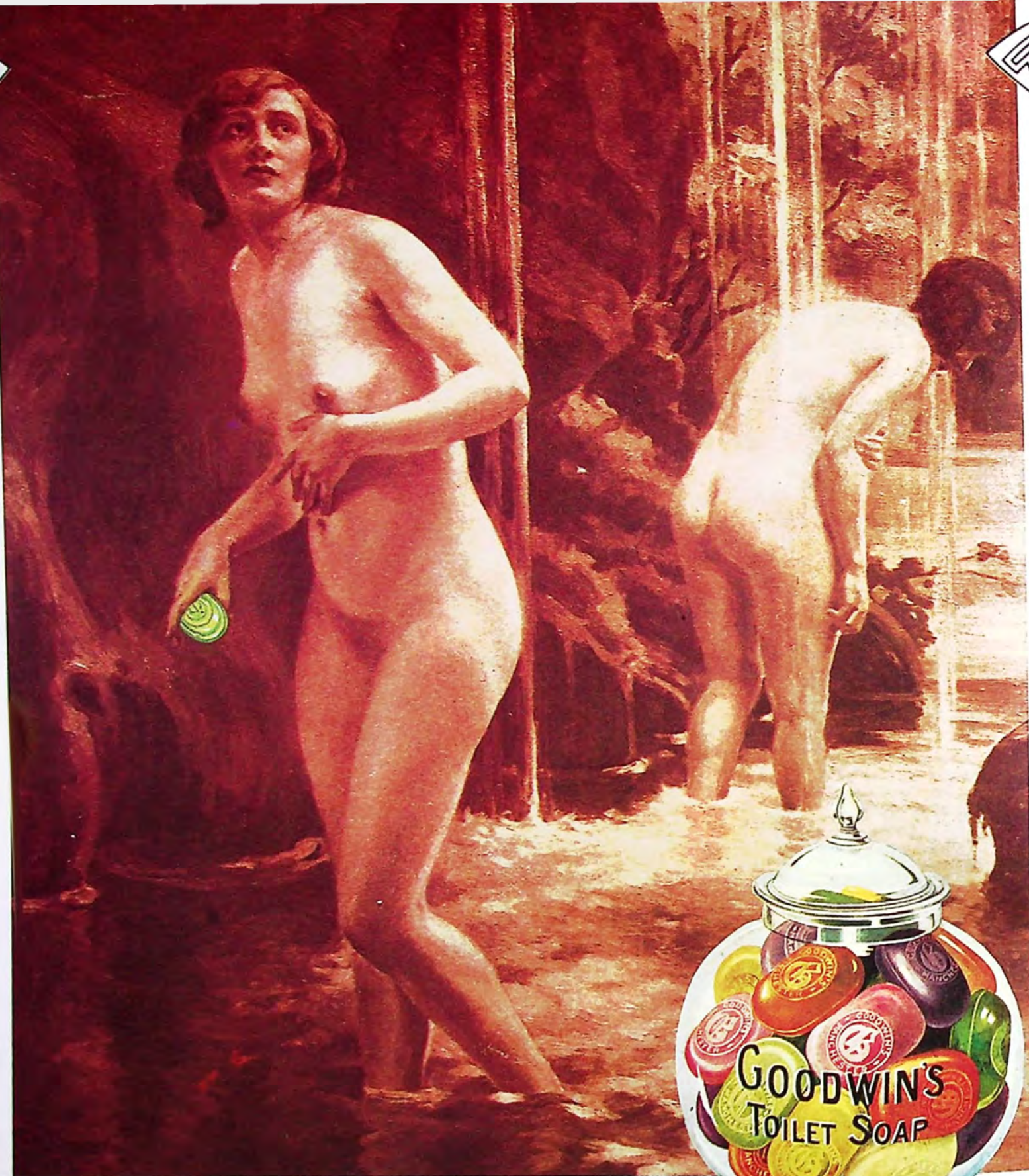


Fig. 35.



Fig. 3. The Kneipp short wrap.

A Few Victorian cures for you to try. But take care - a man who had been in the habit of treating himself from a medical manual, when only forty-five, died of a misprint.



*Health for All*

In 1890, when there was no Trades Descriptions Act, advertisers would claim unlimited powers for their products, both improving and curative. You could grow a hundredweight of hair in three weeks, or put five inches round the bust in a fortnight, simply by rubbing on cream. Soaps were plentiful and varied (Brown Windsor, which is now a soup, was once a soap!) and their advertising artistic rather than down to earth. I here reproduce a copy of one of these advertisements.

Two Girls, in some far wooded chine  
 (Hush, lest we interlope)  
 Bathe in the Rhine  
 Their forms divine  
 With GOODWIN'S TOILET SOAP



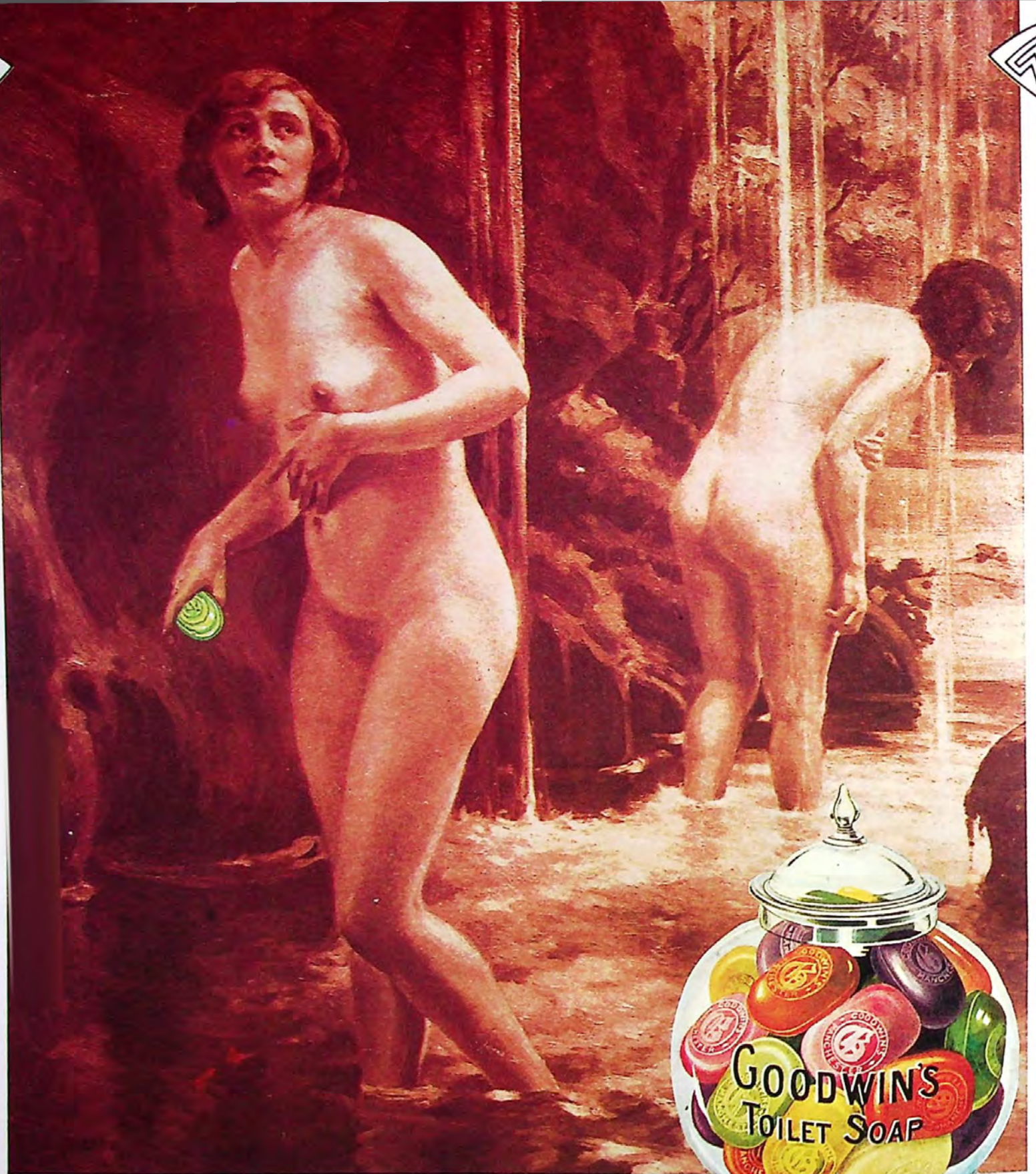


The Summer sun, like golden wine  
A sky of Heliotrope  
The salty brine –  
Her thoughts incline  
To GOODWIN'S TOILET SOAP.

The cleansing shower of rain so fine  
Umbrellas at the slope –  
A bath at nine  
That smell of pine!  
It's GOODWIN'S TOILET SOAP.

Make cleanliness your life's design  
(For while there's life there's hope)  
Come rain or shine  
For Auld Lang Syne  
Use GOODWIN'S TOILET SOAP.



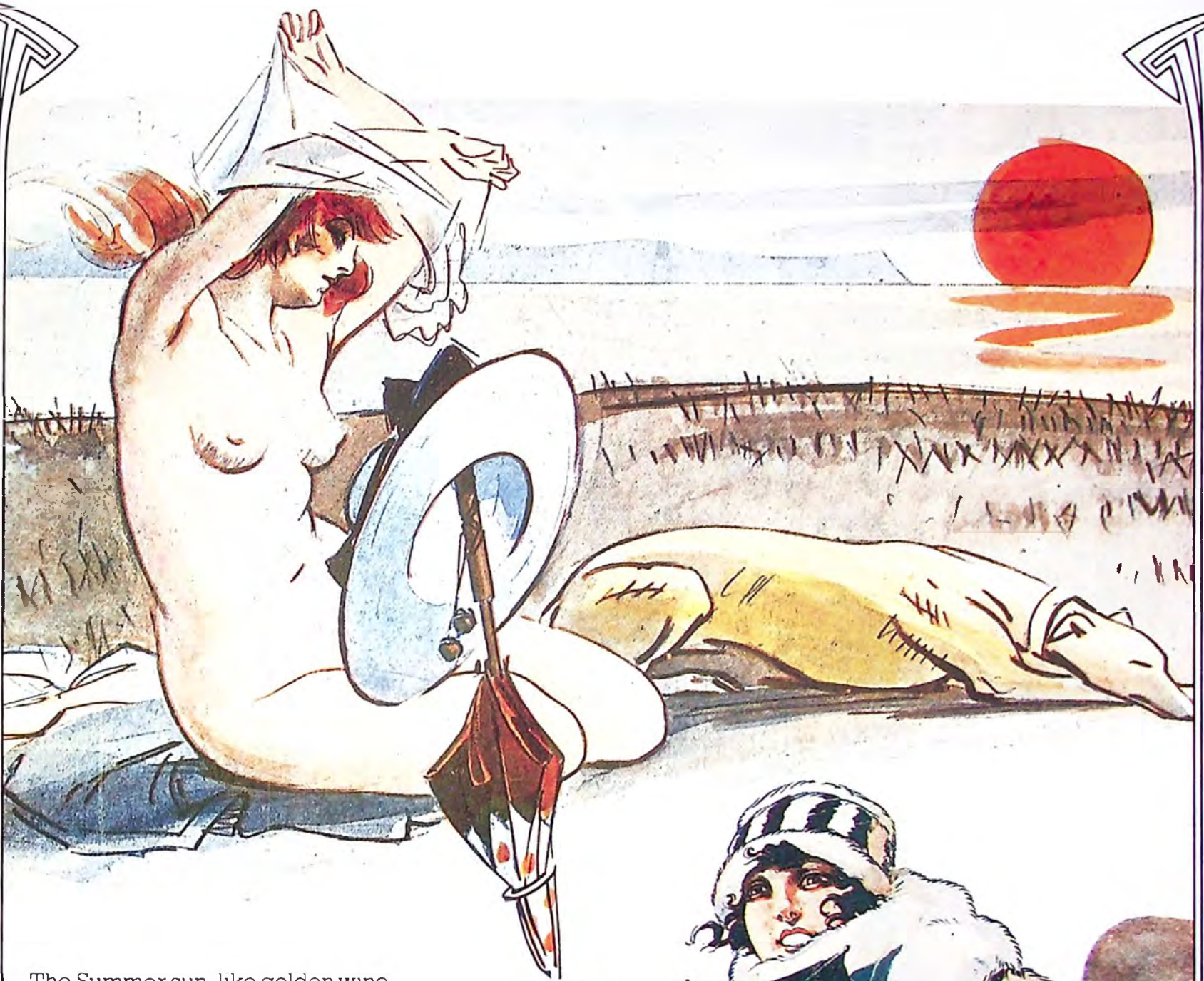


## *Health for All*

In 1890, when there was no Trades Descriptions Act, advertisers would claim unlimited powers for their products, both improving and curative. You could grow a hundredweight of hair in three weeks, or put five inches round the bust in a fortnight, simply by rubbing on cream. Soaps were plentiful and varied (Brown Windsor, which is now a soup, was once a soap!) and their advertising artistic rather than down to earth. I here reproduce a copy of one of these advertisements.

Two Girls, in some far wooded chine  
 (Hush, lest we interlope)  
 Bathe in the Rhine  
 Their forms divine  
 With GOODWIN'S TOILET SOAP



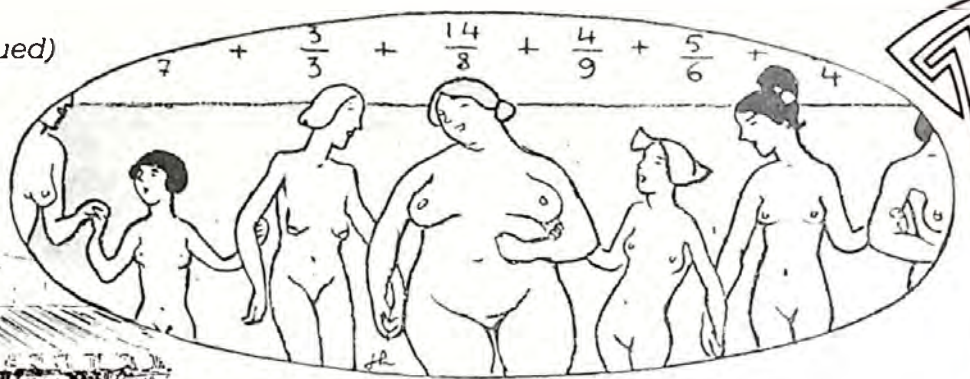


The Summer sun, like golden wine  
A sky of Heliotrope  
The salty brine –  
Her thoughts incline  
To GOODWIN'S TOILET SOAP.

The cleansing shower of rain so fine  
Umbrellas at the slope –  
A bath at nine  
That smell of pine!  
It's GOODWIN'S TOILET SOAP.

Make cleanliness your life's design  
(For while there's life there's hope)  
Come rain or shine  
For Auld Lang Syne  
Use GOODWIN'S TOILET SOAP.





*MEDICAL MOMENTS*



"There's the doctor who told me to try a vegetarian diet for slimming. Not likely, I thought - look what it's done for elephants."

*Doctor:* My bill seemed to surprise you.  
*Patient:* It did. I'd no idea I'd been as ill as that.



"Yes, Doctor, the patent medicine cured me alright, but when I read the bottle I found I'd got two more diseases."

"I saw the doctor today, about my bad memory."  
"What did he do?"  
"Made me pay in advance."



*Appendix: SPORTS AND PASTIMES for Girls*  
 Being a few things a girl can get up to to keep in shape.



PLAYING THE GAME WITH THE BOYS.  
 AT CHRISTMAS



WE LOVE TO SEE A GOOD HALF BACK.  
 AT CHRISTMAS

"I know it's hard work, Freddie, but don't worry - going back it's all down hill."

*Nellie gets very hot with riding - and frequently stops to cool herself.*



"Do you notice any improvement in me today, caddie?"  
 "Yes, miss - you've had your hair done."



MAKING UP FOR THE OTHER PLAYERS.  
 AT CHRISTMAS



RACING FOR GIRLS  
 Racing for girls is the thing, without doubt;  
 Racing for girls can be fun,  
 But racing for girls can soon wear you out,  
 If you finish up not catching one!



# Appendix: SPORTS AND PASTIMES for Girls

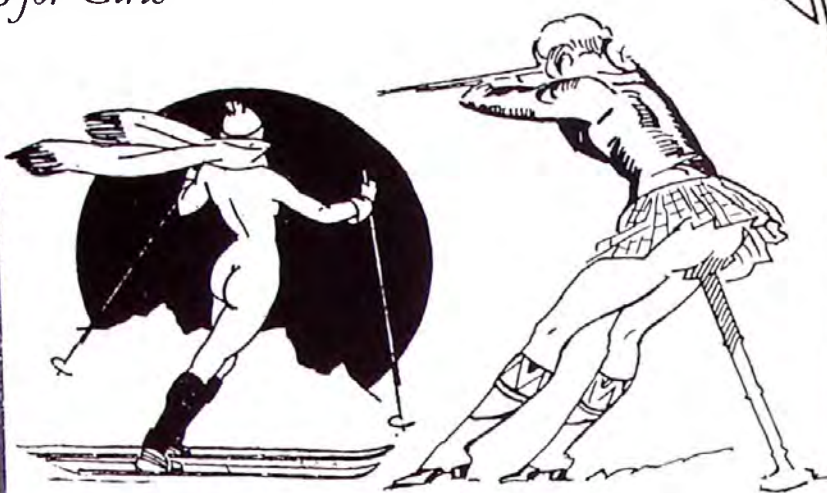
Other pursuits open to young ladies of any age are –



Hiking  
(watch out for archers)



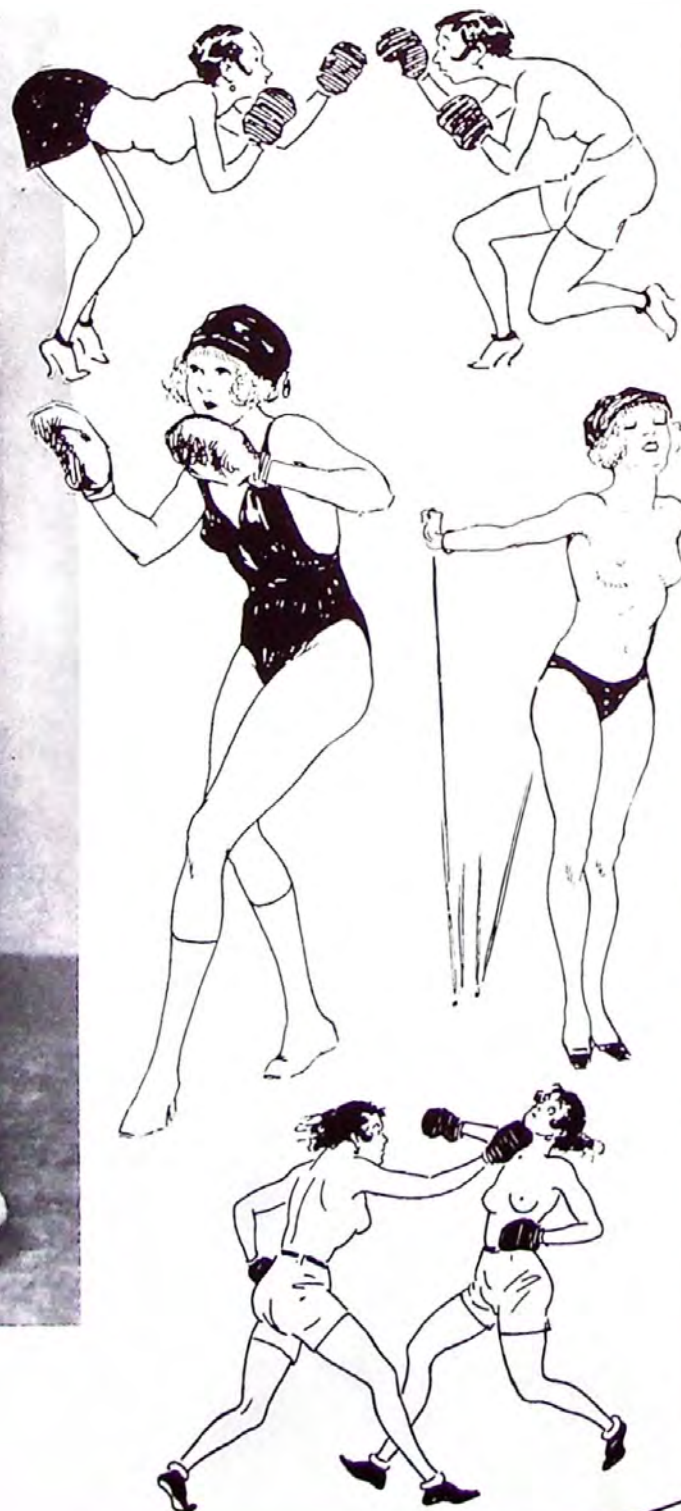
Archery  
(watch out for sitting ducks)



Skiing  
(watch out for rifles)

The Rifle  
(watch out you don't sit on the wrong end of the shooting-stick)

and, of course, BOXING



Rowena took up boxing, but  
Her fists were more like flippers.  
She met a man from Billingsgate,  
So now she's boxing kippers.





## GARDENING

A healthy occupation, and a rewarding one – and a skill to be admired. Green fingers are almost as attractive as green eyes.

Here are some delightful paintings by the great Walter Crane, being some of the young things you might happen across in your own garden – granted a little imagination.



Queen Flora in the garden reigns  
O'er many golden hours.  
How sweet those blooms, those maidens fair,  
Each with the names of flowers:



Two sorts of Lily blossom here,  
Their perfumed charms on show.  
This one the fickle, one-day kind,  
(The other see below).



Here's Ivy – she's the clinging sort,  
Her strength could undermine you –  
So if she kneels and grabs your trunk  
Beware, lest she entwine you.



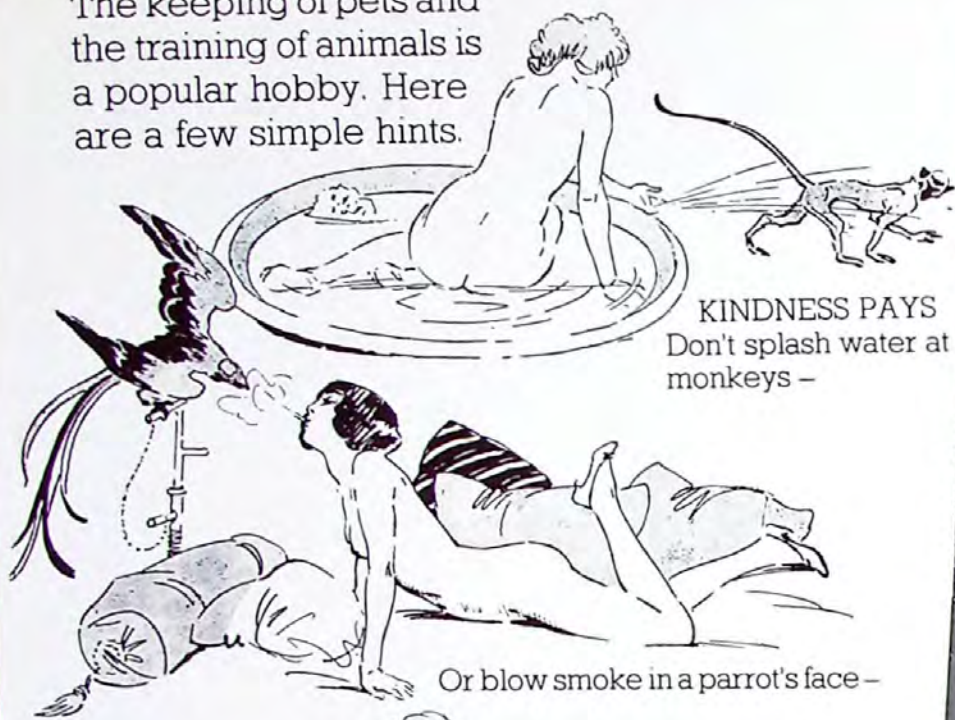
Sweet Honey-suckle, she's a girl  
Who dotes on wealth and rank  
So don't let Honey suckle  
All your cash out of the bank.



This fearsome maid is out for blood,  
Poised, ready for the kill.  
She'd eat you up for breakfast and  
Her name is Tiger Lil.

ANIMALS

The keeping of pets and the training of animals is a popular hobby. Here are a few simple hints.



(She could train anything)



Badger-training can only take place at night;



Snake-charming - simply don't do it.



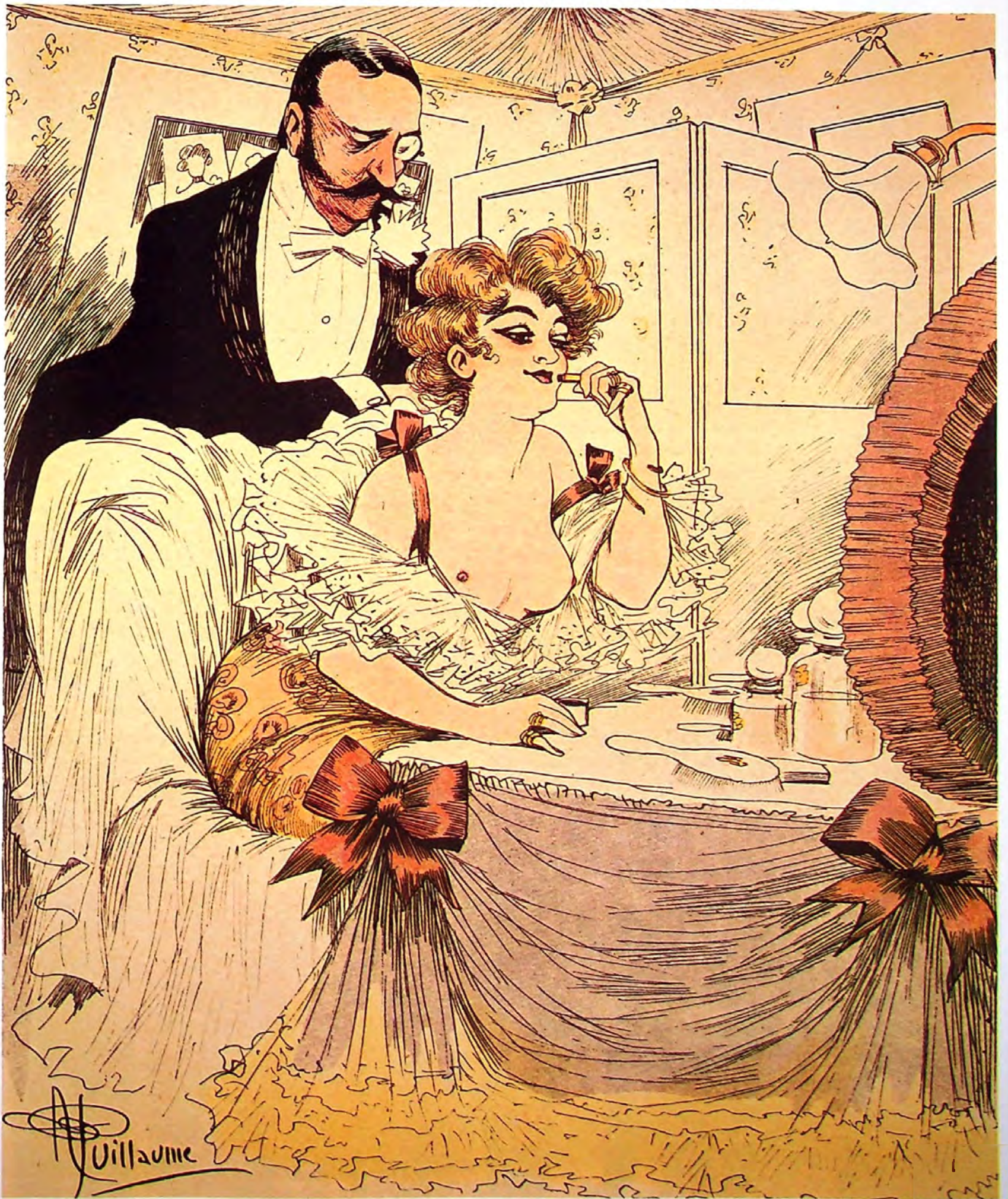
Make sure the animal you are trying to train is alive:

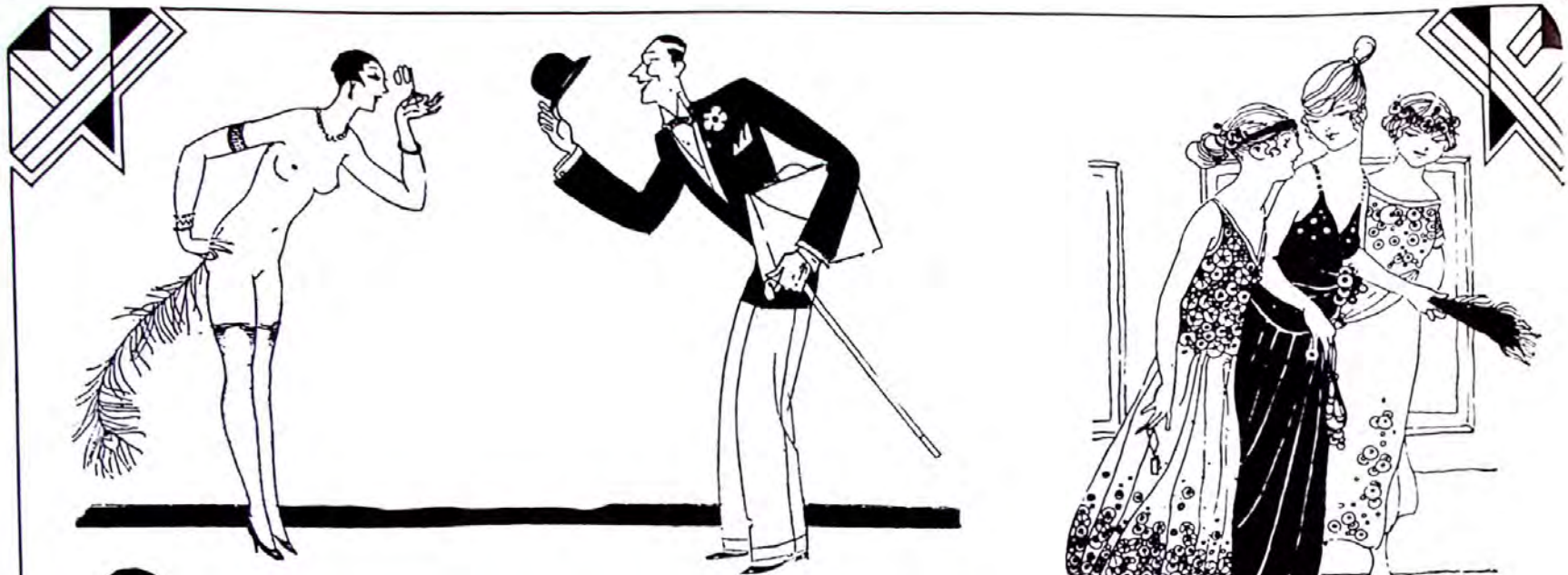


And cock-fighting is for men.



*A Relish For*  
**SOCIETY LIFE**





## A Relish For **SOCIETY LIFE**

The word "Society" doesn't mean what it did. Nowadays it means all of us. We are all members of society. In Victorian and Edwardian days, indeed into the Twenties (whence the pictures on this page come) it meant "High Society" – the Gentry, the In Crowd; as opposed to Hoi Polloi, the Plebs or, as they are described by a Theatrical friend of mine, the Punters.

A woman once entered the surgery of a Society doctor and said "Doctor, can you help me? My name is Jones." "No," said the doctor, "There's no cure for that." That was Society.

The young men were all Officer Class. Utterly without fear or chins. Stupidly brave, they charged with the Light Brigade. Spineless, yet the backbone of the country: and although such classes exist in most nations, it seems a particularly British phenomenon. In the United States it was not nearly so marked; while our young gentlemen shot pheasants, theirs were content to shoot pool.

But the girls! They were nearly always pretty, and invariably beautifully "got up"; and their dainty faces and figures more than made up for any pangs, be they of envy or pity, that we might feel for "SOCIETY".





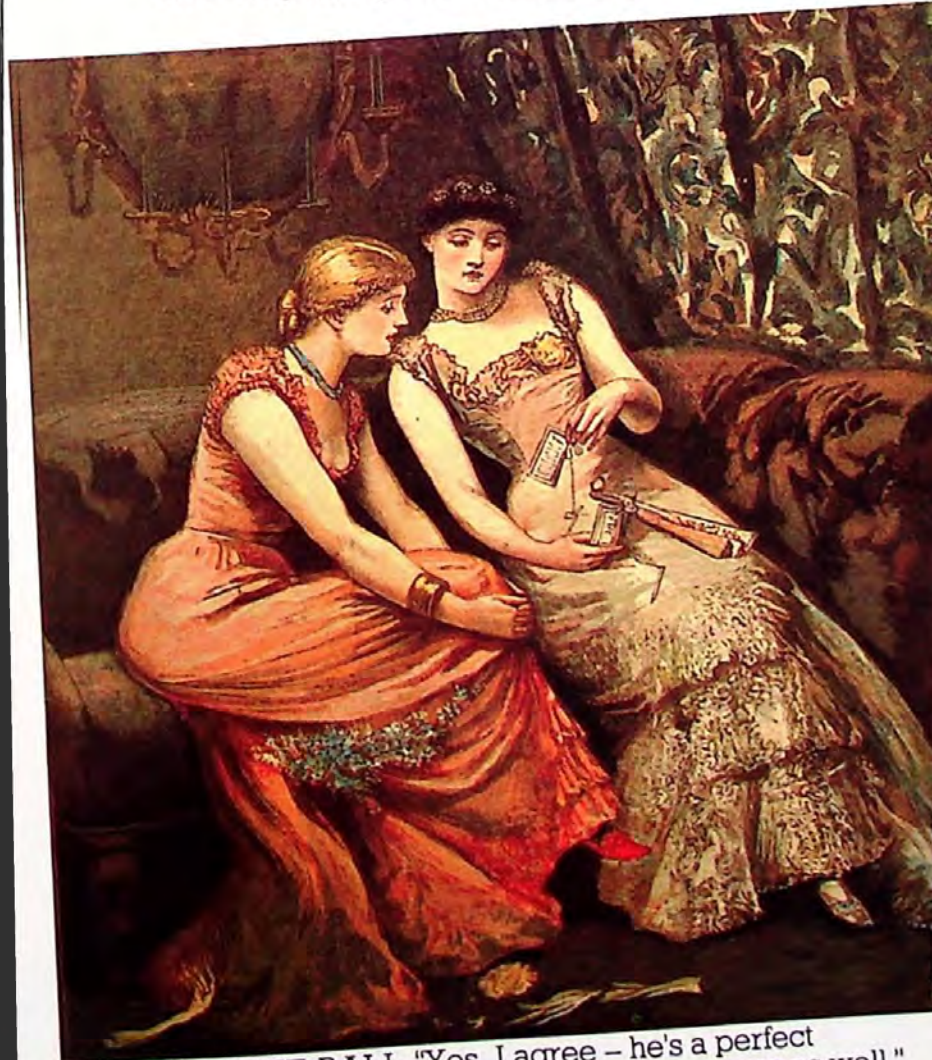
**AT THE BALL**

He (with a groan): I've only one friend on earth – my dog.

She: Isn't that enough?

He (with a sigh): No.

She: Why don't you get another dog?



**AFTER THE BALL** "Yes, I agree – he's a perfect gentleman – he bores me as well."

**AFTER THE BALL** "That's where he kissed me"



*He:* Yes, I began life without any shoes on my feet, and now I've half a million.  
*She:* Good gracious - who cleans them all?



*She:* Mr Sinnick is very polished, isn't he?  
*He:* Very! Everything he says reflects on someone.



*She:* A man has broken Mary's heart.  
*He:* What did he do, borrow a steamroller?



*He:* Have you heard the story about the pound of sugar?  
*She:* Yes - it wasn't refined.



Dressed to stay in



"My butler left me without any warning"  
 "Mine left me without any spoons!"



*She:* I've heard so much about you. Now let's hear your side of the story.



"She's never been kissed - she swears."  
 "So would you swear, if you'd never been kissed."



"There's a man at the circus who jumps on a horse's back, slides underneath, catches hold of its tail, and finishes up on its neck."  
 "That's easy. I did that the first time I ever rode a horse."





*He:* I saw you twice last night, and you didn't acknowledge me.  
*She:* I never acknowledge people when they are in that condition.  
*He:* What condition?  
*She:* Seeing things twice.



*She:* She told him all about her past.  
*He:* What candour!  
*She:* What a memory!



*Mother:* Hm. Very nice. Young Milliyuns seems to be very friendly of late. Do you know what his intentions are?  
*Daughter:* No, and I don't care - I know what mine are!



"Have you been away?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Where?"  
 "Brighton."  
 "Doing what?"  
 "Minding my own business."  
 "Oh? The change must have done you good."

*"SPOILT FOR CHOICE"*



The other side of Society – The Demi-Monde

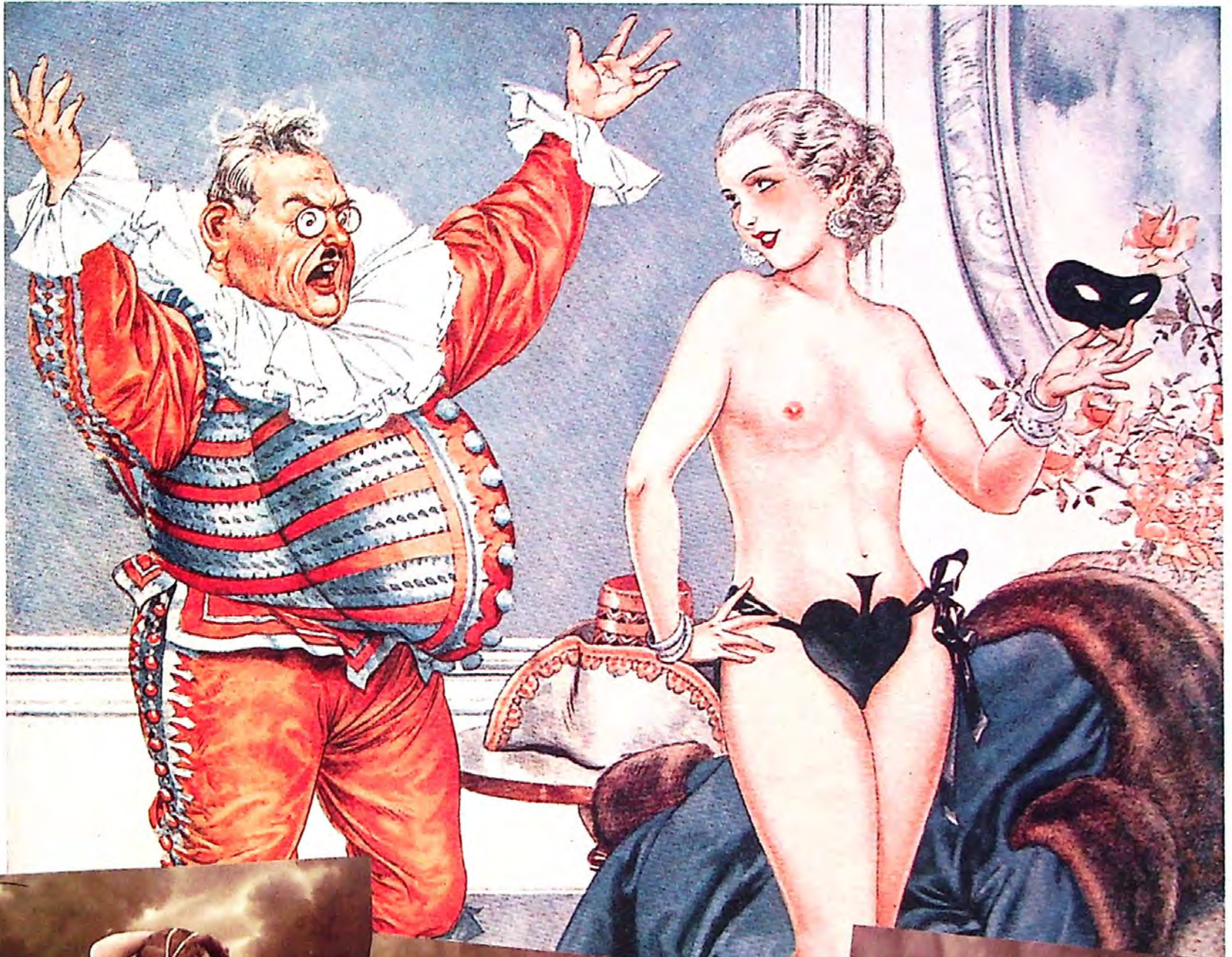


# FANCY DRESS

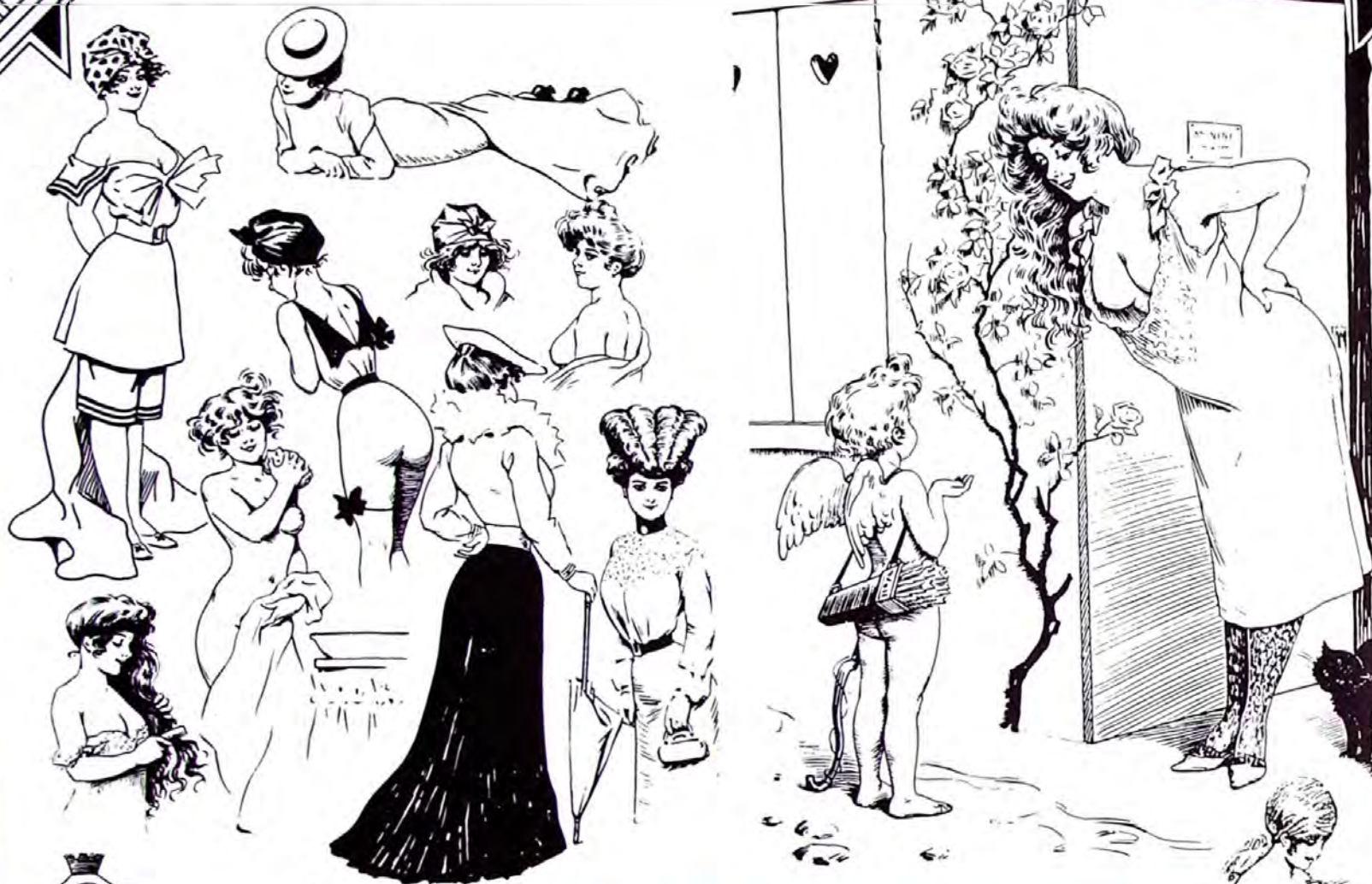
*She:* No one will know it's me – I'll be wearing the mask.

*He:* But I will be with you!

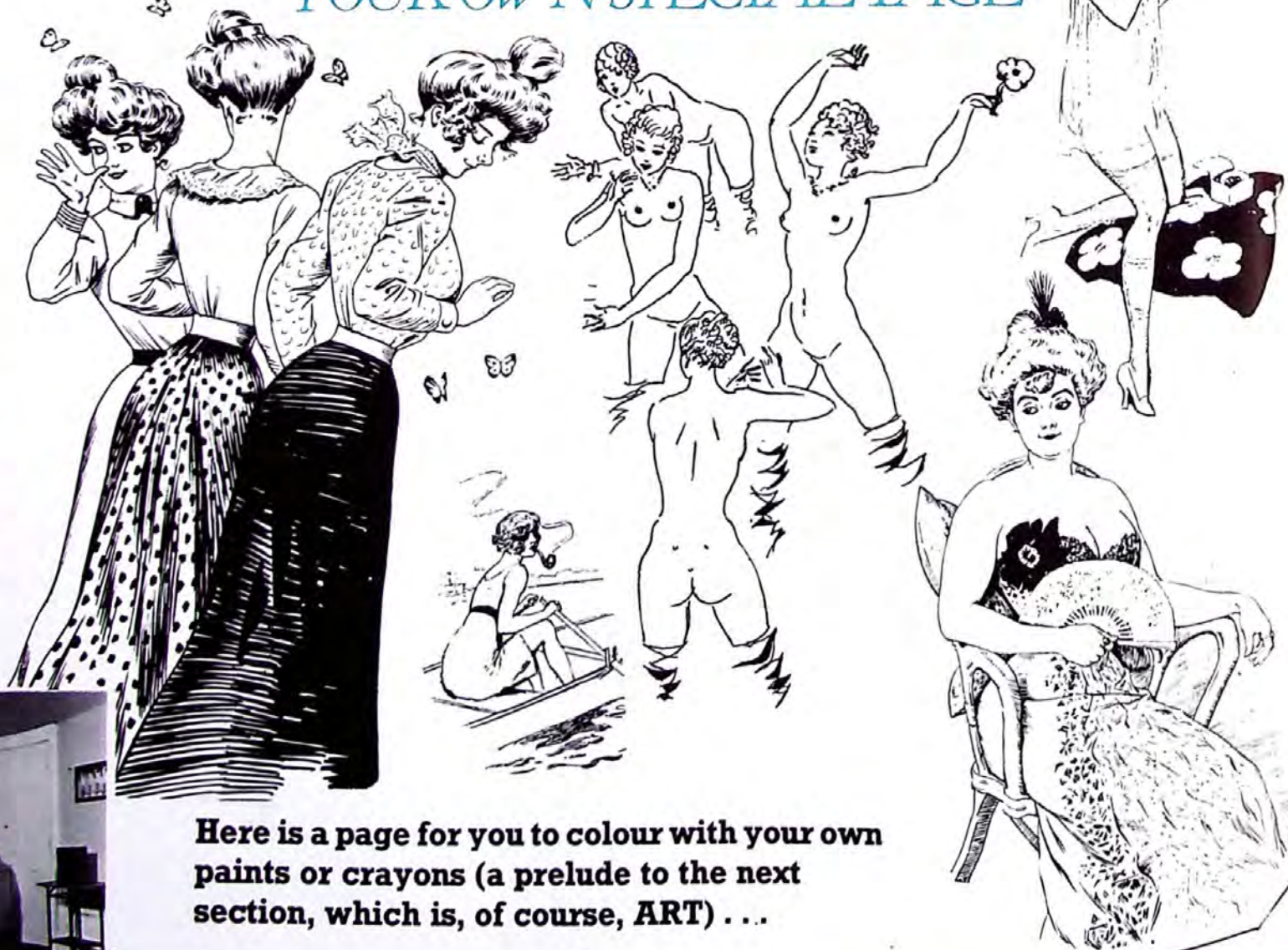
*She:* Very well, then – you wear the mask.



*Fancy Undress*



## YOUR OWN SPECIAL PAGE



Here is a page for you to colour with your own paints or crayons (a prelude to the next section, which is, of course, ART) . . .

Are *ish* For

# AMM





*A Relish For*  
**ART**

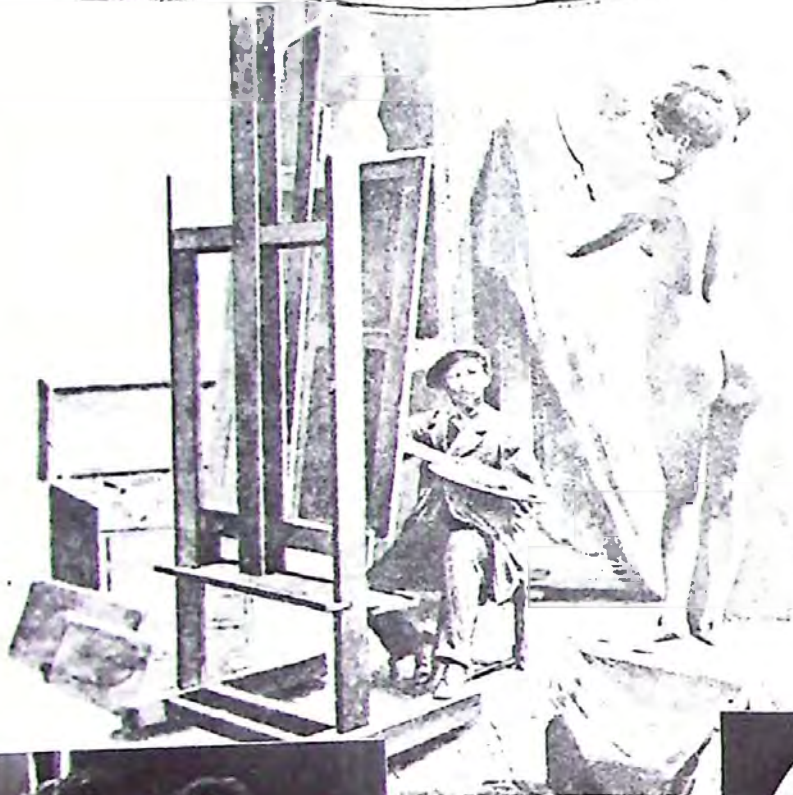
In any work of such a visual nature,  
*not* to have a section on ART would be  
unthinkable. Not high art, but everyday  
art, the stuff from which this book is made.

The pictures speak for themselves,  
and I gladly let them do so.





LOOKING FOR A MODEL  
"Don't be embarrassed - I'm a sculptor as well."



*He:* I'm afraid you can't appreciate it, my dear, because you've never painted a picture yourself.

*She:* No, and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelette than any hen in the country.



*Model:* A woman's mind is cleaner than a man's.

*Artist:* Yes. She changes it more often.



Making a bare living



She was only an artist's daughter,  
But she knew where to draw  
the line.



"Try not to blink, June dear!"



# ART (continued)



"In painting, as in everything, one must start at the bottom." Van Gogh\*

\**(NB - This does not apply to swimming.)*



## *Model Thoughts*

Am I the prettiest girl  
In the world?  
And am I the one  
With most brains?  
George says I'm the prettiest girl  
In the world,  
(But he works for a butcher In Staines).





# ART VERSUS PHOTOGRAPHY

Obviously, this young impressionable impressionist lad would like to forsake Mother Art, in favour of the more tangible delights of the girl with the album of photographs under her arm. To me, their charms are different, but equal.

The champions of the palette-knife say that a photograph is there, take it or leave it; whereas a painted picture is reciprocal. In other words, one has to give something to Art, in order that it shall give something in return.

I don't hold this view. After all, a piano can move me – but I can't move a piano.

This may sound to some like a facetious remark, which, in keeping with the general tone of this book, of course, it is; and I hope that the next two or three pages will be found equally so.





He tried her on the footstool,



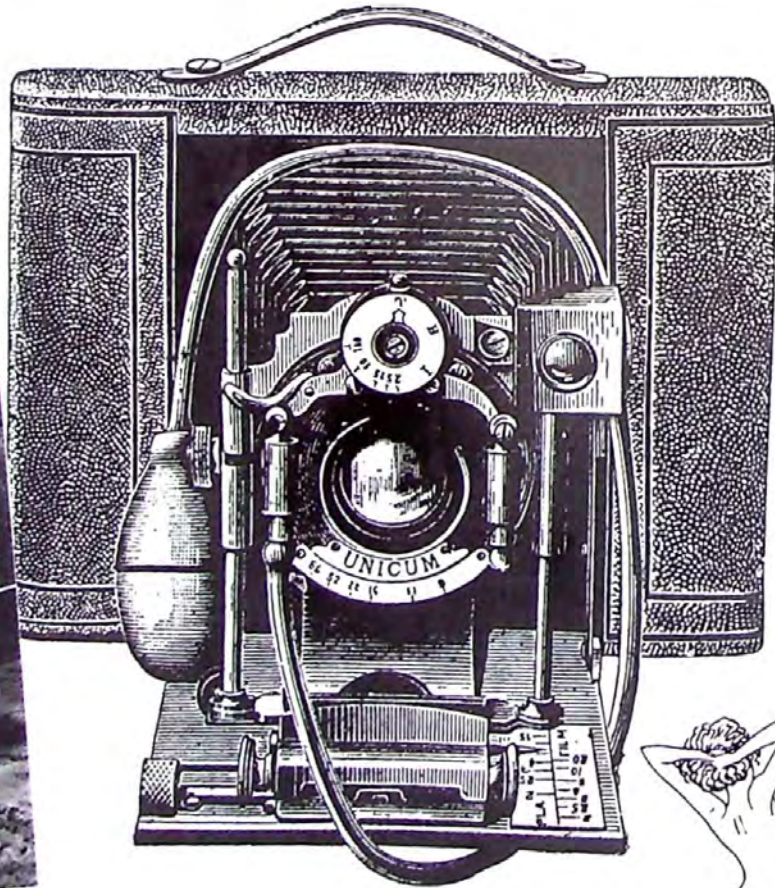
He tried her on the chair:



He tried her by the mirror -  
Yes, he tried her everywhere:



He tried her in the linen  
chest,  
You should have heard  
her laugh -  
He tried in every way he  
could -  
To take her photograph!





*“In a beautiful golden frame”*

This is a page (actual size) of one of the very fancy, and sometimes idiotic, albums made to house Victorian photographs. This design is presumably intended to show you what you would look like in the wardrobe mirror.

"Torture in the cause of fashion" 1891.



## A Relish For *Fashion*

"Do you know," said a mother, "what happens to little girls who don't eat their food?"

"Yes, mummy - they grow up to be fashion models."

Indeed, fashion models of today, when seen without clothes on, do look rather as if, fairly soon, someone is going to create a well-built girl there, as soon as they've finished getting the scaffolding up.

But it was not always thus. As the tide of fashion goes in and out, so does a girl's shape. Her waist rises, her bust falls, spreads out and disappears over the horizon. Brassieres have appeared and disappeared regularly, too; some with cups so tiny that they were named "pimple dimples"; and others, huge and sturdy, known simply as an "over-the-shoulder-boulder-holder".

In the Nineties, a girl showed her ankles, in the Twenties, her knees, in the Sixties, her thighs, and at all times, her independence.

If she follows fashion, she cannot be immodest - only if she continues with last year's fashions too long, or starts next year's too soon.

This section is a large one, as there is a lot of ground to cover.

But well worth every square inch.



"YOU KNOW MABEL, YOU'VE GOT A VERY PRETTY ANKLE."  
 "MY DEAR CHARLIE, YOUR THOUGHTS SHOULD BE ABOVE SUCH THINGS."



FRED SPURGIN

WE SIMPLY MUST LOOK ROUND, WHATEVER HAPPENS!

# THE MEANING OF FASHION

(and a few double meanings, too)



LOW AND BEHOLD! HERE'S LUCK!



"OH IF THEY WERE ONLY FULL OF GIRL!"



"I've started - but I don't know where I'm going!"



**IN OUR OFFICE!**  
 THE MEN COME EARLY,  
 BUT THE GIRLS ARE ALL BEHIND!



ONE HAS TO BE GOOD AS ANOTHER.



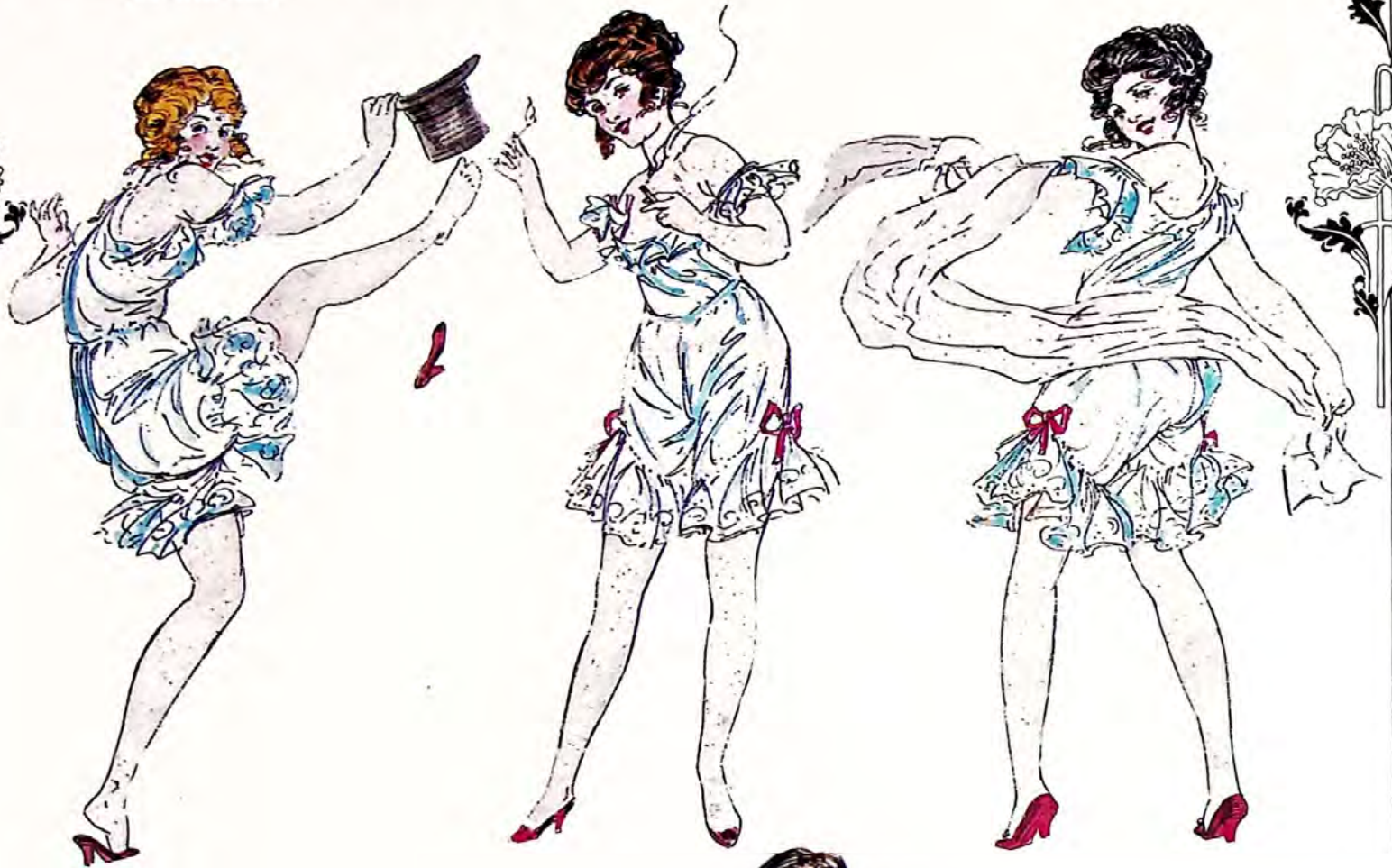
me is not the  
 repeated, which is like Henry's  
 I'M SEEING MORE THAN I EXPECTED HERE



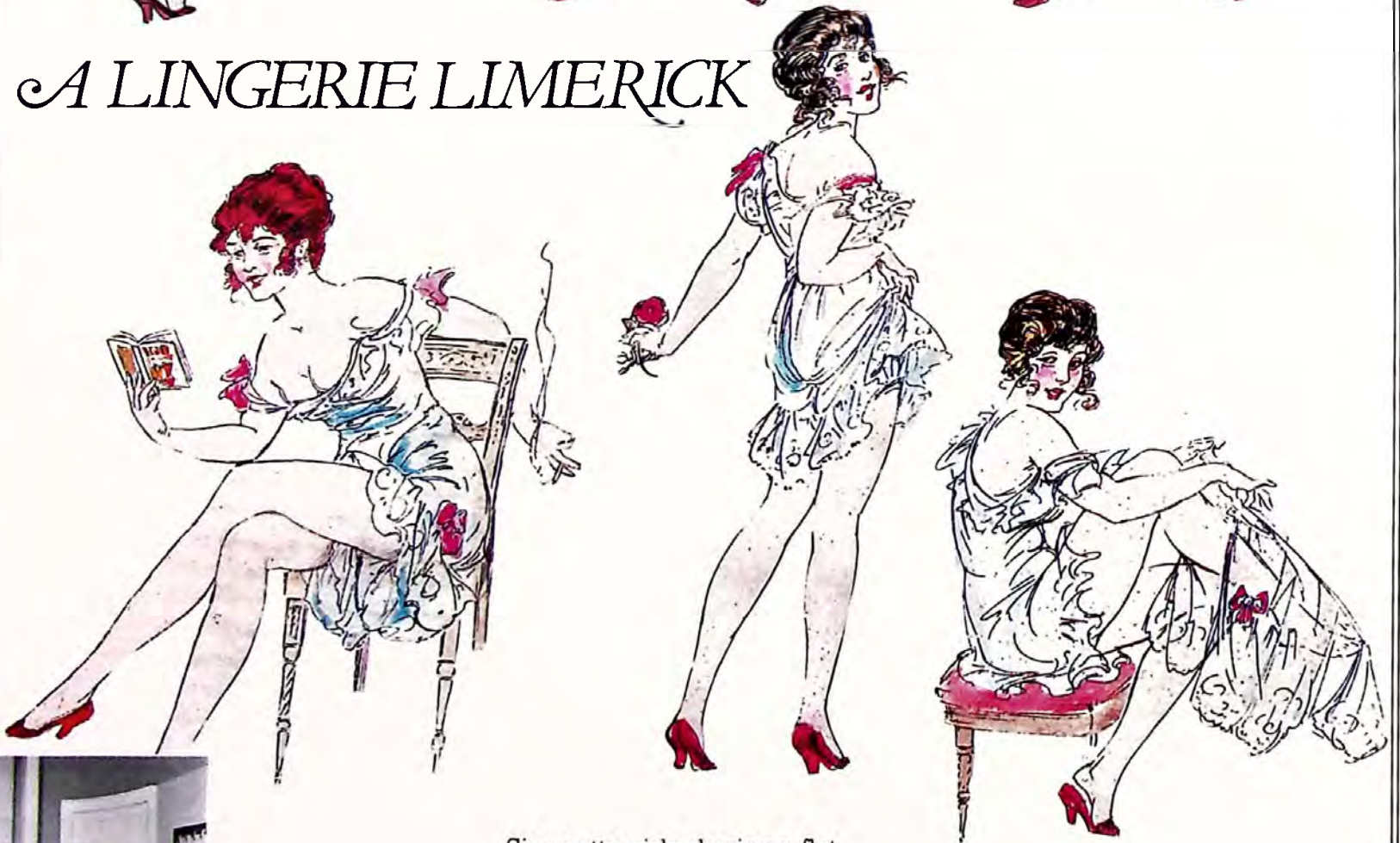
**NOT IN THESE TROUSERS!**

# Fashion

(continued)



## A LINGERIE LIMERICK



Six pretty girls sharing a flat  
One dances a dance with a hat,  
One smokes, and one drinks,  
One reads, and one thinks,  
And the other one does this and that.





*A Few Fashion Cards*





"Men are attracted to two sorts of women - those that wear well, and those that wear little."



I DO WISH THEY  
WOULDN'T GO  
OFF AND LEAVE  
YOU IN THESE  
DRESS CUBICLES!



"I ventured out with a boy last night,  
Who I thought that I could trust  
But as we walked home, he said with a groan,  
I must kiss your lips or bust!  
I couldn't think what to say or do  
To preserve my maidenly vows -  
So I said, "Let's make it the lips tonight  
'Cos I'm wearing a high-necked blouse!"



French Designer: Oui, Madame, I will cut the bodice much lower. Can you be sparing the time next week to come round a give me a fit?





*Rich Crêpe - de - Chine*  
**CAMI-KNICKERS**  
*AT SPECIAL PRICES*

This dainty garment is an exact copy of a Paris model, and is made by our own workers from pure silk crêpe-de-chine and is suitable for day or evening wear.

**DAINTY CAMI-KNICKERS** (as sketch), in pure silk crêpe-de-chine, new long-waisted bodice, the skirt trimmed with attractive killed net frills, the bodice finished with band of net and hemstitched shoulder straps. In pink, mauve, sky, ivory, ochre, and black.

PRICE  
**39/6**

In rich quality crêpe jersey. In mauve, ivory, pink, sky, and ochre  
**45/9**

In pure silk georgette. In pink, mauve, ivory, sky, ochre, and black.  
**59/6**

Dainty Lace Boudoir Cap - 21/9

*Sent on Approval*

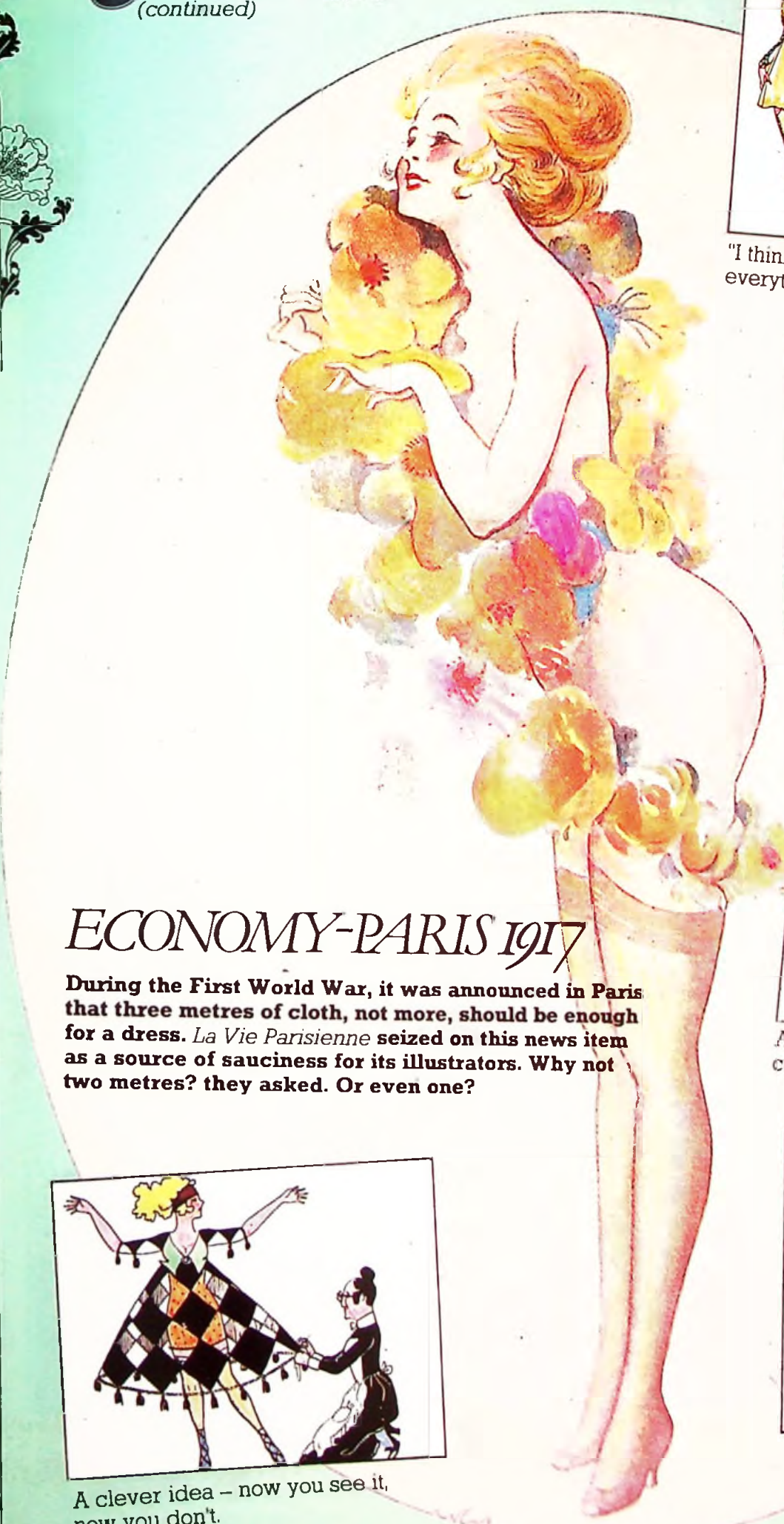
**Debenham & Freebody**  
(LIMITED)  
Wigmore Street,  
(Cavendish Square) London W.1



This coat was paid for by her boss who asked her if she'd try it - She didn't get it to keep her warm, She got it to keep her quiet.

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE TWENTIES





"I think we've covered everything."



"It's as broad as it's long, Madam."



Another clever idea – a few strips cut out here –



– and wrapped round there!  
Two out of one.

## ECONOMY-PARIS 1917

During the First World War, it was announced in Paris that three metres of cloth, not more, should be enough for a dress. *La Vie Parisienne* seized on this news item as a source of sauciness for its illustrators. Why not two metres? they asked. Or even one?



A clever idea – now you see it,  
now you don't.

A pretty economy – a boa of flowers.

# Fashion

(continued)



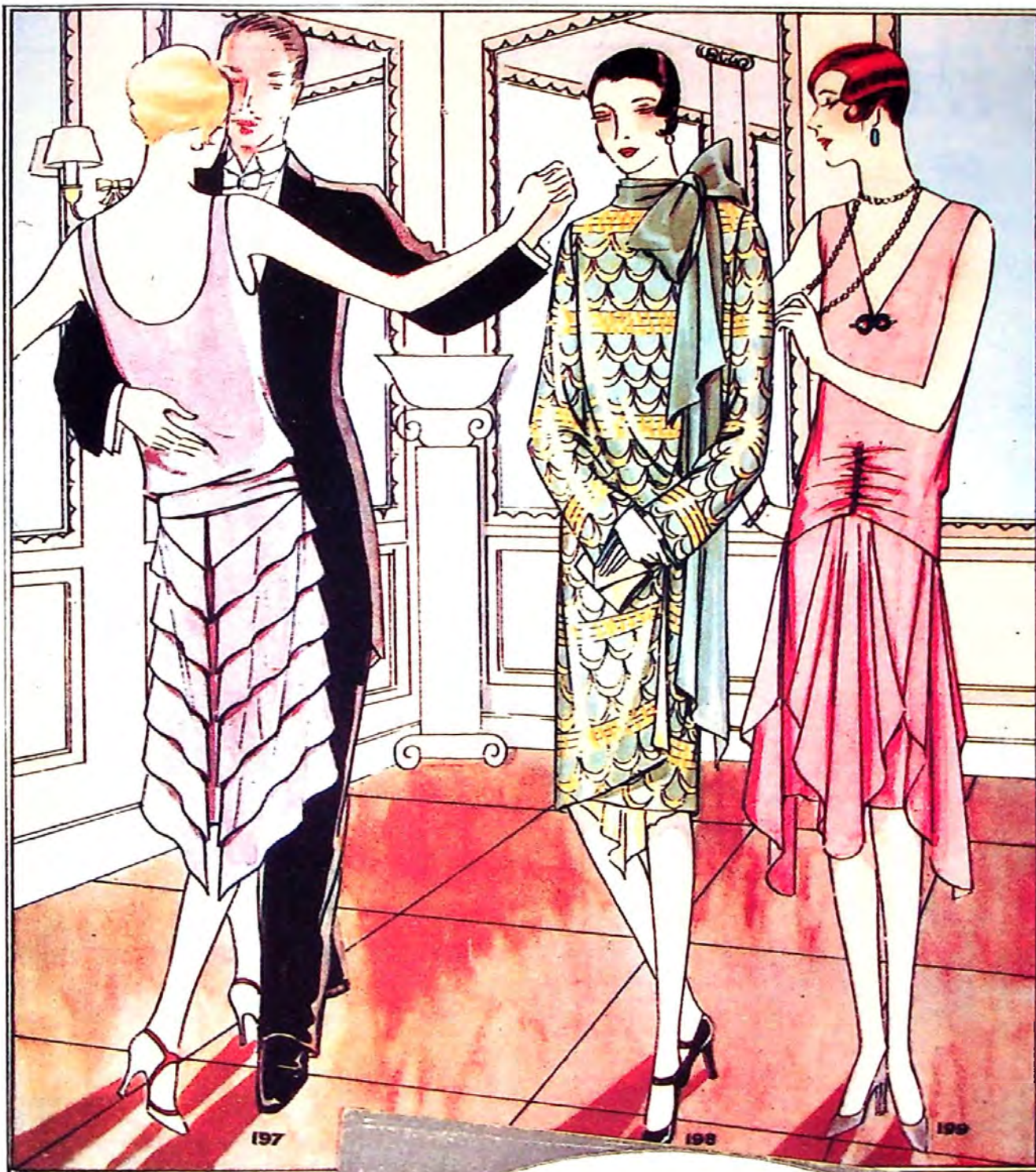
"So you lost your job at the dress-shop. How?"

"I lost my temper with that awful Mrs Fatbottle. When she said she thought she might look nice in something flowing, I suggested the river."



## THE RAPE OF THE LOCKS

Her tresses have gone – she has cut off her hair  
 Since the foibles of fashion made fun of them.  
 And as we're all aware, she keeps many things bare  
 But her head isn't usually one of them.



"They call that style a fish-tail –  
Combining line with grace."  
"If you think that's like a fish-tail,  
Just wait 'til you see her face."



"They're only jealous –  
Nothing much wrong with it, is there?  
Even without a fish-tail."

# IS IT TOO MUCH?



**VERSE ONE**  
 Is it too much? Is it too much?  
 My dress for the carnival – is it too much?  
 It's made out of rhinestones and lace that is Dutch,  
 And there is so little of it – is it too much?



**VERSE THREE**  
 Is it too much? Is it too much?  
 And the back looks extraordinary – is it too much?  
 Like two big white rabbits squashed up in a hutch –  
 Well, I mean, no, but honestly – is it too much?



**VERSE TWO**  
 Is it too much? Is it too much?  
 This mere wisp of nothingness – is it too much?  
 If the gentlemen look, will they soon want to touch?  
 And there's so much available – Is is too much?



**VERSE FOUR**  
 Is it too much? Is it too much?  
 I'm beginning to feel it's just slightly too much.  
 If I sit, and lean back, and my left knee I clutch  
 You can actually see my oh yes it's too much!



# Fashion

(continued)



## The Lure of a Lady's Fan

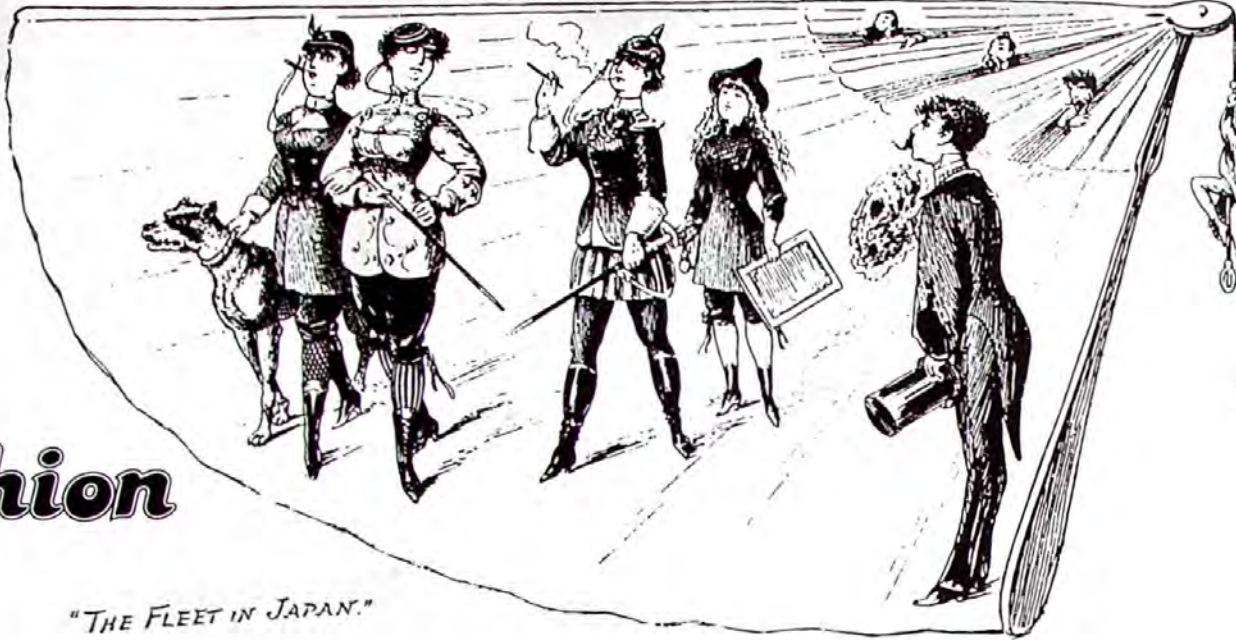
1 The world of fashion and of fad  
Of elegance and elan,  
Has never created a wittier whim  
Than the lure of a lady's fan.

(continued)



# Fashion

(continued)



"THE FLEET IN JAPAN."



Ellam

"A SUDDEN ATTACK."

## The Lure of a Lady's Fan

(continued)

- 2 This simple weapon has caused the rout  
of many an army man;  
I've seen them wobble and go weak-kneed  
At the sight of lady's fan.
- 3 When they chance to meet in the steaming heat  
Of a street in old Japan,  
There's many a sailor led astray  
By the wave of a lady's fan.
- 4 Who knows how many heads of state  
Have strayed from their master-plan?  
Or how many diplomats succumbed  
To the touch of a lady's fan?



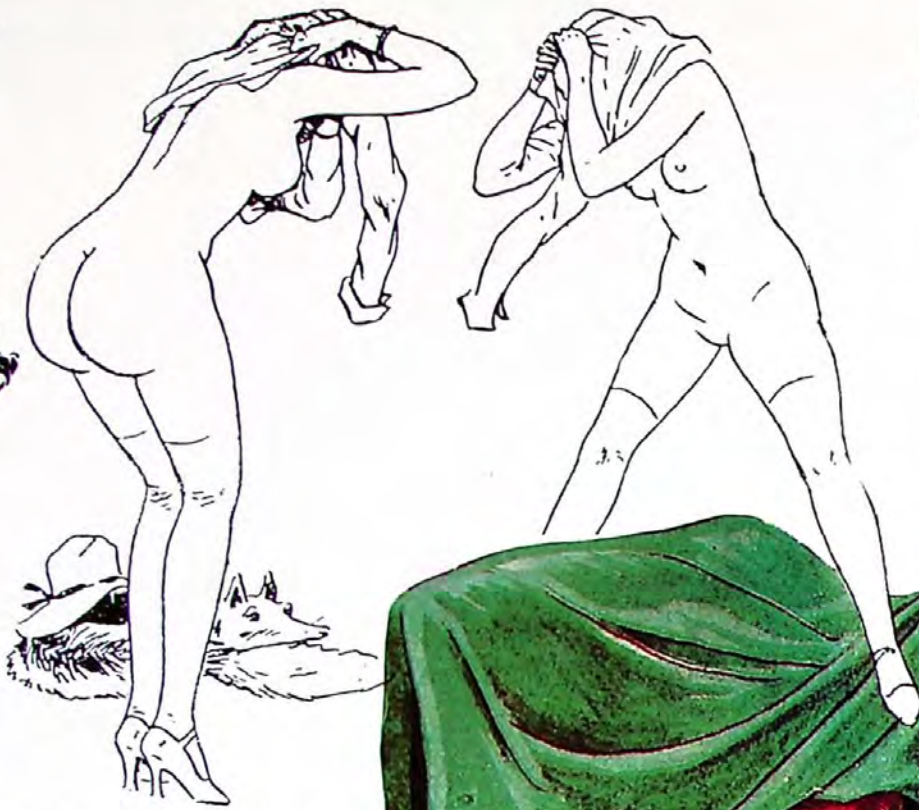


# The Lure of a Lady's Fan

(concluded)

She will simper from behind it  
She will twist it and unwind it  
She will wiggle and rotate it if she can -  
She will open it out wide  
Or she'll snap it shut and hide  
Behind the flutters of her fascinating fan.





"The first one to put it on,  
can have it - all right?"

## *The Sales*

I've just had a very nice  
Day at the Sales,  
It's a day that I always enjoy -  
I rang up the office and  
Said I was ill,  
Then had lunch with that  
Patterson boy.

Then off to the Sales, it was  
Ever such fun,  
And I got quite a lot of  
nice things:  
A lovely pink girdle, a  
Really tight one,  
With that big thick elastic  
that "pings".

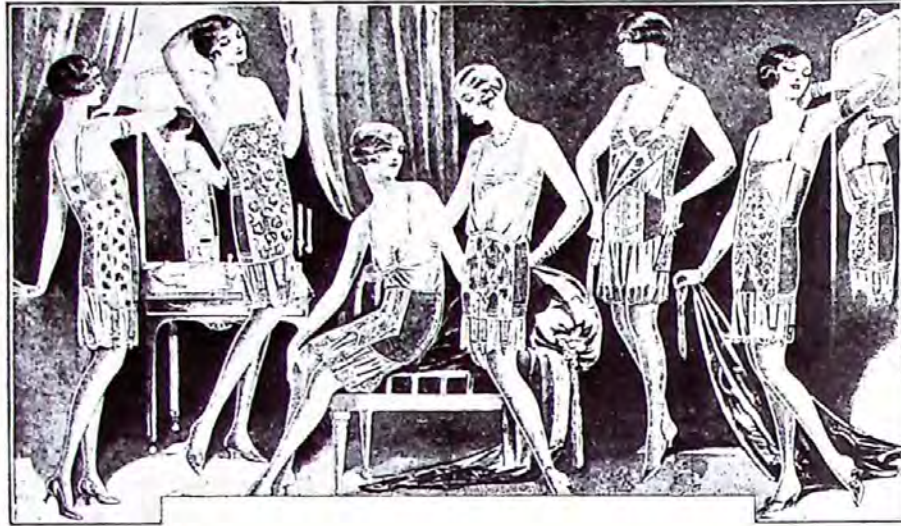




And a green thing with bows (they had several of those) and a white  
thing with drapes, like a goddess,  
And a black thing with strings, and a blue thing, with things – and a  
red thing with straps, and a bodice.

Can't wait 'til tomorrow, to go in to work, and walk in dressed up  
like a toff!  
But after today I'm so tired – oh well, I'll ring up for another day off.





## *The Girl with the firm foundation*

This is the sort of girl we need  
The backbone of the nation,  
The girl to build your hopes on - she's  
The girl with the firm foundation

(continued)





*The Girl with the firm foundation* (continued)

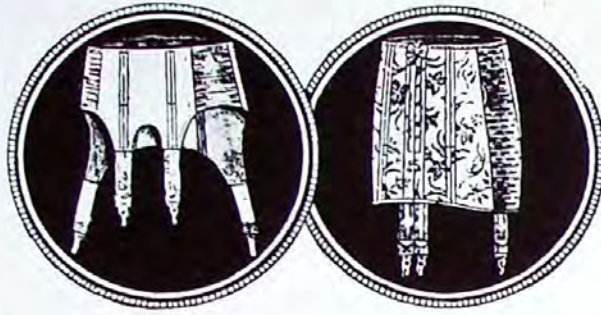
This is the girl who'll see it through  
What e'er her education  
Foursquare and solid as a rock  
The girl with the firm foundation

(continued)



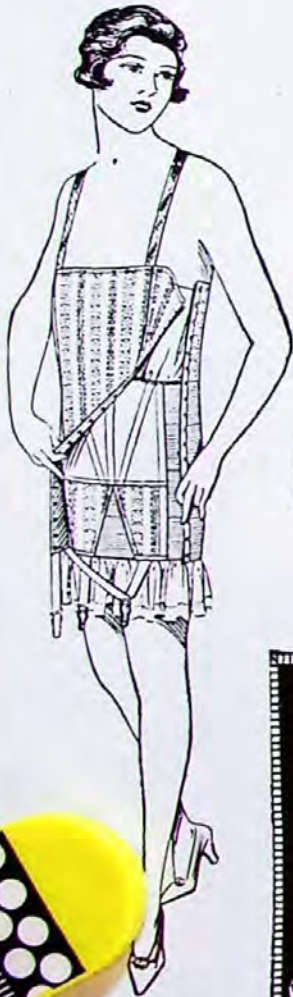
# Fashion

(continued)



## The Girl with the firm foundation (concluded)

This is the girl to take the strain,  
This is the girl to try out -  
But careful - once she lets it go  
Stand back, or she'll knock your eye out.





## FASHION IN THE MOVIES

In 1928 Hollywood decided they had had enough blondes, and fancied a few more brunettes. This, according to a magazine of the time, is how one studio went about it.

# WORTH WATCHING

A fashion suggestion of the Twenties was to replace the buckle of a girl's shoe with a tiny watch . . .



"Eleven o'clock! Time I was up."



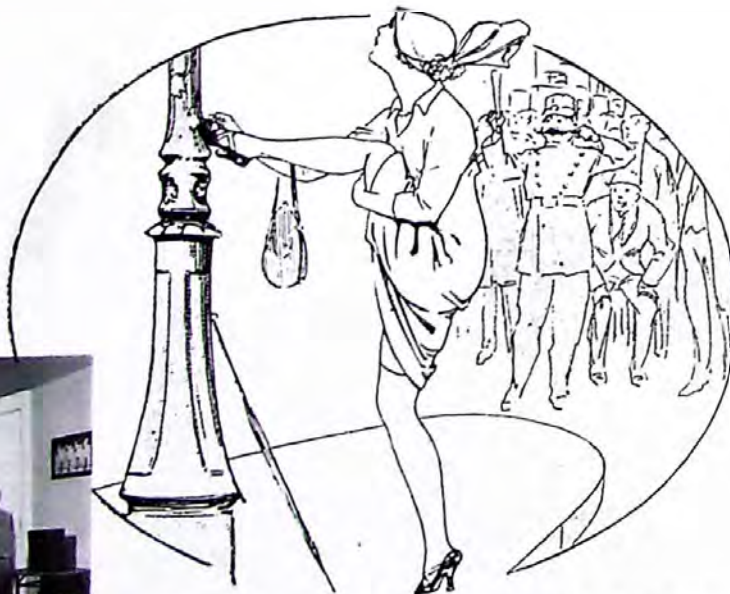
"Where's that waiter? Can't he see I'm all behind?"



The Lady Doctor:  
My word, you're running a temperature.



"Either my watch has stopped or my foot's gone to sleep."



Putting it right - "I think I'm a little bit fast."



Time and a half.





13 - Lucky for some.

# Fashion

(continued)



## The FANCY DRESS Party



"I could always walk in backwards as a hot-cross bun."

I'm off to a fancy-dress party,  
 And I've looked through my fancy-dress  
 trunk,  
 It's so long since I've had a good  
 rummage,  
 And I've sorted out all sorts of junk.

There'll be lots of young men at the  
 party,  
 And I'm now in a bit of a funk -  
 If I go as a champagne bottle,  
 I'm pretty well bound to get drunk.



## FANCY BALLS

A perennial suggestion from humorous magazines, that men should be allowed to be as colourful in dress as women, especially, for some reason, at dances.

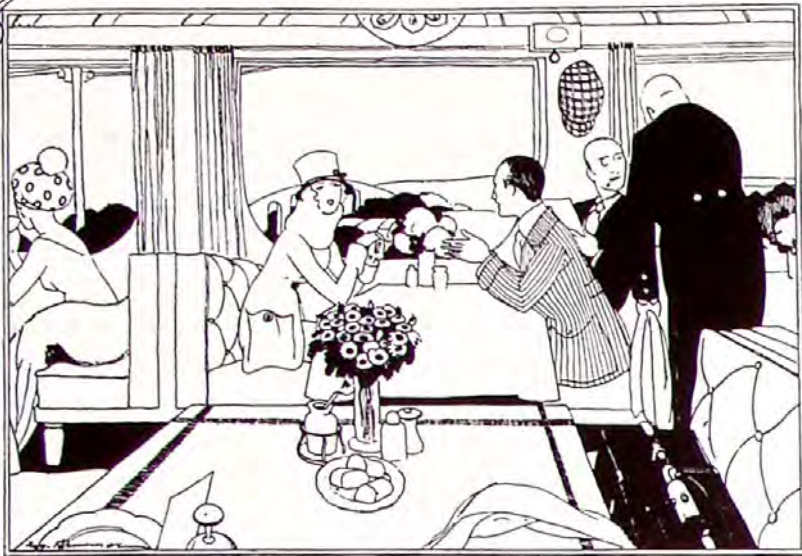






*A Relish For*  
**FOREIGN PARTS**

Grim



Dover.

# A Relish For Foreign Parts

A subject touched on here very lightly, as must be the case with so few pages; a glimpse of the Clyde; of the girls of the East, the bonhomie of the French railways, and mention of the men who go down to the sea in ships, if possible without leaving a forwarding address.

A couple of pages, also, featuring the vehicle that will get you there – the motor car, each with a girl to match. Because no one wants to visit foreign parts unaccompanied. "He travels fastest who travels alone," it is said, but he's only got to hang around when he gets there, waiting for her to catch him up.

The Calais Boat.



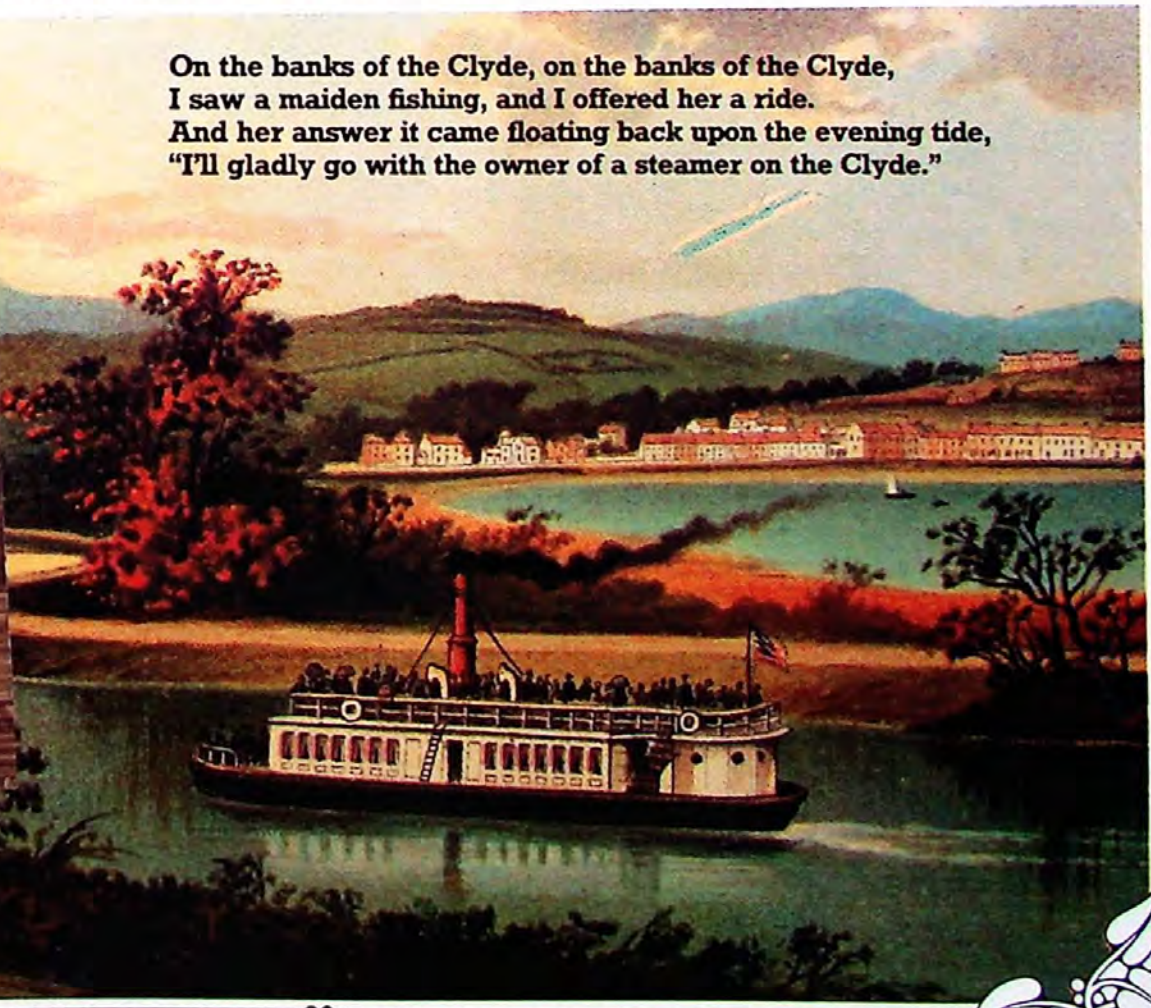
## *The Banks of the Clyde (Traditional Air)*

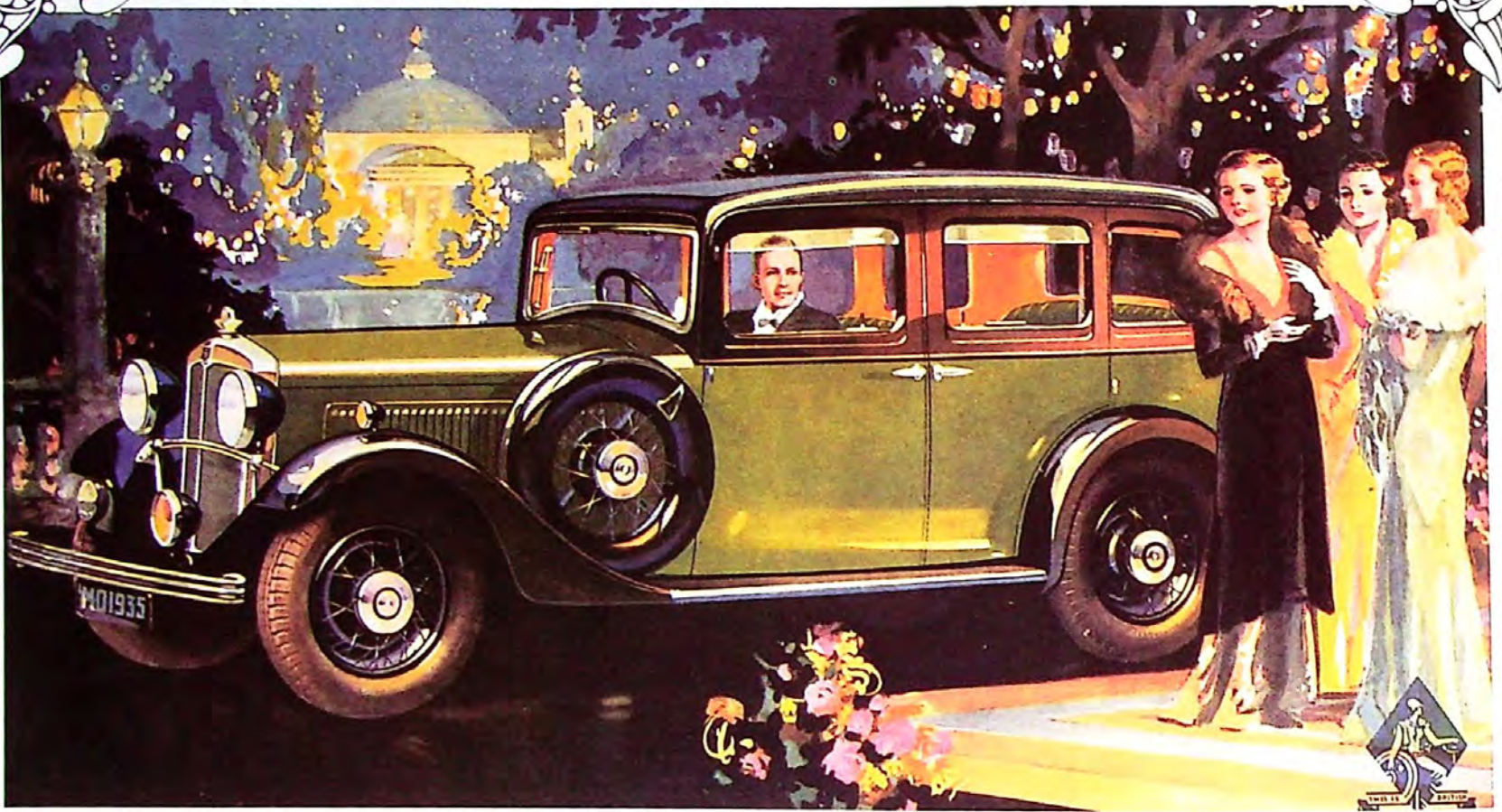
On the banks of the Clyde, on the banks of the Clyde,  
I saw a maiden sitting down upon the riverside.  
I asked her for to marry me, but she to me replied,  
"I wouldna marry a steamer's boy, upon the river Clyde."

On the banks of the Clyde, on the banks of the Clyde,  
I saw a maiden trying 'neath the willow tree to hide.  
I asked her for to marry me - she answered back with pride,  
"I wouldna marry the captain of a steamer on the Clyde."



On the banks of the Clyde, on the banks of the Clyde,  
I saw a maiden fishing, and I offered her a ride.  
And her answer it came floating back upon the evening tide,  
"I'll gladly go with the owner of a steamer on the Clyde."

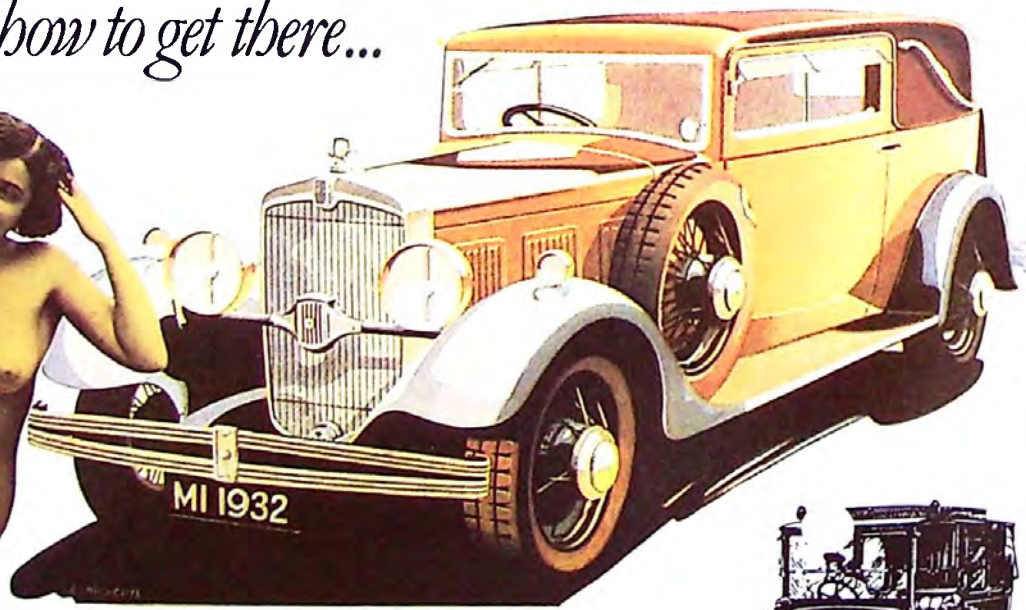
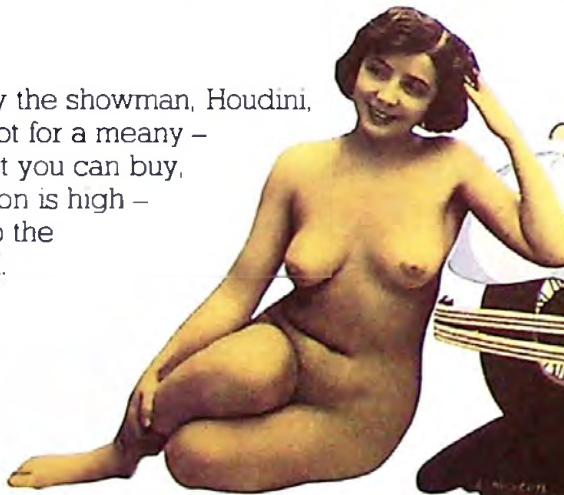




*The MOTOR CAR or how to get there...*

*THE ISIS*

Once owned by the showman, Houdini,  
 This model is not for a meany –  
 Though the best you can buy,  
 Fuel consumption is high –  
 Twelve miles to the  
 Gin and Martini.



**HILLMAN  
 MINX** <sup>10</sup>/<sub>30</sub> h.p.

*Family Saloon*  
**£159**



*THE MINX*

This trim little Minx is the  
 one –  
 Well-upholstered and  
 beautifully done,  
 The line is ecstatic,  
 And fully pneumatic,  
 And the headlamps are  
 second to none.



# Foreign Parts (continued)



"How many, Miss?"  
"Well none, actually -  
I was just wondering if you  
could help me re-fold my  
road map."



## HILLMAN WIZARD

Family Saloon  
**£270**

### THE WIZARD

If you're looking for speed  
and attack,  
With this one you're on the  
right track -  
Economical, fast,  
With a shape built to last,  
And a nice double seat at  
the back.



Dyak Woman



# The GIRLS of the EAST

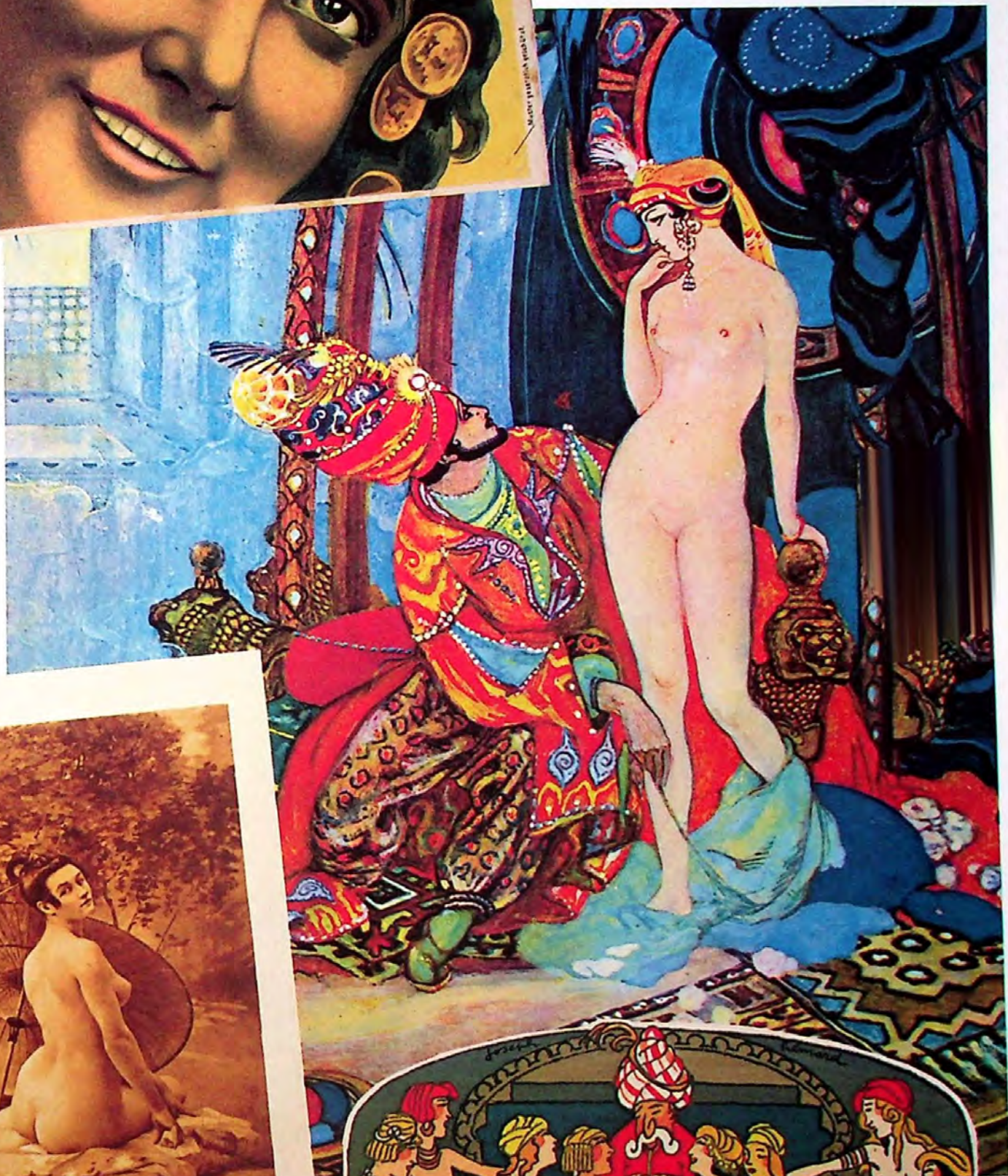
"When I went East, my ideas went West."  
(Hyman Goodman 1913 -)

Here, perhaps, are some of the reasons why.



# Foreign Parts

(continued)



JAPONAISE AU BAIN



# Foreign Parts (continued)



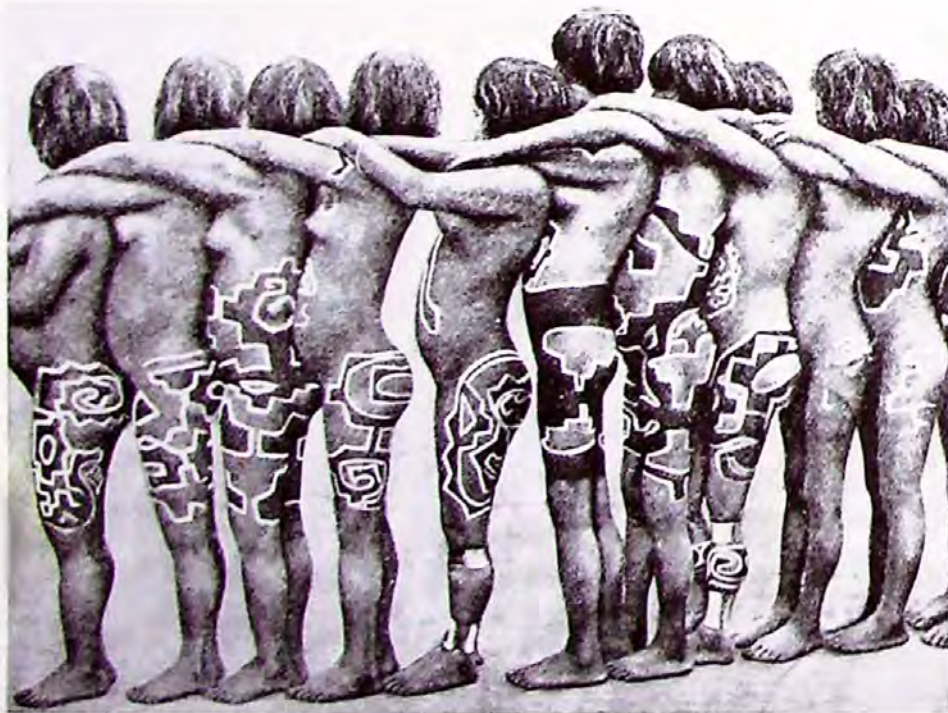
*She:* Ah, Venice! I knew if I came to Venice I'd meet the man of my dreams.  
But what are your intentions towards me?

*He:* I don't know, I've only known you five minutes!



*She:* Do people fall off the mountain often?

*He:* No, just once.



## SNAKE-DANCERS OF BRAZIL

The girls who dance the cobra-dance  
In Amazonian climes,  
Will attack you if you try to get acquainted.

But the local missionary says  
They're very nice at times,  
And not as black and blue as they are painted.



Here's looking at you, four-eyes.





# INEXPLICABLE

Nor blew the wind, nor  
dripped rain  
As away in the early morn,  
My sister and I by the  
trip-train  
From the little grey town were  
borne.

We spent a day at the seaside  
And jollily jinked we there,  
And my sister Jane to me  
sighed,  
"Oh my heart is as light as air!"  
And I tried her weight on the  
weight machine  
And she scaled precisely five  
thirteen.

We arrived at that seaside  
station  
At the end of that golden day,  
To return to our destination  
To return to the gloom and  
grey.  
And my sister Jane let a tear  
drop  
As sadly she hung her head,  
And in sorrowful tones she  
told me,  
That her heart was as heavy as  
lead!  
Then I tried her weight on the  
weight machine  
And she wasn't an ounce over  
five thirteen!



**"Are you sure I've left nothing behind porter?"  
"Not even tuppence mum!"**



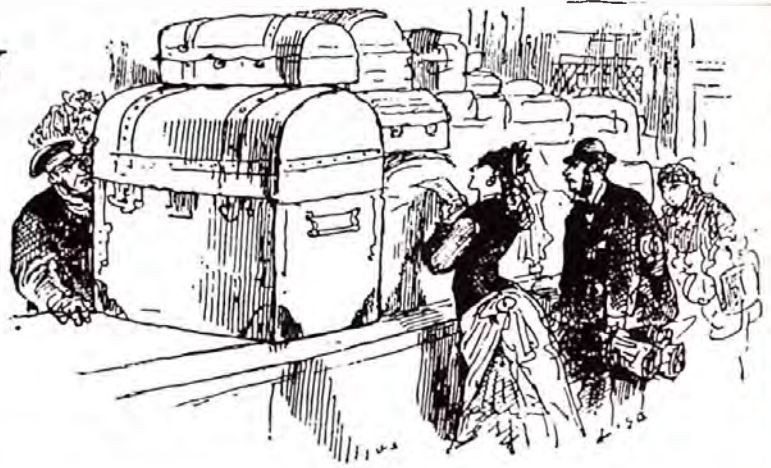
"Room for a little one?"

# Foreign Parts (continued)

## OVERHEARD ON THE TRAIN



"I've just been to see the ruins of Pompeii."  
"What are they like?"  
"Oh, they're in a terrible state."



"Yes, Miss - are you the heavy baggage with the big rounded top?"



"Mind if I smoke?"



He: I've left my glasses at home.  
She: Never mind, we'll have to drink out of the bottle.



Running late



Running Buffet



JACK'S COME HOME TO-DAY!



# "HE'S A NAVAL MAN" To the Tune of "The Sailor's Hornpipe" (Traditional)

He's a naval man  
You can tell it by his walk  
He's a naval man  
When you listen to him talk  
And the drunken thing's he'll utter  
When he's lying in the gutter  
You can bet your bread and butter  
He's a naval man.  
If his kitbag's full of wrinkles  
He's a naval man  
If he reeks of rum and winks  
He's a naval man  
If he hums a little ditty  
And he tells you that you're pretty  
You can bet your Bristol City  
He's a naval man.

MY DEAREST.

I love to see those smiling eyes,  
So full of hope, and joy and light  
As if no cloud ever rise,  
To dim a heaven so purely bright.



He's a naval man  
Of the ocean going sort  
He's a naval man  
With a girl in every port.  
You will see him grab and hug her  
Yelling, "Once aboard the lugger"  
He's a dirty rotten bosun  
Of a naval man.

If he takes you in a row boat  
On the Serpentine  
And he tries to get his hand upon  
Your plimsoll line  
You can bet the skin you're born in  
If he grabs you without warning  
You'll be scuppered in the morning -  
He's a naval man!

A-HOY!



## A SALT SPOON.




"Why aren't You in the Army?"



# PUZZLES OF THE PEN (An Interlude)



Two landscapes and two donkeys? Turn the page so the top is  that way.

CHOICE CHICK



This chap turns into a donkey but he's a **chump** whichever way you look at him. Try looking at that word chump the other way up – what does it spell?

**An OPTICAL ILLUSION**  
*These two bulls are the same size although they do not appear to be so*

There is **NO ILLUSION** about **BOVRIL**  
*it is always the same*



What is this girl doing upside down? If you turn her the other way up, and hold in front of a mirror you can still read that she is a

CHOICE CHICK

Those bulls are the same size – I've measured them.



And these shadows tell us quite a lot about their owners – and not a word necessary . . .

# A Relish For The Theatre





## *A Relish For The Theatre*

All the prettiest girls are to be found in the theatre – and they've all got hearts of gold. They bounce on in the ballet, they parade in the pantomime; they drive away, momentarily, the nightmare world of reality, and delight us (sitting in the circle with our opera glasses glued into position), with their pert expressions . . .



"LA WHO?"



"LA GOULUE"





The Critics: Retaliation



"You're lucky to be at this end of the dressing-room with the fire. My end's freezing."

Yves & Banquet Jr



MAN JR

She: "Meet me at the same place at seven o'clock."  
 He: "All right. What time will you be there?"



He: "What shall we do this evening?"  
 She: "Let's think hard."  
 He: "No, let's do something you can do as well."



Yves  
 fosec

The Actor's Seasons

# SPRING

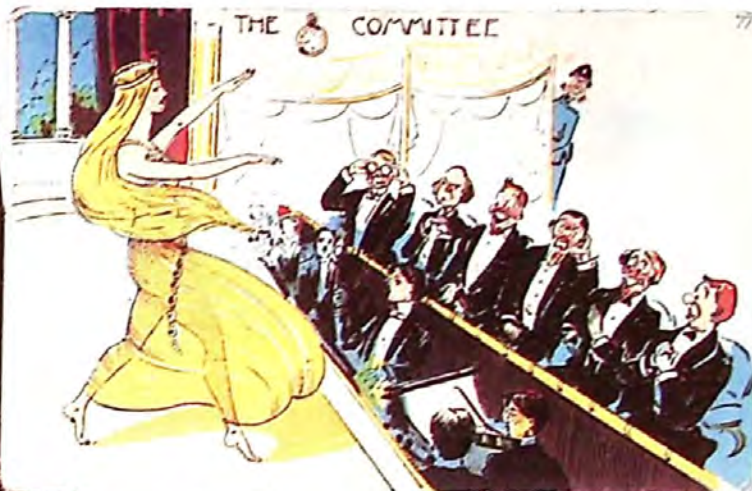


# The Theatre (continued)

# SUMMER







## The Actor's Seasons (see opposite page)

### SPRING

With a crutch in his hand, and his hat on one side,  
His purse full of cash, and his heart full of pride,  
Fitz-Clarence de Belleville struts gaily along,  
Cheerily humming a snatch of a song,

For fickle Dame Fortune has smiled with a will,  
And De Belleville, at last, has his name in the bill.

### SUMMER

Society welcomes De Belleville's new "school",  
A sort of a hybrid 'twixt Irving and Toole,  
Votes his *Hamlet* "intense", and his *Lear* "too, too",  
His *Paul Pry* the finest the stage ever knew;

And well may the tide of their favour run strong,  
For he's "posted" in letters a yard or two long.

### AUTUMN

But, somehow, Dame Fortune – an innate coquette –  
All at once poor Fitz-Clarence resolves to forget;  
Like a star in high heaven, or spent rocket-stick,  
He falls out of favour remarkably quick:

And the name on the bill-board less legibly shines,  
He is found in small print, 'midst the spirits and wines.

### WINTER

This may mean bread and cheese, but his fame-dreams  
have vanished

To that Limbo where so many visions are banished:  
He still, with avuncular aid, can contrive  
To keep his old gin-sodden body alive;

But for him 'tis the winter of sore discontent –  
On a bloater he dines, and is chased for his rent!

ARTHUR GODDARD



"Never out of season"



# The Theatre

(continued)

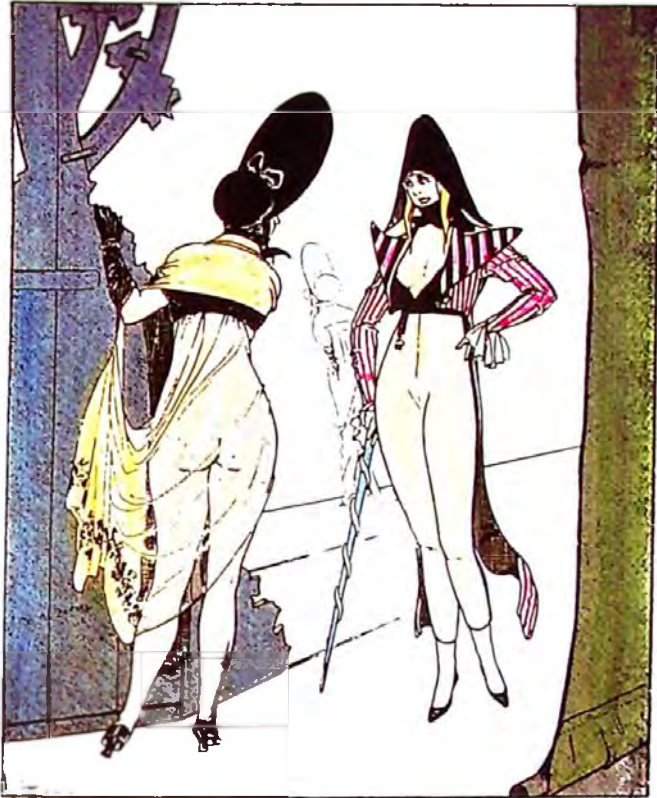


Mirror, mirror on the wall,  
Shall I ever get into the front  
row at all?



Oh, he sits there, every evening, and he winks at me so nice,  
Oh, he loves me, yes he loves me, and he proved it last night twice.  
All the other thirteen say it's them he loves, and it's them he's winking at,  
But he loves me, once a fortnight, so there's the proof of that!

# THE CHORUS GIRL In All Her Moods-



*Shepherdess:* "I've been standing on my feet for two hours."  
*Dandy:* "Haven't you got anything to sit on?"  
*Shepherdess:* "Yes, but I can't find anything warm enough to put it on!"

*She:* "Is it true that money talks?"  
*He:* "So they say."  
*She:* "Well, could you leave some? I get lonely."



"My dear, when a woman tells you her age, it is all right to look surprised - but don't scowl!"

"Don't ever tell him you're not that kind of girl - he may believe you."





# The Theatre

(continued)



## At The Play

I saw you listlessly flirt your fan,  
 Last night, at that foolish play,  
 Where lovers' histories smoothly ran  
 In the old, unlikelike way.

You must have heard what the fiddles cried –  
 It sounded so plain to me.  
 It was "Love, love, love, and there's naught  
 beside"  
 No mention of gold, you see!

And someone dozed in his heavy way –  
 The Croesus you stooped to wed:  
 And someone almost forgot the play,  
 For watching your golden head.

Ah! is it true – were the fiddles right! –  
 That a gilded bondage palls?  
 When Comedy strutted the boards last night,  
 Did Tragedy sit in the stalls?



# THE FOLLY OF THE THEATRE & THE REASON OF THE WORLD



**"Hot-blooded folly boots cold reason out,  
And dances on the virgin's lily bed"**  
*(Two Gentlemen of Venice, Act I, Sc. V)*

The world of cold reason  
Proceeds on its way  
Ignoring the folly  
Of Theatre,  
With a book for a head, and  
A virginal tread  
It considers it wise  
To forget her.

The world is a solemn and  
Serious place  
The Theatre is jocund  
And jolly;  
If the one gives the other a  
Smile on its face  
Is that not a good reason  
For folly?

# The Theatre

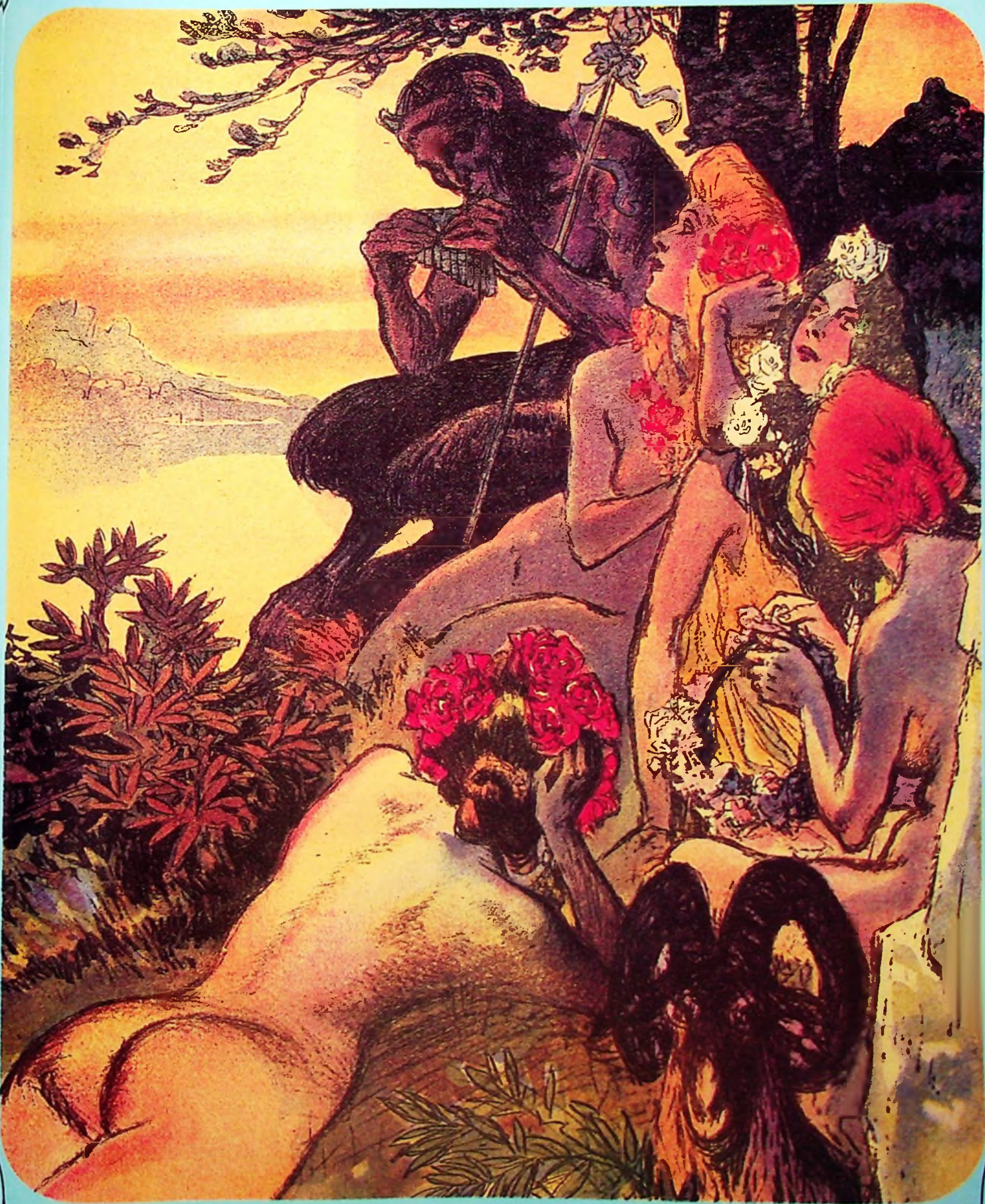
(continued)



She: "Have you seen the play at the Pavilion?"  
 He: "What's it about?"  
 She: "A man who kills everybody, including his mother, and drives his best girl mad."  
 He: "Yes, I've seen it."  
 She: "Can you remember what it's called?"  
 He: "The first time I saw it, it was called *Hamlet*."



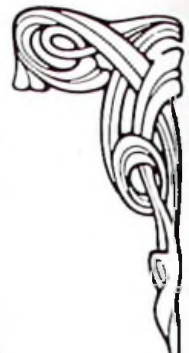
*A Relish For*  
**MUSIC AND DANCING**





"Can you play pizzicato?"  
 "I can play in any condition."

"I play by roll."



## A Relish For Music and Dancing



She's good on the piano and  
 She's fine on the harmonium,  
 She's excellent on everything,  
 But best on the linoleum.

"If music be the food of love, play on. If not, let's eat."

Shakespeare didn't actually say all of that, but it neatly sums up my fairly light-hearted attitude to music.

I love a good tune, and a witty lyric, and some songs bring a tear to my eye. Some, indeed, bring a tear to my heart which doesn't need to reach my eye. But if I were forbidden music for a year, I wouldn't make a song and dance about it.

So it may surprise no one to learn that my relish is for something comical rather than classical; for Music Hall from Gilbert and Sullivan downwards.

With the Dance it is the same. Here you will find not Ballet but Ballroom; but mainly a couple of comic songs. I hope, if you don't know them, you will be glad to make their acquaintance.

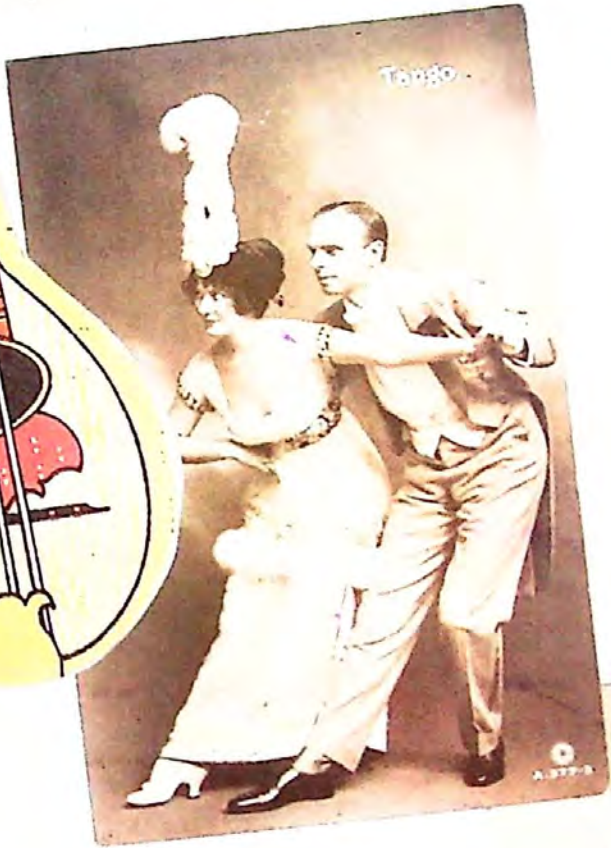


"I know a girl who plays the piano by ear."  
 "That's nothing. I know a man who fiddles with his armbands."

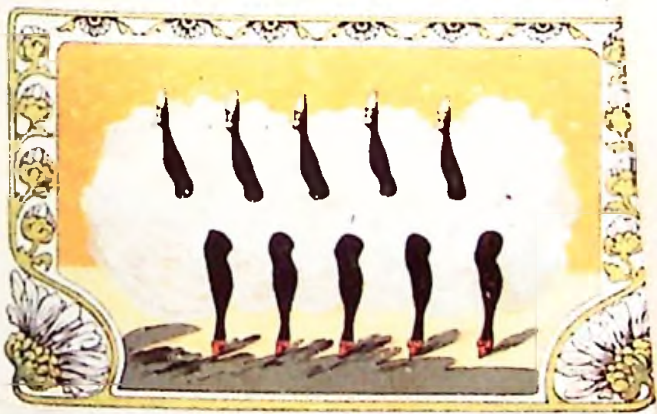
Her gaze is sweet and quizzical  
 Her smile so photographable  
 Her laugh it is so musical  
 Her music is so laughable.







MISS STINGO, WILL NOW SING.  
"PUT ME IN MY LITTLE BED."  
ACCOMPANIED BY THE CURATE.



# Music and Dancing

(continued)

## THE BLACK PUDDING MARCH

("The Soldier-boy's Dream")  
Sung with great effect by  
the one and only **HARRY FIELDING**

Composed by Harry Butterworth  
Words by M. Stein

### VERSE 1

A soldier lad was far from home,  
a-fighting at the war  
To win the day for dear old England's  
name.  
They'd sent him off to do or die as many  
had before,  
To do his best, though he was not to  
blame.  
He thought of his old Mother dear,  
a-sitting all alone  
At supper, and a lump came to his  
throat.  
He took up pen and paper, to send a  
letter home,  
And his eyes were filled with tears as he  
wrote:—



Sketches of Tommy's life  
Out on rest - N 7



## THE BLACK PUDDING MARCH

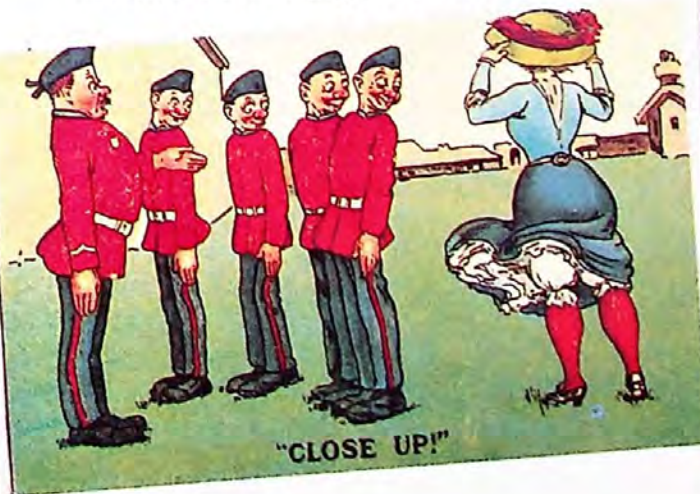
(continued)

**CHORUS:**

Send me a lump of your old black  
pudding,  
That's the stuff that I love most.  
Send me a lump of your old black  
pudding  
And a slab of dripping toast.  
We're fighting to make this old world  
good enough for folks who really care;  
So send me a lump of your old black  
pudding  
And I'll know that you're still there.



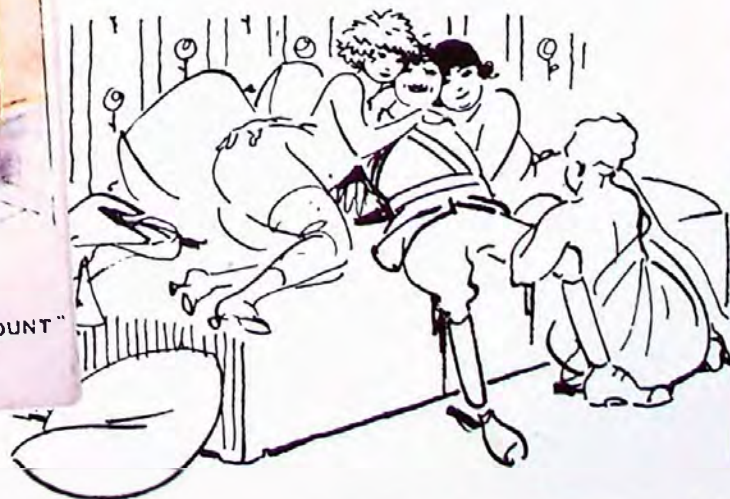
"KEEP IT UP!"



"CLOSE UP!"



BUSINESS-AS USUAL



'They want a few more like me in the Army.'



## THE BLACK PUDDING MARCH (continued)

### VERSE 2

A Scottish lad was over there and he  
 was fighting too,  
 And thinking of his homeland far away.  
 He thought of all the things his darling  
 Maggie used to do  
 As they wandered through the heather  
 on the brae.  
 And then a dreadful longing seemed to  
 fill his Scottish heart  
 As he pictured Maggie sitting by the  
 fire,  
 And he wrote these simple words to  
 her - Although we're far apart,  
 There's really only one thing I desire:—

### CHORUS:

Send me a lump of your dear old haggis,  
 That is what I'm craving for, the noo,  
 If I could just get my hands on your dear  
 old haggis  
 I would know that you're still true.  
 I've never seen a haggis like my sweet  
 young Maggie's  
 And although I'm far from hame,  
 Just send me a lump of your dear old  
 haggis  
 And I'll know you feel the same.



# THE BLACK PUDDING MARCH

## VERSE 3

An Irish boy lay wounded in the camp  
that very night,  
But the suffering and pain he bravely  
bore  
And he watched the others writing, and  
he wished that he could write  
To his colleen back on dear old Erin's  
shore,  
But his wound would not permit it, so he  
just lay back and thought  
Of the little patch of green that he called  
home,  
Of the humble little cottage, and the girl  
for whom he fought,  
And his loving thoughts went winging  
o'er the foam:—

## CHORUS:

Send me a parcel of Irish stew, dear,  
Wrap it up and send it piping hot.  
If I could just dip me bread in your Irish  
stew, dear  
Then I'd know you've not forgot.  
There's noboby nearly as good as you,  
dear  
With your taters and your meat,  
So send me a parcel of Irish stew, dear  
And my life will be complete.

## CODA (with gusto)

They're fighting to make this old world  
good enough to live in side by side,  
So with your stew and your haggis and  
your old black pudding  
You can keep them satisfied!



(continued)



## "BILLY PRATT'S BANANAS"

(Words by Doyle) (Composed by T. Burns)

Little Billy Pratt, what a funny fellow,  
Sold bananas on the street, they were so big  
and yella,  
They soon became quite famous and  
wherever people met,  
They vowed they were the ripest and the best  
they'd ever ate:

And now, throughout the land . . .  
You'll find them near at hand . . .

You'll see them at the Café Royal, if you go  
there to sup;  
Whenever men and women meet, they're  
always popping up:  
You don't win silver cups no more at races and  
gymkhanas -  
The prize is now a handful of young Billy Pratt's  
bananas.

You'll find them in the nicest homes: at court  
they're "just the stuff."  
They do say that his Majesty just cannot get  
enough.

When I took Mary Jane to church, it was a  
lovely wedding,  
We'd been betrothed for fourteen years, to  
save up for the bedding.  
The folks all started throwing rice, which very  
nearly struck me,  
One chap threw milk and sugar, and an Indian  
threw some chutney.

They wrote "Just Married" on my back, they  
played all sorts of tricks -  
They nailed my topper to the floor, they filled  
our bags with bricks;  
But still the worst was yet to come; I gave my  
bride a kiss,  
Then climbed the hill to Bedfordshire, to start  
our wedded bliss;  
"Oh Jack," said she, as she undressed, "what's  
that in your pyjamas?"  
And I found that it was one of little Billy Pratt's  
bananas!





## Historical Secti

### In days of Old

- 1 In days of old  
When knights were bold  
They thought their life  
enthralling;  
They fought in wars  
And hunted boars,  
And treated girls  
appalling.
- 2 They locked them up  
in iron belts  
To curb the girls' desire –  
But love will always  
find a way  
Given time, and a bit  
of bent wire.



# Historical Section

(continued)

- 3 In days of old  
When nights were cold  
They had no central heating,  
Their body heat  
They kept replete  
By smoking, girls,  
and eating.



- 4 In days of old  
The story's told  
That knights picked  
    fights with dragons –  
No so – they'd race  
All round the place  
And cart girls off  
    in waggons.

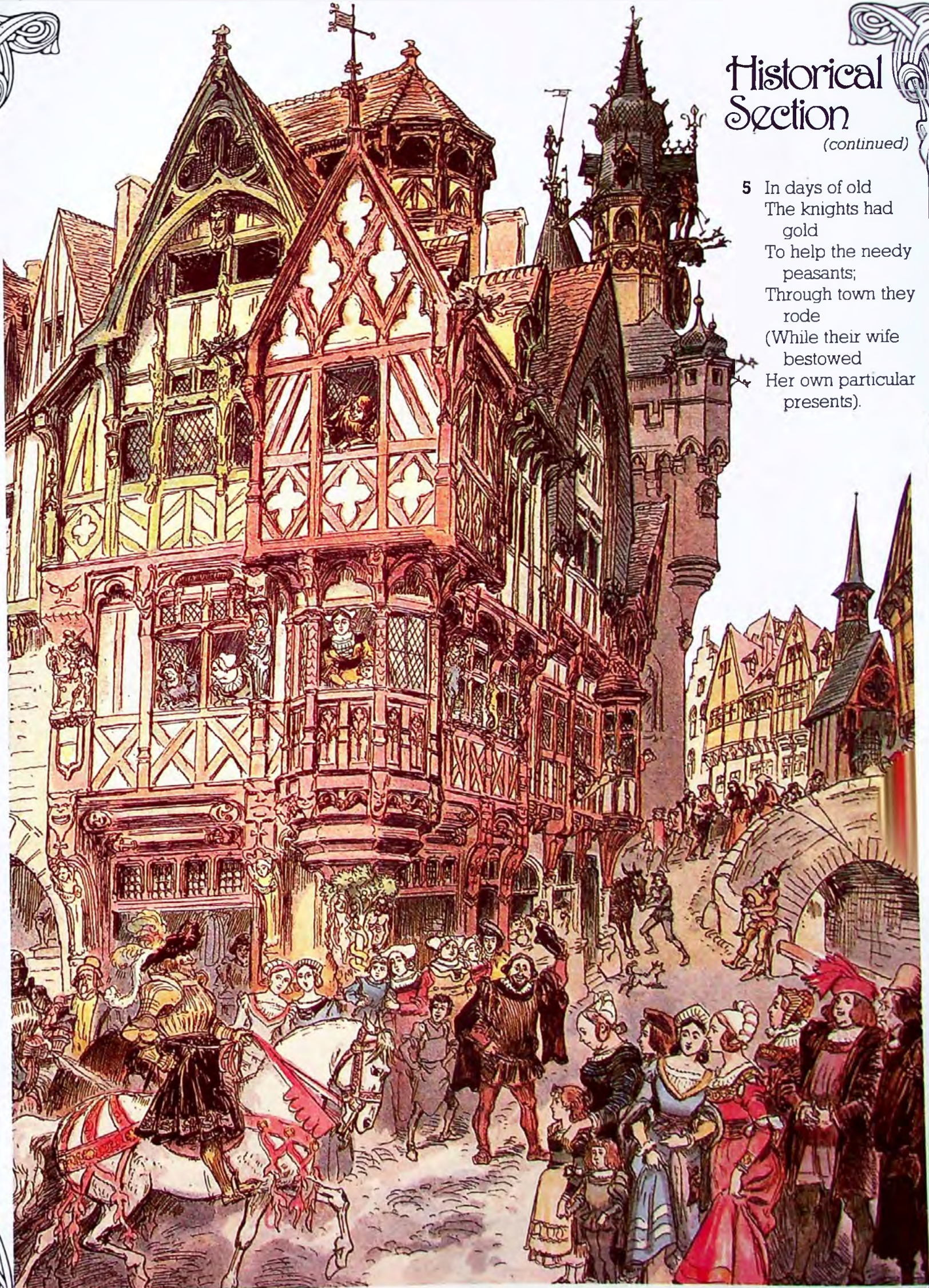




# Historical Section

(continued)

- 5 In days of old  
The knights had gold  
To help the needy  
peasants;  
Through town they rode  
(While their wife  
bestowed  
Her own particular  
presents).







## *A Relish For* **CHRISTMAS**

**Christmas roses, Christmas roses!  
Greet the sunshine cold and clear –  
Who'd resist such pretty posies  
Heralding the Christmas Cheer?**

**Santa Claus, within the mountain  
Stirs himself as they appear,  
Watching as they bud and blossom  
Heralding the Christmas Cheer.**

**Christmas Roses! Bloom un-noticed  
While we drink our Christmas cheer;  
Polishing our Christmas Noses  
Not with roses, but with beer.**



# CHRISTMAS (continued)



## STAYING UP FOR SANTA



**1** I'm staying up for Santa  
I wonder what he'll bring?  
I hope it's something wearable  
I'm chilly in this thing.

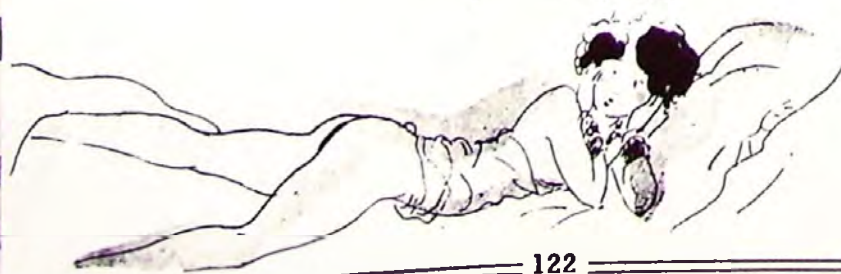
**2** I'm looking out for Santa  
Is that him on the stair?  
I hope it's something nice and warm  
I've not a thing to wear.



**3** I'm 'phoning up for Santa  
To bring me something nice  
I hope it's something furry  
My legs are just like ice.

**4** Perhaps he's left a parcel  
If he's already come;  
I hope it's warm and full-length  
I'm freezing round my tum.

**5** He's left this stupid dolly  
Just like the year before!  
He promised me a fur coat  
The silly fat old BORE.





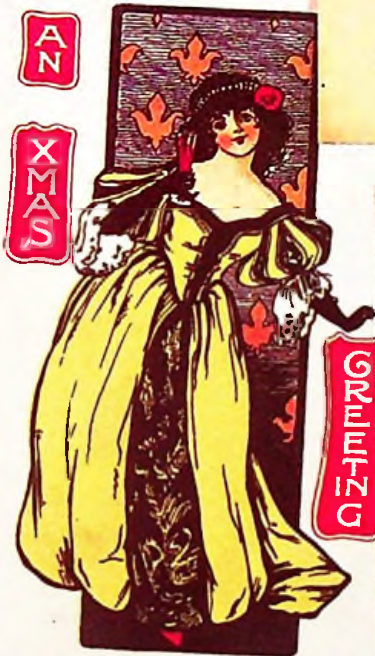
Get  
"PARIS"



Christmas



I hear you're holding a  
nice party this Xmas.



A  
N

X  
M  
S

GR  
U  
L  
I  
N  
G



'TIS INNOCENT MIRTH THAT GIVES CHRISTMAS ITS WORTH.



A posy for my friend so dear  
With merry Christmas and happy New-Year.



Meet You  
Merrily

# A couple of AFTER-DINNER STORIES

Suitable for the fair sex – (and brunettes as well, of course)



Two men left a banquet together. They had dined exceptionally well. "When you get home," said one, "if you don't want to wake your wife by falling over in the bedroom, undress at the foot of the stairs, fold your clothes neatly and creep up to your room."

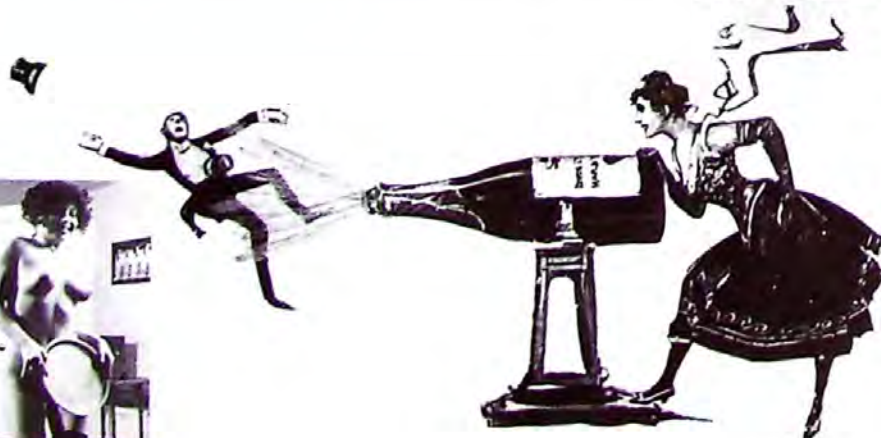
The next day they met again at lunch. "How did you get on?" said one. "Rotten," replied the other. "I took off all my clothes at the foot of the stairs, as you told me, and folded them neatly. I didn't make a sound, but when I reached the top of the stairs I found it was Baker Street Station!"

Mr Isaacs, a tailor, found that he had amongst his surplus stock, half-a-dozen thirty-shilling shirts that he had been unable to sell. So he asked for the advice of his friend Solomons. "I'll tell you what to do," said his friend. "Put the six thirty-shilling shirts in a parcel, enclose an invoice for *five* shirts at *forty* shillings, and send them to old McDougall down the road. He'll buy them right away, and you'll get ten pounds instead of nine." The next week Solomons asked his friend how the dodge had worked. "Solly, you've ruined me!" said Isaacs. "I sent the six shirts and the invoice for five, just as you told me. And what happened? McDougall sent back five shirts and said he hadn't ordered them!"

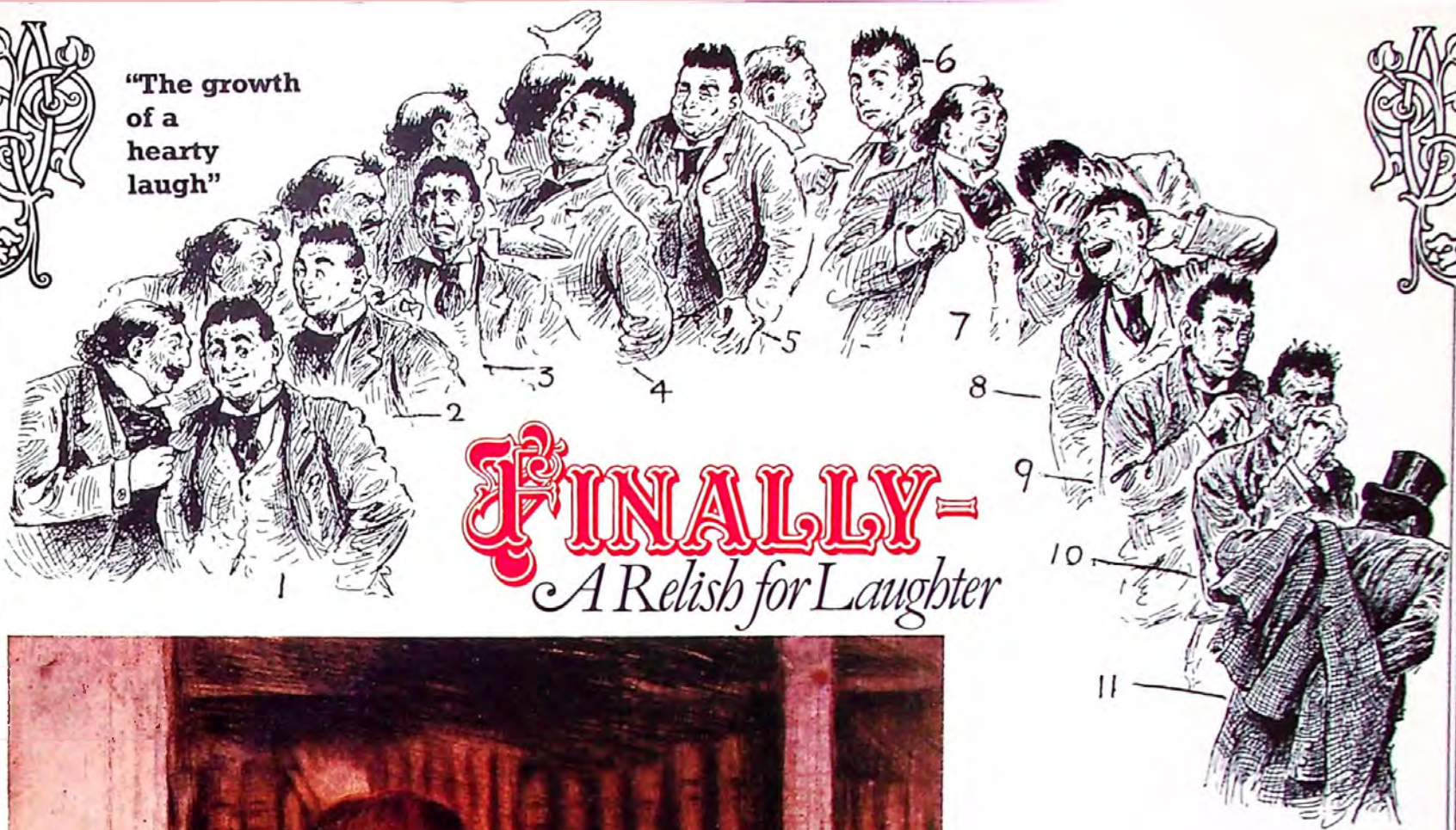


The waitress had hair like sunshine and eyes like forget-me-nots, and the young man was anxious to know her. When she took his order he asked for "a steak and a few kind words".

She brought the steak and put it in front of him. "What about the kind words?" asked the young man. The waitress leant forward towards him and whispered confidentially, "Don't eat the steak."

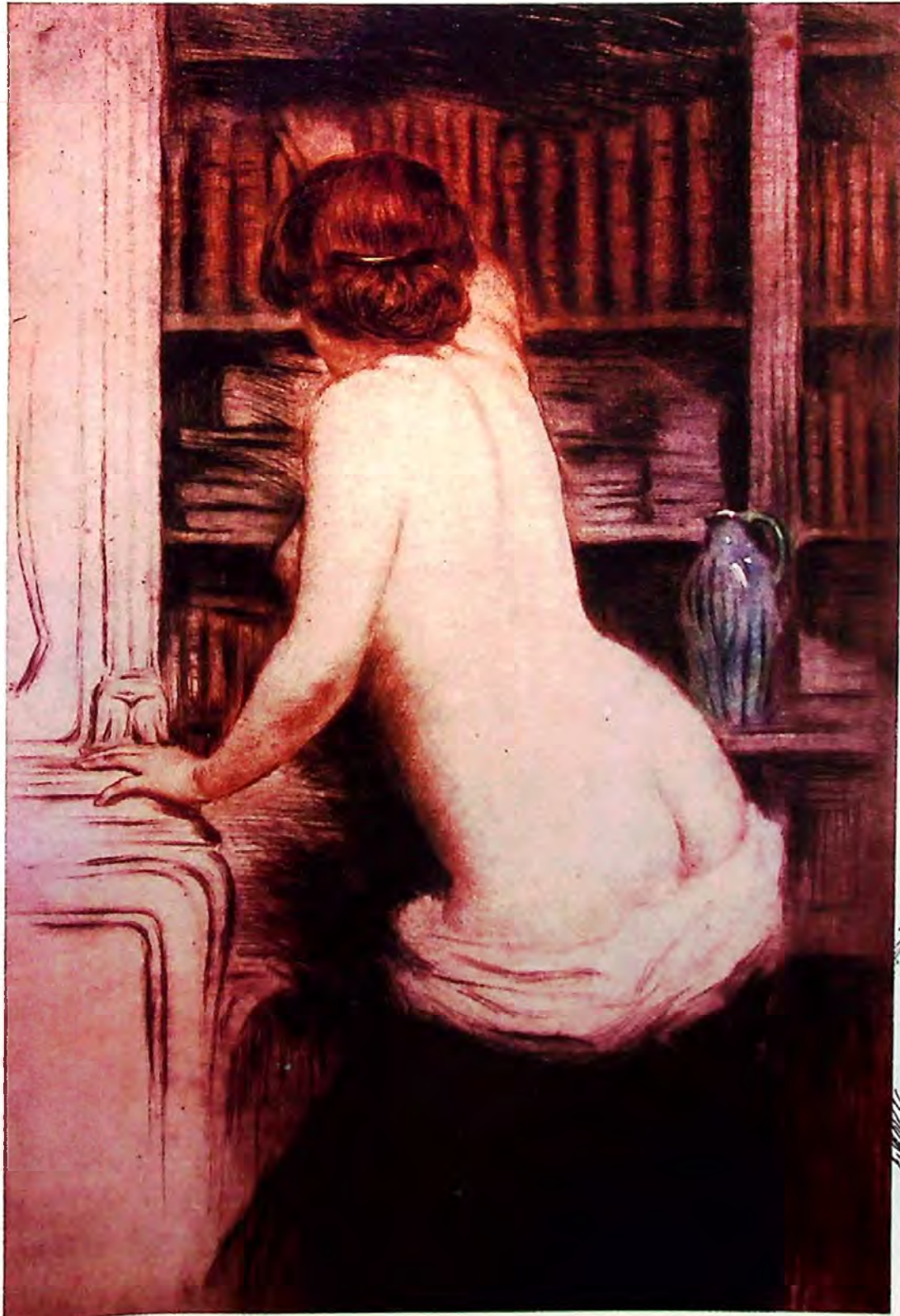


"The growth  
of a  
hearty  
laugh"



# FINALLY—

*A Relish for Laughter*



"Laugh and the world laughs with  
you - weep, and you sleep alone."

We all love to laugh. Even the three  
or four dozen people in the world who  
don't, will say that they do. It is a  
communal pleasure, mainly; the  
more, as they say, the merrier.

But it is also a solitary joy; and  
I hope that this book has brought you  
a laugh or two, enough for you to  
grant it a place on your bookshelf.

A final word - not all of us are lucky  
enough to possess a library - or  
indeed such a charming librarian -  
but I think you will agree that I could  
not have found a more suitable  
picture to illustrate

**THE END**

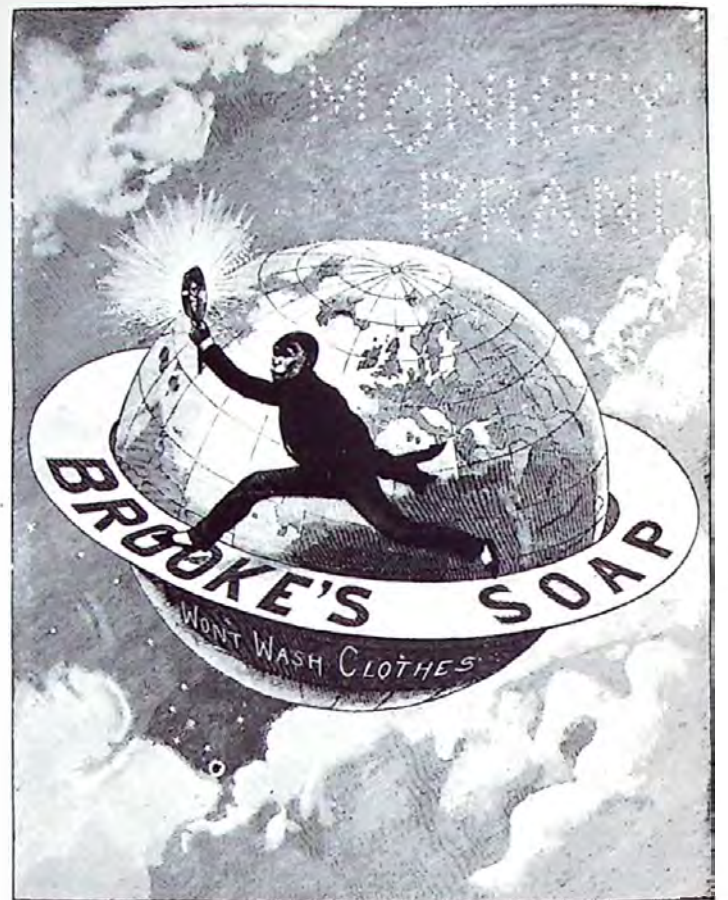


# THE BEST BEVERAGE FOR CHILDREN



CADBURY'S COCOA is closely allied to milk in the large proportion of flesh forming & strength-sustaining elements that it contains. Its preparation on the principle of excluding the superabundance of fatty and gesticible matter with which Cocoa abounds—supplying a refined infusion of absolute pure cocoa, exhilarating and refreshing for Breakfast, Luncheon, Tea, or Supper—giving staying power, and imparting new life and vigour to growing Children, and those of delicate constitutions.

CADBURY'S COCOA } ABSOLUTELY PURE, THEREFORE BEST.



*Brooke's Soap - Monkey Brand.* FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, AND SCRUBBING FLOORS, KITCHEN TABLES, LINOLEUM, AND OIL CLOTHS. FOR POLISHING METALS, MARBLE, PAINT, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, MACHINERY, BATHS, STAIR ROOPS, FIRE IRONS, MARBLE, &c. REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

## "DOLLIE

## DAISIE

## DIMPLE"

LADY RAWLINSON'S TESTIMONIAL.  
The First Doll and the second the following season.

And her TRUNK of SMART CLOTHES. All to take on and off. OVER 100,000 SOLD LAST SEASON.



PRETTY PROCKS in brilliant Colours, and HATS in the Latest Fashion, to suit all occasions and all seasons. PETTICOATS, BODICES, TIPPETS, SKIRTS, APRONS, and CORSETS.

COMPETITION FOR £40 in Prizes.

The Nearest Guess Wins £28;  
The Second Nearest Wins £10;  
The Third Nearest Wins £5.

Guess what Number of "Dollie Daisie Dimples" have been Sold this Season.

PRICE ONE SHILLING. THREEPENCE EXTRA BY PARCEL POST. By Postal Order preferred, or by Cash. Telegrams to "Dimple, London." Cash willingly Returned if any Dissatisfaction.

TESTIMONIAL. "My little daughter was so pleased with 'Dollie Daisie Dimples' that she has the toy 'R.R.B.' which I shall be glad to forward shortly. 'D.D.' with the 'R.R.B.' if cash you need, as bid."

TESTIMONIAL. "My little daughter was so pleased with 'Dollie Daisie Dimples' that she has the toy 'R.R.B.' which I shall be glad to forward shortly. 'D.D.' with the 'R.R.B.' if cash you need, as bid."

The English Toy Manufacturing Co., Limited, 5, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. A BEAUTIFULLY ILLUMINATED TOY BOOK (12 pages), large size, containing many Coloured Illustrations for the Children: sent for 1d. stamp.

# Hovis



## BREAD AND BISCUITS.

SUPPLIED TO The Queen and Royal Family.

PROMOTE DIGESTION.

Highest award at the Food and Culinary Exhibition, London, May, 1905.

Imitation in the sincerest flattery.

S. FITTON & SON, MILLERS, MACCLESFIELD



# THE Two Champion Players



PLAYER'S  
GOLD-LEAF  
NAVY-CUT

PLAYERS NAVY CUT is the Original, and is only sold in 1-oz. packets, and 2, 4, 8-oz. and 1 lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in fine smoking condition.  
ASK AT ALL TOBACCO SELLERS, STORES, &c. AND TAKE NO OTHER  
SMOKERS ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST IMITATIONS.  
The GENUINE bears the Trade Mark, "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE" on every Packet and Tin.

# PEARS' SOAP

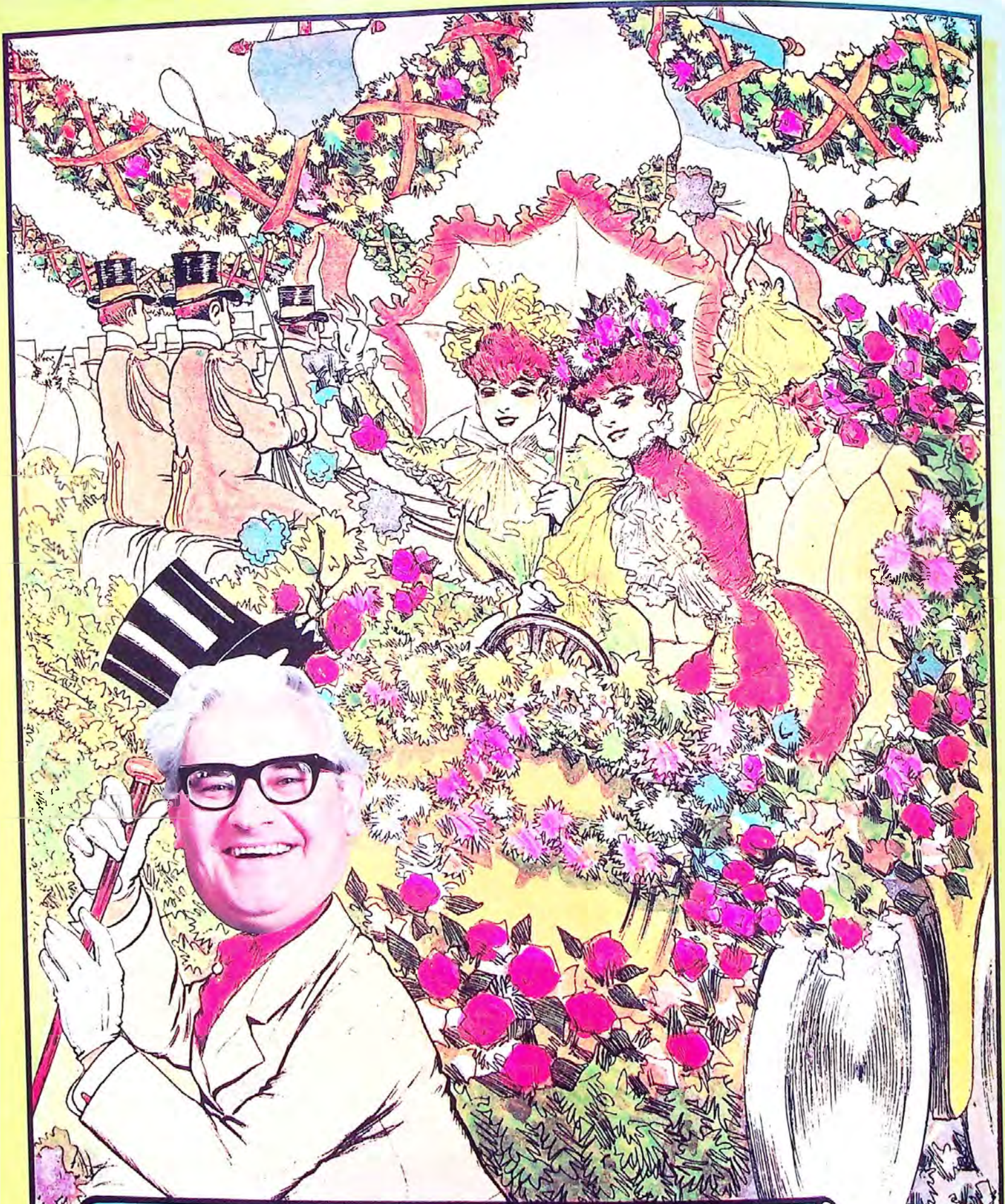


a Specialty for Children.



My friends know well my name is BROOKE, but yet on every hand,  
In sportive familiarity, I'm called: "OLD MONKEY BRAND!"  
And when they see me advertise, in various change of pose,  
They smile as they remember that I WON'T WASH CLOTHES!





A companion to Ronnie Barker's best-selling **SAUCE**. Here is another feast of frivolity – a picture book, crammed with the frolicsome fancies of the female form.

£3.95 net U.K.  
ISBN 0 340 24665 0