

Pancakes.

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NOW, MAKE HASTE HOME FROM SCHOOL - AND YOU SHALL HAVE PANCAKES FOR DINNER

WHAT HAVE THEY PUT THE BROKERS IN AT LAST?

NO, MAMA SEY THE CHIMNEY ON FIRE MAKING PANCAKES

A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR DAD

BOO-OO! I'VE BROKE ALL THE EGGS, AND CAN'T HAVE ANY PANCAKES!

PANCAKES DO UPSET ME SO I'M OBLIGED TO TAKE SOMETHING TO SETTLE 'EM

BOOTHER THE THING IT WON'T COME RIGHT!

THE G.O.M'S. BAD EGG

CAPITAL IDEA REAL USE FOR A FAN - TO SAVE YOUR COMPLEXION WHILE MAKING PANCAKES.

DADDY SAYS I SHALL HAVE SOME PANCAKES IF I'M A GOOD BOY

THE EFFECT OF TOO MUCH PANCAKES DAY

PANCAKES.



If Mr. Davis had carried his *Bat* out as he should have done, he would not now be the wicket-in of circumstances.

We hear that the next new thing in exhibitions, will be a Show of Thoroughbred Sirens. [At Sirencester, eh?—Ed.]

The Nice Carnival was not so nice as usual this year. There were no reigning Princesses, and too many raining showers.

The name of Gilhooly is, perhaps, not the most euphonious amongst the multitudinous names of men, but it has been taken back, with its owner, to the land for which it is best fitted.

What Mr. Gladstone exclaimed when the "Colonel" episode was raked up—"Oh, my poor 'nut!'"

THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE LIONS.



SIR CHARLES WARREN.



MR. HENRY MATTHEWS.

In consequence of so many distinguished members having recently occupied gaol quarters, and shown such partiality for the prison dress, the fashionable coat for the season is to be called the—swallow jail coat.

The end of a strike—very frequently a black eye.

Berry is a bit of a political wag. He calls the scaffold the Reformers' Tree.

Sir H. D. Wolff, we have good authority for stating, has nothing to do with any mere wolf, with one "f," and particularly repudiates all connection with the democratic, and undiplomatic creatures who pulled down and devoured Shrewsbury Mare the other day.

NOUS AVONS CHANGE TOUT CELA.

[The papers have been publishing, and not before time, remarks on the conduct of society ladies and gentlemen, both towards each other and their hostess; and have pointed out how old-world courtesy and politeness are fast disappearing before the manners of a boor and the laugh of a lout.]

Mrs. De Tomkyns's At Home.

(Beautiful floor, beautiful music, beautiful girls in plenty.)

[Enter young Vere.]

Young Vere (nodding to his hostess). How do you do, Mr. Vere? So pleased to see you.
 Y. V. So you ought to be. Beastly bore turning out after dinner.
 Mrs. De T. And now let me find you a partner.
 Y. V. No you don't. You've got a precious shady lot here to-night. Wouldn't have come if I had known.

Mrs. De T. I can assure you there are some charming girls among them.

Y. V. Milk and water dolls. Not in my set at all. Look here, Mrs. De T.—by the bye, that's not a bad joke—if you want to see me you'll have to ask the right sort to meet me or I won't come, so put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Mrs. De T. How clever you are, Mr. Vere; we poor women have no chance with you. But if you had only let me know who you would have liked to have met, I would have asked them.

Y. V. You might have told me that before. What kind of a spread are you going to give us? If it is not a good one I won't stop. What's the champagne? By jove! There's Dolly Rapid, she'll do. [Lounges off.]

Mrs. De T. Insufferable puppy! But I had to ask him; I wanted men.

Dolly Rapid (hurrying up to Vere). Holloa, old chappie, how goes it?

Y. V. Rambo, my beauty. But let's have a turn.

D. R. I'm engaged to that young ass, Trotter, but I'll let him slide. Come on. [They waltz.]

Y. V. Seedy lot of women here to-night.

D. R. Too awfully dowdy. De Tomkyns is an old frump; but I thought you'd turn up, so I came.

Y. V. Good little girl. This is jolly slow, come out and have a cigarette in the garden.

D. R. Right you are. See that girl there in yellow? Well, she, &c.
 Y. V. Did she? She's got some go then; I'll talk to her.
 D. R. She's not bad fun, and her man is not here to-night, so she'll go it.

Y. V. That's a beastly ugly dress you have on.

D. R. You don't like it? I'll give it to my maid when I get home. The governor must shell out for another.

Y. V. Yes, make the old 'un stump up; it's all he's good for.

D. R. You bet!

[And this is the kind of thing we are coming to.—Ed.]

I COULD A TAIL UNFOLD.

[It is estimated that \$8,100,000 was spent for bustles in America last year.]

Eight million odd dollars in bustles last year!

That's coming it strong we must surely confess;

Eight millions in some things that never appear,

At least, if they do, they cause poignant distress.

Eight millions in aiding Dame Nature, the jade

Who failed in producing the figures now prized;

Eight millions for humps to be worn by each maid,

Who fancies her figure might be larger sized.

Eight millions, itself a fine figure, indeed!

If that won't give beauty, then nought else will count;

Eight millions—the women are bound to succeed

When backed up by such an enormous amount.

ORPHEUS AND THE BRUTE.

A huntsman, in Hungary, the other day, scared a wolf by playing on a horn. Why was not the same thing tried at Sanger's last week? And if music has such power on a small scale, it should be employed in other ways. For example—the contra basso might frighten an elephant, and the bassoon work wonders with a tiger. A polar bear would stagger at the trombone, and a hippopotamus turn tail before the ophicleide. Some of our sensational pianists need not fear a whole forest of savage animals; while the bagpipes would surely make the monarch of beasts quail.