

"Sketch", "Sphere" and "Tatler"

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1908-1912

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Received

For the Sphere & Tatler Ltd.

Yours faithfully,

Reply.

are unable to dispose of the original in
weight of 14.

shall be pleased to quote you on receipt

to high to purchase some reproduction rights

the copyright of some points retained

a sum of four guineas for the one

unable to quote you before, but are now

Charles Lane, which appeared in printers

and that present & future, M. Macdonald,

under that some time ago you wrote us about

Street, W.

Co.

July 3rd 1915.

THE TATLER,
THE SPHERES.

GREEN WOOD STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

1915

"SKETCH," "SPHERE" AND "TATLER"

108/12

THE SPHERE AND TATLER, Ltd.,

RECEIVED.
8 JUL 1912

Telegraphic Address:

"SPHERE," LONDON.

Telephone No. 2200 HOLBORN.
(6 Lines.)

Proprietors of

"THE SPHERE"
"THE TATLER"

GREAT NEW STREET,
FETTER LANE, E.C.

July 3rd, 1912.

Messrs. Epworth & Co.,
69, Newman Street, W.

Dear Sirs,

You will remember that some time ago you wrote us about two drawings entitled "Past, present & Future" by Haselden, and "Cornered" by Charles Ince, which appeared in Printers Pie. We have been unable to quote you before, but are now prepared to accept a sum of four guineas for the one entitled "Cornered", the copyright of same being retained by us. Should you wish to purchase some reproduction rights of the original we shall be pleased to quote you on hearing what use you intend making of it.

We regret we are unable to dispose of the original by Haselden.

Awaiting your reply.

Yours faithfully,

For The Sphere & Tatler Ltd.

W P Chen
Secretary.

Newman St.

24th May 1912.

Dear Sir,

In reply to yours of the 23rd inst., with respect to the originals of drawings reproduced in 'Printers' Pie,' we understand that our client is not particular as to the purchase of the copyright of the originals. He simply wants to show them any time he may think fit.

Perhaps you would kindly quote a price with copyright and without, and oblige,

Faithfully yours,

E. & Co.

W. P. Chew Esq.,
Secretary,

The Sphere & Tatler Limited,
Great New Street, Fetter Lane, E.C.

THE SPHERE AND TATLER, Ltd.,

Telegraphic Address:
"SPHERE," LONDON.
Telephone No. 2200 HOLBORN.
(6 Lines.)

Proprietors of

"THE SPHERE"
"THE TATLER"

GREAT NEW STREET,
FETTER LANE, E.C.

RECEIVED.
24 MAY 1912

REPLY SENT.
24 MAY 1912

May 23rd 1912.

Messrs. Epworth & Co.,
69 Newman St.
W.

Dear Sirs,

We are in receipt of your letter of the 20th but at the moment we are not able to quote you for the original drawings reproduced in Printers Pie, but can let you have a price in all probability to-morrow.

You do not, however, say whether you wish to purchase the copyright of these originals. Will you please let us know by return, and if so give us some idea what use you intend making of them.

Yours faithfully,

For The Sphere & Tatler, Ltd.

W. P. Chew
Secretary.

Newman St.

20th May 1912.

Dear Sir,

Will you please let us know if the original drawings entitled "Past, Present and Future," by Haselden, on page 26, and "Cornered" on page 10 of "Printers' Pie," are for disposal, and if so, the prices of the same.

Awaiting the favour of your early reply,

We are,

Faithfully yours,

E. & Co.

The Manager,
Offices of Sphere & Tatler,
Great New Street, London.

14th February 1911.

Dear Sir,

In your issue of the 11th inst., on page 117, you reproduced a block of an old print describing the poisoning of King John.

Being interested in the subject, I should be greatly obliged if you would kindly inform me where the original print of this might be seen.

Thanking you in anticipation,

I am,

Faithfully yours,

C.J.S.T.

The Editor,
The Sphere,
Great New Street,
London, E.C.

DIRECTORS:
W. HUGH SPOTTISWOODE, CHAIRMAN,
G. E. BRISCOE EYRE.
CLEMENT K. SHORTER.
CYRIL A. SPOTTISWOODE.
HARRY E. BRITAIN.
GEORGE KING, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

"THE SPHERE"
"THE TATLER"

Telephone No 2200 HOLBORN.
(6 LINES)

GREAT NEW STREET,
FETTER LANE, E.C.

H. Priest Esq.,

183 King's Road,

Chelsea. S.W.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your favour of the 3rd, we shall be willing to sell you the original drawings entitled "Methodical" by Will Owen and "Not at all backward" by G. T. Studdy for the sum of £4-4-0. each.

With regard to the other subject by Geo. Belcher, we have not yet received a definite price from the Artist, but in all probability this would be \$6-8-0.

Awaiting your reply.

We are, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

For The Sphere & Tatler, Ltd.

Jennings

Bentick House

15th May 1913.

Dear Sir,

We should be glad if you will kindly let us know for a client of ours, the price of the original drawing entitled 'Dead Letters', by C. Harrison, which appeared in your issue of March 5th.

We are,

Yours faithfully,

E. & Co.

The Manager,

'The Sketch' Office,

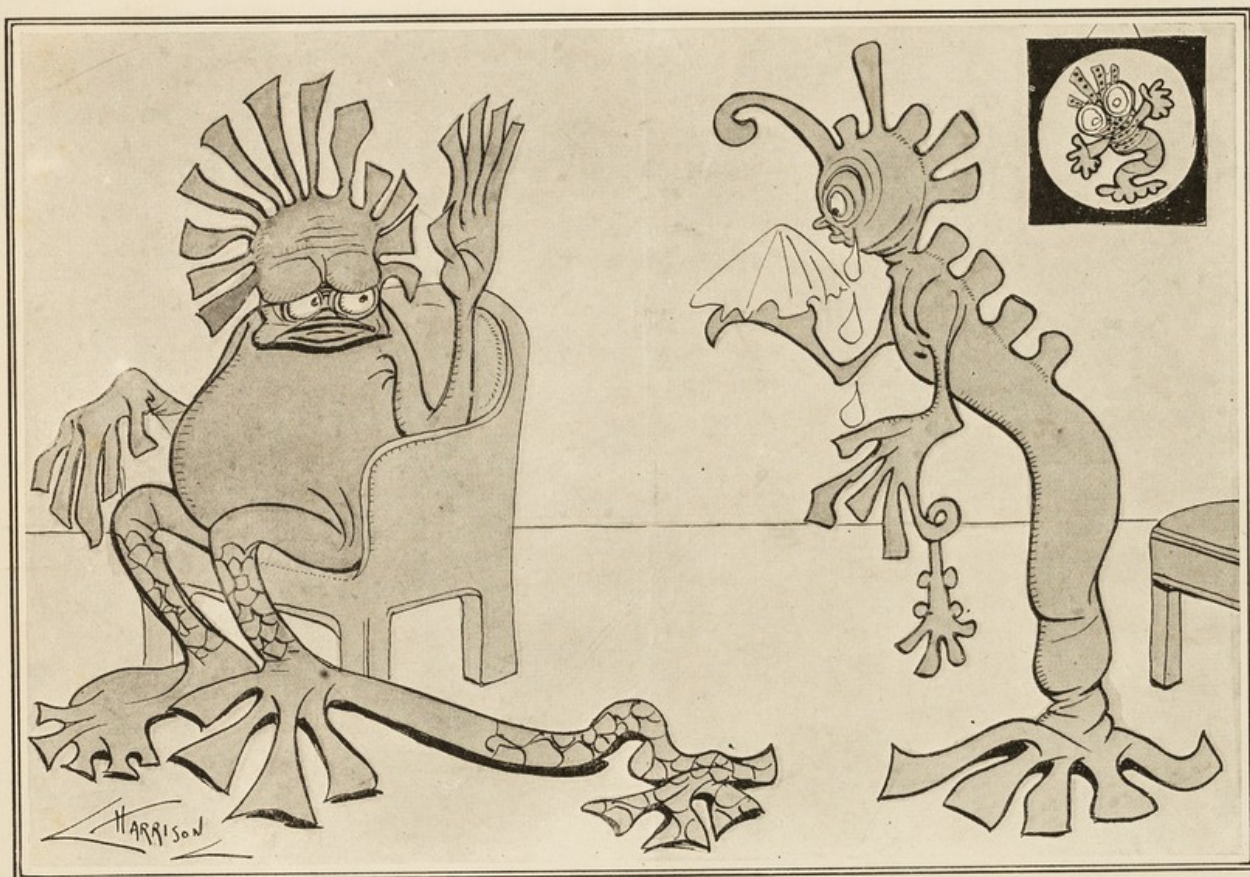
Strand.

get the original
MARCH 5, 1913

THE SKETCH.

285

DEAD LETTERS!



THE PROUD PARENT: You cannot have my daughter: the social gulf between you is too wide. Remember, you're a mere germ of a common cold; she's a bacillus of neurasthenia!

DRAWN BY C. HARRISON.

nevertheless. Mamie, sniffing the malodorous atmosphere, felt decidedly overheated and cross.

The concourse of people seemed to have been gathered from all races and classes. Cingalee and Tamil, Persian and Arab pushed one another for places. To Silas there were but two varieties — white and black.

With his hands in the pockets of his white duck trousers, Silas F. Beck sauntered patronisingly through the throng. Cingalee dealers, having captured their share of oysters at the sale, were carrying off their hordes, to lay them out in the sun until they should rot and the shells open.

Presently the sound of voices in English on his left attracted the American's attention. Mamie, beneath a lacey parasol, had already stopped to listen. A little fat native, with his hair dressed in a top-knot, was seated cross-legged on the sand beside a heap of oysters. A tall, lanky Tamil, wearing an enormous turban, and naked to the waist, was evidently bargaining with the fortunate possessor of the shells. That the English tongue had been chosen for his benefit did not occur to Silas until later.

"Come, master," cried the little man, catching Silas's eye, "buy some oysters of me? They are good—very good. I will sell cheap. There will be, perhaps, plenty large pearls for the lady."

"Very good shells, master!" intervened the Tamil. "I am very poor man. I can buy two rupees' worth only." He turned towards the vendor greedily. "How many for two rupees, thou rich man?"

"Three dozen," replied the Cingalee wearily. "You can pick."

"Ah, thou mean one! Give me four?" cried the Tamil.

The little man, spreading the palms of his hands to heaven, shrugged his shoulders.

"I also am a poor man. Three only can I give."

"Ah!" ejaculated the buyer. "But, see, I will choose my own. Do I not know that my luck will be good?" Turning to Mamie, he grinned exultingly. "You see, lady, I know the pearl oysters by sight. Watch me choose, master!"

Silas grunted, but awaited the choice, nevertheless.

The Tamil, throwing down his two rupees, began with great care to examine the heap of shells. Then, one by one, he picked out his oysters.

"How long will the fish take to die, so that you can tell if you have got anything?" asked Mamie, with increasing interest.

"See, lady, I do better than wait," answered the man, turning away.

A few yards from the beach there burned a little fire of charcoal. The Tamil seized his molluscs, ran to the fire, and placed them carefully on the ashes. The Americans, impressed despite themselves, stood silently watching.

A few moments, and a bivalve slowly opened its shells. With a

"Bad notes? What do you mean?" exclaimed Silas.

"Forgeries," explained the Tamil calmly. "Look!"

The American did look, comparing the notes with others in his pocket. Even he could see that there was no doubt. Beneath his breath he swore volubly. The hotel clerk from whom he had obtained his money would decidedly receive a bad one on his return.

Replacing the bad notes by good ones, he completed the transaction in silence, and departed towards the row of huts.

What happened to Mr. Beck's speculations on the second day at the fisheries need not here be narrated. It is sufficient to say that, although he invested many rupees, he signally failed to get his own back in pearls. On the third day, being utterly unable longer to resist his daughter's grumbling, he ordered out the carriage and departed in disgust.

It was late at night when Colombo was reached, and both Silas and his daughter were glad to seek their beds.

The first thing next morning, Silas proceeded to the hotel. The question of the bogus bank-notes had been seething in his mind with maddening persistency. The clerk, bland and obsequious, listened patiently to his heated comments. At that moment Seymour, looking in every direction for Miss Mamie's figure, caught sight of Mr. Beck. The latter's voice was advancing his grievance far and wide.

"What's wrong, Mr. Beck?" asked Seymour politely.

"I've been swindled, Sir; that's what's wrong," cried Mr. Beck, holding out two bank-notes. "Look at these! I changed them here before going north, and was given bogus notes."

"There is some mistake, Sir," intervened the clerk. "I am always on the look-out for forged notes. I have the number of the notes I gave you. These two were not given to you."

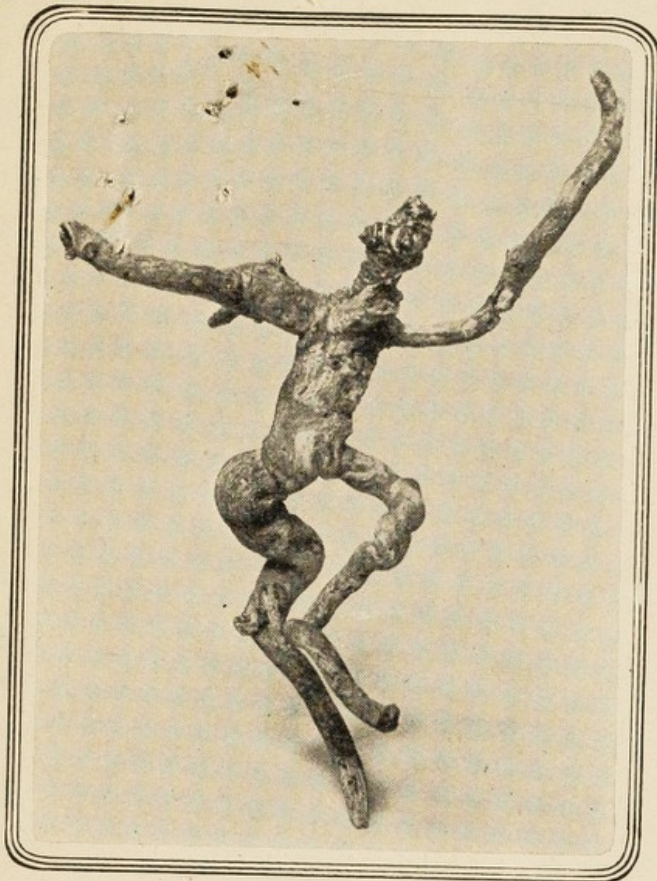
To pacify the angry American was no easy task. He hit upon a tender spot. The planter, however, succeeded. Piece by piece the tale was unfolded, and as the narrative proceeded the Cingalee clerk's brown visage broke into a gradually broadening smile.

"I am afraid, Mr. Beck," said Seymour gently, "that the man who sold you the pearl succeeded in palming a couple of bogus ones upon you in exchange for your good ones. It isn't a very rare thing amongst clever natives."

"What?" gasped Silas. "Impossible!"

"Think, Sir, for a few calm moments, and you will see how it was for him to do," argued Seymour.

Silas, mopping his heated forehead, made as if to speak, but no words came. In silence, he turned towards the breakfast room. Seymour, catching sight of Miss Mamie's graceful figure approaching, followed.



AN OLD MAN FROM THE SEA: A REMARKABLE ROOT WASHED ASHORE
AT ST. MARGARET'S BAY.

This veritable old man of the sea is nothing more than a curious root given up by the sea at St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover. It is reproduced exactly as found; that is to say, it has not been altered in any way. It is fifteen inches in height.

of course.

on. Azoto-
good little
at they are
one on a
Sun-
day.

So don't tread on them if
they are introduced to you.

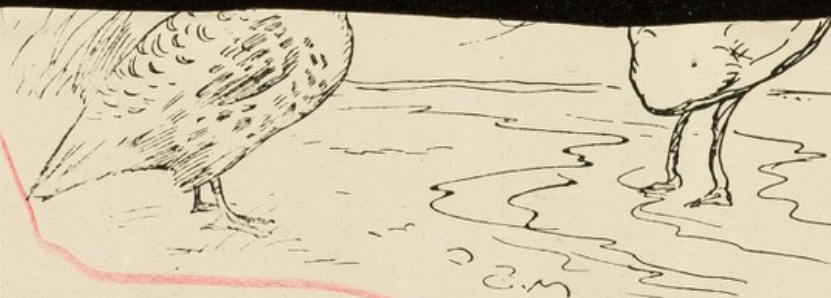
THE SOMNOLENT CARROT.

(A large, properly cooked carrot
for supper will induce sound and
refreshing sleep.)

If you're lying awake
With a splitting headache
That is buzzing like running machinery,
It's quite likely because
You've been champing your jaws
On a salad or some other greenery.

So eat carrots instead
When you get into bed,
And swallow without any question
This quite beatific,
Terrific specific,
Soporific, and aid to digestion!

ived at the "Zoo." Is it true that
nmandeer them to draw the horse-



OYSTER.

got over

PARTRIDGE.

the "ope

A BACCHAN

SONG.

(An analyst states that some "champa
made of concentrated grape-juice, and probabl
berries and other fruit, as well as rhubarb.)

Fill high the bowl with sparkling wine
That proves our chemical advance;
No longer do I yearn to quaff
The foaming grape of Eastern France.
Whisky and Polly tempt no more,
Nor brandied forms of Zoedone;
The modern scientific brand
Has got a flavour all its own.

The rhubarb's medicated stalks,
The giant gooseberry, shall lend
Their own peculiar vinous note
In due proportion to the blend.
Then let us fill the flowing bowl,
And, careless, quaff and quaff again,
For though champagne is not our drink
To-morrow will not bring sham pain.

The Medical Officer of Finsbury

H.M.E.

29th September 1910.

Dear Sir,

In the "Sketch" for September 14th 1910, there appeared the enclosed picture of the "Old Man from the Sea." Would you be so good as to kindly inform me of the name and address of the owner of this curious root, as I am interested in it from a botanical point of view, and would like to communicate with him to have the root for further investigation. Kindly return the enclosed cutting.

Yours very truly,

H.S.W.

The Editor of the "Sketch,"
172 Strand, London, W.C.



Dear Sir,

I have forwarded your letter to the gentleman who supplied the rest. No doubt, he will communicate with you.

Yours faithfully,

The Editor

C.J. Thompson Esq.,

Snow Hill Buildings

E.C.