

able to hit hard enough. Number Three had concealed about his person an immense pair of cuffs—no shirt—whilst Number Four's tooth-pick shoes were "awfully formidable, y'know, old chappie." Number Five was the worst-looking pirate of the whole crew, and had indulged in lemonade till his courage was wrought up to the sticking point, and he evidently intended to pound any adversary who might be so ill-advised as to stand before him till he could pound no longer. Numbers Six, Seven, Eight, Nine and Ten, had, respectively, an umbrella, a quill tooth-pick, a cigarette, a cigarette, a cigarette.

Behold me, then, confronted by this formidable array. What to do I knew not, for the nonce, but an idea struck me—hard. It didn't come from any of my visitors, however; they weren't flush of that kind of commodity. I enquired the purpose of the visit.

"You have insulted the clahs to which we belong," replied that diabolical Number Five. "You have intimated that we know nothing."

I admitted that what I had written might be open to that construction. "But," I added, "will you wait here for a few moments whilst I step out?"

"You don't leave this room alive," exclaimed the piratical-looking, bandit-appearing Number Five, and the rest, the nine, all joined in the chorus, and declared that the literary fiend—me—must die.

"On my honor as a gentleman," I pleaded, "I will return in five minutes," and I slipped out with that dexterity, celerity and activity for which I am so noted before the invaders could wink.

And now comes my strategy into play. Where went I, think ye? I went to the office of the *Globe*. I hired the man who does the cuts for that illustrated serio-comic to follow me and bring his apparatus along. He came, he saw, he conquered. *Venit, vidit, vicit*, as Ju. Cæsar would have said. Before those Dudes could say "knife" he had a portrait of each and every one of them. He showed it to them.

That settled their hash. "Do we look like that?" they exclaimed with one accord, and when assured they did, they raised their voices in an exceeding bitter cry, and lying down yielded up the ghost.

Thus it is seen that, by the exercise of a little gumption, ten objectionable creatures may be made to mourn.

When I, the talented, able, well-built, cultured writer of this article started to wade in on it I had intended to say something more about King Street, but as I have over-run my allotted space, I shall have to leave it over for another week.

But I've told you about these Dudes, and how they came in search of the blood-corpucles of a literary man, and how they were defeated. By-bye. —S.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL BAPTISM.

The printer's little boy was to be christened. The father toiled as foreman in a city office.

The church was one of those where the sexes are kept rigidly apart; males on one side, females on t'other.

The nurse made a mistake in bringing the youngster in, and took him over to the feminine side.

"Wrong font," whispered the papa, "take him to the other one on the masculine side." The child was transported as directed. He had a little cap on his head which the clergyman—who was a canon—ordered to be removed.

"We don't allow any person of the male sex to come into church covered in any case. We must have no caps here—not even small caps." The cap was removed.

"It is only a matter of form, I suppose," murmured the parent.

"Set him up here," said the officiating divine, holding out his arms to *em brace* the child. The baby was *set up*.

"Rum old stick," again murmured pa, alluding to the parson, "and I don't think his conduct can be justified," but he spoke low.

"What is his name to be?" enquired the clergyman.

"*Em or en*, as the case may be," replied the happy pappy.

The child was duly named. "You must teach him to renounce the *World*, the flesh and the *devil*," said the clergyman to the father.

"He can never be a printer in *my* office, then," once more murmured the progenitor, *sotto voce*, "I can't get along without the *World* and the 'devil'."

"You must never let him become a *minion* of the Evil One," went on his reverence, looking very imposing, "and as soon as he can read you must teach him his *primer*. See that he is *le(a)id* in the way he should go, and make him obey your *rules*, and he'll turn out a paragon. *Chase* all evil out of his heart; and try, yourself, to be a *type* of what a man should be. Don't be angry, my good man; *compose* yourself. When this child grows up, should it prove disobedient, give it a *lick*, (but don't *slug* it) or your boy may find himself in *quad* or at the galleys. That will do; take him away."

The child began *t ovel*. "He seems a little out of sorts," remarked the printer, who handed some *quoin* to the clergyman, and the child was removed and given to his mother who did the *press work*. —S.



A SOFT SNAP.

I am an infidel. I proclaim it aloud from the house-tops and in the columus of GRIP (which afford the best advertising medium in the world), though I don't care much who knows of my infidelity as long as Prince Mirza Gholam Ahmed, C.I.E., gets to hear of it.

I am also spoiling for conversion to the Mahometan faith, and nobody under the rank of an Indian Prince can convert me. Just listen to this. It is clipped from a newspaper and is going the usual rounds. It refers to Prince M. G. Ahmed, C.I.E., (whatever those letters mean, but they look like the French contraction for *compagnie*), his proposed conversion of the great and only Charles Bradlaugh, who is always returned as member for Northampton and always rejected by the House—partly because he is an infidel and won't swear like a Christian, and partly because the other members fear their personal beauty might be cast in the shade by that of Charles B. who is exceedingly pretty, as all will allow who look at his annexed portrait. Here is the clipping:

"The Prince has read Mr. Bradlaugh's works sympathetically, and believes that with a proper course of teaching by Moslem ages he would become a bright and shining light of

Islamism. The Prince proposes, therefore, that Mr. Bradlaugh shall come to the former's domains in the Punjab, and shall put himself under tuition with a view to his conversion. The Prince agrees to furnish the neophyte with a suitable palace and a retinue of servants, to provide for all his household expenditures, which shall be on a scale of magnificence consistent with the honour due to a prince's guest, and to furnish him an allowance of 200 rupees per month during the entire process of conversion."

Now, then, is there not method in my madness when I proclaim myself an infidel? The pay during the process of conversion (which in my case, should that Prince take hold of me, would last my life-time) isn't much—\$25 a week—but then everything is found—a palace, servants, grub (currie, mulligatawny, pilaus, etc., etc., *ad lib.*)—and all on "a scale of magnificence consistent with the honour (with a 'u') due to a Prince's guest"—an Indian Prince, mind, not a German one.

Then the work isn't hard. I would rather undergo the process of conversion than buck wood. But that Prince must bear in mind that in me he will find a hard nut. I want to be converted the worst way, but I don't see how it can be done under fifty years at least. I should be slow to admit anything that might endanger my enjoyment of that palace (city water free, think of that!) and the other luxuries mentioned. Then there would be bliss in living in the Punjab, for, ever since my connection with this great moral journal (no Scripture questions, no prizes given), GRIP, my existence has been a sort of a *pun job*, and I like it.

Therefore, I say, I am open to be converted to Mahometanism, and if this should catch Mirza Gholam's eye—as it will, for GRIP goes into the Orient, yea, verily, and Lord Dufferin doubtless lets these princes have a squint at his copy—he need only drop a post card to me addressed to this office and I shall get it.

Oh! there is a glorious chance for us Infidels after all.

Go East, young man, go East! Hurrah for Mahomet! Bully for Islamism! Allah il Al-lah! There is but one Allah, and Swiz is his prophet! Bismillah!

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A scientist estimates that the present growth of the world would make an annual layer of coal only one eighth of an inch in thickness, and that it will take a million years to form a coal bed 100 feet thick, so much vegetable matter does it require to form coal. Wise people should wait till that hundred-foot layer is formed before laying in their winter's coal: it will be getting cheaper by-and-by.

"The London *Telegraph* is trying to persuade everybody that everything that crawls, flies, swims, or runs, is good for food."—*Globe*. It is a pity that people are not as easily persuaded as the *Telegraph* would like: many objectionable babies (for these little animals crawl) might be got rid of, and the French would soon be exterminated—for they run—when the British are after 'em. They say that Dr. Mary Walker is a good swimmer, but the man has yet to be found who would have the hardihood to tackle her.

In speaking of the *physique* of distinguished philosophers, poets, savants, and so forth, a scientific paper gets off the following:—"The one instance of a wonderful mind in a superb body we find in Goethe." The "one instance," indeed. Does the scoundrel who wrote that know us? Did he never read GRIP? Did he never see us, personally? And this is Fame! Pooh, pooh; who was this Goeth, anyway?