

PUCK.



THE GREAT CONGRESSIONAL TRAMP BULLYING THE OLD WOMEN OF THE NATIONAL HOUSEHOLD.

GREEN SUITS.

For the past two weeks men have been seen on the streets in green suits, and, in all probability, they think it is exceeding swell. The great beauty of a green suit is that it looks brown in the gas-light, and leads the unsuspecting observer to imagine the wearer to be the possessor of two suits.

Although a green suit looks brown in the gas-light, it can't be said with any degree of truth that a brown suit looks green in the day-time. That's just where the green suit everlastingly achieves the biscuit of supremacy over its brown brother.

A young man fell off a dock at Long Branch the other day. He had on a green suit of clothes. The water was bottle-green; the young man could not be seen. His clothes were precisely the color of the water. But soon his head appeared. The people saw it at once. It was red, and in that kind of water looked like a lone pepper in a dish of emerald pickles.

When he had been hauled up on a rope, and suspended by the feet to let the water he had swallowed pour out of him, it was noticed that a number of live lobsters came flying down on the ground. The cause was obvious to all intelligent bystanders. They understood at once that it was the color of the clothes that had attracted them. It also explained the cause of an accident that occurred at the same place last week. The accident was as follows:

One afternoon a Hibernian nurse was in bathing with some children. She had not been in the water more than two minutes before something grabbed her by the, the, the—limb. She afterward stated that it felt like a pair of ice-tongs, but she knew it was a lobster, because she saw it. The explanation is simple. Her stockings were green.

On the strength of this discovery a local fisherman tied a piece of green cloth on a line, and enticed lobsters to the surface of the water, where he captured them with a net. Strange infatuations for colors in animals are well known to all students of natural history. Cattle can not bear to see anything red, while a piece of scarlet fabric is the thing well calculated to set the heart of any bull-frog pulsing in a delirium of the wildest delight. No extra charge for the scientific information.

The fisherman then rigged up a figure something like a scarecrow, and dressed it in green clothes. It is perfectly hollow. Every morning he pulls it up by a rope that is fastened around its neck, and empties about fifty lobsters into the boat. The other day when the steamer landed, and the deck-hands were taking some furniture ashore, an old fellow fell overboard. It had a green leather top. When it was hauled up, the drawers were unlocked, and found to be filled with lobsters. So were the pigeon-holes. The story is discredited by many people at the Branch, but there are other eye-witnesses whose reputation for telling the truth have never been suspected, who will testify to it. The other day a lady was playing with her green parrot. A lobster lying on the wharf saw it and crawled over. They shook hands—that is, the lobster grabbed hold of the parrot with its claws, and the parrot held on with its beak. The bird, in great pain, attempted to fly and did fly off the duck. The lobster was so heavy that it bore the parrot to the water. "You have saved my life," said the lobster: "lay it there."

The parrot laid it there with great feeling. "As you have saved my life, and kept me from being hashed up with a lot of lettuce and stuff, and sold for forty cents a plate," I'll now save yours."

Whereupon the lobster swam ashore with the parrot, and left it safely on the strand.

It is stated that the united fishermen are going to invite the Sixty-ninth Regiment to camp out at Long Branch, and drill every afternoon close to the water, as they believe the uniform of this troop will cause the lobsters to walk right out of the water and surrender themselves. But this would only do for green specimens; it would take an English regiment to have a satisfactory effect on red lobsters.

This is all we know about green suits.

BRITISH "PREPARATIONS."

There may be some fighting going on in Egypt in which Great Britain will probably join. We know that she is interested in the matter, because she is, as usual, making such enormous preparations for the fray. She is calling out "army corps" and "reserves," distributing stands of arms and organizing siege trains. England is quite capable of doing all these things, and, what is more, can find the money to pay the bill. But it strikes us that we shall hear more of the "preparations" than of the warlike acts. Why make all this terrible fuss about dispatching twenty or twenty-five thousand men to Egypt? Although England does not pretend to be a military power, she ought to have been able to have sent such a handful of men there within a month. She has plenty of steamers at her disposal. During the six months of this year 278,000 of emigrants have been safely landed in this country in the ordinary course of traffic, and yet every morning we are treated to columns of European telegrams about British military "preparations" to carry to Egypt a paltry twenty thousand men. If she means to fight she should send her troops, and let the world know of the wonderful preliminary "preparations" after the soldiers have reached their destination and carried out the objects for which they were dispatched.

A SURPRISE FOR ITALIAN BISHOPS.

We learn from the cable news in the *Herald* that the Pope, in an allocution at a recent consistory, said that the position of the Church in Italy was becoming worse than ever. The government, he declared, was guilty of bad faith in refusing exequaturs to twenty bishops he had nominated. We think that his Holiness is just a little premature in his censure. The government of Italy has acted with the best intentions, and we are surprised that the Papal party does not see it. Why all this trouble about exequaturs? There are many things in this world that are much more useful and ornamental than exequaturs. The government of Italy evidently understands this, and that accounts for the delay in their issue to the bishops of which the Holy Father complains so much. But the bishops will soon be satisfied, and the Pope will soon be called upon to apologize to King Humbert and his cabinet. The Italian Government, it appears, had not the slightest intention of hurting the feelings of any one. It was simply waiting for the publication of PUCK ON WHEELS for the Summer of 1882, in order that it might present a copy to each Italian bishop, which would be much more useful to him in his business than the very best patent spring-back, nickel-plated exequatur that was ever manufactured.

When SULLIVAN meets Collins, then will come the Tug of War.

IT IS NOW THOUGHT that the postal rate on letters will be reduced to two cents, and so it won't cost poets so much to have their verses sent back.

WHAT TO DO.

During the year just past a course of five lectures was delivered in Philadelphia before thirty-two classes on the subject of what to do in cases where people are hurt in regions where medical aid abounds not. A number of pertinent questions were put to the classes, and, as none seem to have been answered, we now take the liberty of answering the set:

What would you do for a person who has received a severe scalp wound that is bleeding freely?

First, we would wash his head and dry it with a blotting-pad. Then we would proceed to place upon it a piece of moistened fly-paper, fitted to the head to keep the flies off. Then we would ask him if he took out an accident policy. If he had, we would congratulate him; if he hadn't, we would give him a copy of PUCK ON WHEELS for consolation.

Suppose a man has received a severe cut on the hand; tell me everything you could do to stop the bleeding.

We would hold his hand up in the air, because blood can't run up hill any more than water can. If this didn't succeed, we'd ask him for ten dollars, and see how he'd bleed at the pocket. Then we would crack on a handful of mud so thick that the blood couldn't get through. If it still kept coming through we would pour claret into him (for claret makes blood) as fast as the blood comes out. Thus he would have fresh blood all the time, and his intellect would become so bright that admirers could only approach him safely with umbrellas on. Then we would—we would be happy to tell you everything we would do, but, alas, we cannot; if we did, it would take up so much space that it would seriously affect the sanitary welfare of the advertisements and poetry.

How would you go to work on a person taken out of the water apparently drowned?

With a club, after which we would roll him down hill in an empty barrel three or four times. Give us an easier one.

If a person were taken out of a sewer, old well, mine, or gas tank in an insensible condition, what would you do for him?

Turn him over to the street cleaning committee, and dedicate him to John Kelly. Selah.

If you found a person lying down in the street, partly or wholly insensible, what might be the matter with him?

He might be sunstruck or he might be a little how come you so. If we were betting on it, we'd bet from the how come you so standpoint.

If you decided it was apoplexy, how would you treat it?

To beer, if we had money; if we were broke, we'd treat it with silent contempt.

If it was heat-stroke, how would you treat it?

Calmly and dispassionately to a piece of pie.

How would you know it was not intoxication?

By smelling its breath, and by holding before it the *Century* cover and asking it to define the same.

Tell me all you can about ventilating a sick room.

All right, we will. First you get your sick room. If the room is dangerously sick, you must be very careful to have the air heated over a slow fire before the cook empties it on the floor. When the room is convalescent, and able to go out, take it to the mountains; sea air is too strong. If two weeks do not cure it, and it needs a different kind of ventilation, fill its lungs with air brought over from Hunter's Point.

This exhausts the catalogue of interrogations; but we shall be only too happy to reply to any more that may be made on the same or on any kindred subject.

PUCK ON WHEELS
PRICE 25 CENTS.

INFORMATION.

PHILADELPHIA, July 9th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:—
In your issue dated July 5th you publish, under the caption of "A School-Girl's Letter," a clipping from *The Christian* (London, Eng.), and make the following comment thereon:

"We copy this in our Exchanges because it is so disgraceful and disgusting that it is almost funny."
Will you pardon my benighted ignorance and gratify my curiosity by explaining what there is about the salvation of a number of young girls, by what ever means accomplished, that deserves the name of either "disgraceful" or "disgusting"?

For fear that you should give me more credit than is due, I will state that I can lay no claim to being a convert in the church sense of the term, but that I possess a little faith, a little hope and a great deal of charity, a small portion of which latter quality I am willing to extend even to the writer of the comment heretofore alluded to.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

There is nothing about the "salvation" of a number of young girls that is either disgraceful or disgusting. But there is nothing about the salvation of anybody in the letter we quoted. It is a shocking description of the effects of a morbid and dangerous mental excitement on the conduct of children and half-grown girls. If our correspondent can see anything in the semi-epileptic agonies of these poor little sobbing, sleepless creatures that has the slightest connection with religion—with religion in the true sense of the word—then it is clear that he needs, in addition to his equipment of Faith, Hope and Charity, a trifle of common sense.

Now, "Anxious Inquirer," look over that letter yourself, and see if you can find any "salvation" in it, for anybody or anything. Granting that these innocent, undisciplined children are in need of protection from a being who yearns to consign them to an eternity of agony—and we will frankly say that we won't entertain the idea for an instant—granting, for purposes of argument, that they do stand in this spiritual jeopardy, do you really think that the way to save them is to work on their feeble minds until they grow hysterical, have spasms and fancy they see visions?

Don't you know, now, as a man of ordinary intelligence, that it is the easiest thing in the world to drive a young girl into such a state of unwholesome mental exaltation that she will believe anything and everything that injudicious teachers or guardians may put into her head? Don't you know that there is nothing really spiritual about this excitement? Don't you know that it is the result of abnormal influences, exerted upon a weak mind in a weak body? Don't you know that it is simply a cruelty to try such dangerous experiments upon young, impressionable, feeble minds? And don't you know that in thus doing violence to the natural healthy growth of a child's character, the seeds of insanity and hysteria are sown by the handful?

If you don't know these simple truths, of course you can not understand why we call the publication of the "School-Girl's Letter" a disgraceful and disgusting performance.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Siberia" is becoming interesting—the play, we mean.

The Hungarian Gypsy Band, the Rainer Tyrolean Warblers and Miss Henrietta Markstein, the pianist, are the attractions at KOSTER & BIAK'S CONCERT HALL.

Miss Fanny Kellogg, who is under the management of Mr. Max Bacher, is fast making a reputation as a warbler of a high order. She has won the hearts of the Canadians.

One of the Kirtly Brothers being interviewed about his ballet for this season, replied, in his choicest Hungarian, to the PUCK reporter: "Magyar Budapest drolinko. We import our Italians."

The management of the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE informs us that "Esmeralda" is being played for something like the two hundred and seventieth time. We accept this airy statement of the management, as we have never had any reason to doubt its veracity.

The HJUDY OPERA HOUSE has taken charge of the New York supply of "Patience," aided by Mr. John Lawson, as *Bunthorne*, Mr. Digby Bell, as *Grosvener*, Miss Lily Post, as *Patience*, Miss Laura Joyce, as *Lady Fanny*, with competent and attractive coadjutors.

The "Merry War," at the GERMANIA THEATRE, purveys its merry way along to overflowing audiences. And when we remember that there is a fine ballet, a good chorus, a pretty opera, able singers, handsome scenery, an army of managers and an admirable orchestra, the success does not seem so very surprising after all.

HAWKLEY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE is given up to the admirers of the police force, and to those who laugh at the vagaries of such of its members as *Tutti Mishler*. This warm-hearted and enterprising individual is gracefully performed by Mr. Gus Williams, who never fancied how popular he was till he put the matter to the test by performing a policeman. The company is good, the acting is interesting, the scenery is fine. "One of the Finest" seems to have all the elements of popularity, and has drawn large houses to this home of Summer successes.

The METROPOLITAN ALCAZAR managers have now settled down to their work, and are fast reconciling the New Yorker to his frequently enforced sojourn in the city. There is to be seen nightly Signora Vanoni, a polyglot artist, who sings equally well in Cherokee or Platt-Deutsch. Then comes the tuneful and lively comic opera of "Dr. of Alcantara" in two acts, interpreted by good artists. "Sylvia," a soothing, poetical and brilliant ballet, concludes the entertainment—Signorina Lepri hopping about with such a disregard for the attraction of gravitation as to lead to the belief that she habitually walks on air.

TAMMANEE.

It is not so many years ago,

In a city by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Tammanee,
And she lived with no other thought than to love
And be loved by John Kellee.

He was a child and she was a child

In this city by the sea,
And they grew in years and waxed in strength,
And scooped at S. J. T.,
Till a wild blow out of an Albany cloud,
Chilling and killing poor Tammanee.

But their love it was stronger by far than the hate
Of the ancient S. J. T.,

And Bloss K— he swore at a terrible rate
That neither the "kickers" in Irving Hall,
Nor the D. C. at Albanee

Should ever discover his soul from the soul
Of the now defunct Tammanee.

And so all the night-time he sits down beside
His poor slaughtered darling, his fortune and pride,

And 'tis pitiful to see
His struggles vain in the face of Fate,
His wild attempts to resuscitate
The corpse of Tammanee.

R. O. F.

Answers for the Anxious.

Free-Masons sending us scurrilous and abusive communications will kindly give full names and addresses, and thereby save us much trouble.

HASELTINE.—She wishes you to get a green suit.

A SUSCROBER.—We can give you no information concerning that or any other similar concern.

J. C. D., Boston.—A little too technical. Otherwise would be most happy. Go on in the good work. And if you are at all disappointed, think of the thousands of other hearts that will bleed when they read this answer and try to make out what it is all about.

WILLIE M.—"What must I do to fit myself for the position of District Telegraph Messenger?" you inquire. Practice—seriously practice—loafing on the side-streets, cultivate a haughty inability to answer a civil question, forget, if you can, where the post-office is, neglect your nails and eat onions. You'll be employed.

BRETTOR.—Your letter is one of many:

NEW YORK, July 7th, 1882.

To decide a bet upon the cartoon in the centre of the paper No. 277, June 28th, in which the man is being hung, will you please answer the following question?

First.—Has the cartoon any reference to the Guitau execution?

Second.—Is not the subject of your cartoon similar to one of Robert Ingersoll's illustrations in his lecture called: "What Shall I Do to be Saved?"

By answering the above you will confer a benefit on one of your subscribers who has had several arguments with different persons, all of whom insist that the cartoon represents the Guitau execution.

Very truly, etc.,

BRETTOR.

First.—You pays your money and you takes your choice.

Second.—We never saw the Sunday-school tract in question, so we really don't know.

WE SEE PROPER.

VANKTON, Dakota, July, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:—
The recently organized Young Men's Christian Association of this city, having opened a public reading-room, is desirous of supplying the same with all the leading periodicals of the country.

We shall endeavor to make our rooms a place of resort for all who appreciate good reading, and papers on our tables will become well advertised in this vicinity.

If you should see proper to send us a copy of your publication on the above inducement, we would be most happy to receive it. If not, then please inform us what, if any, reduction will be made in favor of our association from your regular subscription rates.

Very respectfully,

DUANE RIFENBARK,

Corresponding Secretary.

We see proper, Mr. Riftenbark; but not for the reasons given and suggested in your note. We do not care to send PUCK to you for the sake of the advertisement it is likely to get among the young Christians in your reading-room. We do not do business in that way, for one thing. And, for another, we are certain that the advertisement would not benefit us one cent's worth. The men who go to free reading-rooms either can not or will not buy papers; and we are not, at present, inclined to give ourselves much trouble to capture them.

No, Mr. Riftenbark, we send you PUCK purely on a missionary basis. You will find in its columns the soundest teachings of the day, and teachings that will stand for all time. For instance, it will teach you not to mix business and philanthropy—not to appeal to Cupidity when you appeal to Charity alone. It will teach you to detect cant and hypocrisy, and to steadily resist it. It will teach your young Christians that the righteousness that is exalted of them in this life is something more than lip-service and making clean the outside of the cup and platter. It will teach them to be true to their trusts in public and in private life; to believe in and serve their country; to extend a genuine charity to their fellow-men, and to laugh at what is truly laughable in a world where the distribution of laughter and tears is pretty fairly balanced.

So, seeing that we have an opportunity of doing all this good, we do see proper to send you PUCK free of charge. This is against our rules, which we are not often asked to break. The Young Men's Christian Associations of Harrisburg, Pa., of the University of Virginia, of Murfreesboro', of Des Moines, and of half-a-dozen other places take PUCK regularly and pay for it.

But there is a queer business twist to your views of charity, as set forth in your circular, which makes us think that you really need PUCK; and you shall have it, Mr. Riftenbark, and welcome.

A NUMBER of worthy citizens have petitioned our precious Board of Aldermen to reduce the fare on the Fourth Avenue horse-cars to five cents. The line belongs to the New York and Harlem Railroad Company, which has leased its steam lines for four hundred years. The petitioners betray an excess of impatience that is most reprehensible. They ought to wait until the lease is up, when the directors may have time to discuss this trivial matter.

CONGRESS HAS APPROPRIATED over \$36,000,000 for the improvement of the Mississippi River. This seems rather a large amount when it is considered that no Brooklyn Bridge has been put across it. If the Board of Directors of the Mississippi River—if it is run by a Board of Directors—had been Tammany-Brave contractors the amount contributed by this time would be many hundreds of millions, and the government would probably be borrowing money to improve the politicians.

We have received from Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann, of this city, PUCK ON WHEELS for 1882, which is said to be a Summer Resort Guide and Patent Cure for Malaria. It is a levitation tome of 128 pages, gorgeously illustrated and full of life. It opens with a dedication to V. Hugo Dusenbury, and a poem by that gentlemanly person in acknowledgment of the high honor conferred upon him. The book is hilarious from cover to cover, with the exception of the advertisements, which reek with solemn grandeur. This unique brochure, which we have heard of several times before, is filled with the choicest kind of American humor. Every paragraph is pointed and punless, and the cover is as bright as an Oriental sunset. It read before each meal for three consecutive days it will break malaria permanently. This is the reason that several manufacturers of patent medicines for this familiar malady have instituted legal proceedings to restrain the publishers from producing it in the Provinces. But still they produce throughout the land to delighted audiences. Twenty-five cents per copy, of all new-dealers.