



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Mistress. "AND YOU MAY ALL OF YOU ASK A FRIEND TO DINNER, YOU KNOW; AND, SMITHERS, YOU CAN ASK YOUR WIFE."
Butler. "THANK YOU, MA'AM. I THINK NOT, IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM!"

THE HOUSE THAT CAPITAL BUILT.

(*Seeing is believing.*)

This is the House that Capital built!
 These are the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!
 These are the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!
 This the House-Jobber all unshamed by the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!
 This is the Agent, smug and content, who harries the wretches for weekly rent, to plump the profits, fifty per cent., of the House-Jobber, all unshamed by the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts that herd in the House that Capital built!
 This is the Bullion in swelling bags, gathered from hunger and dirt and rags, by the Agent, smug and content, who harries the wretches for weekly rent, to plump the profits, fifty per cent., of the House-Jobber, all unshamed by the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!
 These are Reports of Pulpit and Press, that threaten attack (may it meet success!) upon the Bullion in swelling bags, gathered from hunger and dirt and rags, by the Agent smug and content, who harries the wretches for weekly rent, to plump the profits, fifty per cent., of the House-Jobber, all unshamed by the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!
 This is the Statesman, worthy the name, who, holding that seeing's believing, is game to search himself in the slums and courts to test the truth of the dread Reports, freely put forth by Pulpit and Press, that threaten attack (may it meet success!) upon the Bullion in swelling bags, gathered from hunger and dirt and rags, by the Agent, smug and content, who harries poor wretches for weekly rent, to plump the profits, fifty per cent., of the House-Jobber, all unshamed by the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!

And this is *Punch*, who is glad to say, "That's right, Sir CHARLES, you have hit on *the* way to tackle this problem of many phases, and track the truth through its puzzling mazes, by practical first-hand observation, with quiet skill and without sensation!" —say to the Statesman, worthy the name, who, holding that seeing's believing, is game to search himself in the slums and courts, to test the truth of the dread Reports, freely put forth by Pulpit and Press, that threaten attack (may it meet success!) upon the Bullion in swelling bags, gathered from hunger and dirt and rags, by the Agent, smug and content, who harries poor wretches for weekly rent, to plump the profits, fifty per cent., of the House-Jobber, all unshamed by the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!

LINES TO A RETIRED RECTOR.

Is life worth living? Mostly so.
 But when you're reading MALLOCK. No.

A BOOK is advertised—*The Age of Clay*. Surely this is an impertinent intrusion into the private affairs of the Composer of the *Merry Duchess*. Besides, a Musician is "not for an age, but for all time."

WE are sorry to hear that Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM'S Niece has taken a severe cold through standing about on the rocks and trying to get some Agapemones for her Aquarium.

'ARRY went the other day to Toppledock Common to see the hounds throw off. In his case the operation was performed by a horse, and he never saw the hounds at all.

SILLY QUERY.—If there are two sides to a question, how many angles are there to an answer?



“SEEING’S BELIEVING.”

MR. P. “QUITE RIGHT, SIR CHARLES! *THAT* MEANS BUSINESS!!”

[“The President of the Local Government Board yesterday visited the most overcrowded neighbourhood of St. John’s-street Road and Goswell Road; he also made a renewed inspection of the worst parts of St. Luke’s, which he had already visited this week.”—*Times*, Nov. 24]