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Illustrated Chips, 23 February 1907  
in original size!



**IMPRESSUM:**

Texts by Kevin Carpenter: p.9,  
all other texts: Kevin Carpenter and Jakob Dittmar.  
Images: Amalgamated Press 1904-1910.  
Edited by Jakob Dittmar.  
Printed by WIRmachenDRUCK, Backnang, Germany.  
Published by New Smallprint Press, Trelleborg, 2025.

**ISBN: 978-91-981603-9-0 (print)**

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As individual work was not signed, authorship of the comics published by Harmsworth and the Amalgamated Press is not easily attributable.

The images in this volume have not been edited apart from careful adjustments of contrasts in case of particularly weak print. They are reproduced in original size, resulting in slightly odd page designs. Where reproductions had to be scaled this is indicated in the information on the image.

The main texts in this volume are based on Kevin Carpenter's "wonderfully vulgar" (2013) and have been carefully adapted and expanded to fit the purpose of this volume by the editor.

Other volumes showcasing the Kevin Carpenter Collection:

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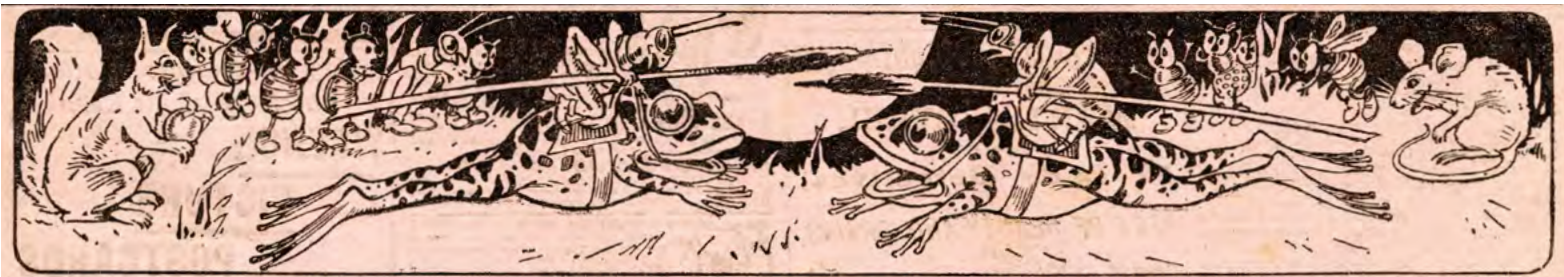
**CASEY COURT OR BILLY BAGGS AND THE CASEY COURT NIBS.**

Trelleborg, 2025:

ISBN 978-91-981603-7-6 (print)

ISBN: 978-91-990299-1-7 (pdf)

Illustrated Chips, 20 April 1907



# BITS AND PIECES

## MISCELLANEOUS COMICS STRIPS FROM ILLUSTRATED CHIPS AND PUCK 1906 - 1908

## EXCERPTS FROM THE KEVIN CARPENTER COLLECTION



1. "This is what I call clear sailing," said Pip, the balloon-atic. "If nothing happens out of the ordinary I shall be in London at 6.45 g.m. sharp."



2. But something out of the ordinary did happen, for just then he collided with the Man in the Moon, and got a severe puncture.



3. And when we went to press he was hanging up there still. [Fact. absolutely.—Ed.]

Puck, 25 January 1908

THE KEVIN CARPENTER COLLECTION

While the library of Carl von Ossietzky-University in Oldenburg, Germany, holds a special collection of around 5000 early British comics, that collection is not catalogued nor digitised extensively, far from it. Throughout his years as a teacher at the university, Kevin Carpenter has promoted research into this special collection, and while insisting that he did not collect comics, he has collected his own catalogue of early British comics to be able to show how these work, how stories were told in text-adventures as well as in caricatures and comics, how themes re-appeared and changed when re-told.

While working with Kevin Carpenter’s collection, its width and strengths have become clear: The material allows us to look not only into the bandwidth of productions at the time, understand the development and establishment of a dedicated section in publishing and its titles, figures, styles, and genres. Also, influences on and interdependencies between individual publications become visible and allow to understand better in what way individual social issues, cultural changes, and historic events and incidents were taken up in what ways in the comic papers then. It invites to discover forgotten contributions to the history of comics as well as the narrative culture of its time – good and bad.

Not only because I am most grateful for receiving Kevin Carpenter’s collection, but also because of the doors it opens for research and contemplation, I want to share it with interested readers and researchers by publishing selections from it. This way, more than just single representative examples become easily accessible and allow to understand the narrative strategies, routines, but also the extend of experimentation and development in these comics. And, not at least, they allow us to see better similarities and differences in other comics’ developments.

Jakob Dittmar, 2025

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**THIRTY FOOTBALLS GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK. SEE INSIDE.**



No. 126. Vol. V. EVERY FRIDAY. ONE PENNY. DECEMBER 22nd, 1906.

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**'IN THE RANKS.'**

**Our New Military Story will break all records.**



**THIS IS THE ONLY PAPER THAT CONTAINS RADIUM. See Page 12.**



No. 179. Vol. VII. EVERY FRIDAY. ONE PENNY. DECEMBER 28th, 1907.

**THE CASEY BOYS MAKE A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.**



## AMALGAMATED PRESS, ILLUSTRATED CHIPS AND PUCK

*Illustrated Chips* was published by Alfred Harmsworth (later Lord Northcliffe), who founded the Amalgamated Press in 1901 to contain his diverse publications. While he later established the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Mirror*, he started with smaller publications across different fields, earning most from entertainment periodicals.

In 1890, after having analysed the market, he hastily assembled a paper called *Comic Cuts*. Its huge success marked the beginning of the comic paper-boom in Britain. The new comics cost a halfpenny each, and competition for these ha'pennies was fierce. Without revealing its exact weekly sales, the editor of *Comic Cuts* soon boasted that its circulation equalled the combined sale of all its competitors (*Comic Cuts*, 15 November 1890), a few months later assessing its average issue readership as "two or three million people" (*Comic Cuts*, 7 March 1891), and scornfully adding early the following year that most of the forty or fifty imitations had "died a lingering death" (*Comic Cuts*, 6 February 1892). To squash the remaining competition, Harmsworth speedily brought out a companion to his first comic, calling it *Illustrated Chips* (1890). Both of these comics initially pinched material from abroad, although they very soon relied almost exclusively on material provided by British artists. Short comic strips, along with single-picture cartoons, often appeared on the cover pages of these comics; full strips were rare. In 1904, the Amalgamated Press started the popular children's coloured comic *Puck* (the title had been lifted from the successful US-American humorous paper established in 1871). As colour-printing was more expensive, these publications by the Amalgamated Press were directed at more affluent readers. Their success did prove that affluent parents were happy to spend more on good print and approved content for their young children's entertainment. It seems safe to say that *Illustrated Chips* was directed at working-class readers while *Puck* aimed for middle-class readership. Ten years later it was the huge popularity of the colour-printed comic *The Rainbow* (1914) that indicated how large the upmarket market for these "nursery comics" actually was. Once the First World War was over, the Amalgamated Press soon released a new range of colour-printed titles for well-off families, beginning with *Tiger Tim's Tales* (1919), relaunched as *Tiger Tim's Weekly* (1920), then *Playtime* (1919) and later *Playbox* (1925).

Following price standardization at the Amalgamated Press in the autumn of 1922, they cost a penny (1d) apiece, a price that seemed to have fallen within the discretionary pocket money of lower-middle-class and working-class youngsters, particularly boys. These "black comics" included the old stalwarts *Funny Wonder*, *Chips*, and *Comic Cuts*, also *Merry and Bright* (1910) along with the newcomers *Joker* and *Larks* (1927) and many more. In its heyday in the 1930s, *Illustrated Chips* alone reputedly sold a million copies per week. Nor were these comics only available in Britain and Ireland. Many "overseas editions" were distributed through agents in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, the shipped-out versions generally consisting of one or more comics folded or stapled inside one another.



## THE COMICS IN ILLUSTRATED CHIPS AND PUCK

While different publications were put on the market, merged or re-named as the owner considered best, a host of comics were published in these. If they were not really boosting sales, they were stopped abruptly, while similar themes and figures re-appeared under new names and in slightly different circumstances. Guest-appearances of figures from one comic in other comics were used to attract readers of the different titles to read all the others comic papers as well. At the same time, no names of artists or writers are stated in the pages of *Illustrated Chips* and its sister-publications, they were not considered important nor in support of sales.

For many years, the two sections in the comic papers: “Screaming Sketches, Engrossing Tales” (masthead of *The Comic Home Journal*, 1902) or inversely “The Best Stories and the Funniest Pictures” (masthead of *Illustrated Chips*, 1922), remained separate and distinct. Perhaps this clear compartmentalisation into serious fiction here, humorous comic strip there, is one of the reasons why the adventure strip was slow to enter and then develop in British comics. The rule remained that about half of the content of *Illustrated Chips* consists of fictional texts, editor’s comments, satires, and of course advertisements. The other half are not illustrated texts as mentioned before, but are picture-based: Apart from the longer running main comic titles, many comics were included in the pages of *Illustrated Chips* and *Puck* that were one-offs, like the figures in most of the caricatures created for one contribution only. While much of the comics content were comic strips of varying length, some of the comics were full-page comics, running in every issue of their publication as long as they were popular enough to support sales. The fluid co-existence of these diverse visual formats in sometimes crowded juxtaposition proves that readers had no issues with these wild blends of different types of storytelling, commenting, and advertising at all.

The names of the figures and their comics titles brim with alliterations (the list is far from complete): ‘Maggie the Magpie’, ‘Sammie Snail’, ‘Sammy Sardine and the Tiddler Twins’, ‘Silas Submariner’, ‘Sammy the Soothsayer’, ‘Chutney the Charmer’, ‘Gussie, the Giddy Ghost’, and the wildest of alliterative titles: ‘Bill and Ben, our Bold, Bad Balloonatics’, soon changed to ‘Bill and Ben, our Bold, Bad Balloonists’, though. Even the most successful and long-running full-page titles in the comics of Amalgamated Press are part of this approach. While they are not included in this volume, they are crucial in the context of the publisher’s production profile and in their effects on comics history: ‘Weary Willie and Tired Tim’ (see separate volume in A3 due to their page-formats), and ‘Tiger Tim’. While ‘Casey Court’ was one of the longest-running series, it never covered full pages itself but remained a little under a half-tabloid-page. The name and the figures of the ‘Casey Court’ were used across the publisher’s output, partly appearing in other comic titles, partly under their own name, usually as the ‘Casey Court Boys’, and in sequential image comics (a collection of one-panel jokes of the ‘Casey Court’ is available in a separate volume, too).

Other titles existed alongside, and indicated the genre or topic of the material. For example: ‘The Newlyweds’ (redrawn after the US-original in Edwardian style and settings), ‘Merry Andrew’, ‘Billy Smiff’s Pirates’, ‘The Little Stowaway’, ‘Dr.

Up-To-Dayte’s Academy’, ‘Professor Radium’, ‘Dr. Patent’s Academy’. Also figures from history and literature are used for fantastic fictional jokes that relate to the historic context or fictional storyworlds of these figures: ‘Sir Walter Raleigh’, ‘Oliver Twist & The Artful Dodger’.

The extent of borrowing and direct lifting of material that can be seen in the pages of these early comic papers is noteworthy. Not only the Amalgamated Press but rather the entire industry seems not to have cared about copyrights at all: Story ideas, figures and punch-lines were partly original, partly lifted straight from other publications. Other names and figures are clearly designed to fit as close as possible on a design in a competitor’s paper. With these, the sources of inspiration are never hard to find. The same can be said for developments in visual storytelling, as the possibilities and peculiarities of comics narration and design were only beginning to develop then. But, considering that speech balloons had been fully established within British caricature around the middle of the 19th century, it is noteworthy how long it took for the speech balloon to become established as the main text-form in comics even after it was used successfully in 1902 on ‘Happy Hooligan’ and other US-published comics by Frederick Oppen.

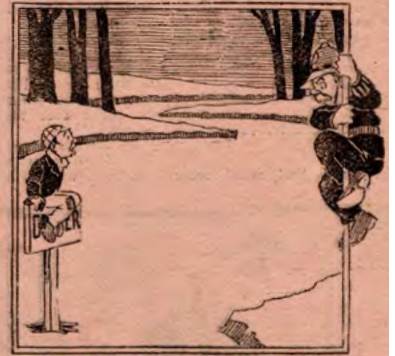
The way these comics tell their stories raise questions about their audiences and have to be considered together with the text-adventures and romances that were half of the content of not only *Illustrated Chips*. In the caricatures, comics, and illustrated comments, the narrations relate partly explicitly to other comics’ titles but also to comics as a medium itself. Texts partly are written in a tone of confidentiality, irony, partly jovial, partly chummy even, or determined.

The styles of drawing are diverse: some images, especially of distinguished members of society, show gentlemen and ladies in the same style as advertisements did at the time, especially women are drawn in the same style as illustrations for the novels of the time employed: with delicately lined curly flowing linework, while other figures are shown in clear and simplifying lines. Frames around these images often are art-nouveau-inspired and decidedly not square boxes around images. These square boxes are established in the comics at the very same time to structure the sequence of images clearly. To illustrate the differences between these approaches, a few selected caricatures are included in this volume. The focus of this collection is on comics, though, with the example on the right being exceptional in its use of the frames as part of images and their frames.

OUR MAD ARTIST AGAIN.



1. “Condash these comic papers!” growled the bobby. “I hates being on duty in ‘em. There’s that kid drawn in that insultin’ position, and that ice, like all comic-paper ice, so thin that if I steps on it I shall be in up to my neck.”



2. “Ah, happy thought! I used to be a gymnastic bobby in my last paper, and that idiot artist has been sensible enough for once to draw a strong frame. So here goes for a bit of hand-over-hand climbing.”



3. “And then a clever bit of trapeze-work, and yon cheeky kid is mine without even getting the sole of my seventeens wet.”



4. “Now then, you readers, smile at this, do, for I’m sure there is more to smile at than there would be if I’d gone through the ice and nearly drowned myself—for me, at any rate, and the kid don’t count.”

Illustrated Chips, 5 January 1907



## THE ILLUSTRATORS

No names of artists or writers are stated in the pages of *Illustrated Chips* and its sister-publications, even those who drew the most successful titles in the publications of the Amalgamated Press. Alan Clark states that the most accomplished illustrators were allowed to sign their work, but this seems to have been the case only later, the material sampled for this collection seems not to support his statement generally. Despite the anonymity, some illustrators are known, not at least as Clark and others have researched extensively on them: Julius Baker started and provided several titles, as did Tom Browne. Most illustrators also worked for regional or local papers, as well as in advertising, and while some illustrators have been very productive, they seem to have not been working on their own but partly in studio-like teams with division of work: Details are not recorded, but we know that there were writers, main illustrators, fill-in artists, and letterers. But it seems that no record has been kept on who worked at what time on what title. As the archive of the Amalgamated Press has not been preserved, much remains unclear. While some information is available for individual artists, others have remained hardly more than names on lists of contributors to these periodicals. It has to be assumed that quite some illustrators have not been recognised at all, yet. With attribution of comic strips produced during the 1914–18 war is even trickier, as “duplicators” replaced some of the men away on active war-service. Also, there seem to be no female artists at this stage of the British comics industry, despite the pioneering work of Marie Duval on ‘Ally Sloper’ from 1867 to 1880. But several female writers worked for Amalgamated Press, usually using male pen-names.

Personal style was of no advantage for working in illustration and comics production, then. Rather, illustrators were employed to fill in under vacancies or holidays. For example, Walter Bell was known for his ability to draw in the styles of other illustrators and took over ‘Casey Court’ for ten years as well as he drew Tom Browne’s ‘Weary Willie and Tired Tim’. Frederick Adkins worked as a letterer, drew filler jokes, and some comics apart from standing in for other illustrators if needed. Some produced a lot of different titles: Apart from Casey Court, Julius Stafford Baker invented and produced the following titles. As with the other illustrators, a lot of smaller productions could be added. ‘Hans the Double Dutchman’ (Comic Home Journal), ‘Billy Smiff’s Pirates’ (Puck), ‘Stone Age Peeps’ (Illustrated Chips), ‘The Inventions of Pat’ (Nuggets), ‘Henry Hawkins’ (Jester and Wonder), ‘Comic Cuts Colony’ (Comic Cuts), ‘Raggs Rents’ (Merry and Bright), ‘Prehistoric Pranks’ (Funny Wonder), ‘Dr Croc’s College’ (The Sunday Fairy), ‘The Moonshine Movie Nibs’ (Lot-O’-Fun).

Louis Briault created some other alliteratively named capers like ‘The Rollicking Rambles of Reggie and Roger’ (for *Larks*) and ‘Old London Laughing’ (for *Butterfly*). He contributed to the establishment of comics based on film-stars with his ‘The Comical Capers of Billie Reeves, the Scream of the Screen’ (for *Sparks* in 1916). Bertie Brown (alias Albert Thacker Brown) drew ‘Homeless Hector’ for *Illustrated Chips*, ‘Pa Perkins and His Son Percy’, ‘Dad Walker and his Son Wally’ for *Larks*. Bertie Brown started in 1915 one of the very first comics centred on the film star Charlie Chaplin. As sales increased sharply, more Chaplin-relat-

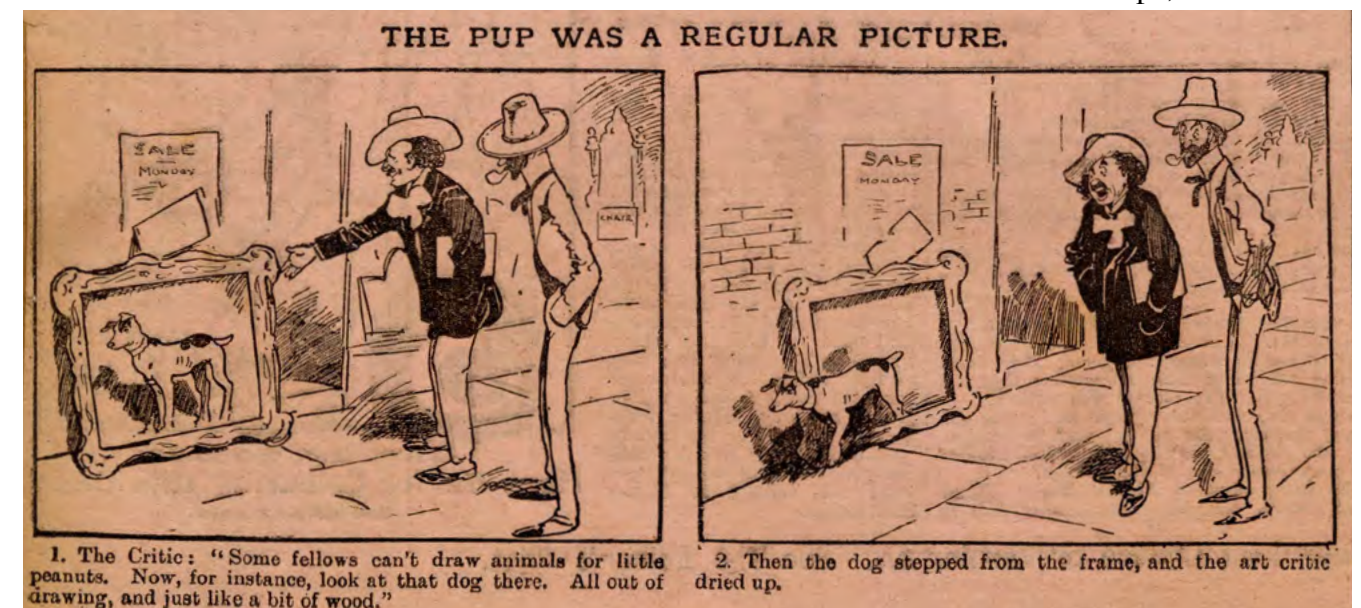
ed material was published and comics that told stories around other movie stars became established after the First World War as the cinema had become the main entertainment provider.

While the editor would write instructions to the artists for the production of the next number, there have been writers in the permanent employ of Amalgamated Press who did not only provide text-adventures. But whether they provided texts and scenarios for the one-page comics for example, is unknown.

The exchange of talent (i.e. workforce) between competitive publishers is unknown but seems to have been rather limited. Noteworthy is in this regard Allan Morley, who was a most established contributors to D.C. Thomson, the main competitor to the boys’ papers of the Amalgamated Press since the 1920s, but drew ‘Casey Court’ at some point in the run of that title anyway. Please note the ubiquity of the same alliterative titles for his productions for Thomson in that context: ‘Keyhole Kate’, ‘Hungry Horace’ and ‘Freddy the Fearless Fly’ to name only some that have been started by Allan Morley.

Charlie Pease (Albert T. Pease) worked for most titles of the Amalgamated Press. He started ‘Peter Parsnips’, ‘Wee Willie Winkle’ and ‘Darkie Mo and Jolly JuJu’, as well as the military humor strip ‘Plum and Duff: The Boys of the Bold Brigade’. The *Comiclopedia* (Lambiek.net) writes in their long and detailed entry on him about idea generation and production methods: “Pease also wrote scripts for his colleagues, using an original technique for coming up with ideas. He marked two self-made spinning wheels with random words. When in search of a new plot-line, he spun the wheels and waited what word combination came up when they came to a halt. He then tried to build a script around these two words. Afterwards, he sketched out the stories on thin sheets of paper and sent them to his editor. The editor then suggested some changes or additions and sent everything back, after which Pease (or another artist) worked out the drawings and inked them.” ([https://www.lambiek.net/artists/p/pease\\_charlie.htm](https://www.lambiek.net/artists/p/pease_charlie.htm))

Illustrated Chips, 29 June 1907





## ADVERTISING AND PLACEMENT ACROSS TITLES

Amalgamated Press pushed new titles into the comics market and dominated it quite quickly until its position was successfully attacked in the 1920's by the Scottish publisher D.C. Thomson. In the Amalgamated Press, content and talent was shared and moved between the different publications while adjustments for different audiences were made, for example the children of 'Casey Court' (of *Illustrated Chips*) appeared in 'the Newlyweds' (*Puck*), but were presented as a danger to prosperity and order in the house (see the volume on 'Casey Court' for details). Other material was moved without changes to its tone, as the example of 'Chutney the Charm-er' in this volume illustrates.

The advantage of cross-publication marketing as well as the pull-factor of successful figures was maximised, not least on the editor's pages, where the editors advised and recommended the sister papers to their readers. Also, figures reading the different papers are included in several of the comics and one-panel series like 'Casey Court'.

While coloured comic journals were more up-market and expensive, the papers printed in black were called "black comics" despite their tinted papers. These spread into a group of



Illustrated Chips, 16 March 1907

approximately a dozen tabloid newspaper-format comics produced for lower-middle-class and working-class families: *Larks*, *Jester*, *Joker*, *Butterfly*, *Favourite Comics*, *Jolly Comic*, and others, including the established *Comic Cuts* and *Illustrated Chips*. They contained four pages of serialised story in small print and four pages of humorous strips.

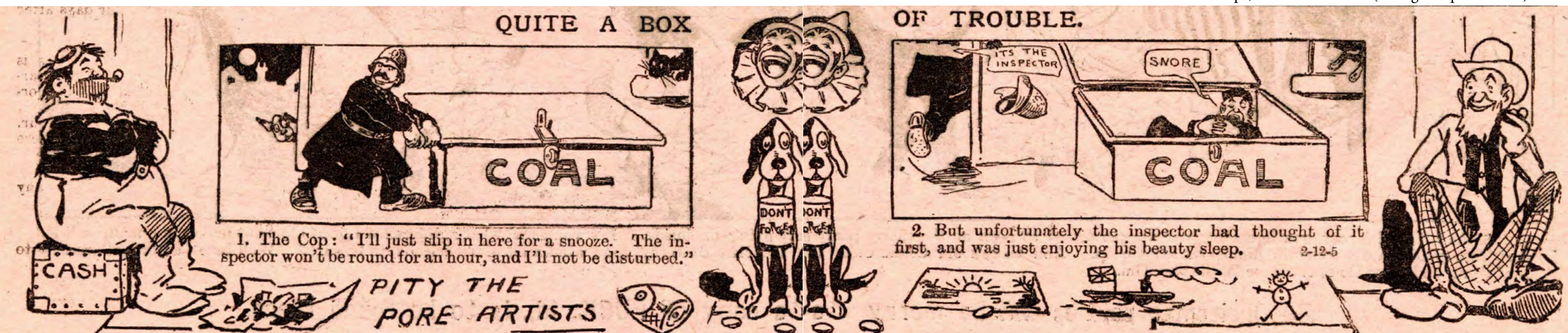
While each of these periodicals pointed at the others in advertisements and editorial, these were also referred to in the images: papers with

the titles of the other journals regularly appear in all kinds of comics. The figures from one title were mentioned or even appeared as figures in other titles. Also, figures from the more successful comics were used in caricatures, for decorative bands and ornaments etc. For example, most tramp-figures appeared in pairs that were varied only slightly: thin and long one of them, short and round the other. To illustrate that method, a few examples for these uses are shown on this double page from 'Weary Willie and Tired Tim' to very similar figures are shown on this double page. The character design of the figures even points at the influence of comics on early film, as they clearly predate the set-up of the Laurel and Hardy-duo while including the typical physicality and practical humour of those early films. The hectic farce of these comics seems to have filtered through into early slapstick film. That again fed back into British comics: When the cinema started to take form in the early 1910s, a series of small, cinema-related strips started to appear in the comics. Soon, comics were constructed around the stars of film with Charlie Chaplin dominating the field for years. The comics papers had no difficulties to include comics later that were explicitly starring Laurel & Hardy, either. A favourite of the readers, these ran as long as both stars were alive (until 1957).



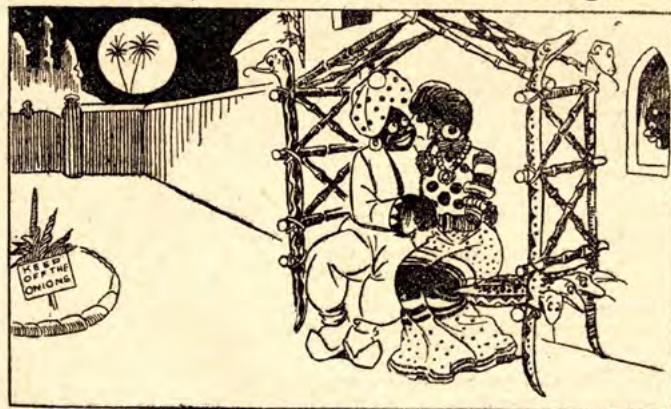
Illustrated Chips, 18 May 1907

Illustrated Chips, 2 December 1907 (enlarged reproduction)





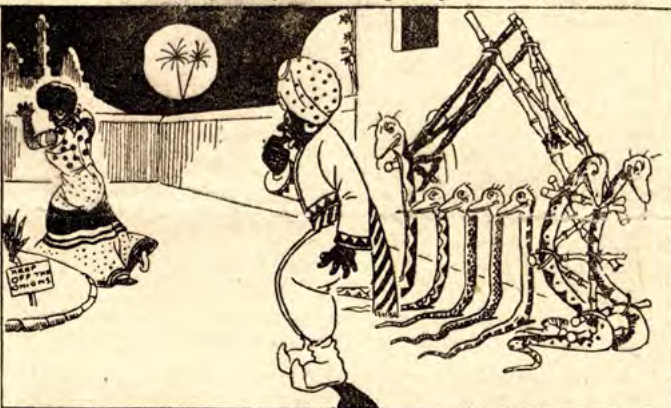
## Chutney the Charmer is Still Single.



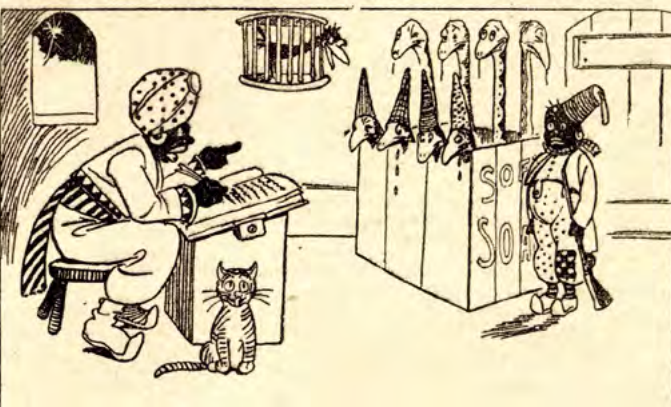
1. Oh, dear, did he! What about this for a picture post-card, eh, gentle reader? Our charming Chutney, of snake fame, spinning fairy tales to his dusky captivator under the shady bower by moonlight effect. Yes, reader, the one and only Chutney has rigged up quite a natty little seat for two out of his snakes. All for love, as the poet hath it.



2. But after six hours of mental strain and bodily fatigue, those obliging snakelets threw it up, and down plunked our interesting pair just as Chutney was asking his charmer if she had read those delightfully interesting sea yarns in PUCK.



3. But do you think the dear girl could stand that treatment? Not much! She just made off out of the picture without even a good-night. And poor old Chutney is on the lookout for another sweetheart. But Chutney's cup of bitterness was filled to the brim when, turning round, he beheld a self-satisfied grin illuminating the frontispieces of his snakes.



4. That did it. And in the dock those luckless snakelets were placed. And Chutney's wash-house was turned into a high court of justice. "How dare you? Tut tut!" growled Chutney, pointing the finger of scorn at the trembling reptiles. "Six months without the option of a fine, and no fish suppers for two centuries. I have spoke! Warder, conduct the prisoners to their cells!"

## CHUTNEY THE CHARMER

### CHUTNEY DOES A GOOD TURN.



1. Chutney the Charmer had been pottering around the European quarter, and seeing a couple of offshoots of the British aristocracy in dire distress, tendered his services forthwith. "What's that you say, my hearties?" he said. "Can't present your love-tokens to the dear girls on account of a barred gate and a furious representative of the feminine gender? Tut, tut!"



2. "Now, I've been in the snake-charming biz ten and a half centuries, and snakes can get into places where folkses can't. So just watch the reptiles closely, and you will observe that it is all done with a practised eye and a little twiddly on my pipe." It was magnificent the manner those snakes glided over the school wall. "Splendid!" chirruped the shortcoats.



3. "Oh, what dear, delightfully sweet messengers!" chorused the girls. "Oh, the artful dears, to send us chocolates and a few lines! What a fine lark!" We purposely leave out the quotations of the old griffin in the background, being too full of poetry. We can say that the girls never tasted such sweet chocolates since their mammas sent them to school.

Illustrated Chips, 8 May 1907

## STEREOTYPES, TYPES, AND FICTIONS OF EMPIRE

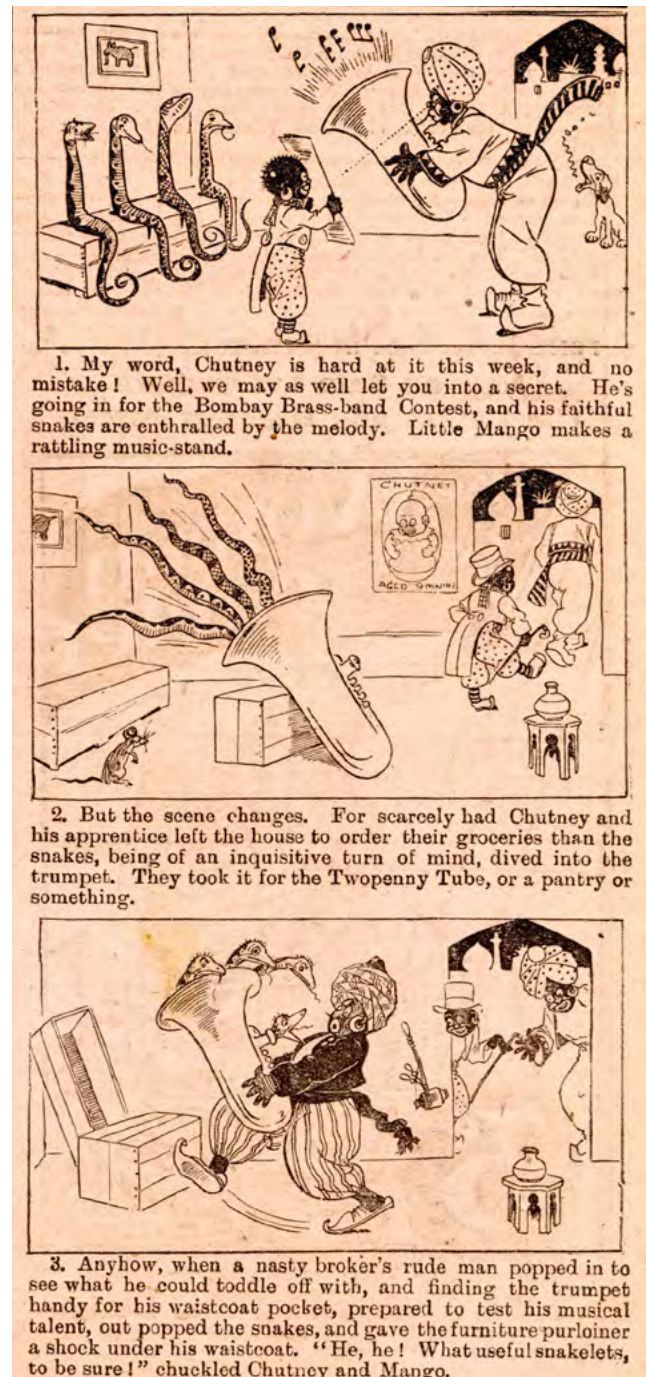
While publishers of fiction certainly promoted British hegemony long before the Edwardian age, most had focused on stories that used the empire as a colourful backdrop to their adventure stories. In difference to that, Harmsworth's titles were an efficient mouthpiece for the jingoism of the age (Carpenter 1983 52). In how far that jingoism and racism in these publications mirrored the mood and opinion in wider society or whether they helped these positions to gain the dominance they then held in public opinion goes beyond the reach of this publication.

The Amalgamated Press dominated the market for entertainment periodicals, increasingly also with productions earmarked for young audiences. The perspective expressed was not unusual, as all publications in Britain, not only the entertaining press with its ready use of ethnic and racial stereotypes, reflected and mostly sustained the Imperialist world view interwoven with racist ideas of superiority of some over others, conveniently decorating exploitation with some assumed obligation of "white man's burden". That position was predominant in British popular media, but not shared by all. How much differentiation of positions was given in real life is unclear, but it has to be remembered that in several comics black figures simply are part of the personnel, they act and are treated like all other figures. Not all fictional adventure-stories looked down at other cultures, but the most. Depending on recent wars and unrests in the British empire, different ethnic and racial groups are in the focus of jokes. Quite some comics of the later Edwardian time make fun of Asian figures, invariably showing these in coolie-garb and with one long pigtail each. And without a doubt, these visual stereotypes go beyond simplifications into types, in early comics they often combine with the use of derogatory terms and names. They are part of the zeitgeist and contribute to the indoctrination of readers into underlying mindsets. Even when comparing these to the generally rough humour that is played out in the names and attributions given irrespective of racial or national contexts across comics productions of the time, the difference is getting more clear in the ways these figures are used for telling jokes.

Please bear in mind that these routines were conspired by some already then, while the mainstream continued to consider racist stereotyping funny much longer. It continued easily into post-Second World War society, where some elements of this everyday racism were so established that some less-reflective members of society defend it as part of their nostalgic memories of childhood. There is a straight line from the material here to the racism of Boris Johnson and sorts.

It has to be pointed out that the Science Fiction adventure comics of the 1950s and 60s apply the same jingoistic approach still, only black figures have become green, Africa has turned into a planet of its own, and the colonial officers have gotten new uniforms (Carpenter 1982, 77). The treatment of the Windrush-arrivals and after is part of the picture, not its excessive abhorration. Earlier, in 1939, George Orwell examined the contents of the best-selling boys' weekly papers and concluded that these preserved the worst illusions of the Edwardian age. The positions taken in these papers had not reacted to changes in the world nor to the increasing





Illustrated Chips, 15 June 1907



Illustrated Chips, 29 June 1907

demands for representation and independence from colonies and dominions - in his words the position taken was that "the clock has stopped at 1910 and Britannia rules the waves" (Orwell, George: "Boys' Weeklies." In: Horizon, March 1940). It did not change really after the war, either.

This volume collects material from that very Edwardian age, with the most examples published in 1907. The material has to be understood in that light: the underlying tone permeates much of the material and reminds readers of those illusions of grandeur that translate into dreams of special relationships with the hegemonies of our time that Britain can not really afford. (Stop ranting! - Ed.)

Please remember with all representations included here that they illustrate how the majority of the British did see the world then. And: French, Italian, Belgian, German, and US American media were absolutely not different: Their reciprocal imperialist mindsets did set the stage for World War One.



## TOPICAL JOKES: BAD HOUSING FOR EXAMPLE

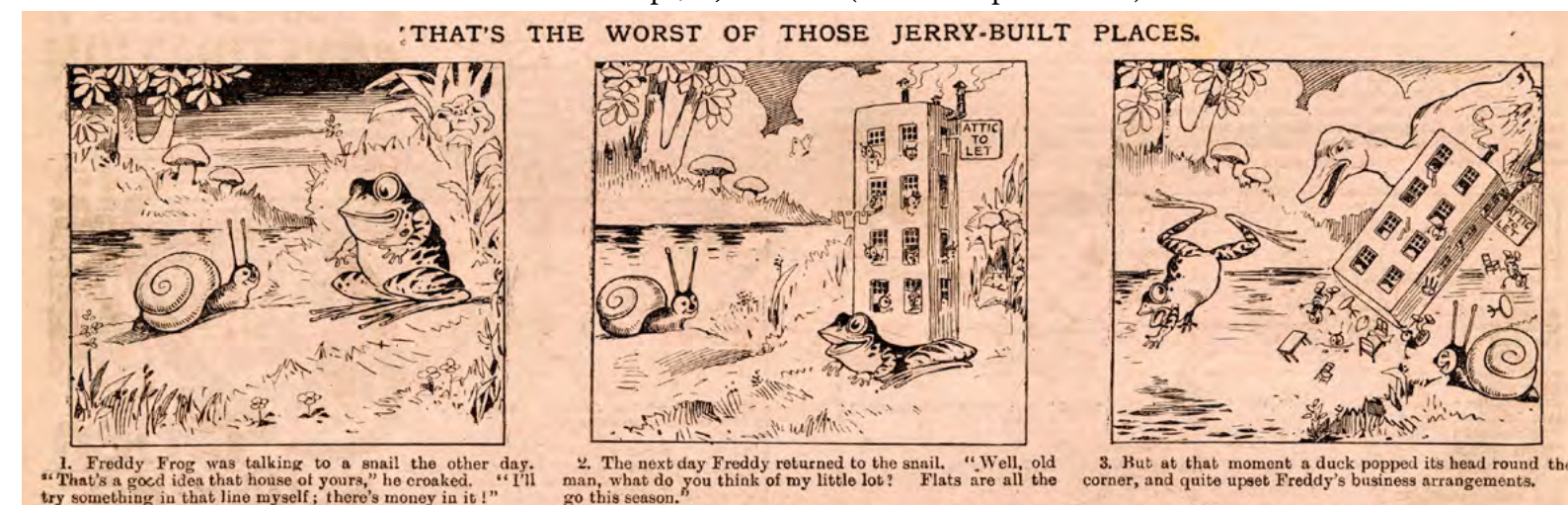


Illustrated Chips, 20 April 1907

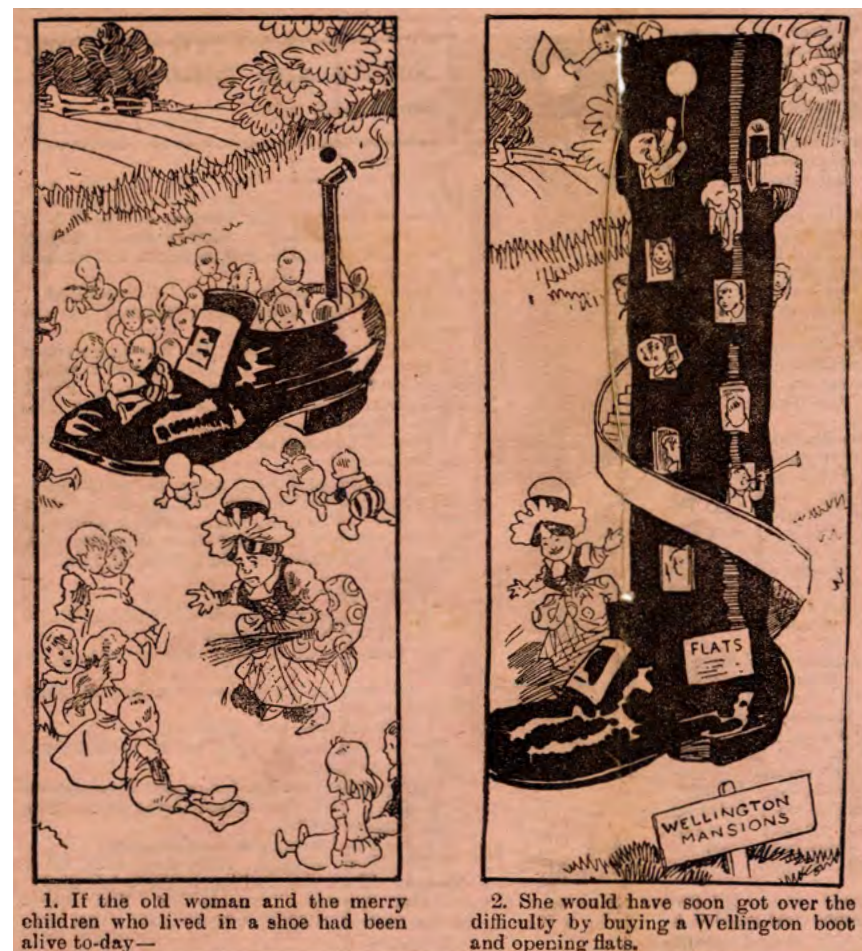
After newspaper taxes had been reduced, new printing presses that were faster and cheaper were installed and efficient distribution established, the penny press had taken off in the 1840s as most working-class people could not afford much, more managed to buy the penny papers, partly by sharing the costs in a group who would then share the papers and entertainments: Each copy of these papers was read by several people until it fell to rags (Carpenter 1983, 6). And that was because they offered distraction as well as recognition: readers were able to relate!

Housing was not regulated in Britain before 1909 at all, landlords and builders took advantage of this and provided housing that was as small and as densely built as possible. Minimal criteria for decent housing were not formulated officially until the housing acts of 1909, of 1919, and of 1930. When comic papers became affordable to the masses before 1900, the housing conditions, especially in the quickly grown urban areas, accordingly were bad for the majority of Britain's poorest families and only slightly better for the more wealthy parts of the working classes who could afford better ventilated dwellings. Many people were living in unhealthy and overcrowded back-to-back houses that were owned by private landlords. And while most people had access to clean water, they partly had to go a bit to the location of the next waterpump. Washing with hot water at home was a luxury in these houses and hygiene accordingly. As rents tended to be high, and money was scarce for most, workers could not afford fresh or nutritious food. Also money to all other purposes like clothing and of course entertainment was very limited. At the same time, more people could read once the Education Act of 1872 had an effect. The pricing strategy of the Harmsworth publications and later Amalgamated Press worked. People needed amusement and found themselves or some of their concerns represented, especially in these conditions. Duly, the reality of the comics includes a high number of tramps and poor street urchins and the like, also many guards and policemen as representations of authority, and quite some slum environments. For example, housing blocks and similar densely populated dwellings appear in quite some images, but with very different functions within the story or comment:

Illustrated Chips, 8 June 1907 (reduced reproduction)







Illustrated Chips, 29 June 1907

They can symbolise the cleverness of their proprietors as in all examples on this and the previous pages. They even connote an advantage of the high-rise over the small house - note for example the depiction of children and their activities in the above comic in difference to the collapsing building on the previous page. They all illustrate the consequences of this form of living for their inhabitants, the difference between the above examples and the example taken from 'Mulberry Flats' by *Comic Cuts* on the right is that the inhabitants flee their creditors and the ramshackle building rather than staying in place. This last example was published after the Housing Act of 1909 was passed, the others before. In all of them, readers would have recognised aspects of their housing situation, but if they read these as idealisations of alternative building forms to back-to-back houses and the like or rather as wry comment on profiteering from the need for living space is not clear. But while the tone of the texts is ironising and ambivalent in its judgement of the described actions, the visuals of the comic show the self-evacuating tenants clearly in a positive way (with the tenant of the top floor drawn in the likeness of the comic-hero Tired Tim). And while it is a comics reader that accidentally calls the bluff that kept the creditors at bay, the comic still makes light of their evasion.

While political content was not permitted in the magazines, editors and illustrators (who themselves belonged to the middle-classes mostly) knew their audiences and balanced their messages with examples of paternalistic advice regularly found in the editorial. The stories provided escape, while the comics, caricatures, and jokes made light of things as well as they acknowledged the reality of readers.

"COMIC CUTS." 1D. BRISK! BRIGHT! BREEZY! BRACING!



No. 1,056. [REGISTERED.]

PRICE ONE PENNY.

AUGUST 6, 1910.

THE MULBERRY FLATITES DO A MERRY FLIT FROM FRECKLESEA.



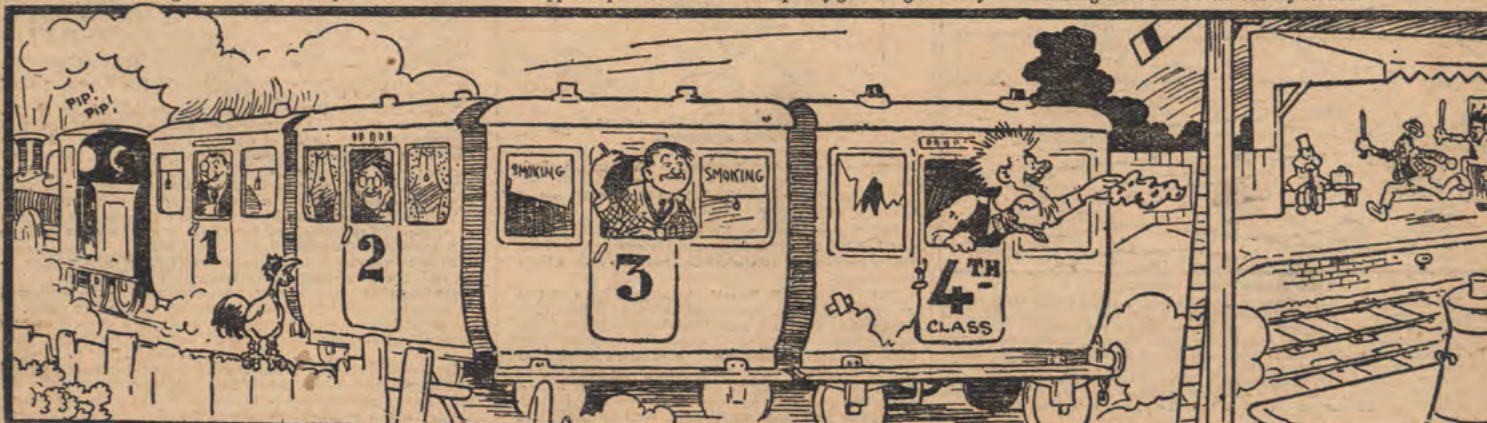
1. Our giddy Flatites have been getting dreadfully into debt with the tradespeople at Frecklesea. Every day they have been pestered by duns, and the little tablet on the front door, with the words "No HAWKERS, No CIRCULARS, No CREDITORS," has had no effect whatever; so the other yesterday Oofbird, Esquire, the groundfloor grandee, hit on a more drastic expedient. With the help of Mr. Bachelor-boy he fixed up some notice-boards upon which was inscribed the terrible warning that there were quicksands about.



2. It was a clever ruse, and worked like a charm all the morning, keeping thousands of fiery, untamed creditors at bay from 11 till 2. Even the bravest dun quailed before those notice-boards, and our Flatites might have held the fort against all comers till next pancake-day had not an untoward thing happened. A jolly old joint was so wrapped up in our grand Double Summer Number, that he didn't notice the notice-boards, and stepped gaily over the supposed quicksands—which completely gave the game away.

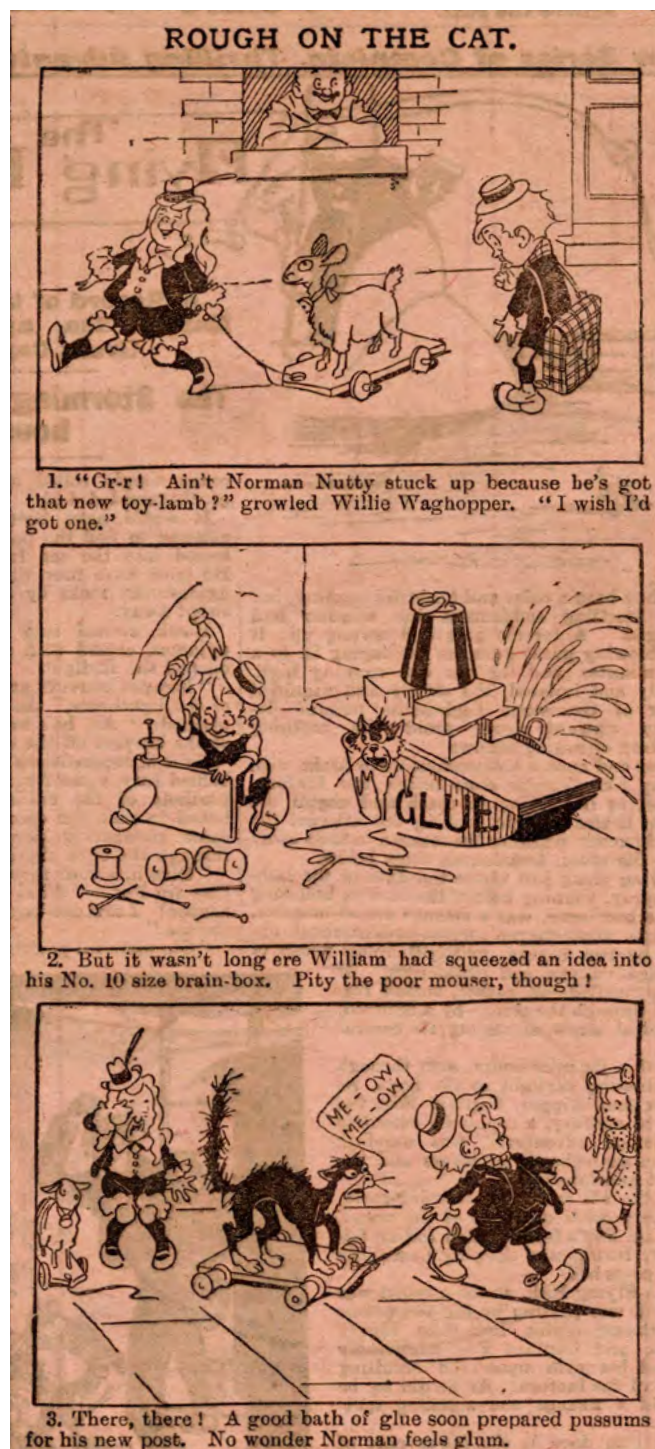


3. "Why, there ain't any quicksands after all!" shouted the angry creditors, as they swooped down in a body and surrounded the venerable pile. But our tricky tenants are very quick to act in an emergency of this sort, and those disappointed duns found all the windows boarded up. Froway had artfully placed a plank from the roof of the flats to the top of a neighbouring cliff, and while the wrathful writ-servers clamoured below, the merry Flatites were making a bee-line for the railway station.

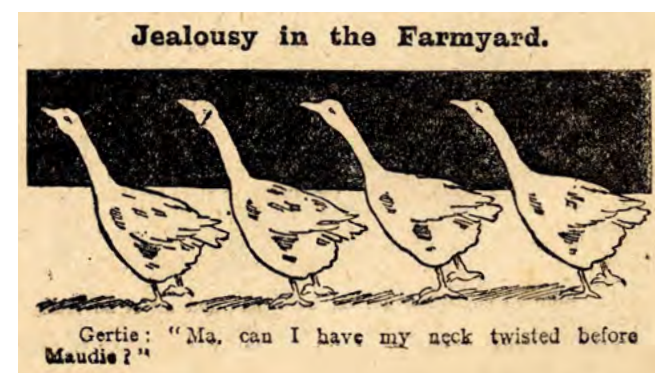


4. They were just in time to catch the Bloomsbury special. "Farewell, good people of Frecklesea!" sang out Froway Fred, who was riding fourth-class because there wasn't any fifth. "My telephone number is 0000 Avenue ('avin' you!). See the joke? 'Toodle-oo!"





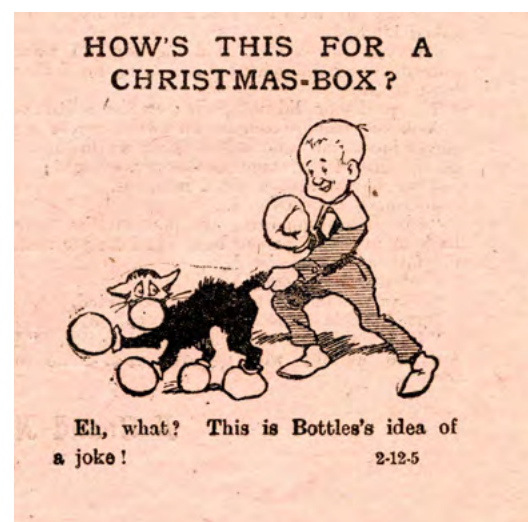
Illustrated Chips, 15 June 1907



Puck, 28 December 1907



Puck, 21 September 1907



Illustrated Chips, 2 December 1907

## ANIMALS IN COMICS

The action in these comics and caricatures is rough and physical, people and animals as well as objects are knocked about a lot. This had been included since the work of Tom Browne, Charles Genge, Ralph Hodgson and Frank Holland in the 1890s, artists whose comic strips had presented vagrants and bad boys in all manner of fights and scrapes. Ink lines conveying movement, speed and action, along with rapidly sketched facial expressions suggesting surprise, shock, anger or glee, had rapidly become firmly established in the comic strip artist's repertoire.

Some comics tell stories of anthropomorphised animals or uses animals in the tradition of the fable, influenced heavily by Wilhelm Busch's interpretations, though. Later, when the comics market is differentiated more, especially nursery comics are filled with talking groups of animals that behave usually rather nice and decent, often directed by some clever human child.

In comics that tell stories about humans, animals appear partly as sidekicks and comic relief, even as commentator (see the parrot in 'the Newlyweds' for example). For other animals in these comics, as well as in many of the short comics and drawn jokes, animals are played tricks on without mercy or restraint.

Tigers are understood to be dangerous, they hunt or are hunted, while cats seem to have been considered fair game for all kinds of cruelty by the artists, at least judging from the examples found in the material (see illustrations on these pages for examples). The social reality behind this might need more detail, at the moment no full picture can be given. Obvious is that quite some superstition involving cats is documented for Britain as well as for other European countries. These ideas were particularly dangerous for the cats: For example, anecdotal evidence suggests the custom to brick in a living cat in the attic of a newly built house to protect the house against fire. This particular custom has been documented from various places in Britain, where starved cat-cadavers have been discovered under restauration work. But it still seems a wild guess to conclude that cats were mistreated more than other animals then.

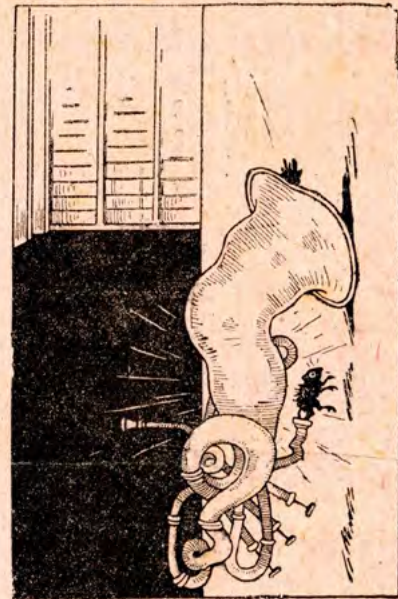


Illustrated Chips, 16 February 1907





1. "Think yer goin' to escape me by going down that tuppenny-tube arrangement, do yer?" yowled the cat; "but that's where you make a very big mistake, 'cos I'm goin' to follow yer."



2. And she did. Yep, yep! Hurled herself into the euphonium, asper picture, rendering the instrument's internal organism a trifle deranged.



3. And what a sight that poor purring domestic puss-cat looked when she came out of the emergency exit. "No more circular tours for me," she moaned. "I'll just go round to the outside."

Illustrated Chips, 5 January 1907

Poor Pussie is Now in the Hospital with a Broken Whisker—Fact!



Pusskins thought she had a splendid *hors d'œuvre* when she saw the clockwork mouse, but she got something sprung on her which she didn't exactly like; and the rat brigade danced for joy as Pusskins crawled home with her tail between her legs!

Puck, 25 January 1908



1. "It's a great idea, it is," smiled Sam, the huntsman. "I place the *hors d'œuvres* for the tigers—"



2. "With the result that they go in at the early door after the grub."



3. "Then I tie their tails in a knot and walk them off home to make tiger soup with."

Puck, 25 January 1908

MAGGIE THE MAGPIE

Maggie the Magpie Has a Happy Christmas.



1. "What a lovely smell!" chirped Maggie, the mischievous magpie. "I wish we were going to have plum pudding for our dinner. Ah, children, I have an idea!"



2. And in less time than it takes to multiply 206543218 by two-thirds of a jam puff, Maggie had borrowed a rope and let it down the chimney.



3. And, with the aid of her friends, successfully pulled up the pudding. "Cheero!" they twittered. "Now for a good feed!" And a feed they had, too! Twelve helpings apiece!

Puck, 22 December 1906

Maggie Invites the Firemen to a Free Feed.



1. "Fire, fire, fire!" shouted Maggie. "Help! Call the brigade quickly! Oh, why didn't I insure my nest against fire with the penny a week man? I shall be ruined!"



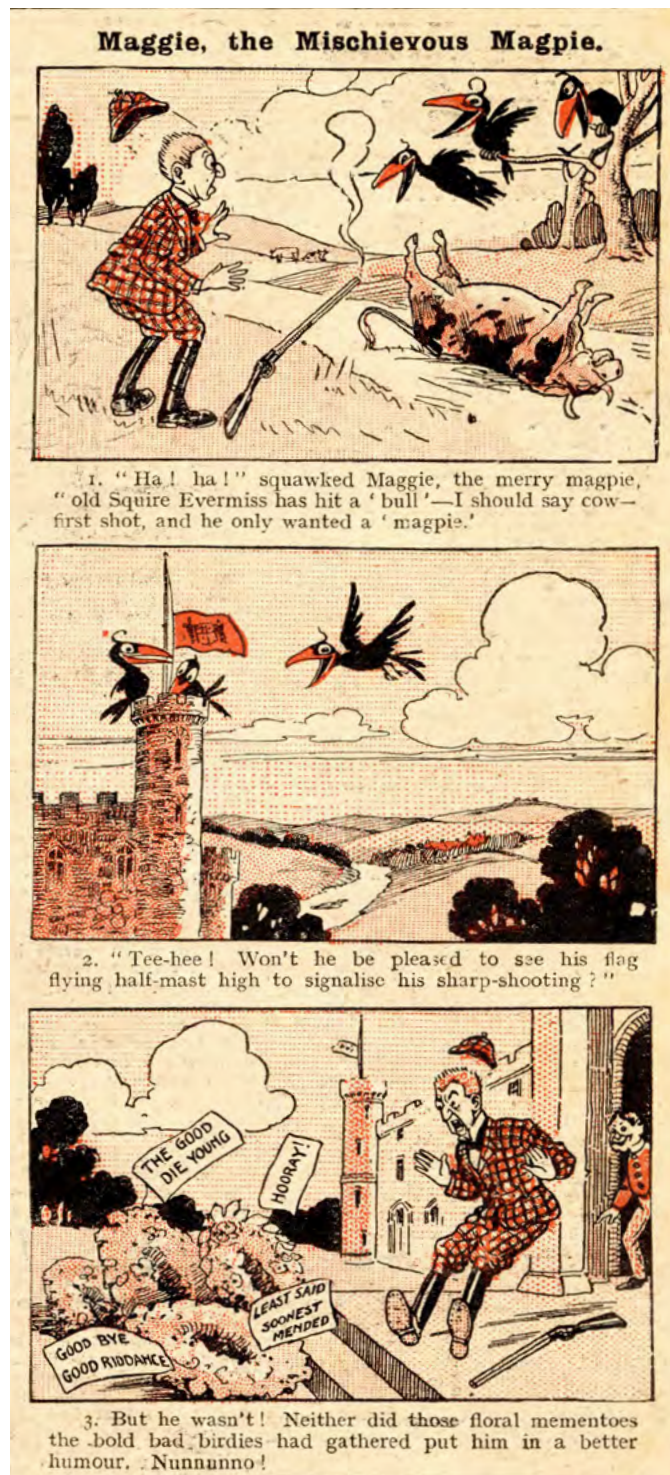
2. In a couple of ticks Maggie had smashed the alarm, and a few minutes later up dashed the gallant firemen. Three cheers! Now we're going to see some fun!



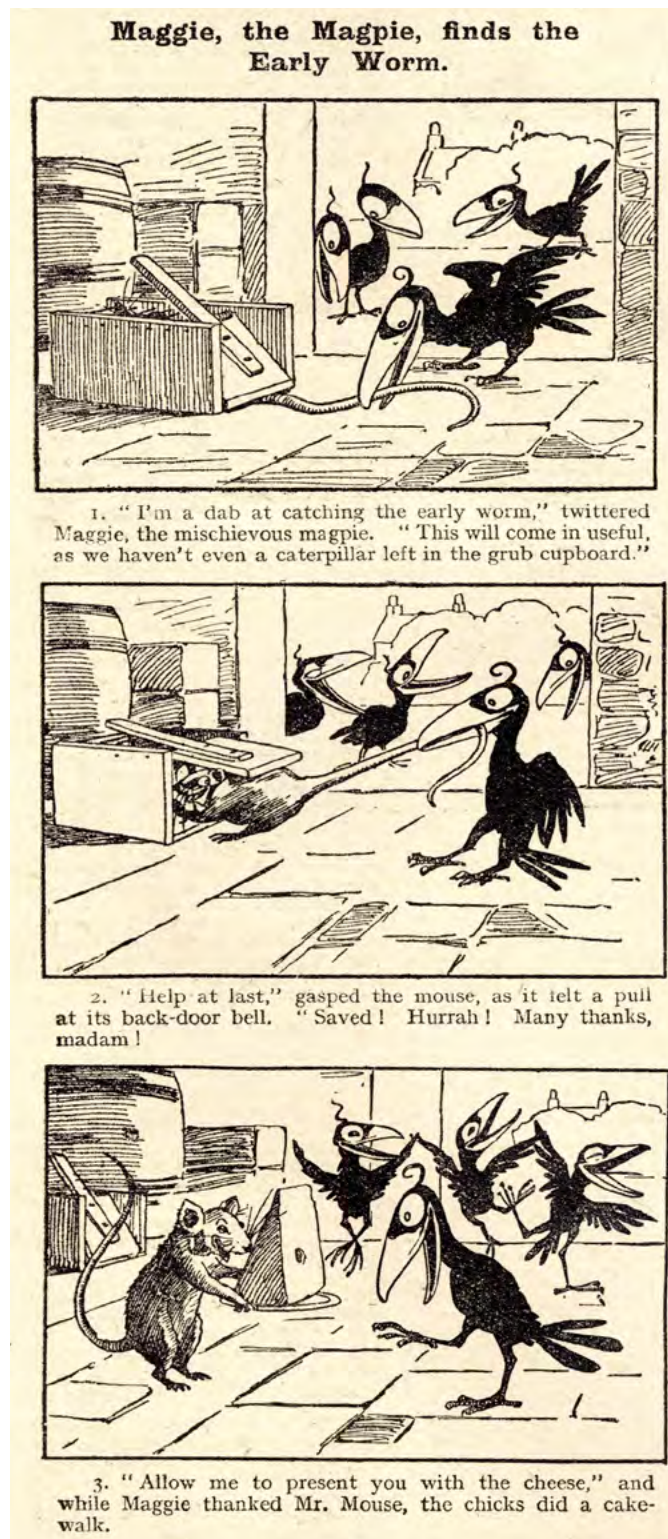
3. "Just done to my liking, Bill," said Fireman Jim, as he cracked one of Maggie's eggs. "I likes 'em hard," replied his friend; "my missus does 'em like this." And Maggie wept. Hard lines!

Puck, 26 October 1907

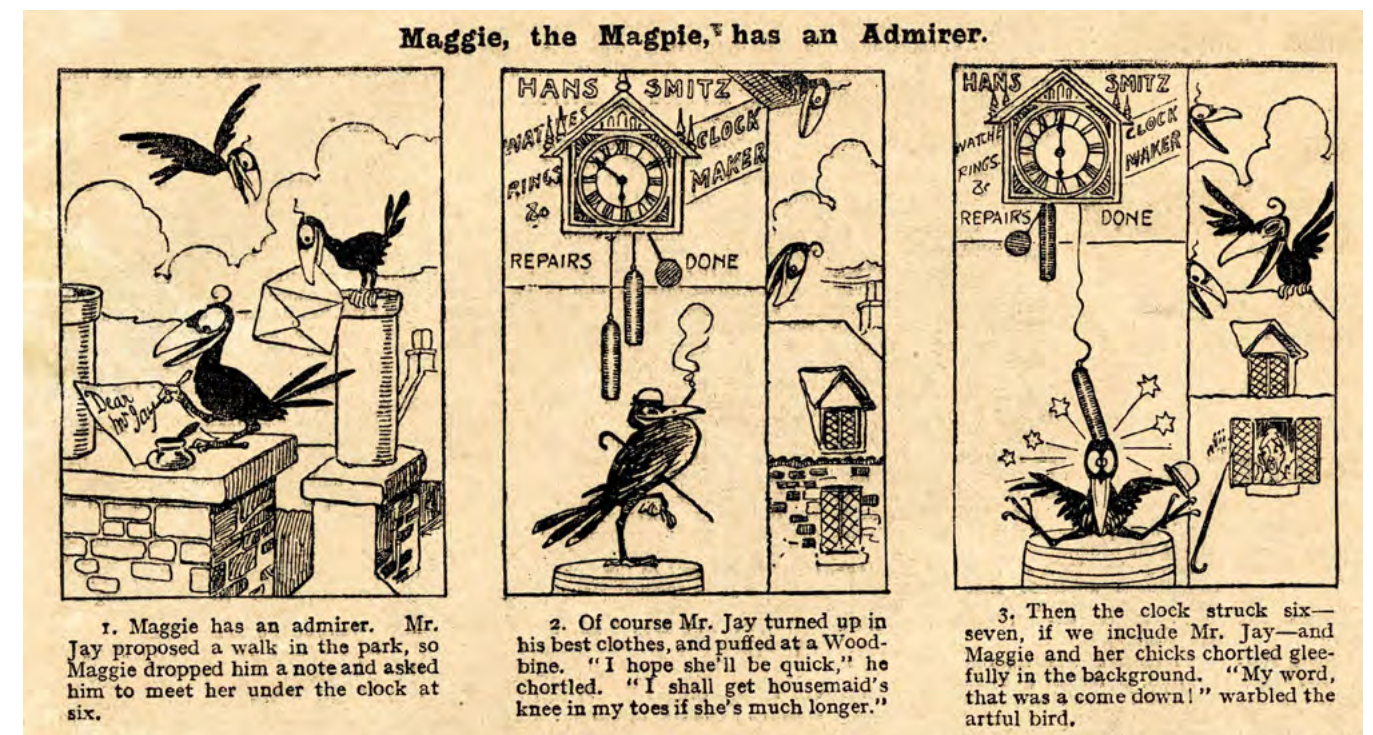




Puck, 21 September 1907



Puck, 25 January 1908



Puck, 28 December 1907



Puck, 22 February 1908

This strip has been reproduced in smaller scale, all others are shown as originally published.

While 'Maggie' seems to be the name most given to magpies where English-speakers are concerned, the origin of this alliterative naming is unclear. Was it already established when Puck included comics under that very name? The host of today's children's books about magpies call that bird Maggie anyway.



SAMMY SNAIL

A Surprise for Mr. Hare.



1. "Hee-hee!" smiled Harold Hare. "You just watch me beat Tim Tortoise on the post."



2. "What's that? I may have beaten Tim Tortoise, but it'll take me all my time to catch a smart postman snail like you? Ho! ho! ho! You do make me laugh."



3. But Postman Sammy Snail on his little motor-bike soon sent that smile side-slipping off Master Hare's face. "Tee-hee!" tittered Sam, "I've raced him clean off his feet."

Puck, 21 September 1907

Sammy Succeeds at Diabolo.



1. "Hullo! What's that game?" said Sammy Snail when he perceived the children playing diabolo.



2. "You watch me spin it. Lend me your string. I carry my own sticks, thanks."

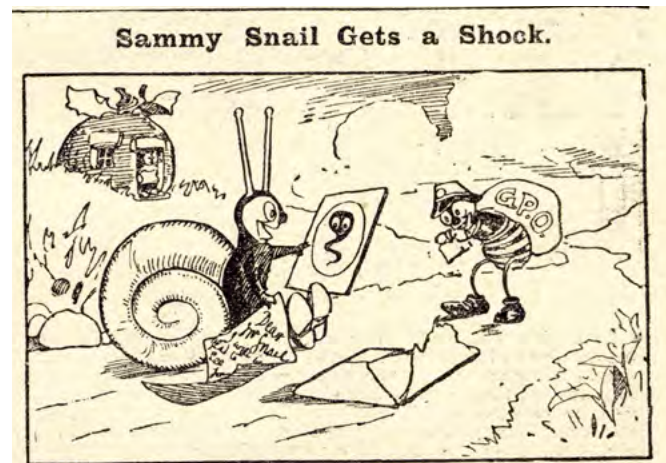


3. "There you are. How's that for a throw? Quite up to Crystal Palace form. Eh, what?"


Puck, 28 December 1907



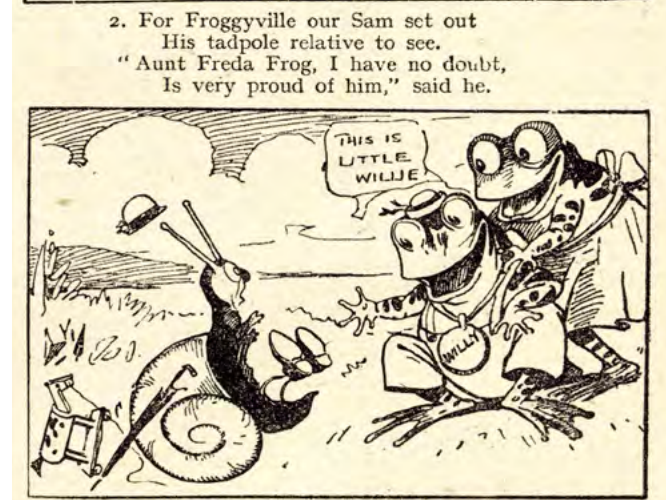
**Sammy Snail Gets a Shock.**



1. Sam Snail received the other day  
A photo of his Nephew Tim,  
Who with it sent a note to say  
He'd like our Sam to visit him.



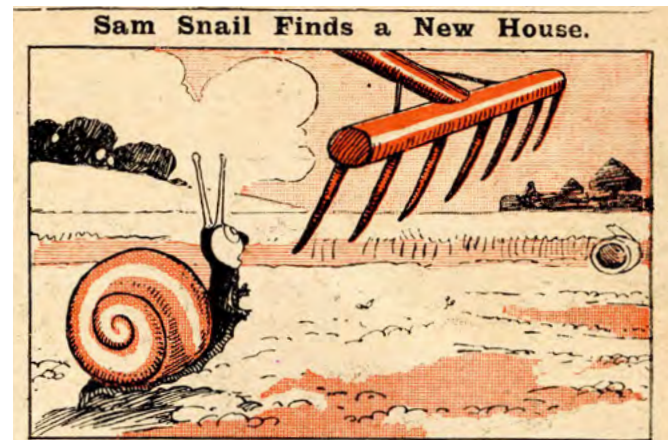
2. For Froggyville our Sam set out  
His tadpole relative to see.  
"Aunt Freda Frog, I have no doubt,  
Is very proud of him," said he.




3. But by the time our Sam arrived  
At Froggyville three months had flown.  
The shock he got he scarce survived  
To find wee Tim a toad had grown.

Puck, 25 January 1908


**Sam Snail Finds a New House.**



1. Whilst in the country t'other day,  
Sam Snail thought he would take  
A ramble; but lo! on his way  
There poised o'er him a rake.




2. Next moment, we are sad to tell,  
When Sammy looked around,  
Himself deprived of his nice shell  
He to his horror found.



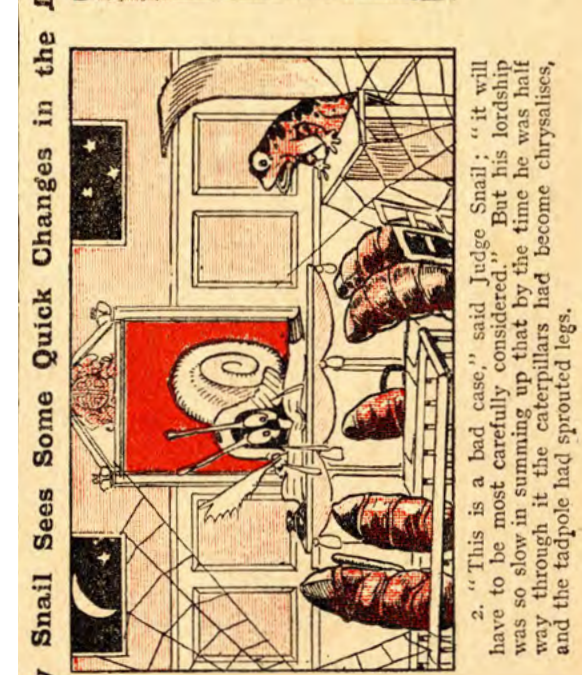
3. But Sam is a resourceful chap.  
Of a clay-pipe bowl he  
Soon made the best—so his mishap  
Passed off right merrily.

Puck, 22 February 1908

**Sammy Snail Sees Some Quick Changes in the Law.**



1. "Charlie Caterpillar is charged with kicking a constable in the back," said the policeman to Judge Snail, who was dispensing justice from the bench. "He deserves sixty days in the second division without the option of a fine."



2. "This is a bad case," said Judge Snail: "it will have to be most carefully considered." But his lordship was so slow in summing up that by the time he was half way through it the caterpillars had become chrysalises, and the tadpole had sprouted legs.



3. "Ten years!" said Sammy Snail; "remove him to the cells." "Not this time, old fellow," laughed the frog. "I'm off home to have a shrimp tea." "Good-bye, Tatcho," laughed the butterflies. And Sammy Snail thinks he is too slow for the law.

Puck, 26 October 1907



ADVENTURES OF SAMMY SARDINE  
AND THE TIDDLER TWINS

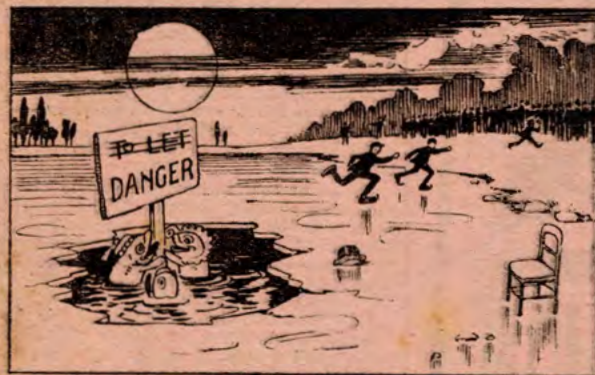
ADVENTURES OF SAMMY SARDINE  
AND THE TIDDLER TWINS.



1. "We shall never get the twins to by-bye while those people are making such a row over our heads," growled Mr. and Mrs. Sammy Sardine.



2. "The best thing to do is to give them notice to quit," smiled Sammy, as he got his brains and a paint-pot to work.

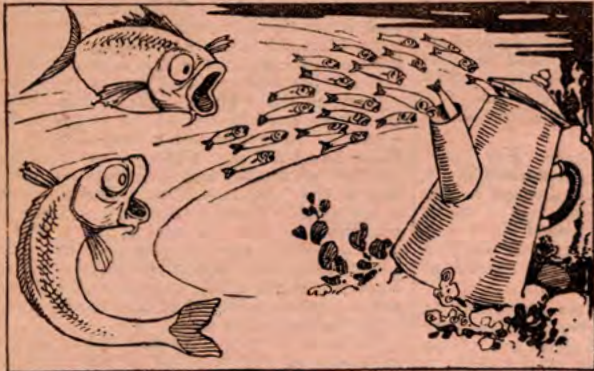


3. "Ha, ha, I thought this would do the trick! These skatists don't like treading on dangerous ground, so they don't. He, he!"

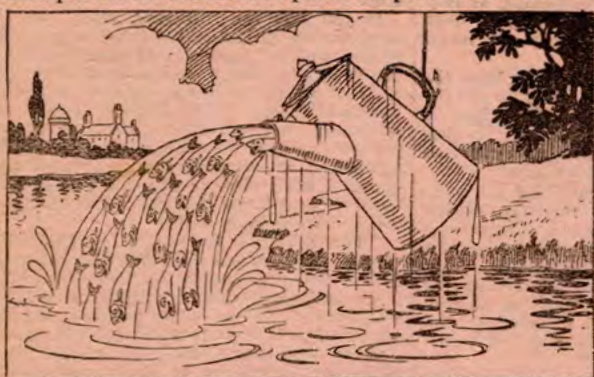


4. And that, dear reader, is the artful way in which our finnyosities guaranteed themselves an undisturbed rest—aided, of course, by the copper kipper and the dogfish.

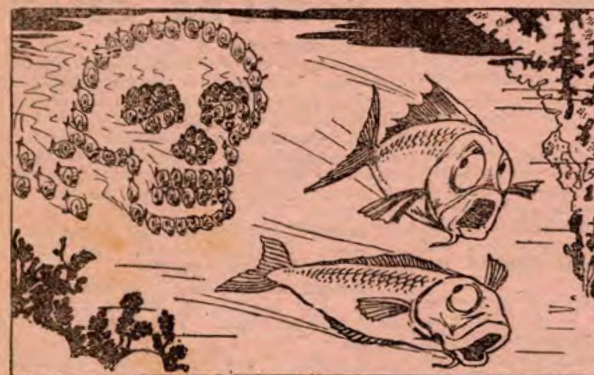
ADVENTURES OF SAMMY SARDINE  
AND THE TIDDLER TWINS.



1. The boys of Sardine School once more nearly had their bright young lives nipped in the bud this week, people. To escape a couple of hooligan haddocks, they sought refuge in a coffee-pot which the artist had put in the picture for them.



2. But hardly had they got safely inside, when, lo and behold! the coffee-pot was hooked by an angler up aloft. Our tiny tiddlers do suffer some troubles and trials, don't they? However, they escaped again, only to find those hooligan haddocks in waiting for them.



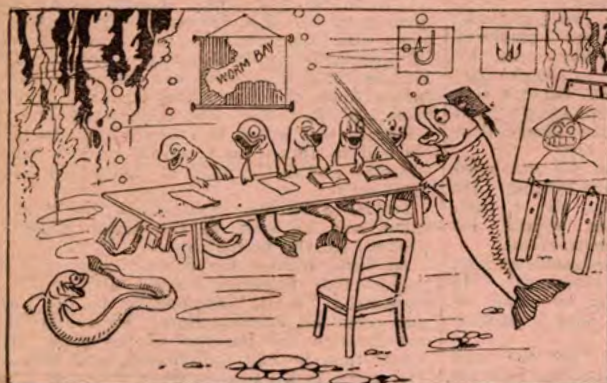
3. But, fortunately, the artful idea seized our finnyosities to form themselves into the shape of a skull and give their tormentors the frightfullest fright they had ever suffered.

Illustrated Chips, 2 February 1907

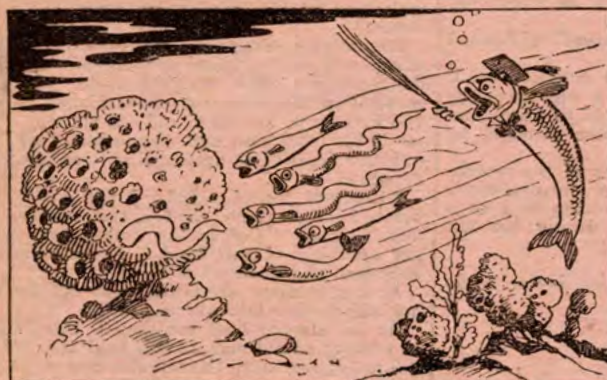
Illustrated Chips, 5 January 1907



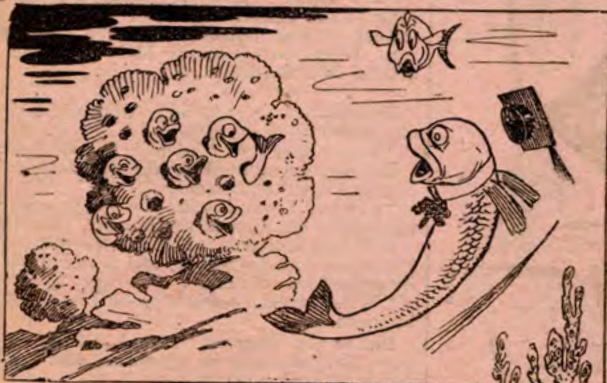
# ADVENTURES OF SAMMY SARDINE AND THE TIDDLER TWINS.



1. We grieve to say, readers, the tiddlers are far from studious—quite contrariwise, in fact. They give Sammy Sardine, their schoolmaster, a lot of cheek and impertinence. The other day they aggrannoyed to that extent—



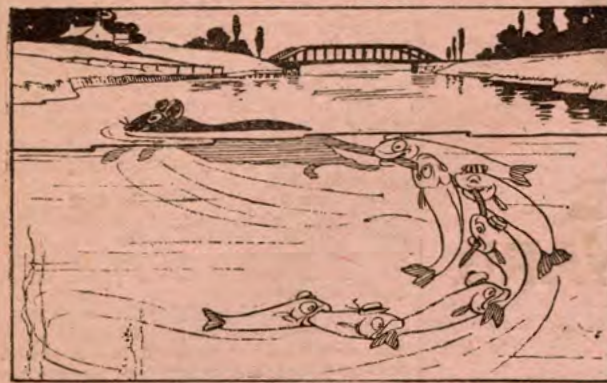
2. He lost his sense of dignity, and chased them right out of the picture—which, between ourselves, was just what those artful little kippers wanted. Did they throw up the sponge when they found Sammy hot on their latter ends?



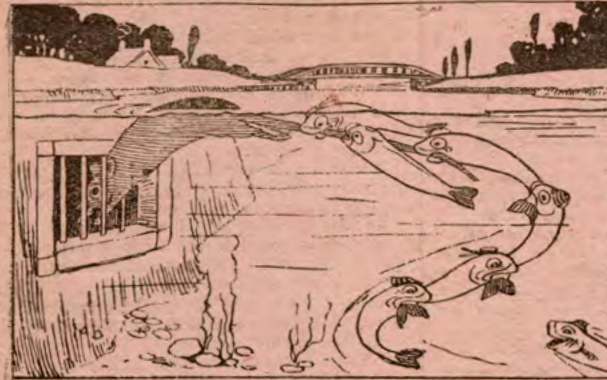
3. Not likely! They headed straight for one, as per sketch, and having ensconced (help!) themselves snugly inside, treated their schoolmaster with more disrespect than ever.

Illustrated Chips, 9 February 1907

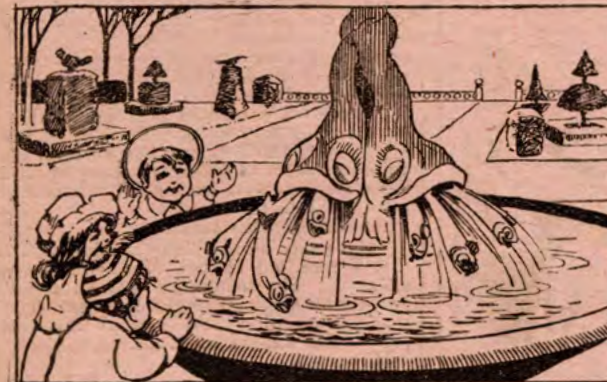
# ADVENTURES OF SAMMY SARDINE AND THE TIDDLER TWINS.



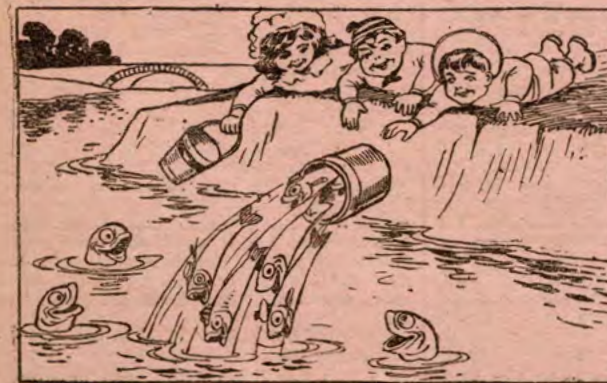
1. "Come on, boys," smirked Sammy Sardine, "this is a good tail, as the boy remarked when he finished this week's instalment of 'The Human Bat' in 'The Jester.' Grip on to it like nuts, and come for a jolly ride."



2. And the merry tiddlerines stuck to their new-found rodent pal as though he were a piece of cheese. "He's going to take us home to tea now," grinned Sammy, as the rat made for the grating.



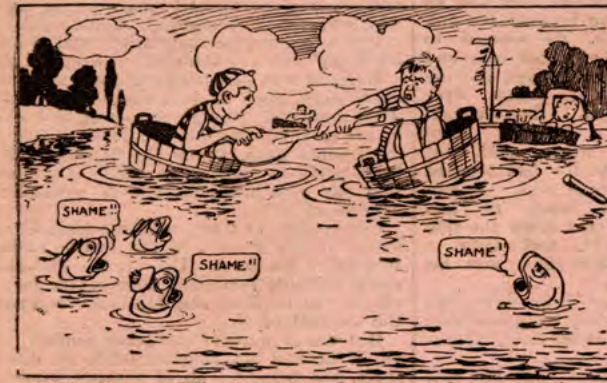
3. But there was a rude awakening in store for the fishlets. That tuppenny-tube affair had only one way out, and that was at the water fountain in the park. "In about half a shake we'll be filleted herrings," they gurgled, as they spotted the mistake they'd made.



4. But those little children were regular readers of CHIPS, and they knew that unless they saved their fishy friends they would not appear next week. "Thanks," said Sammy, as he reached his native land—or, rather, water—again. "We'll do an extra special turn next time to show our gratitude."

Illustrated Chips, 16 February 1907

# ADVENTURES OF SAMMY SARDINE AND THE TIDDLER TWINS.



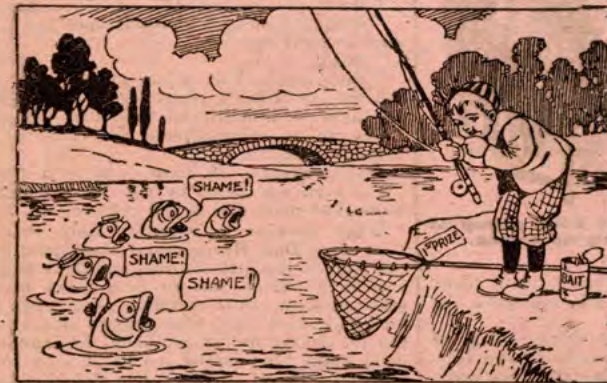
1. The boys of Whackem's Academy were having a tub race. "Here, you just gimme that paddle of yours!" bellowed the school bully, who had just lost his own paddle and selfishly seized that of another boy. "Shame!" chorused the tiny tiddlers, who had just popped up to watch the race.



2. "I'll dive down and tell father about it," twittered one of the tiddlers. "What, that bully cheating again!" said Sammy Sardine. "Then the best thing you can do is to help the other chap to win the race without a paddle."



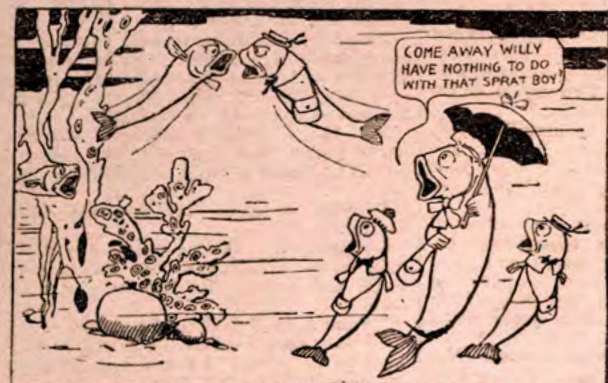
3. And the little finnyosities did, as per sketch. With a long, long pull, and a strong, strong pull, they enabled the bully's little victim to win anyhow. And you may be sure the tiny tiddlers were highly delighted with themselves—



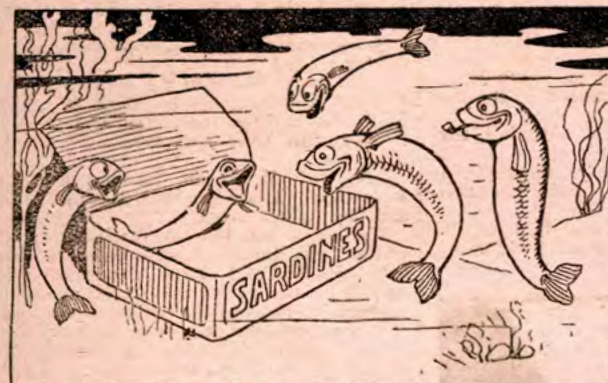
4. Until they discovered that the first prize for the race was a landing-net, with the aid of which that ungrateful urchin had evidently made up his mind to return evil for good.

Illustrated Chips, 23 February 1907

# ADVENTURES OF SAMMY SARDINE AND THE TIDDLER TWINS.



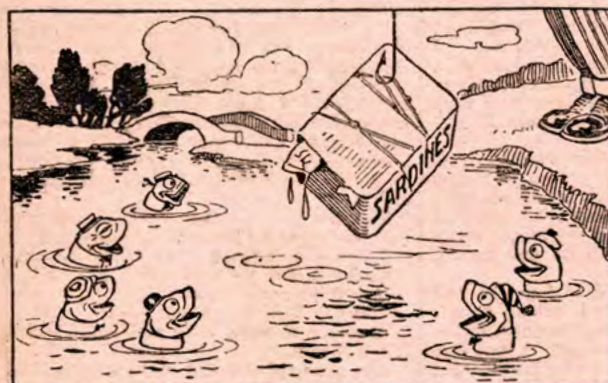
1. Of course you know that the Sardine family don't associate with the common Sprat crowd—oh dear, no! Mrs. Sammy Sardine won't let her little boys have anything to do with the vulgar little Sprats, as she calls them, and the Sprats don't like it.



2. "We're quite as good as they are," says they, "and we'll let them know it. We'll get inside this box labelled 'Sardines,' and nobody'll be able to tell the difference. Ha, ha! We'll show them what's in a name!"



3. But it was rather unfortunate that Sammy Sardine and the tiddlers should catch the pretenders napping, because it gave them a rare opportunity for revenge. "We'll teach 'em to try to be what they ain't," they twittered, as they tied up the box—

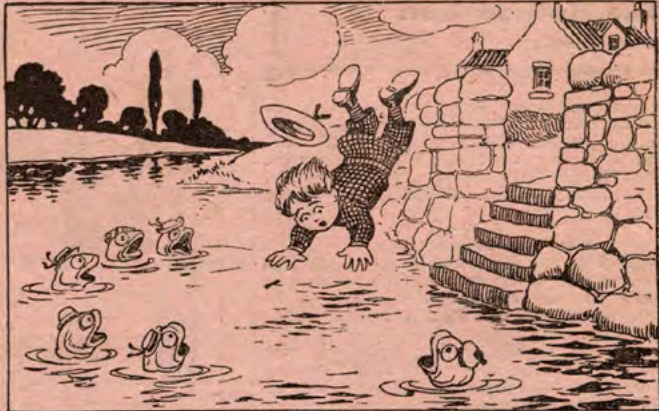


4. And then fixed it on to old Nevercatch's hook. "Ha, ha! Oh, yes, you're sardines, you are! And now you'll be fairly had on toast. Don't you wish you were simple, unassuming sprats again?"

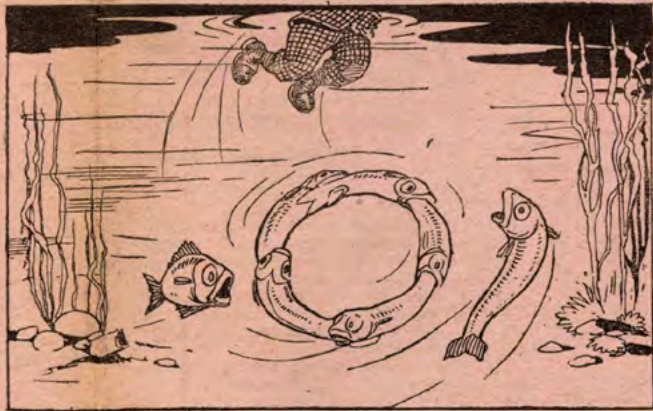
Illustrated Chips, 16 March 1907



# ADVENTURES OF SAMMY SARDINE AND THE TIDDLER TWINS.



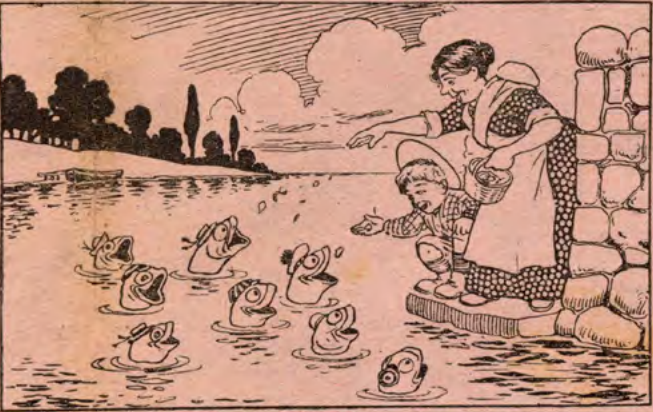
1. Sammy Sardine and the tiny tiddlers had just popped up t'other day to see what the weather was like when a startling sight ketched their eyelids. A small boy had fallen into the wetness.



2. There was not a moment to be lost; something must be done at once. And what did the finnyosities do? Why, they put their heads—and tails—together, as per above—



3. And made a nobby lifebuoy, by means of which they kept that drowning youthlet out of danger till help arrived.



4. Yes, quite right, they ought to have medals for such a brainy and heroic bit of work. But never mind, they got a lovely feed of early worms and things for their trouble, and are quite satisfied, thank you.

Illustrated Chips, 2 March 1907

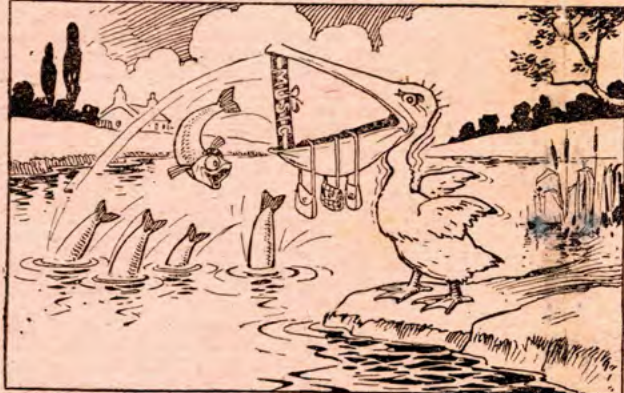
# ADVENTURES OF SAMMY SARDINE AND THE TIDDLER TWINS.



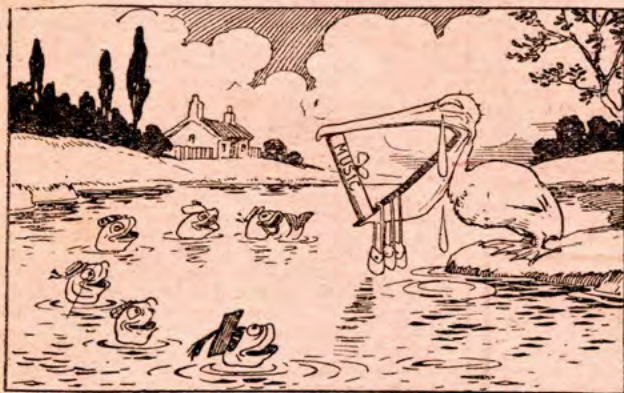
1. Sammy Sardine's happy little family nearly had their bright young lives nipped in the bud again this week, readers. They were coming home from school the other afternoon—



2. When a nasty, horrid pelican bird took a violent fancy to them for tea; and there is no doubt we should have seen the last of the tiny tiddlers, only by a bit of luck—



3. The music portfolio which one of the little finnyosities was carrying proved just too big a mouthful for the pelican, and while the bad birdie got black in the gills with open-mouthed surprise—



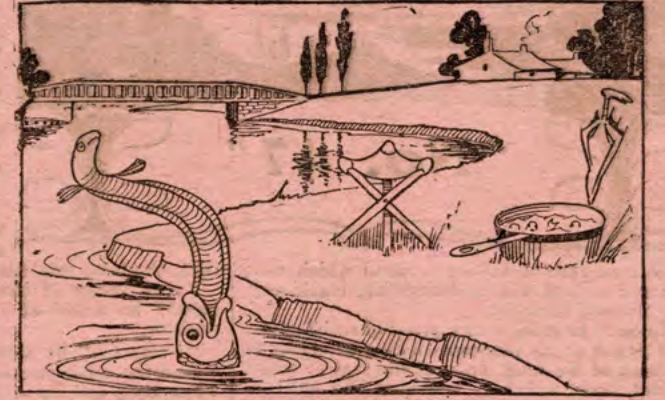
4. The tiny tiddlers wriggled safely out of the jaws of death back into their native element. "Ha, ha!" they chortled. "Another time perhaps you won't be so fast putting your nose in where it isn't wanted."

Illustrated Chips, 23 March 1907

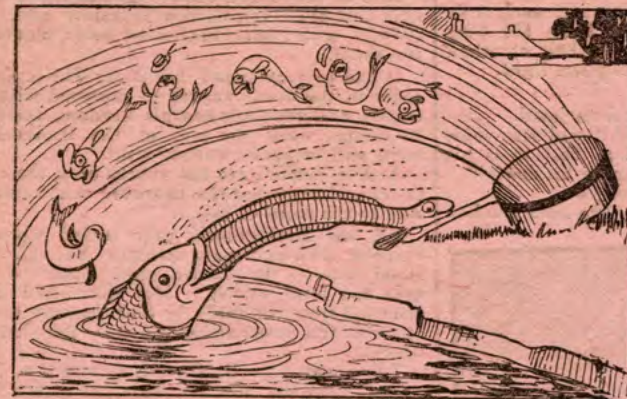
# ADVENTURES OF SAMMY SARDINE AND THE TIDDLER TWINS.



1. "Ha, ha!" chortled old Nevercatch. "I've proved a little too clever for my finny friends at last. That's the sixth of 'em I've landed, so I think I've earned a glass of milk at the Jolly Fisherman."



2. Now, while old Nevercatch was busy refreshing, Sammy Sardine was busier still concocting a sly little schemelet with his friend the eel for helping the tiny tiddlers out of the frying-pan into the fire—we mean, river.



3. And—whooster! splash!—this is how they managed it. "This will upset old Nevercatch's temper, as well as his calculations," smiled Sammy.



4. And it did—well, somewhat! When the old man came back he could hardly believe his spectacles. And the things he said! Well, there!

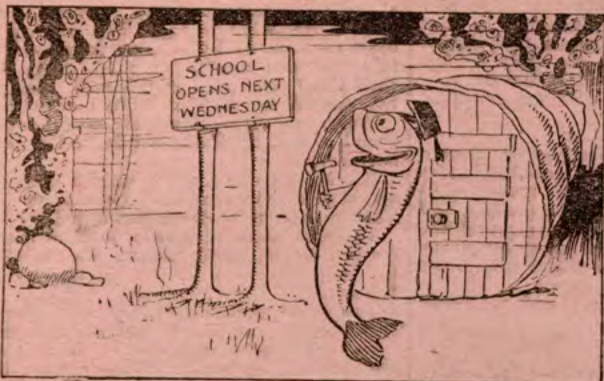
Illustrated Chips, 9 March 1907



# ADVENTURES OF SAMMY SARDINE AND THE TIDDLER TWINS.



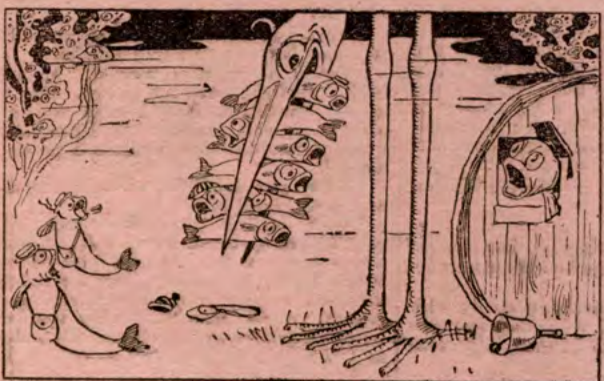
1. "Bless my mortar-board," gasped Schoolmaster Sammy Sardine, "those two trees must have sprung up in the night! Astonishing!"



2. "How very fortunate! They come in nice and handy for nailing my school notice on. They really must have grown especially for the purpose."



3. Ting-a-ling—ting-a-ling! "Now then, you sloweaches, hurry up! After a week's holiday you ought to feel full of energy."



4. "I quite agree with you," smiled Sammy Stork, as he poked his nose into the business. "I've been waiting here for them till I've fairly got the cramp, so I have. Come along, you young rascals; come to breakfast."

Illustrated Chips, 30 March 1907

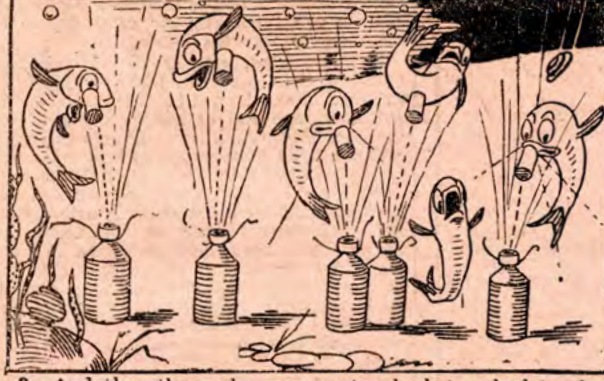
# ADVENTURES OF SAMMY SARDINE AND THE TINY TIDDLERS.



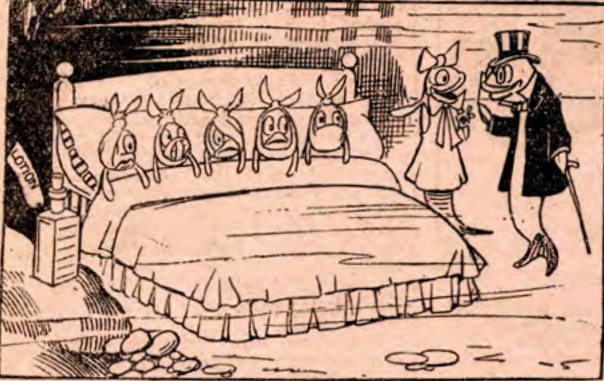
1. "How awfully kind of old Nevercatch to anchor his boat with these bottles of ginger-beer," twittered the tiny tiddlers. "He must know it's our favourite drink."



2. "Ha, ha, this is something like a beanfeast! We don't get this treat every day in the week. Good old Nevercatch!"



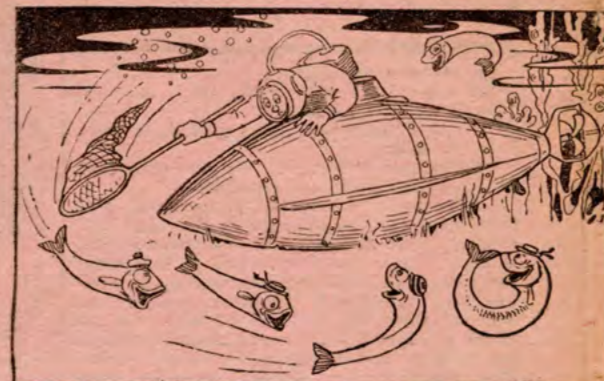
3. And then the corks came out—plunkety plonk! And Sammy Sardine's family weren't quite so sure they were enjoying themselves after all.



4. But they're getting along nicely in hospital, thank you. The latest bulletin is that they'll be quite well enough to appear in public as usual next week.

Illustrated Chips, 27 April 1907

# ADVENTURES OF SAMMY SARDINE AND THE TIDDLER TWINS.



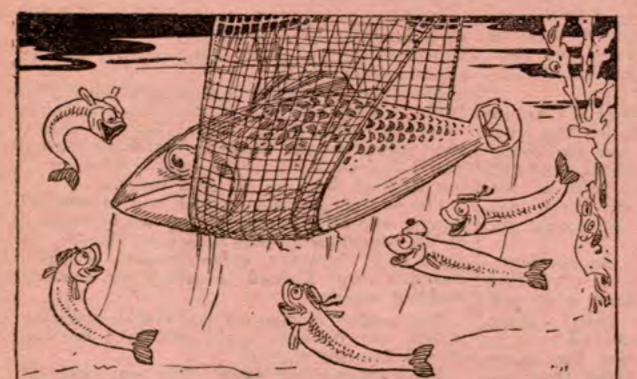
1. Well, this is a nice thing to be sure! Our Sardine series invaded by a submarine. It looks very much as if Silas the Submariner is bent on netting a nice little breakfast for himself. But not if our finnyosities know it—not this morning, thank you!



3. You perceive, of course, what the artful tiddlers have done. They have transformed Silas's submarine into an overgrown mackerel, which, as you know, is the little swordfish's deadly enemy. That is why they're so busy digging the submarine in the weskit.



2. What is happening now? Aha! 'Tis nighttime, and while Silas the Submariner slumbers Sammy Sardine and family are busy preparing a pretty little plot—in fact, they're putting the finishing touches to it.



4. And then, to add insult to injury, Silas and his submarine get caught by a fisherman. "Tee-hee!" twittered our finny family. "This is the net result of putting your nose in where it isn't wanted. Ta-ta! You'll look lovely boiled and served up with melted margarine."

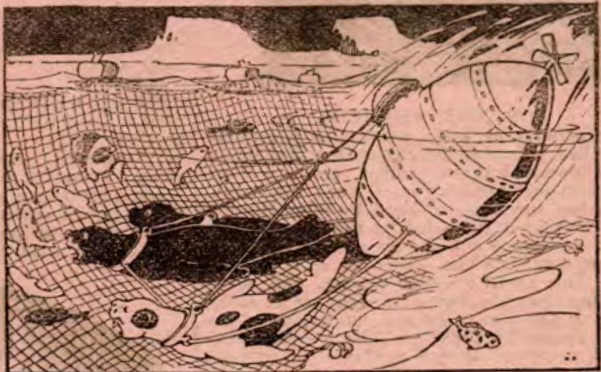
Illustrated Chips, 6 April 1907



SILAS THE SUBMARINER.



1. Silas the Submariner thought he would save petrol and employ local talent, so he got a team of seals to tow him through this week's set of pictures.



2. But it so mishapped that those seals got a sight of some fish, and were after them like knives, so that Silas had to dive before he was ready, and as, unluckily, there was a fishing-net waiting for those kippers, things got a bit tangled up.

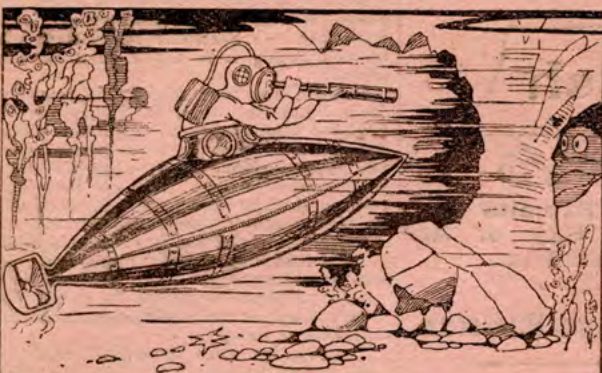


3. And what tangled 'em up worse was the fact that the Eskimo fishermen thought our old pal was a whale, and treated him accordingly.



4. Can you wonder that Silas lost his temper, and made remarks so heated that several icebergs got thawed severely?

SILAS THE SUBMARINER.



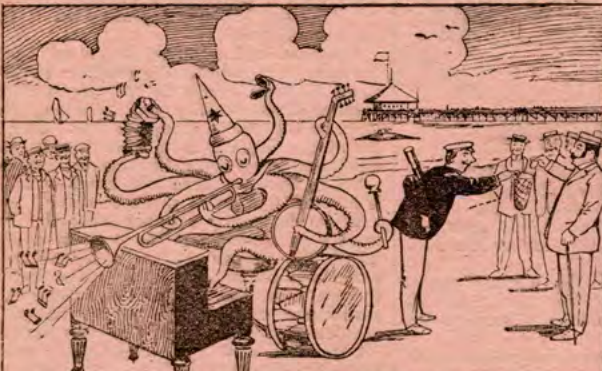
1. Goo-gracious! We do believe Silas the Submariner is steering straight into the octopus's den. What ever can he be thinking about? Can he mean to capture the reptile?



2. He can! And looking at the way the artful dodger is managing it, he has given the octopus every encouragement to take a firm grip of him and in making sure that he doesn't lose it again.



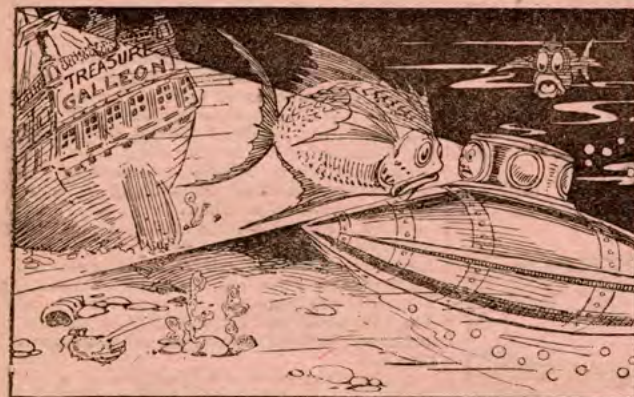
3. After which, of course, all is plain sailing. "Hooray!" cheered the tiddlers. "Mr. Octopus has got himself in a tight fix this time, and no mistake."



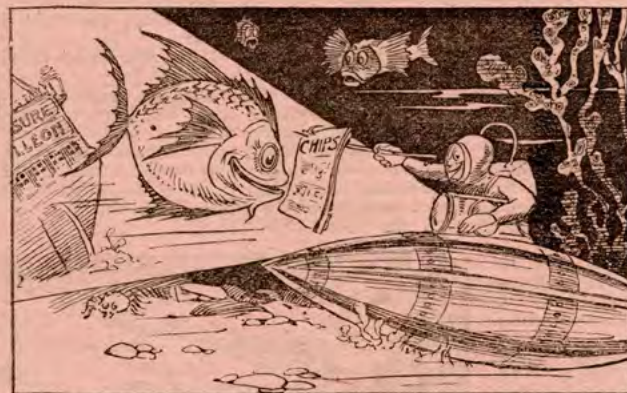
4. Yes, Oliver Octopus as an orchestra is quite the hit of the season at Mile-end-on-Mud, and Silas the Submariner is accumulating wealth rapidly.



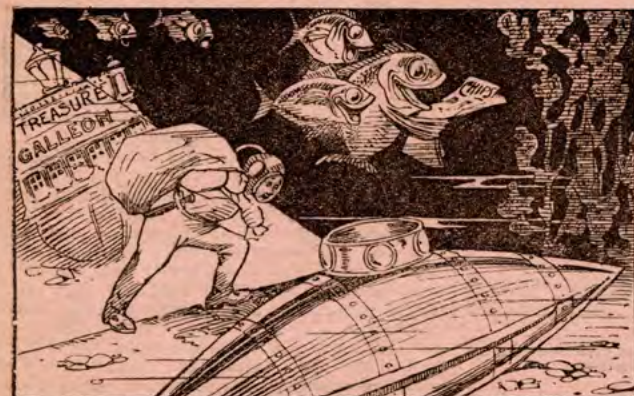
# SILAS THE SUBMARINER.



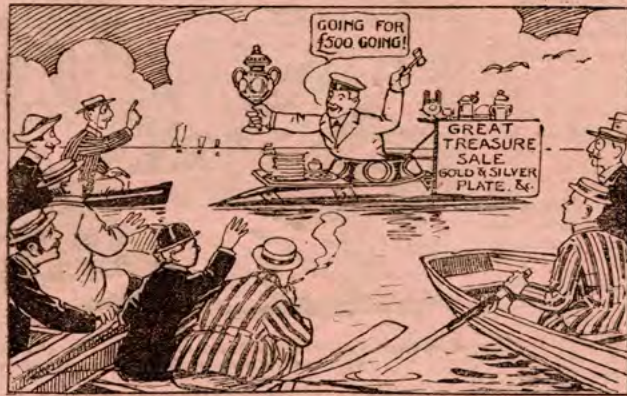
1. "What d'ye mean by disturbing us in our beauty sleep like this?" gurgled the aggrannoyed kipper as it stared Silas the Submariner straight in the eyes. "Ain't there room enough on top of the water for you, eh?"



2. "Yes; but I was passing this way, and let you have a peep at this week's CHIPS. Willie and Tim are in extra special form, as you will observe," smiled Silas.



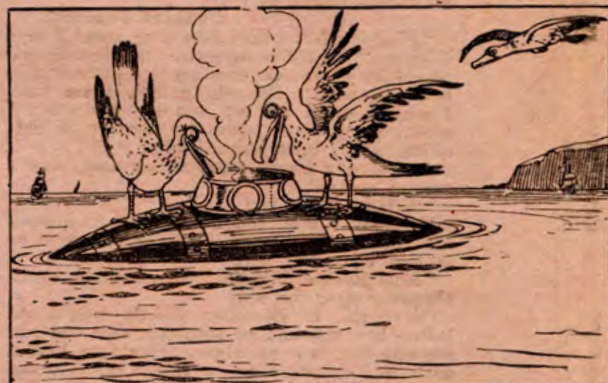
3. And while those finnyosities were busy stretching their faces with mirth, Silas was busier still taking a cargo of Spanish treasure on board. "This is where me favourite ha'porth proves itself worth a doubloon a joke to me," he chortled.



4. And it was too! But for all the wealth he gathered in, he'll be making his appearance as usual next week.

Illustrated Chips, 18 May 1907

# SILAS THE SUBMARINER.



1. "That smells savoury; wonder what it is?" twittered the albatrosities, as the fragrant niff wafted up their beaks. The smell was Silas Submariner getting his rasher of pig's meat and his hen fruit (short for bacon and eggs), and when he popped up—



3. But those birds paid little heed to what he said, but took him aloft and dropped him, napper first, into a barrel of nice, underdone treacle—splash! "Now you can have a free feed of treacle," warbled the birds.



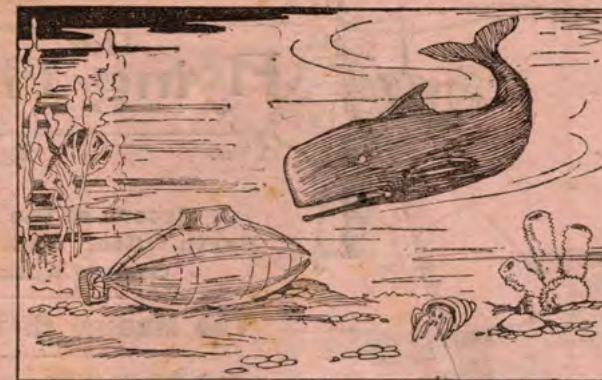
2. To see what the noise was all about those albatrosities collared him by the scruff of his fancy waistcoat and hauled him out of the emergency exit of his submarine. "Oo-er! Don't send in your bills just yet," he cried. "Break away; I don't like it!"



4. And when he crawled out he looked more like a crystallised crab than a respectable ratepayer. And didn't the birds laugh! Rather! Laughed their beaks away, so they did! Silas Submariner was in the soup properly.

Illustrated Chips, 25 May 1907

# SILAS THE SUBMARINER.



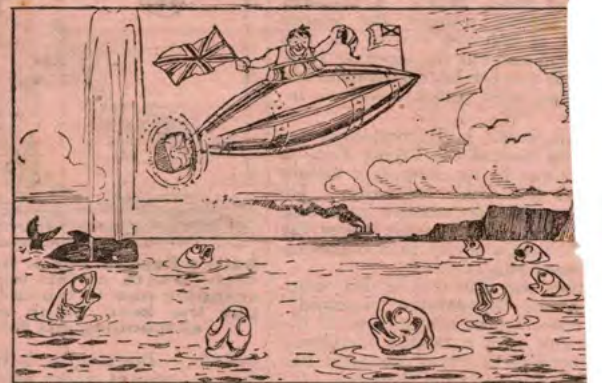
1. When Willie Whale was out the other morning he found Silas's submarine. "What a peculiar contraption!" he sniffed. "Is it a bomb or a walnut? Anyhow it looks indigestible enough."



2. "Why, perhaps it's a hard-boiled egg? I'll see if I hatch it." But, although he wrapped himself round it about three weeks, there were no further developments.



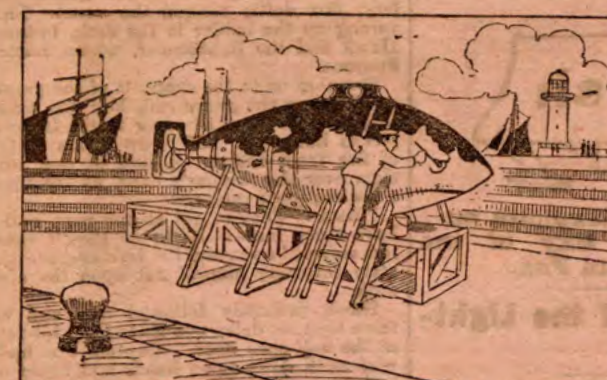
3. So Willie got angry, and shot the whole caboodle into air, much to the amusement of the comic-paper fish on prompt side.



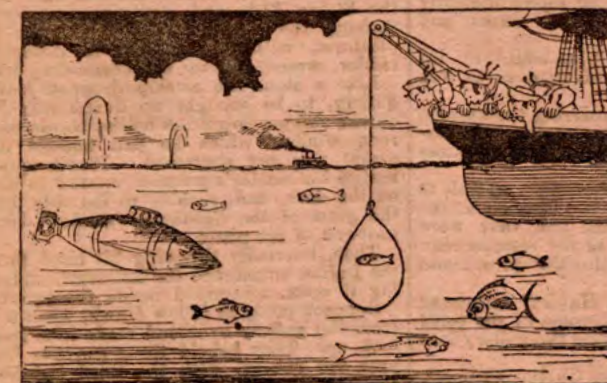
4. As soon as Silas struck mid-air he set the engines go and his trusty ship became an airship, as per oilco. "Now the 'Daily Mail' £10,000 prize!" he chortled. "I'm off Carmelite House at once."

Illustrated Chips, 1 June 1907 (damaged)

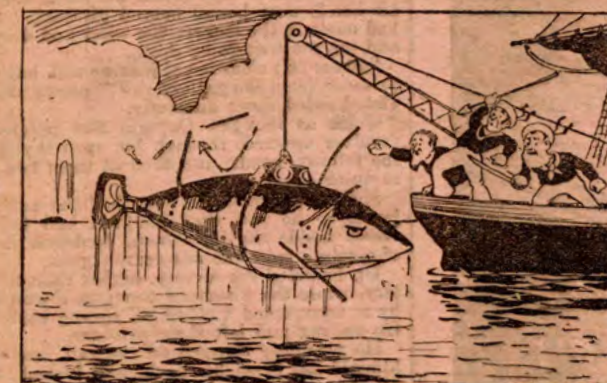
# SILAS THE SUBMARINER.



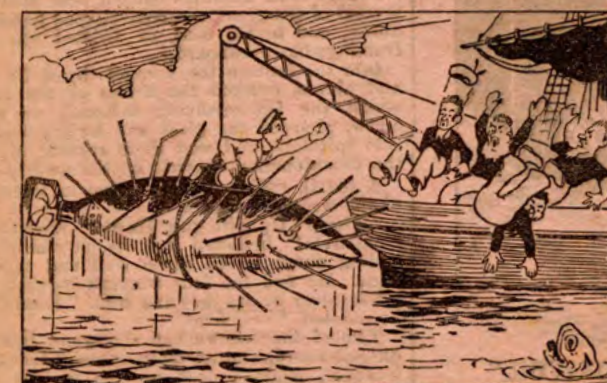
1. "This is a good idea of mine!" laughed Silas the Submariner as he painted his submarine so that it was like a fish in appearance. "I bet I'll have some fun at the bottom of the sea now."



2. But, unfortunately, his submarine got in the way of some sailors who were out whale-fishing, with the result that the submarine got caught in the rope—



3. And was instantly pulled up by the crane. Then the sailor chaps started throwing harpoons at the whale, when Silas the Submariner—



4. Popped his head out, and asked them to mind their own interference; and the sailor boys got watery shocks in their top-knots.

Illustrated Chips, 15 June 1907



# SILAS THE SUBMARINER GETS INTO HOT WATER.



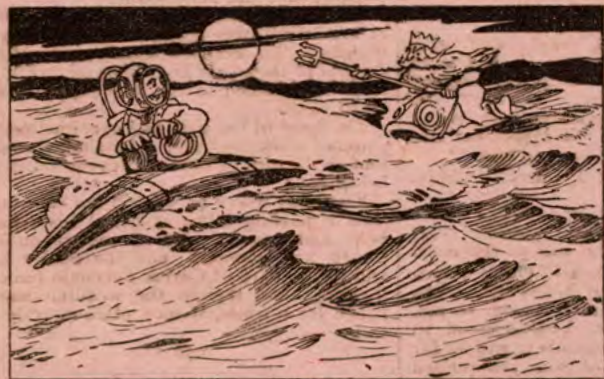
1. "Ah, there you are, girls!" smiled Silas the submariner to the merry mermaids. "I was passing this way, so I thought I'd drop in to tea."



2. "Eh, what—what's this?" gurgled old Father Neptune. "A miserable mortal cutting me out with the girls!"



3. "I'll be on his track!" "Great Nelson!" gasped Silas. "Boo-hoo!" sobbed the mermaids. "Gr-r-h!" growled old Neptune. "Wait till I catch you, young fellow-me-lad!"



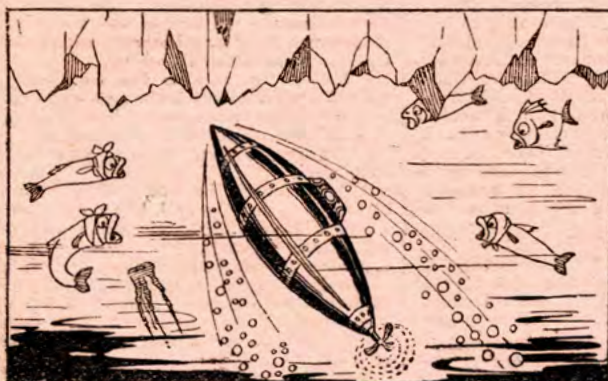
4. "Thanks, awfully, but I'd rather not wait this week," smiled Silas, as he skipped aboard his submarine, and full-speeded out of the picture. "So-long, old sport!"

Illustrated Chips, 13 April 1907

# SILAS THE SUBMARINER.



1. Silas the Submariner is just off to the North Pole by an entirely new route, and we are sure, dear reader, you will join us in wishing him bon voyage in our very best French.



2. Silas, you will observe, is now well under weigh. He is also under an iceberg, and it is so cold that the tiddlers, poor insects, have the toothache. We shouldn't be a bit surprised if he reaches the Pole in the next picture.



3. There! What did we say? Hooray! The Pole is found at last! Well done, Silas! You deserve a meat tea and a medal.



4. "Having come by water, I think I'll go home by road. That's the best of these comic-paper submarines. You can so easily turn 'em into motor-cars."

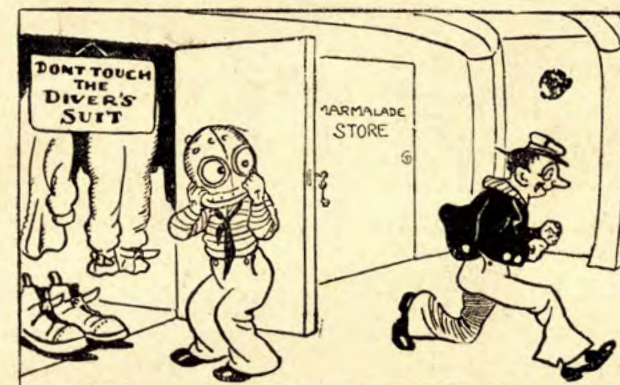
Illustrated Chips, 20 April 1907

# THE LITTLE STOWAWAY

It Made Them Tingle.



1. Captain Binnacle's awful cruel! Whenever he catches one of the pore little stowaways at his marmalade he creeps up and he boxes his ears very hard.



2. And the little stowaways don't like it—it hurts! So the other evening one of them borrowed the diver's helmet, while the other one fetched Captain Binnacle.



3. And the captain came, and crept up and boxed the marmalade borrower's ears extra hard.



4. And now the captain can't use his hands, and the steward has to feed him!

# The Little Stowaways Break All Coaling Records.



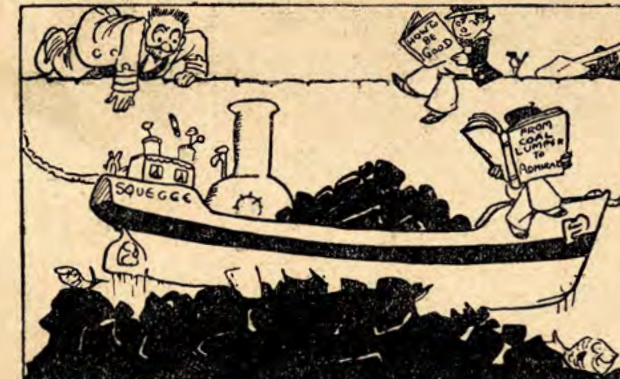
1. When the two little stowaways were getting in a cargo of coals aboard the s.s. Squegee, Captain Binnacle didn't think they worked fast enough.



2. So they began to throw the coals aboard a bit more lavish. Oh, my word, some of the lumps were very big and heavy!



3. When Captain Binnacle came back he was surprised to see what a lot of coals the stowaways had got aboard, because the Squegee wasn't built to hold more than about a hundred tons.



4. But he was more surprised when the tide went down and he discovered that they'd knocked a hole in the bottom of the Squegee, and had been filling up the river with coals.

Puck, 26 October 1907

Puck, 28 December 1907



### The Little Stowaways.

1. Tick Tack has been caught again at Captain Binnacle's pet sardines. The captain was most uncommon waxy.

2. But I borrowed the ship's fog-horn, and made arrangements so that everything would go off well.

3. Then the captain came—and flogged Tick Tack werry hard (as he thought), and every time he hit him there was a blood-curdling groan.

4. Then Captain Binnacle felt so sorry that he sent him a pot of marmalade to heal his wounded spirit.

### The Stowaways and the Frost.

1. When the *Sarah Jane Sniffens* was frozen in up in Hudson's Bay the little stowaways saw a pair of skates frozen in the ice, but Captain Binnacle wouldn't let them touch them. He thought they might belong to Mister Hudson.

2. But while brave Captain Binnacle was busy trying to do the figure ninety-nine, and so had his back turned, those two wicked little stowaways immediately grabbed the skates. At first the skates stuck fast, but at last they—

3. Came out with a pop, while the captain went on figure skating; but there were feet attached to those skates, and legs!—Oh, yes!

4. And the owner of the legs was awful waxy to think he couldn't fall through the ice without pirates trying to steal his skates.

## THE NEWLYWEDS

### The Newlyweds: Percy Makes a Bad Mistake.

1. The other shut-eye time Newlywed's hope and Clara's joy was taken with a nasty, horrid pain beneath his pretty pinafore. "Castor oil, quick!" cried Clara.

2. But after Appius Claudius had swallowed it Percy made the horrible discovery that he'd given the poor child hair-oil!

3. "Great gooseberry bushes!" he gasped; "I'd better run for the doctor quick, or he'll grow up to be a barber!"

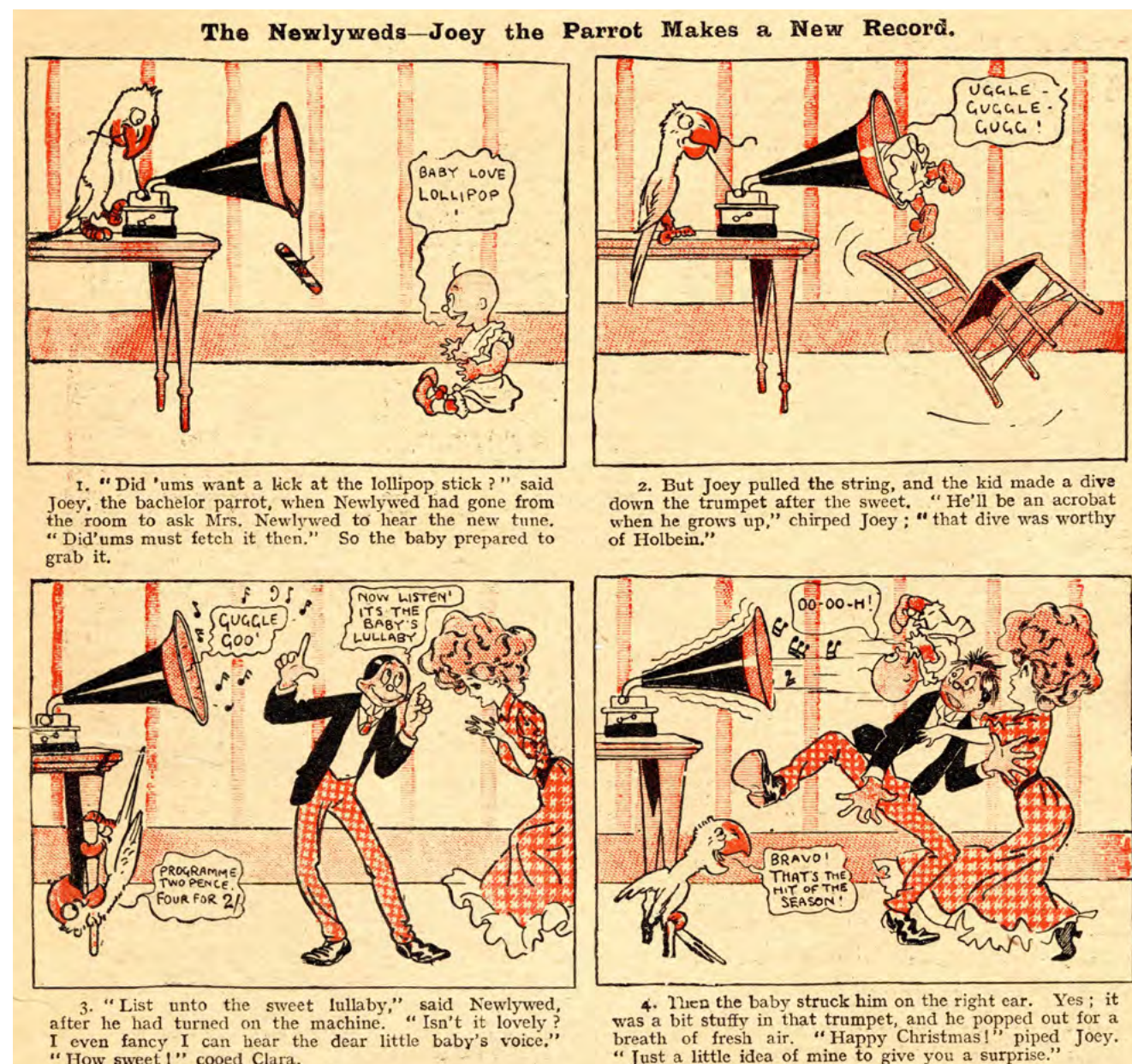
4. "There's no immediate danger," said the medicine man; "but I'll make myself comfy, and stay for a few years in case of trouble." Poor old Percy!

Puck, 21 September 1907

Puck, 21 September 1907

Puck, 25 January 1908





Puck, 26 October 1907



Puck, 28 December 1907

Please note especially the details in the text for image No 4: Should this be the origin to the Monty Pyhton's 'Dead Parrot Sketch' of approximately 60 years later?





1. Newlywed was very ratty because there were so many rats in his little wooden hut, so he invested in a cheap pamphlet entitled "Rough on Rodents." Here you see him absorbing information.



2. Chapter the two. Newlywed pours boiling water down their twopenny tube. "You're hot stuff, Percy, my boy," piped Joey, the bachelor parrot. "We all know you've only got the mental equipment of a prawn, but occasionally you blossom out with an idea."



3. Bang! fired Joey as the rats came rushing out, and put the half Nelson on Newlywed. "Will you have a cigar or nuts?" "I'm hit!" gasped Percy. "Send for the ambulance. I—I'm—"



4. But at that moment he woke up and found it was only a dream. Napoleon, Newlywed's pride and joy, had caught his toe in the rat-trap!



1. Mrs. Newlywed was smitten with the enamel craze, and started enamelling all the things in the house, from the baby's bottle to the mangle. Percy was very annoyed about it. "You've spoilt my trousers," he said. "Fancy putting red stripes on a man's trousers! It's disgusting!"

2. Joey was a bit keen on the craze, and after watching pretty Mrs. Newlywed enamel Percy's pipe, he started working overtime on Napoleon's face. "I'll make you look like a Red Indian chief," piped Joey. "Mind your eye; I'm going to paint your nose now."

3. Of course, Napoleon, Newlywed's little boy, was very pleased with the result, and hastened to show himself to his parents. "How do I look, ma?" he said. "Will you sell me to a circus, and let me do somersaults on an earwig's back?"

4. But that last act was enough for poor Mrs. Newlywed. She threw the horrid things away at once into the dustbin, and Newlywed promised Joey more bird seed and a bag of acid drops.



DR. PATENT'S ACADEMY

Dr. Patent's Automatic Academy.



1. DEAR OLD FELLAH,—The other boys went to the pantomine, but me and Nosie and Marmaduke Major, through not knowing our French lessons, were kept in, but we determined to have a nice pantomime of our own.



2. We were all ready to begin, when in came Mushoo Ombear, and he said: "Vare are you, leetle boys? Come and say your lessongs, or I will knock de stuffen outez vous!" Then he rang the bell.



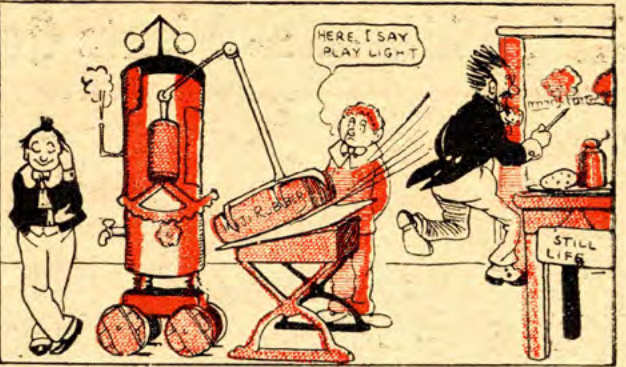
3. And *vous bet votre life* we came from below very sudden. When Mushoo saw us, he unloosed the automatic cane—



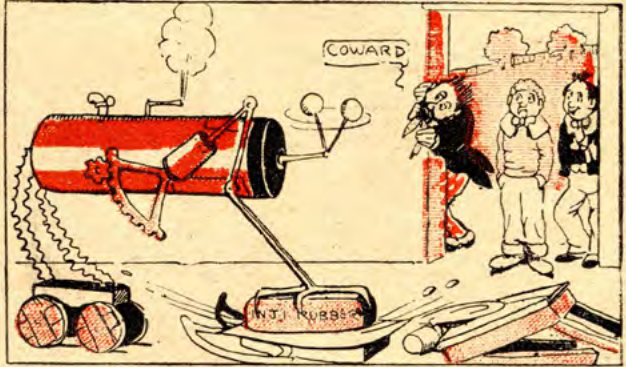
4. But when he disappeared down the trap we'd cut under him, he got frightened and forgave us,—Thine, NAGTAIL.

Puck, 22 December 1906

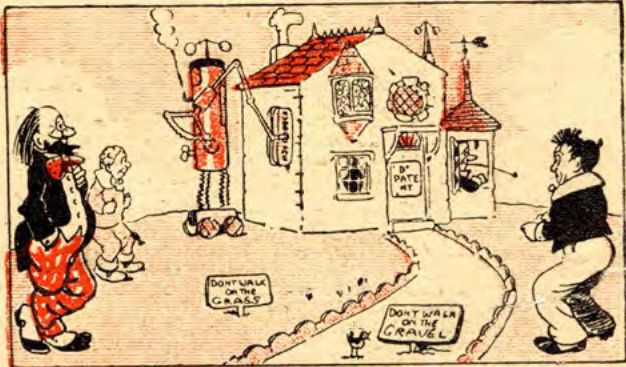
The Automatic Rubber Out.




1. NOBILL EDDITORE,—I've invented something most successful! It's a high-pressure steam ingee rubber. I started it when Marmeyjook Major was having his drawing lesson; it rubbed out Marmey's drawing all right.



2. Then it proceeded to rub out the furniture of the school-room. The drawing master *was* annoyed with it. When it had quite finished it gambolled prettily out into the open air.



3. And strolled over to the doctor's nice new jerry-built private mansion.



4. And proceeded to rub that out. Then I came away. Thine, NAGTAIL.

Puck, 26 October 1907



**Dr. Patent's Academy.**

1. NOBILL EDDYTOR.—Yestermonday the Mayor of Pomptown came to lay the foundation stone of the new swish-room, and I was chosen, for my looks, to present him with a bouquet, but I was shy, so I made a pretty clock-work bouquet—

2. That ran up on the platform by itself, on its lone-some, and when it reached the Mayor's presence it proceeded to squirt about ninepenceworth of scent on to his massive brow. Perhaps it wasn't his worship's favourite scent, but he didn't like it.

3. Then the bouquet took a jump and landed right on his right worshipful's head—

4. And that spoilt the whole play.—Yours, whose best efforts is misunderstood—  
JOHNNIE NAGTAIL.

Puck, 28 December 1907

Puck, 25 January 1908

**The Automatic Weather Barometer.**

1. NOBILL EDDYTOR.—The other afternoon I'd just invented my new patent weather barometer, which, unlike the common or shop barometer, instead of being affected by the climate, itself alters the weather to suit, when in blew the broker's man.

2. And, like a silly Joskins, he started altering the weather. At first he made it *fine and hot*, but it was too sultry for him, so he began removing his outer raiment in a hurry. He was getting sunburnt—

3. So he moved the hand to *change*, and he got it! And he'd left his umbergamp at home in the pink drawing-room—

4. So he thought he'd like a breeze to dry him, and he touched the hurrikane mark, and we never saw him again.—  
THINE,  
NAGTAIL.

## THE MISADVENTURES OF TATCHO THE SEER

**THE MISADVENTURES OF TATCHO THE SEER.**

1. Tatcho thought it would please King Rhadishes III. very much if he made a trap-door in front of the throne, so that Rhad could pull a lever and let debt-collectors and other undesirable visitors down into the lion's den, which was underneath.

2. Rhad was delighted with the invention—so delighted, in fact, that Tatcho thought it a good opportunity to ask for his wages, which had been owing since the flood. But it was most unfortunate that the old worry should have been standing on his own trap, because Rhad—

3. Pulled the lever, and let him down anything but gently. Our word, didn't Tatcho wish he had fed those lions properly instead of eating their food himself! Moral: Don't be greedy.

Illustrated Chips, 5 January 1907

**THE MISADVENTURES OF TATCHO THE SEER.**

1. Tatcho and King Radishes III. had raised the tax on cold tea, and of course a revolution happened at once. So Rad and Tatcho decided to make a bolt for it, and take the Crown jewels with them.

2. But, unfortunately, just as Tatcho was handing the Royal treasure to Rad, he let it slip, and upset the whole bag of tricks, as per spirited snapshot.

3. So Rad and Tatcho spent an unprofitable half-hour calling each other nasty three-cornered names, while the Royal treasure reposed at the bottom of the river. They do have some hard luck, don't they?

Illustrated Chips, 2 February 1907

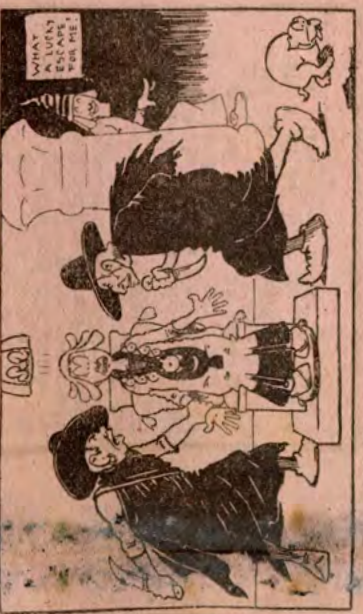




1. Tatcho the Court Seer was cleaning one of Rhad's old crowns one day, when suddenly he rubbed it on its tender spot, with the result that the Genii of the Crown appeared on the scene with magical promptitude.



2. "Anything you wish for is yours," said the genii. So, of course, Tatcho wished that he was King; and before you could say "Ginger" he was on the throne ordering tripe and onions for his lunch.



3. But while Tatcho was congratulating himself some nasty alien conspirators were plotting, with the result that Tatcho got rather a severe shock, as per above, much to the delight of King Rhadishes III., who was watching round the curtain.

Illustrated Chips, 16 February 1907

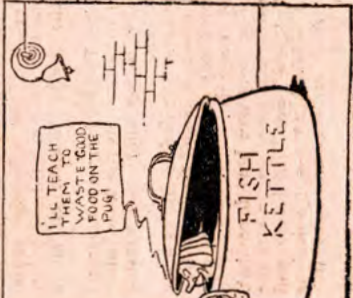
TATCHO THE SEER GETS LEFT IN THE CART AGAIN.



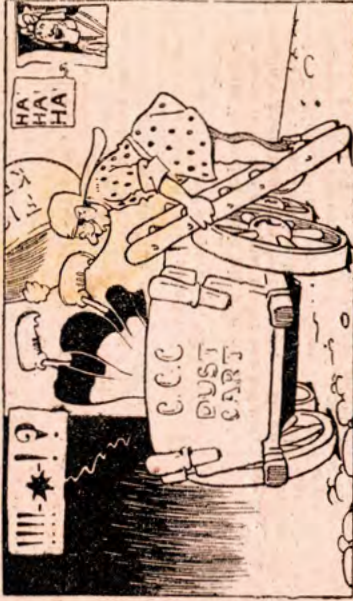
1. King Rhadishes III. was very worried, because he thought that a lot of waste was going on in the Royal kitchen. So, of course, Tatcho offered to find out all about it.



2. So Tatcho hid himself in a fish-kettle and watched, and sure enough he saw the cook giving food to the pug that Tatcho would have liked himself.



3. But, unfortunately, before Tatcho could get out of the fish-kettle and make a report to Rad the dustman came and emptied him into the dust-cart, while Rad roared with laughter at the drawing-room window.



4. But, unfortunately, before Tatcho could get out of the fish-kettle and make a report to Rad the dustman came and emptied him into the dust-cart, while Rad roared with laughter at the drawing-room window.

Illustrated Chips, 23 February 1907

THE MISADVENTURES OF TATCHO THE SEER.

1. King Rhadishes' exchequer was getting low, so he and his Lord Chamberlain Tatcho set to work devising a means of swelling it somewhat. Here you see them manufacturing some ancient Egyptian curios.

2. Of course, when the Cook's tourists arrived upon the scene they took quite a fancy to the little articles, and stumped up bravely.


3. And no sooner did Rhad and Tatcho commence chuckling over their little fake than they discovered that the travellers had returned the compliment by paying them in lucky coin.

Illustrated Chips, 2 March 1907



SAMMY THE SOOTHSAYER

OUR NEW FRIEND, SAMMY THE SOOTHSAYER.



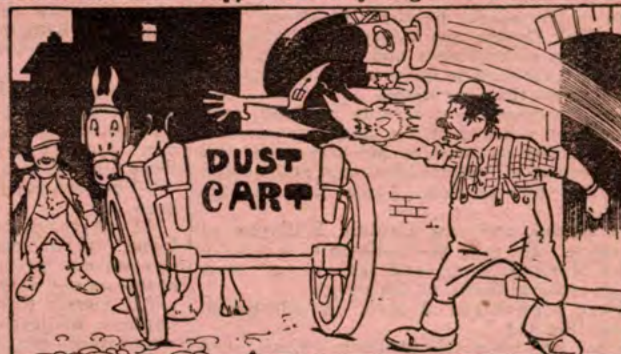
1. With your kind permission, people, we will present to your notice a new friend, Sammy the Soothsayer. Step this way, please. This is Sammy's den, and the old gent behind the book and with the white whiskers is Sammy. You will observe he is very busy to-day.



2. And, being busy, he resents being disturbed by the dust-man, especially as that rubbishy person wants a tip and Sammy had only got a brace-button and a bad farthing on him. To appease his visitor's greed of gold, however, he predicts that the dustmonger would shortly be overwhelmed with wealth.



3. And—would you believe it?—that dust merchant had hardly got outside Sammy's shop when a safe fell on his top-knot. Talk about riches—why, he was fairly weighed down with them!



4. But was that scavenger grateful? Not a scrap! As soon as he came out of hospital he called on old Sammy the Soothsayer, and was positively rude to him. Some people don't know what gratitude is, do they?



# OUR NEW FRIEND, SAMMY THE SOOTHSAYER.



1. Sammy the Soothsayer made a magic purse the other afternoon, and he was going to work wonders with it. It was really a wonderful affair, because if it was opened, and you uttered the command, it would immediately fill with real quidlets.



3. And the money came down in cartloads. But, unfortunately, Sammy had forgotten what he had to say to turn off the supply, and, after having repeated the whole of the "Harmsworth Encyclopædia" in Chinese, French, German, and White-chapel, he had to give it up and bolt—



2. Sammy decided to try his new idea on the first hard-up chap he met. He soon found a fellow who wanted a few thousand pounds to get some food with, and, having repeated "The Dream of Eugene Aram" twenty-four times, the spell worked—



4. Leaving the entire town buried beneath the increasing showers of golden sovereigns. We don't think that beggar chap had ever had so much money on his mind—and his back—before. Poor chap! He'll starve if he isn't rescued soon.

Illustrated Chips, 16 March 1907

# THE WORDS OF SAMMY THE SOOTHSAYER BEAR FRUIT.



1. Yes, Sammy the Soothsayer had got another customer. This time it was Farmer Stubbs, who wanted Sammy to come and make his plum-tree bear fruit.



3. Then those plums came—twelve tons in one minute! Not so bad, everything considered, but it was a pity that Sammy was underneath the tree at the time, because—



2. So Sammy looked the matter up in the spelling-book, and discovered that all he had to do was to dance round the tree three times backwards and twice forwards, chanting a simple though effective spell.



4. He got so mixed up with the fruit that they couldn't separate him from it, so they had to bottle him with the rest of the jam, and hope for the best.

Illustrated Chips, 30 March 1907

# SAMMY THE SOOTHSAYER.



1. Sammy the Soothsayer was in his den waiting for customers when Farmer Slowcome came in and commissioned him to cast a spell over Farmer Giles's farm, so that all the animals would pine away and die.



2. Of course, Sammy jumped at it, as he owed Farmer Giles a grudge himself. So they went to the farm and started blighting the animals according to the rules in Sammy's book of magic.



3. But, as usual, Sammy had got hold of the wrong spell, and instead of pining away, those critters grew like one o'clock—



4. With the result that Sammy and Farmer Slowcome had to run for their lives. Poor old Sammy! But perhaps he'll have better luck next week.

Illustrated Chips, 23 March 1907

# SAMMY THE SOOTHSAYER.



1. Sammy the Soothsayer had been stopping at the Hotel de Luxe, and when the manager presented his bill Sammy refused to pay a penny of it. As a matter of fact, Sammy couldn't, because he had only three farthings and a bent brace-button on him.



2. So that manager rushed upstairs to see if there was anything in Sammy's portmanteau that he could bag (subtle joke here). But Sammy had packed his holdall full of gnomes and goblins, and when the trunk was opened the gnomes began to hop, giving the manager several fits.



3. Then Sammy came on the scene, and, with a few passes of his magic wand, turned the manager into a bird, while the gnomes did a cake-walk and a chuckle.



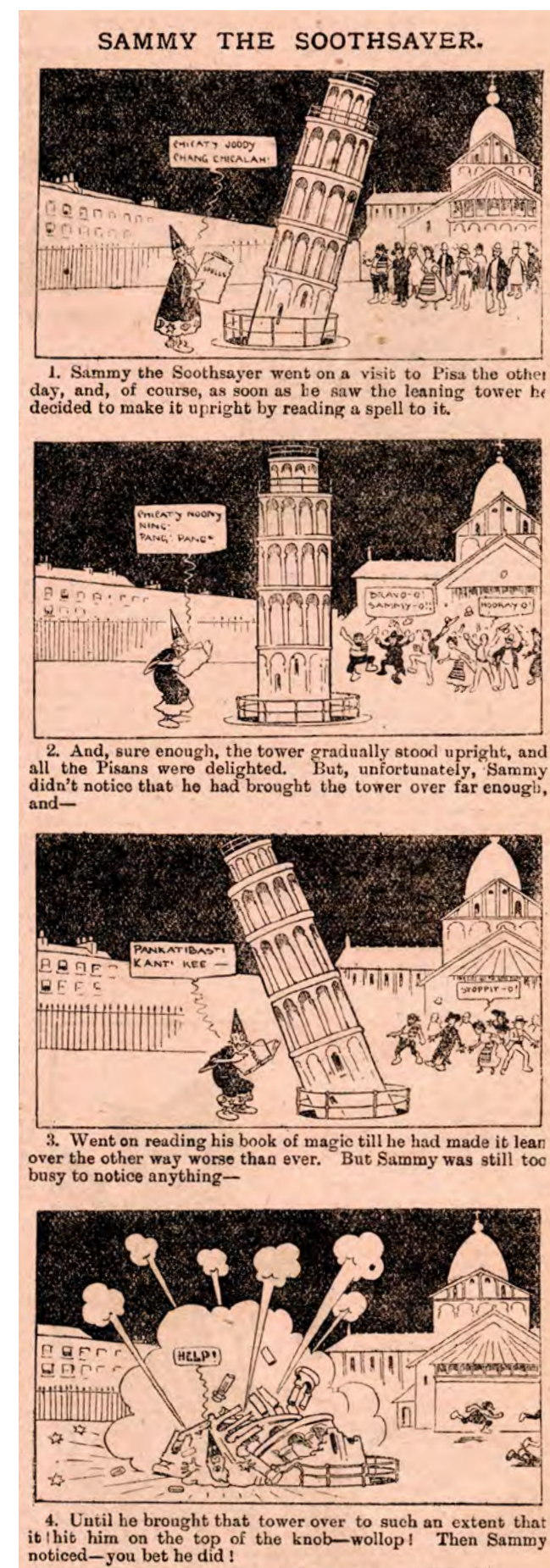
4. But, unfortunately for Sammy, that bird caught hold of him with its bill and flew away with him to Africa. It's a bit rough on Africa, but we expect that they will soon boot him home again. What!

Illustrated Chips, 6 April 1907





Illustrated Chips, 13 April 1907  
(incomplete copy)



Illustrated Chips, 27 April 1907



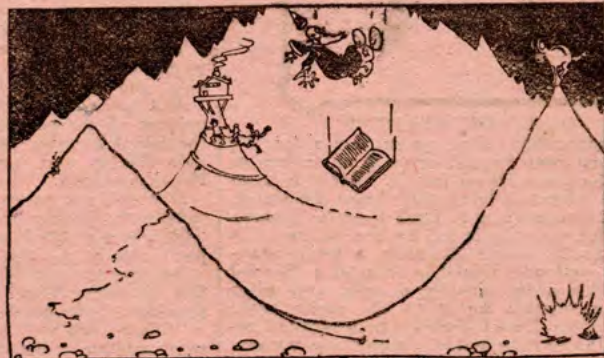
Illustrated Chips, 4 May 1907



## SAMMY THE SOOTHSAYER.



1. Sammy has been on a visit to Switzerland, and whilst standing on a mountain one day he thought he could improve the view by turning one of the mountains into a valley. So he started reading a spell from his book.



2. But unfortunately Sammy forgot to say which mountain he wanted flattened out, and the spell took effect on the one on which he was standing, so the old worry got rather badly left in the air without any visible means of support.



3. With the natural consequence that pretty presently he found his own level again—plonk!—much to the astonishment of the mountain goats. Yes, Sammy has had enough of Switzerland for the present—and, incidentally, Switzerland has had enough of Sammy. You bet it has!

## SAMMY THE SOOTHSAYER HAS A SPELL OF 'BAD LUCK.'



1. Sammy the Soothsayer has been on a visit to the seaside, and when he got there he met some poor fishermen who had been fishing all the week and had only caught a small sprat. The reader is here expected to shed a tear. Onions! Forward, please.



2. Then Sammy offered to cast a spell over the fishes so that the fishermen would get a big catch. So they got their boat out and started fishing as they never fished before—fished like billyo, in fact. What! They don't look like it? Well, how do you know how billyo fishes? Very well, then!



3. Well, as we were saying when you interrupted us, Sammy read spells for all he was worth (about twopence halfpenny), till at last those fishmongers got a bite. No wonder Sammy greased; they'd hooked the Channel Tunnel!

## SAMMY THE SOOTHSAYER.



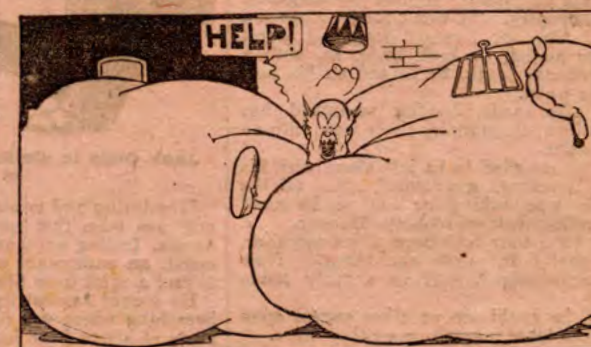
1. Sammy the Soothsayer was sitting in his den, having an argument with some of his gnomes, when an old lady called who was in great trouble because she couldn't make her bread rise properly.



2. So Sammy agreed to come and read a spell over it for the small sum of twopence-halfpenny. Now, you have to be very careful when you are working a spell, because you never know whether it is the right spell or not, especially if you haven't a dictionary handy.



3. Frinstance, Sammy felt positive that he had got hold of the correct spell for making bread rise, but the difficulty was that there were two—one to make it rise slowly and another to make it rise quickly; and, unfortunately, the book didn't say which was which, so he had to chance it—



4. And got hold of the quick spell. And it worked at such a rate of speed that poor old Sammy got severely jammed before he had time to hop out of the way.



MERRY ANDREW

MERRY ANDREW DOES THE SCHOOLBOYS A GOOD TURN.



1. "It's a shame to send them out collecting chilblains like this!" growled Merry Andrew, as he came across four little boys going to school in a blizzard. "But dry your weeps, my bouncing boylets!"



2. You will observe, people, that 'twixt the last sketch and this our mirth merchant has been busy making a path through the snow. "Very thoughtful of you, my friend," said Slapem, the schoolmaster. "I see you have shovelled a straight road to the schoolhouse." "Quite right, sir," replied Andrew, as he pocketed three-halfpence.



3. Why does Andrew expand his face so? Why, can't you see? He has cunningly formed a snow maze, and has got the poor schoolmaster fairly tangled up. It took old Slapem best part of the day to extricate himself.



4. Meanwhile it seemed absurd for those little childlets to be freezing their toes and gazing at the map of England. So Andrew just popped his cheerful countenance round the school doorpost, and proclaimed a day's holiday and sent them sliding away joyously. Good old Andy!

Illustrated Chips, 5 January 1907



1. Our merry friend Andrew had some luck this week, readers. He came across a factory chimney which was being sold for a mere song, so he bought it with a choice rendering.




2. Now, what did Andrew want with a factory chimney? Well, you see, it overlooked a football ground, and our cheerful chum saw an artful way of turning it to good account. With the aid of a few baskets, he made a tip-top grand stand—




3. And did a roaring trade letting the people who couldn't get into the ground have a peep at tuppence per time.

Illustrated Chips, 2 February 1907


MERRY ANDREW PROVES A FRIEND ONCE MORE.



1. Merry Andrew was out doing a little billposting 't'other day when a young fellow came tearing 'up. "Guv'nor," he gasped, "there's a bluebottle after me! Where can I hide meself!"



2. "Well," smiled our mirth merchant, "in a case of an emergency like this it's the quickness of the hand deceives the eye. Just so!"



3. "Well, that's funny!" gurgled P.-c. Lightfoot. "That chap was only ten yards ahead before I turned the corner, and now he's clean out of sight. "He, he!" chuckled Merry Andrew.

Illustrated Chips, 9 March 1907



BILLY SMIFF'S PIRATES

**MERRY ANDREW MARKS TIME.**



1. "'Ere, 'alf a tick," twittered our merry friend Andrew to Dame Trot, who was just in the act of escorting her grandad's clock to the village pawnshop. "Ah, I see, it is a case of a fall in the bank rate. Tut, tut!"



2. In two twoses Andrew had converted the grandpa's tick-tack into a weighing machine, and stationed it in front of the town baths. And talk about a rush of customers and trade! All the folks fairly took that machine by storm after taking the waters.



3. Andrew in the meantime took the pence, and handed the widow woman quite a substantial sum. Yes, Andrew is an artful fellow! All the pennies dropped into the slot, which was our pal's pocket. Oh, yes, Andrew was brainy! And the old girl had six weeks' rent in advance.

Illustrated Chips, 8 June 1907

**MERRY ANDREW MAKES LIGHT WORK OF THINGS.**



1. An old lighthouse was for sale the other day because the owner was also on the rocks, and the lighthouse-keeper consequently got the sack. Naturally, Andrew's heart bled for the old skipper, and he bought it.



2. And it wasn't long before he thought out a novel way of turning his purchase into cold, hard ooftish by using it as an illuminated advert medium.



3. "With the result that he enabled the poor old salt to retire into a fried-fish shop in the sunny purlieus of Bow Road.

Illustrated Chips, 15 June 1907

**Billy Smiff's Pirates.**



1. Billy was missing in the pirates' cave last meeting night, so the gang went round to look for him. "Is yer fat-headed farver asleep?" asked the Red Rover's pirate foreman, Jimmy Green. "Come over the fence," said the Red Rover.



2. The desprit gang got the shakes badly when they found it was Mr. Smiff disguised as the Red Rover.



3. We will draw a veil over this sad and pathetic painting. "Alas! me pore fellers!" said the Red Rover, as he shed tears, "I feel sore for you!"

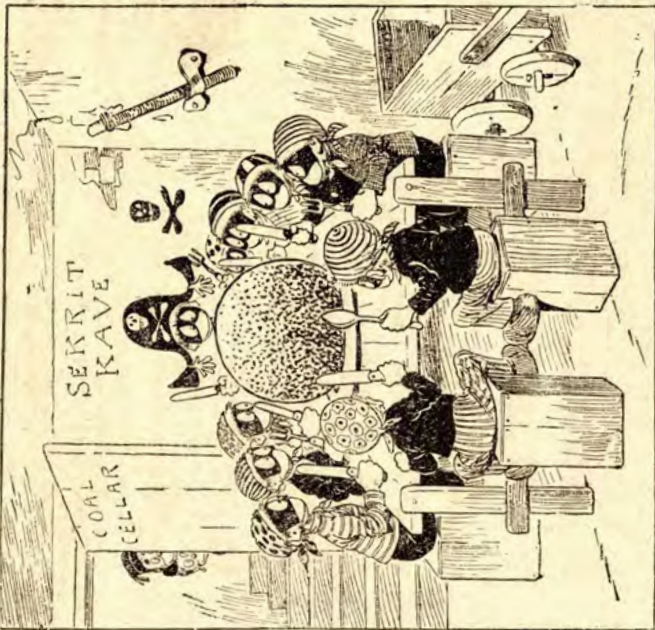
Puck, 22 December 1906



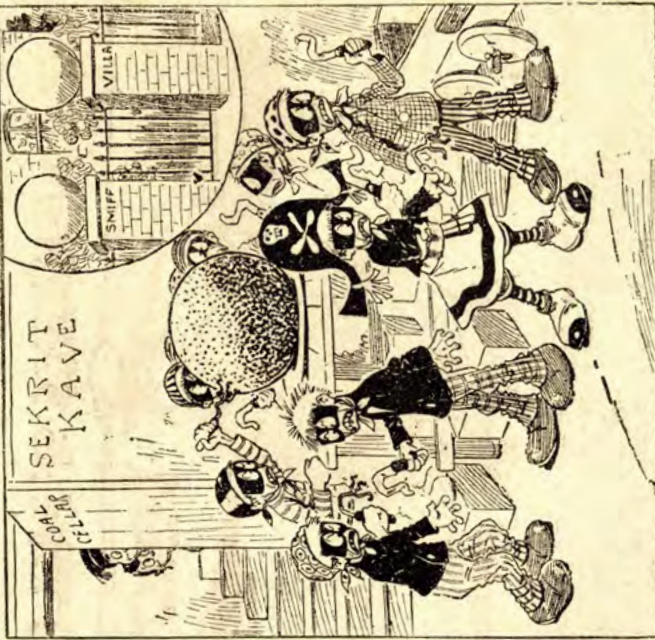
The Smiff Pirates Fall upon Hard Times—Likewise Hard Tack!



1. The Red Rover: "Luck 'ave turned, me gallint fellers! Dat puddin' is just wot we wants fer our carouse to-nite. To the secret kave wiv it, me jolly pirates! Quick, de enemy may be about!"



2. "Wen I say three, noble pirates, fall to with your weapons, and fill yourselves wiv dis beautiful loot! I am bent of enjoyment."

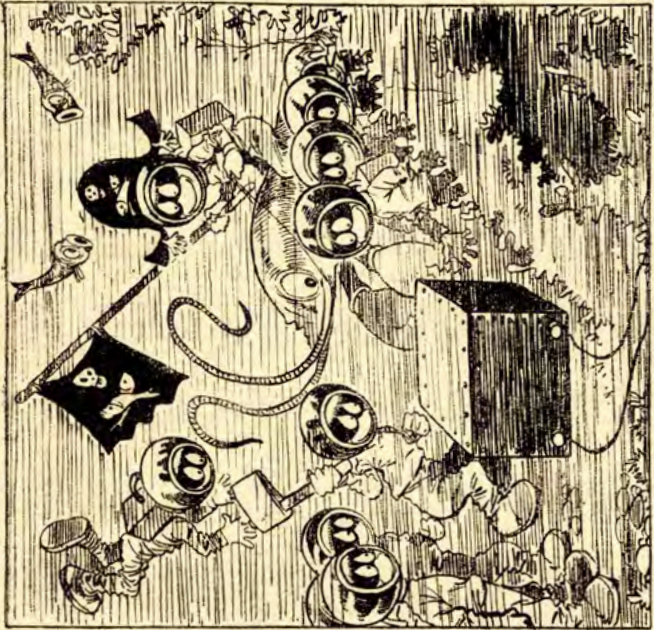


3. But it was only the pirates' weapons that got bent. That pudding was a stone one which used to adorn the front gate of Smiff Villa. Sly old Smiff! ("Ard, 'ard, fate—likewise puddin'!—Smiff.")

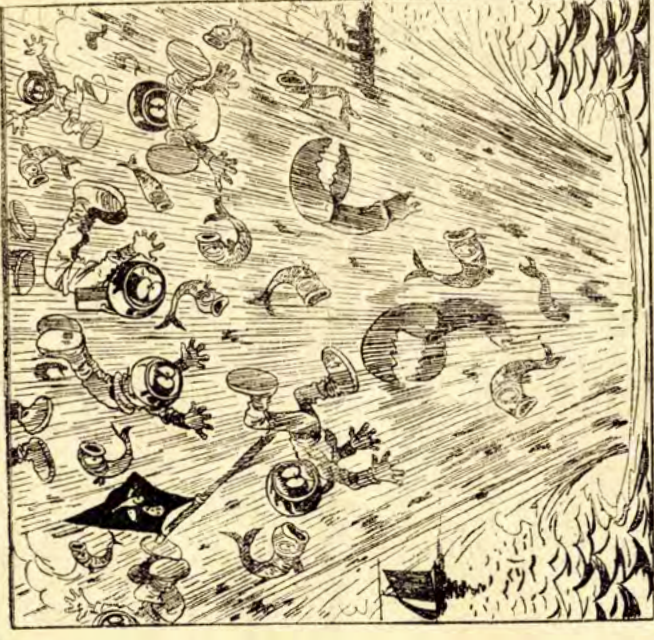
The Smiff Pirates Are Blown Up For Divers Reasons.



1. The Red Rover: "Forward, me gallints! We're bound to come across some treasure direkly; an' if we don't we kin boil me noble steed for supper. On! on! And they oned."



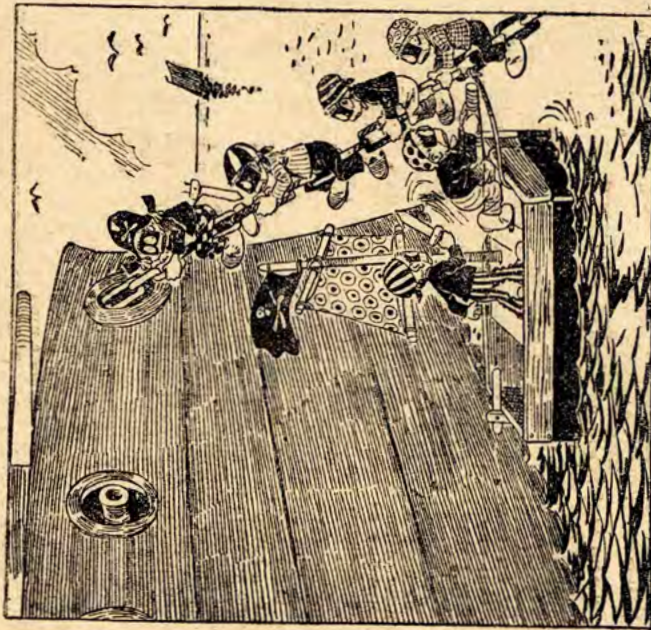
2. "At larst, me noble fellers, we've found a prize. Off wiv the top! No doubt dere is a mine of treasure inside which will give us a grand rise in the world!"



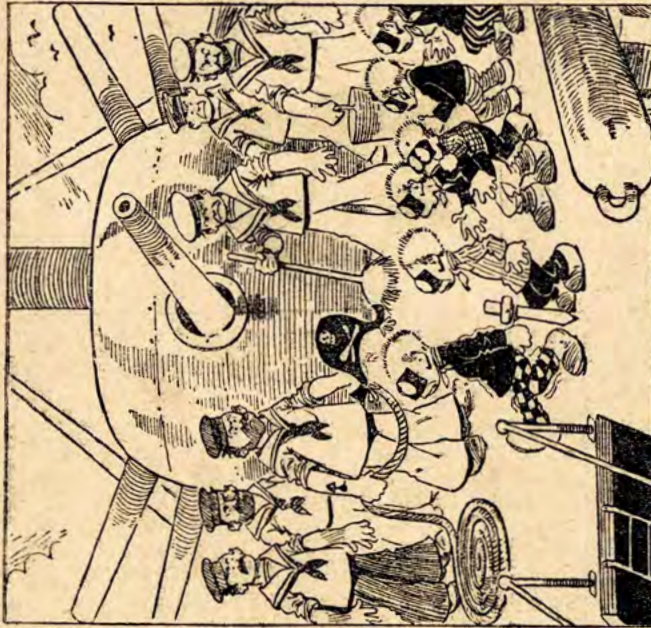
3. It was a mine (dynamite sort), and they got a grand rise. What! (Wish I had a parachute for comin' down—Smiff.)



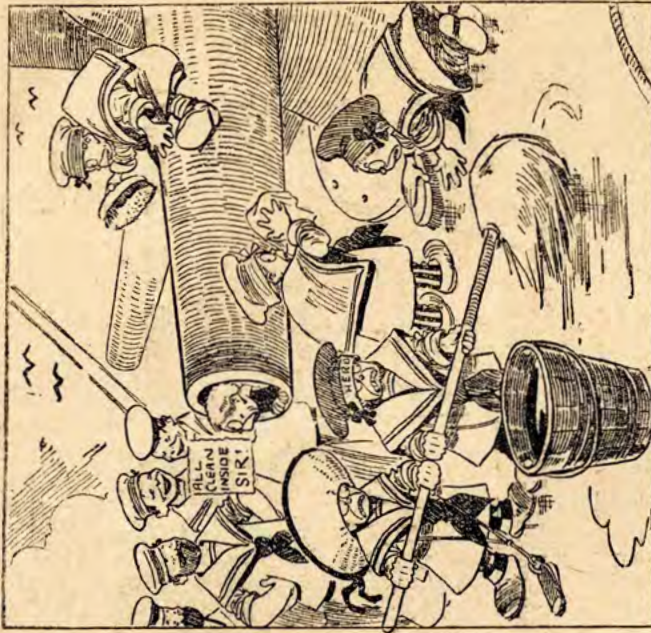
**The Smiff Pirates Do a Little Work for a Change.**



1. The Red Rover: "We'll take this 'ere ship by storm, me gallint fellers, an' make de crew walk de plank, den away fer de Spanish Mane an' deeds ov 'orrer!"

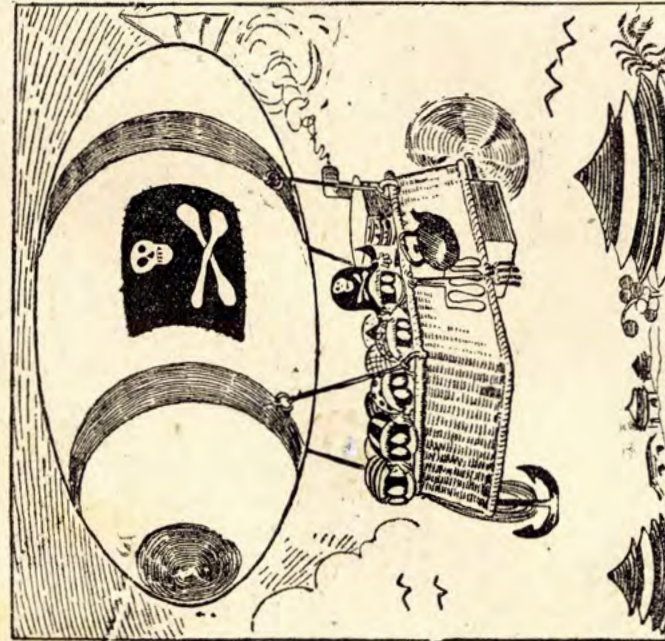


2. When Billy and his men got on board they found they had made a great mistake. It was a man-of-war. "W-w-w-wanna be sailors, please sir!" said Billy in a fright.

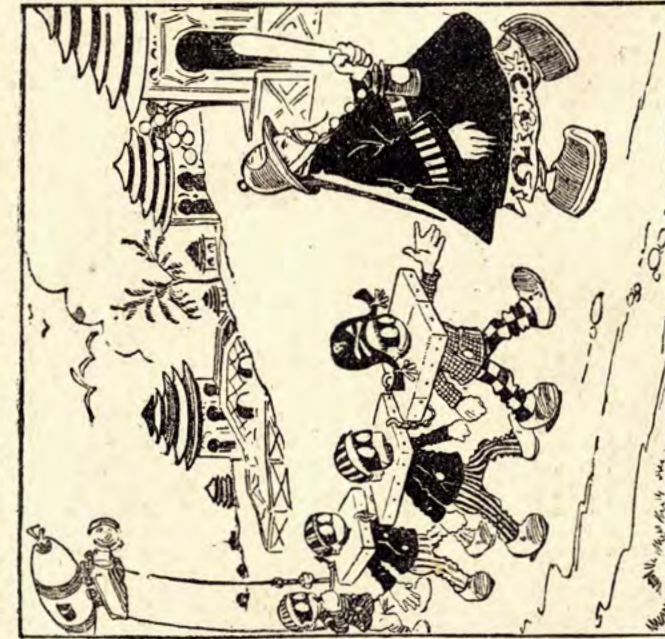


3. And those nasty, unkind sailormen made them be sailors, and clean the deck and polish guns for ten hours before they let the gallint pirates go.

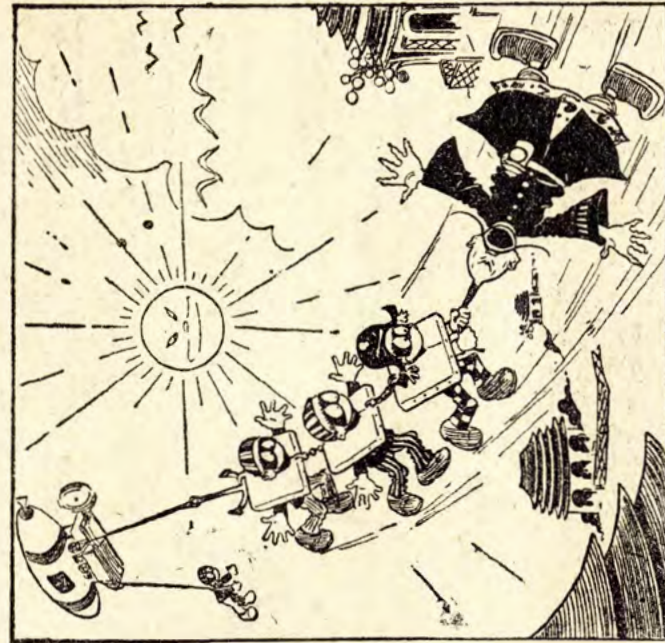
**Billy Smiff's Airship Pirates in China.**



1. The Red Rover: "It's China, where the crackers come from! We'll back-pedal here while me an' two ov me most trusty men go down an' see wot we kin find."



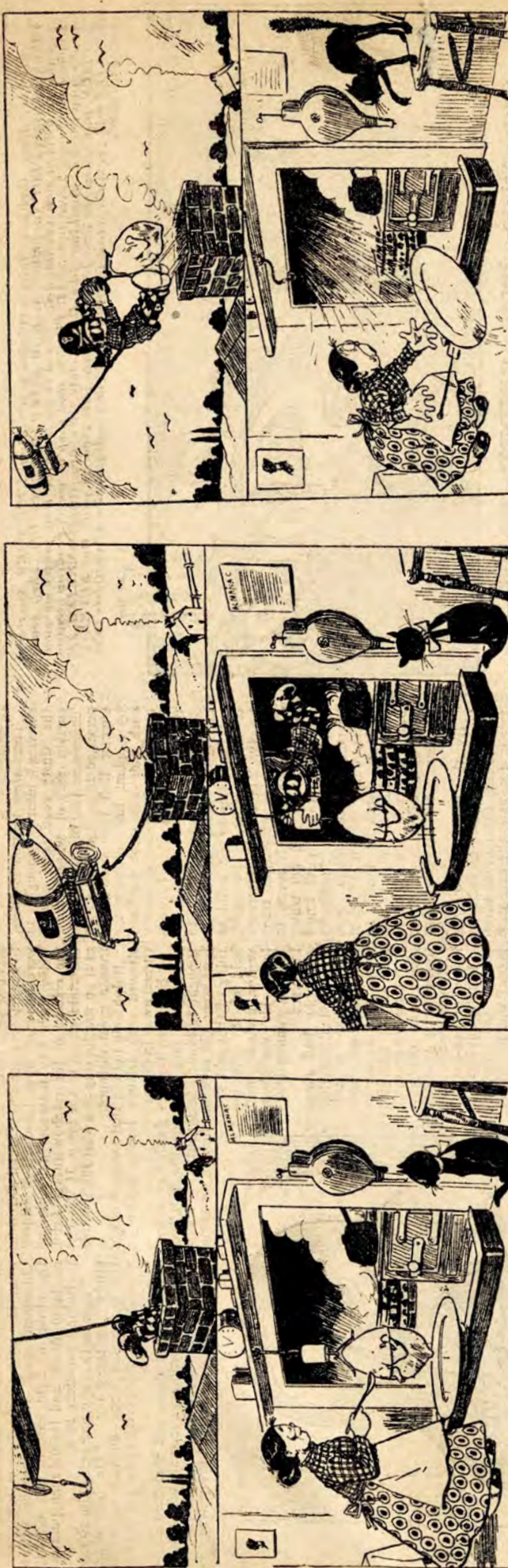
2. But the Chinese law was on the alert, and soon had the bold bad 'uns handcuffed, or rather, neckcuffed.



3. But the pirate gang were not to be caught like that, so they let down Jimmy Green, who hooked the anchor on, and then they full-speeded aloft. Fee Cee Wun Lung got a great surprise!



The Smiff Pirates are Very Fond of Roast Goose. Rather!

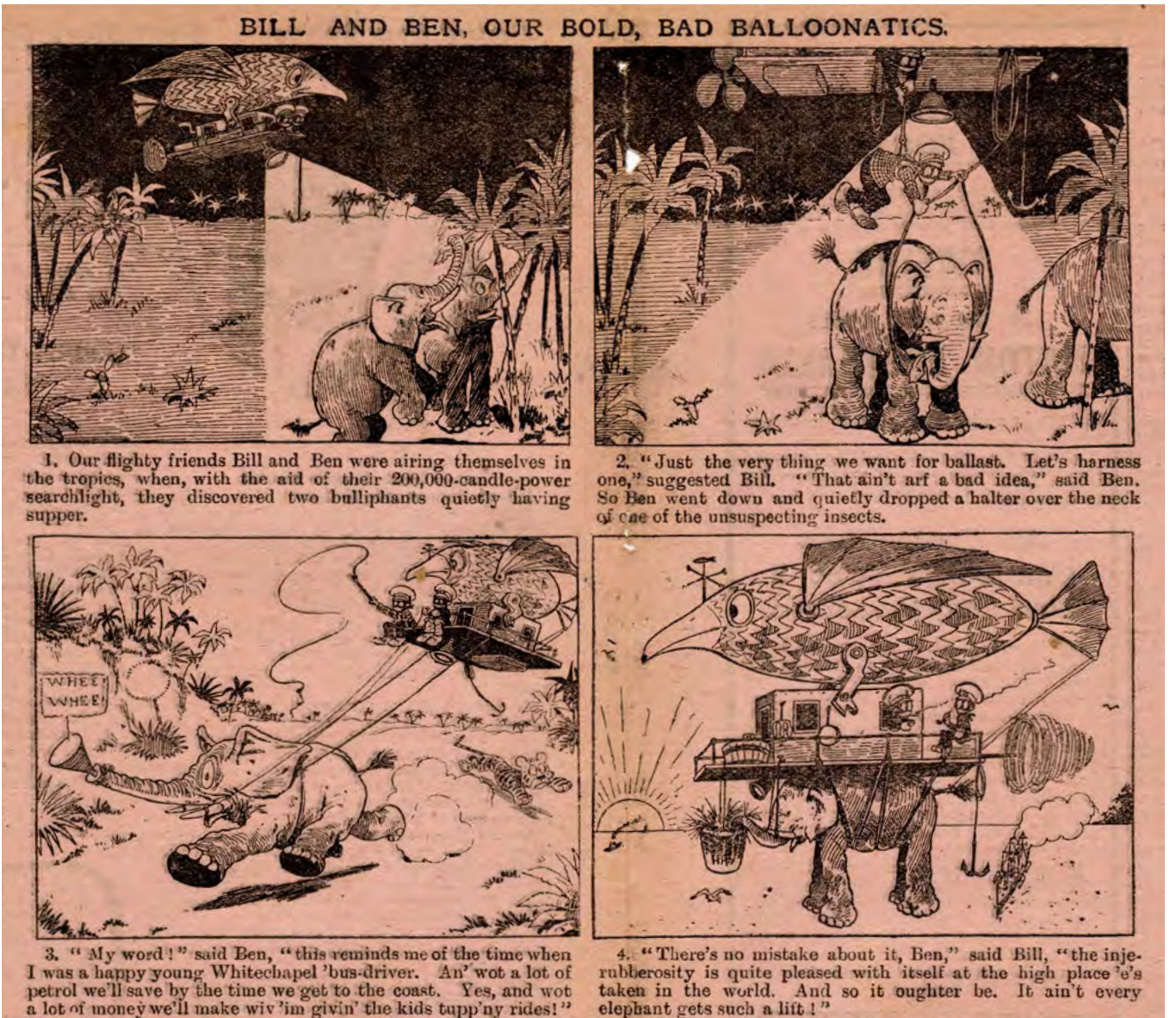


1. The Red Rover: "Luvly smell. I'll just drop in to din-din." Mrs. Farmer: "It be a rare foine burd, an' done to a turn."

2. "I'll dish it up." "So will I," muttered the pirate chief.

3. And away went Billy, full speed ahead, up the flue with the bird, leaving Mrs. Farmer to have several styles of fit on the hearthrug. ("Agin we triumphs."—SMIFF.)

BILL AND BEN, OUR BOLD, BAD BALLOONATICS / BALLOONISTS



1. Our flighty friends Bill and Ben were airing themselves in the tropics, when, with the aid of their 200,000-candle-power searchlight, they discovered two bullphants quietly having supper.

2. "Just the very thing we want for ballast. Let's harness one," suggested Bill. "That ain't art a bad idea," said Ben. So Ben went down and quietly dropped a halter over the neck of one of the unsuspecting insects.

3. "My word!" said Ben, "this reminds me of the time when I was a happy young Whitechapel 'bus-driver. An' wot a lot of petrol we'll save by the time we get to the coast. Yes, and wot a lot of money we'll make wiv 'im givin' the kids tupp'ny rides!"

4. "There's no mistake about it, Ben," said Bill, "the inje-rubberosity is quite pleased with itself at the high place 'e's taken in the world. And so it oughter be. It ain't every elephant gets such a lift!"



# BILL AND BEN, OUR BOLD BALLOONISTS.



1. It was Saturday night, and it happened that our artful aeronauts were enjoying a flit by moonlight. It also chanced that folks were returning from market with their Sunday's dinner. "Bill," said Ben, "there's a nice lot of parcels. Can't we find out what's inside 'em?"



2. "I think we can," said Bill. So the precocious pair got out their speaking-tubes, and soon the yaps and howls of a mad dog with a No. 12 fit awoke the stilly night, and folks began to streak out of the picture without their parcels.



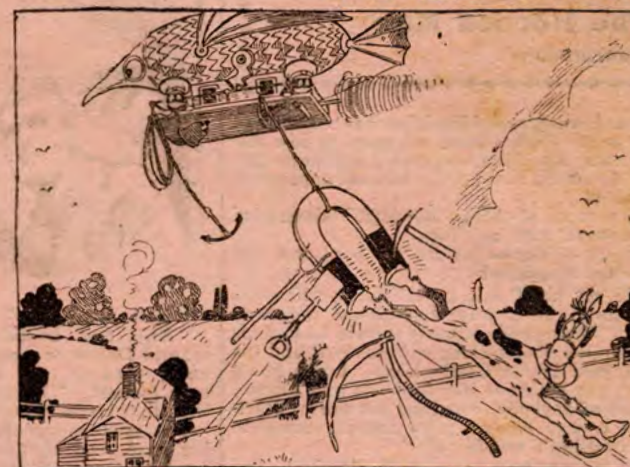
3. Then Bill went down and netted the proceeds, so to speak. But just as he had signalled full speed aloft to Ben a nasty, interfering policeman caught hold of the hold-all, which was awkward for the policeman—



4. Because they were 11,000 feet above the moon before they noticed him. But our fly friends have kind hearts, so they fixed him up to some spare umbrellas out of the loot, and let him go back to his beat.

Illustrated Chips, 2 February 1907

# BILL AND BEN, OUR BOLD BALLOONISTS.



1. Our flighty friends Bill and Ben have been busy lately making a large-sized magnet. "Let's test its powers of attraction," said Bill. "Wonderful!" said Ben, as a lot of farm implements rose to the occasion, and Farmer Turnup's old hoss Dobbin was drawn up by the hind shoes. M'yes, 'strordinary!



2. "Slake that animated piece of cats'-meat off," said Ben, "and let's get back to town." So they did, and made further interesting experiments. "It's proving a great draw," tootled Bill, as a choice collection of household goods flew out of the chimneys. "And the best of it is it don't leave finger-print clues."



3. "Now," said Ben, "I votes we sail round to the bank and draw some money." They did draw quite a nice lot out, and while the cashiers were at tea.

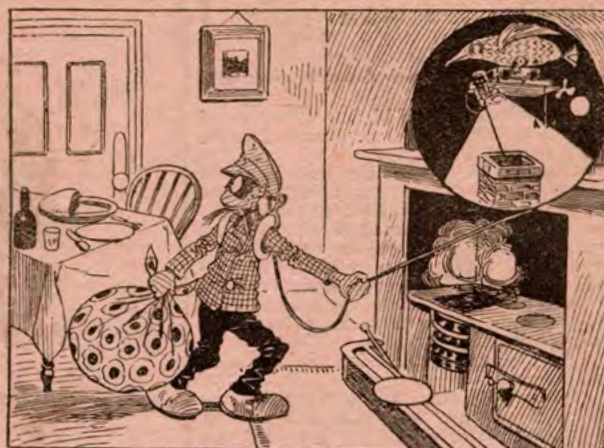


4. And that is how our bold, bad balloonatics are able to sport fur-lined coats and cigars (the coats are fur-lined, not the cigars), and are on their way to Monte Carlo to get rid of a little spare cash.

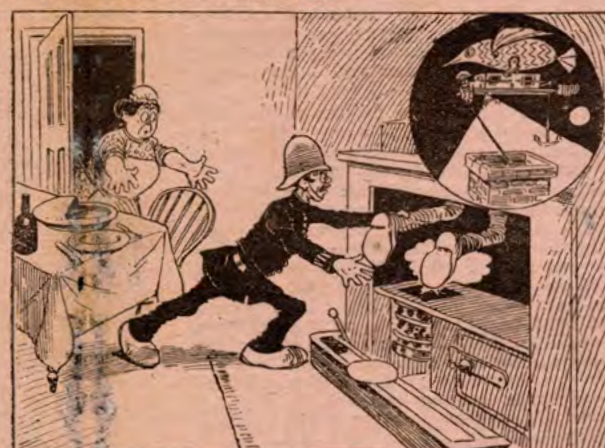
Illustrated Chips, 9 February 1907



# BILL AND BEN, OUR BOLD BALLOONISTS.



1. Our aeronautic pair Bill and Ben were paying some house-to-house calls (via the chimneys) the other midnight, when Bill, who had just enjoyed a nice little supper which he had found laid out for him, heard someone coming.



2. So he gave the full-speed aloft signal. "Hallo," said Robert, who had just dropped in to have a little bunny-pie with cooky, and was just in time to catch our bold, bad balloonatic by the heels, "a burglar! I've got yer!



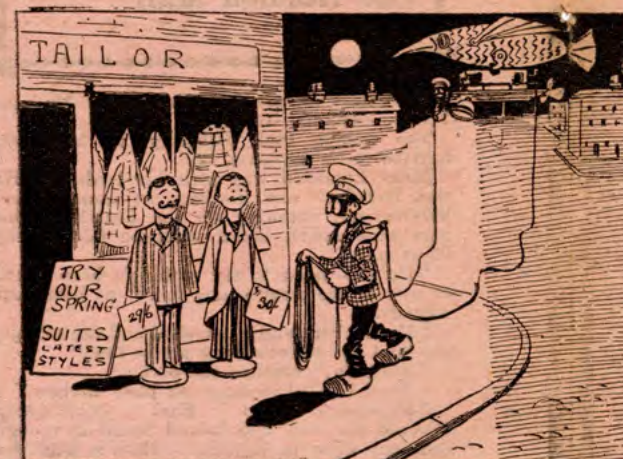
3. "Come back and be arrested, d'y'ear?" "Delighted, but pressure of business prevents me having the pleasure," tootled Bill. But Robert wanted promotion, and hung on; and as cooky wanted her bobby, she hung on likewise. So up the chimney they all soared, like a string of giddy young bloaters.



4. Our fly friends hadn't the heart to take Bobby and cooky too far, and, as daylight was breaking, they dropped them into into a nice handy canal, so that they might wash the soot off and look presentable before the milkman on his rounds came to the rescue.

Illustrated Chips, 16 February 1907

# BILL AND BEN, OUR BOLD BALLOONISTS.



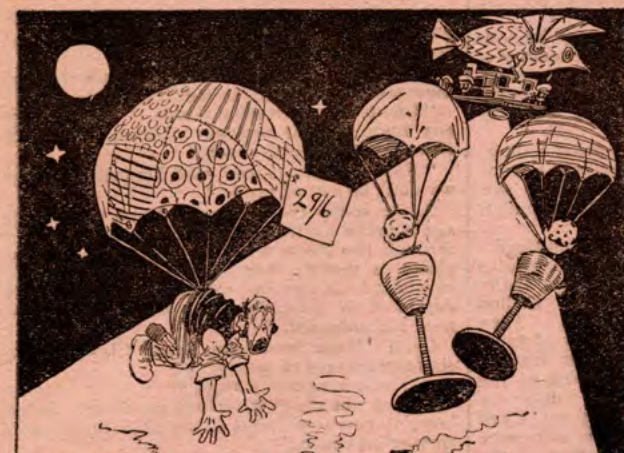
1. Spring, gentle spring was just beginning to bud, and our airy artfuls Bill and Ben thought it was time they blossomed forth in glad new suits. So Ben went down to study the fashions. "Ah, these will suit us down to the ground," he murmured—



2. As he lassoed the brace of models outside Snippit, the tailor's, emporium, and gave the full-speed-aloft signal, and soared upwards into space. And, as old Snippit insisted upon hanging on to his property, he went up too.



3. Now, our aeronautic pair are nothing if not particular about their wardrobes; they wouldn't dream of putting on new suits without a change of underclothing. So while Bill looked after Snippit, Ben hooked a clothesline that had some nice clean shirts and things on it.

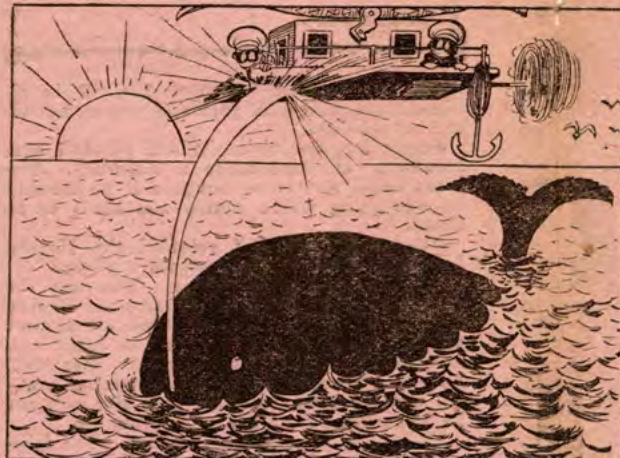


4. You must also know that our fly friends are far from greedy. What they don't want they never keep. And as they neither wanted Snippit nor his dummies, they very kindly fitted them with parachutes and sent them home. Generous of them, wasn't it?

Illustrated Chips, 23 February 1907



# BILL AND BEN, OUR BOLD BALLOONISTS.



1. Our flighty friends Bill and Ben were enjoying a quiet flutter over the briny ocean the other day when a whale spouted just beneath them. "Googracious," said Ben, "ere's water-spout!" "Garn!" said Bill; "it's an overgrown haddock."



2. "Let's catch it. We'll take it to Billingsgate Market, and sell it at three-ha'pence a pound." But it is one thing to harpoon a whale, and another to catch it. That whale was no sooner harpooned than it steered full speed ahead for the horizon, and, of course, took our pals with it.



3. And—would you believe it?—that tiddler didn't stop until it reached the Arctic Circle; so our artful ones thought they might as well have a deal with the Eskimos, and swop old clo' for walrus-tusks, sealskins, and other valuable odds and ends.



4. Our word, what a cargo they did start back for England, home, and beauty with! Our airy adventurers will be able to live for at least one week in the lap of luxury.

Illustrated Chips, 9 March 1907

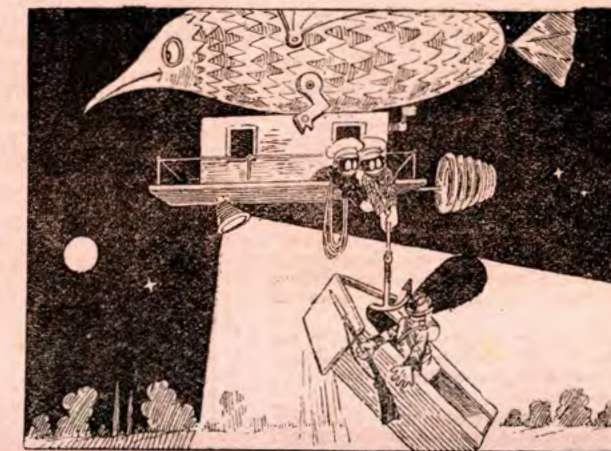
# BILL AND BEN, OUR BOLD BALLOONISTS.



1. Our airy artfuls Bill and Ben were having a quiet cup of tea the other midnight when their grappler caught in something.



2. "Dear me!" said Bill. "Our anchor has been and gone and caught in a kennel, with the funniest-looking dog in it I ever set eyes on. I wonder what breed it is."



3. "Let's pull it up and see," said Ben. "Why, bless me eyesight, if it ain't a real, live sojer! Fancy him trying to steal our anchor like that! I expect he's a deserter. We'd better send him back to the War Office by special parachute."



4. And back the poor soldierman went in a new sack suit. The soldier's own clothes, you see, our fly friends kept for themselves. The bearskin made a nice fur cape, while the sentry-box came in very handy as a pantry.

Illustrated Chips, 16 March 1907



BILL AND BEN, OUR BOLD BALLOONISTS.



1. Our fly friends Bill and Ben are just as flighty as ever this week. "Bill," said Ben, "that seems a likely place for a few art treasures, and as we happen to be passing, I'll just drop in."



2. Just as Ben had signalled full speed aloft, and was making a graceful exit with a few souvenirs of his visit, the Grand Bushaw of Cornepork made his appearance and hung on like a leech, so aloft they went together.



3. But Bill and Ben don't like visitors, so they fired the old chup up with a parachute and sent him home. "This costume will come in handy for that fancy-dress ball I'm going to take me best girl to next Saturday night," smiled Ben.

Illustrated Chips, 23 March 1907

BILL AND BEN, OUR BOLD BALLOONISTS.



1. Bill and Ben, our artful aeronauts, fancied pork for dinner, so Ben dropped down to mother earth to do a little shopping.



2 He had just selected a nice prime porker, and was giving the full-speed-aloft signal to Bill, when P.-c. Sleepboy woke up. "Isaw yer," cried the cop. "Bring that 'ere pig back!" yelled the butcher.



3. And so anxious were the bobby and the butcher and his family to stop that pig that they went soaring aloft after it like a frisky young comet.

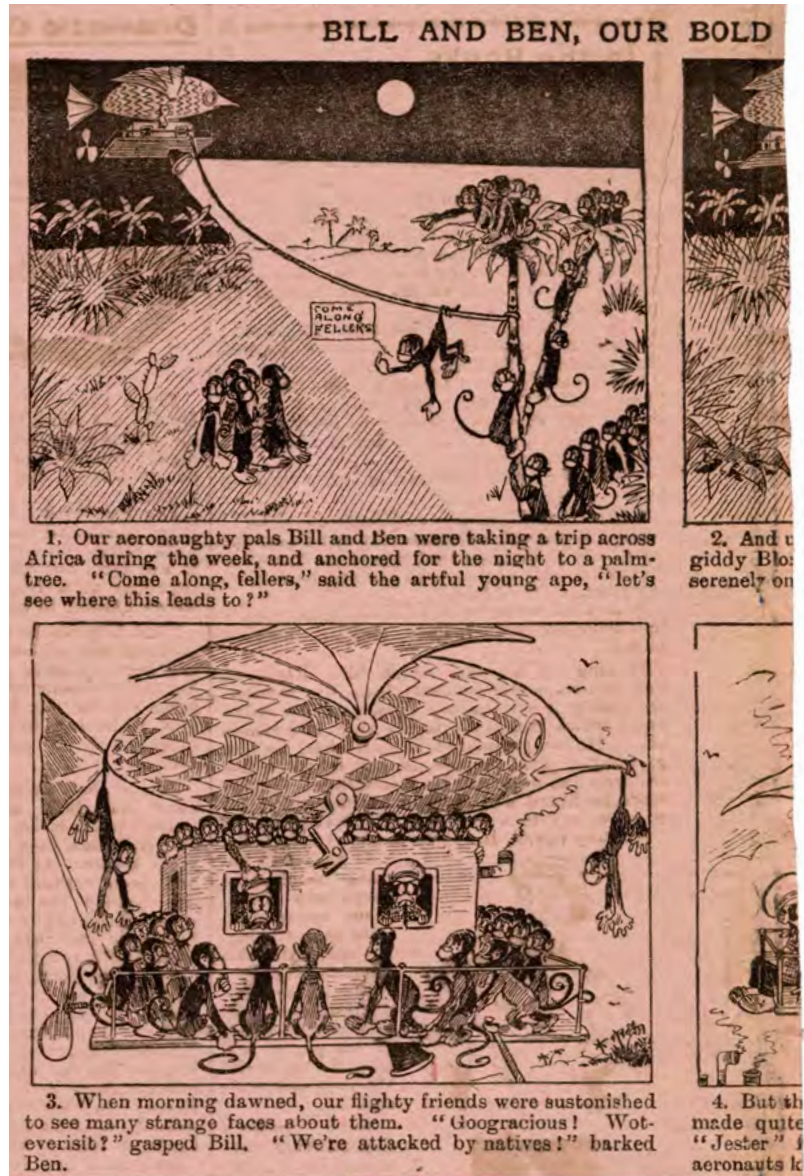


4. But as our flighty friends don't believe in dining more than two at the table, they sent their uninvited visitors home by the quietest route, as per snapshot.

Illustrated Chips, 30 March 1907



SIR WALTER RALEIGH



Illustrated Chips, 13 April 1907  
(incomplete copy)



Puck, 21 September 1907

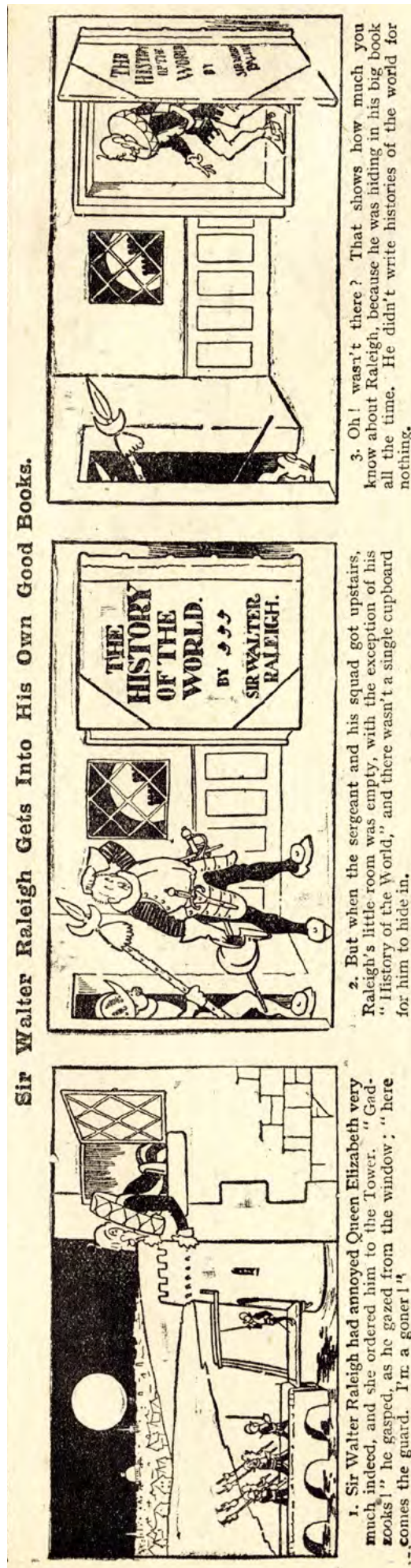




Puck, 26 October 1907



Puck, 28 December 1907



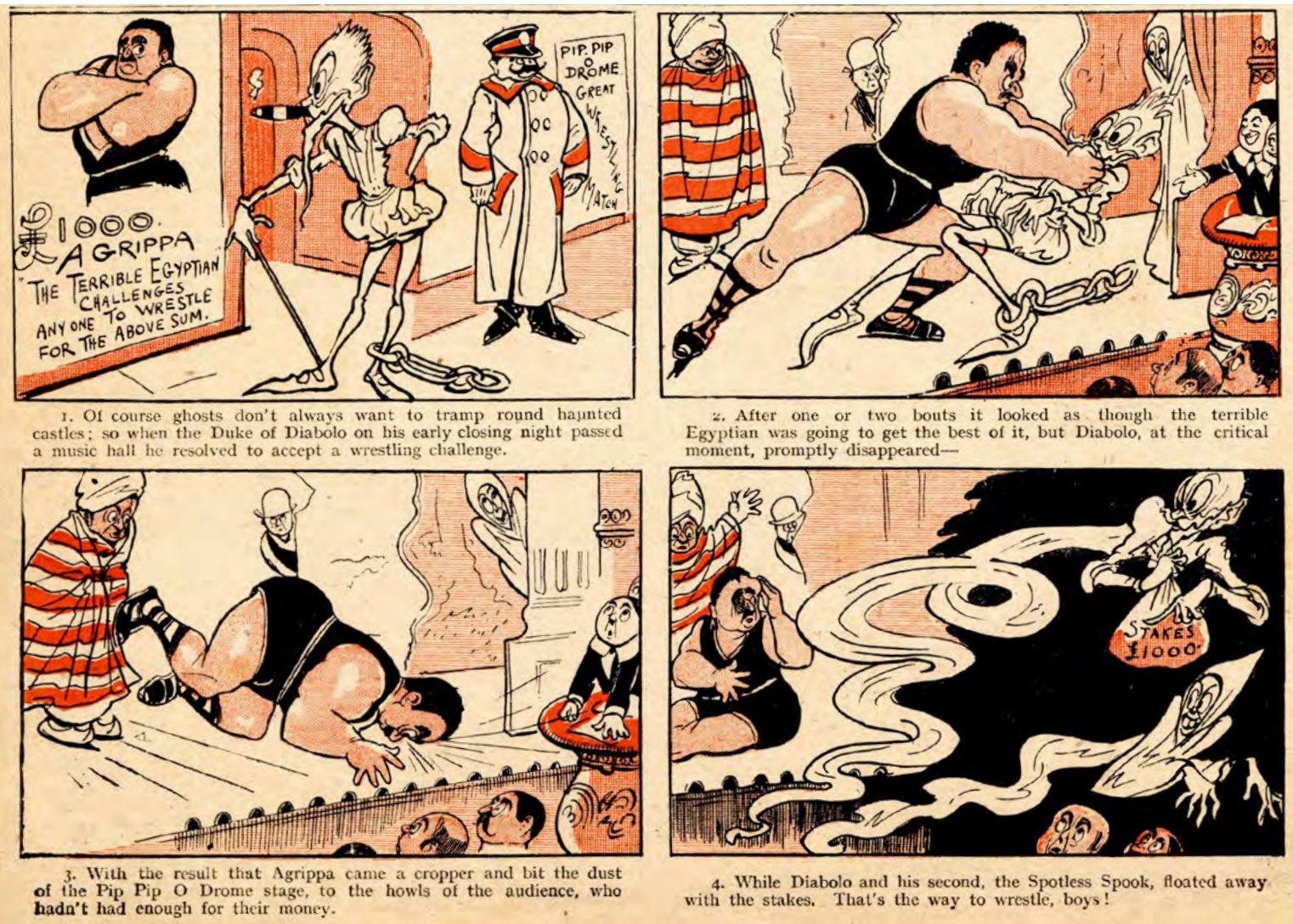
Puck, 25 January 1907

## THE DUKE OF DIABOLO



Puck, 28 December 1907 Puck, 25 January 1908





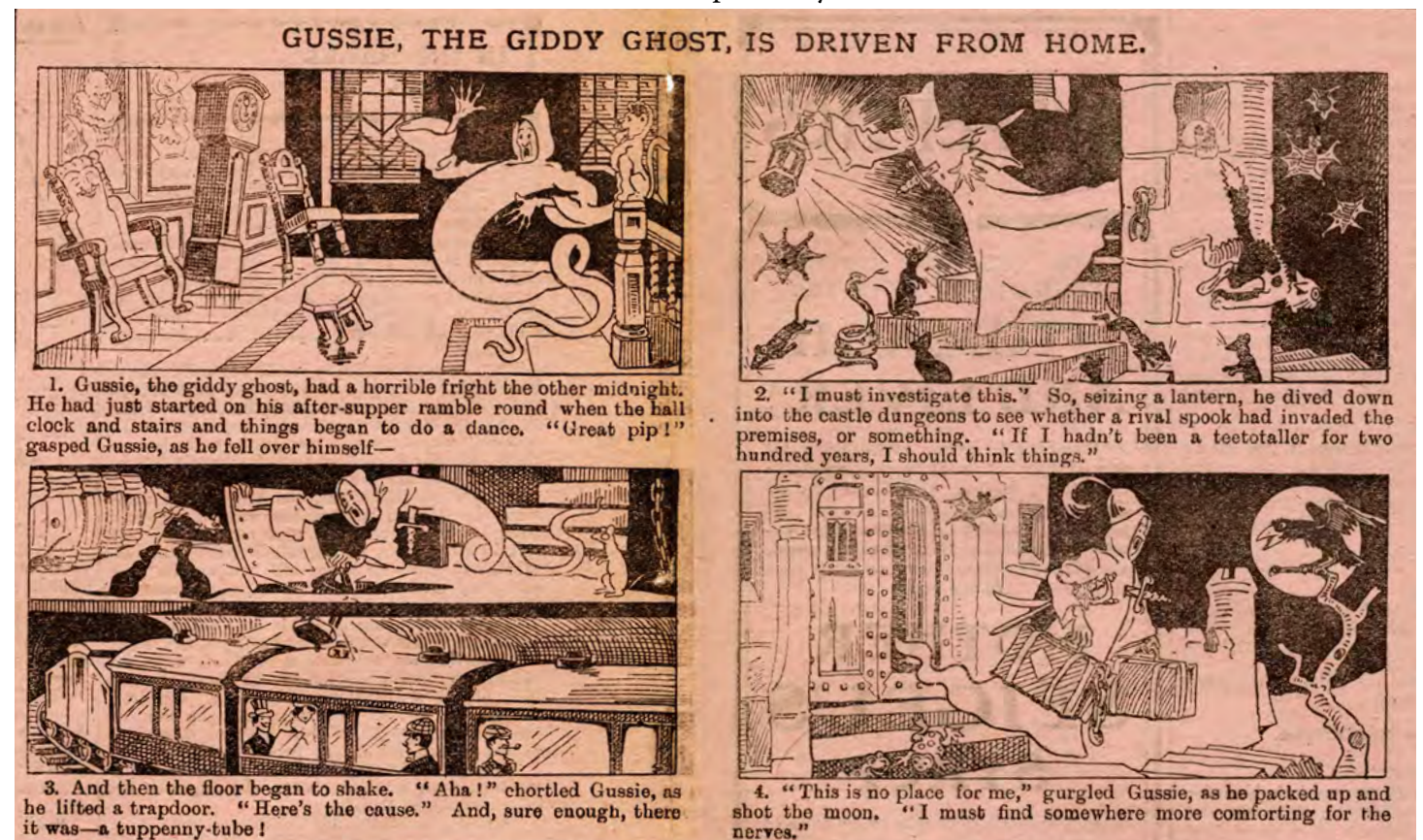
Puck, 22 February 1908

## GUSSIE, THE GIDDY GHOST



Illustrated Chips, 27 April 1907

Illustrated Chips, 4 May 1907





# GUSSIE, THE GIDDY GHOST, IS SHOCKED BY A WIRELESS WIRE.



1. "I'm in luck," gurgled Gussie, the giddy ghost, as he came across a copy of "Comic Cuts." "Now for a good laugh!"



2. But just then a strange thing mishappened, which gave pussy a horrible shock. "Yow," gasped Gussie, "I'm struck by lightning!"



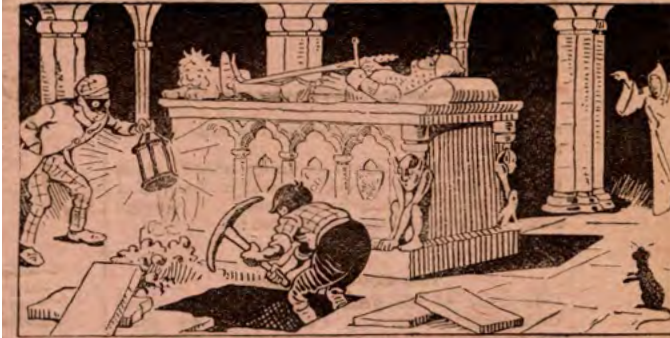
3. But he wasn't; it was only a wireless telegram that had got tangled up with him. Still, he was very much electrified all the same. Sent him so hot all over that—



4. He had to take a cold bath in the castle moat to get himself back to his normal temperature. But there's no fear of him drowning; that's the best of being a ghost. So Gussie walks again next week.

Illustrated Chips, 11 May 1907

# GUSSIE, THE GIDDY GHOST, HAS A LIVELY TIME.



1. The burglars were searching for the hidden treasure, when Gussie Rattlebones, the educated ghost, spotted them. "Ah, those treasures belong to me!" he gurgled. "I'll give them night birds a fright."



2. "Avaunt thee in two places, thou turnip-faced imitation of a man! Hence, before I forget my bones and slap you severely on the left wrist!" And the burglars flew, like a policeman from a suffragette.



3. But when Gussie Rattlebones went to take a slice off the treasure Bashful Bertie, the man in the tinned-meat suit, slapped him gently on the thinkbox with the tin-opener.



4. And it so upset Rattlebones' feelings that he jumped on his bone-shaker. (Being bones, he got them shaken; hence boneshaker. Huge joke! Cheers from the mob.) See you next week. Tooraloo!

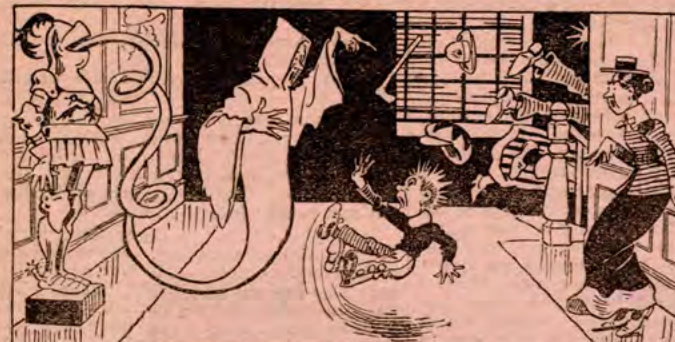
Illustrated Chips, 25 May 1907

Illustrated Chips, 18 May 1907

# GUSSIE, THE GIDDY GHOST, GETS A NASTY SHOCK.



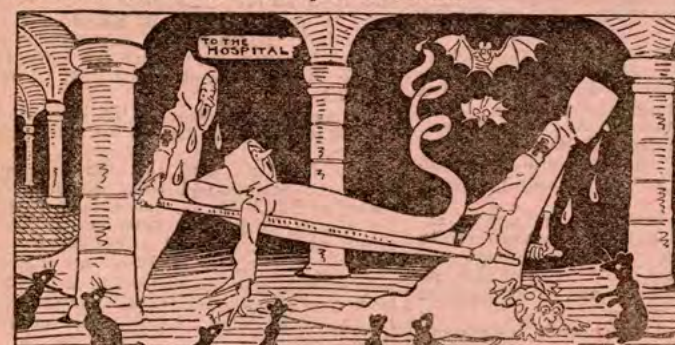
1. The scene, dear reader, is the Tower of London on a Bank Holiday. "This is the sort of togs they used to wear in the old days," remarked Bill 'Awkins to 'Ria and the nipper. "Ow did they get 'em ori when they went to bed?" "Why, wiv a sardine-opener, of course!"



2. "Look 'ere, young feller, if you can't come here without trying to be funny," gurgled Gussie, the giddy ghost, as he popped out, "you'd better get off the premises." And that holiday crowd got—simply fell over one another in their anxiety to be first out.



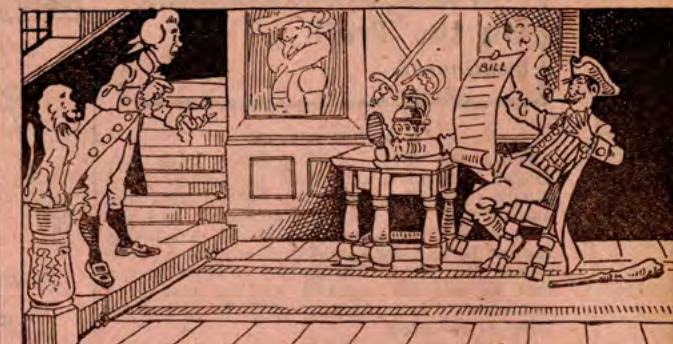
3. All except a female lady suffragette, who wasn't a bit more afraid of ghosts than she was of the Prime Minister or Holloway Prison. "Excuse me, sir, but might I ask your signature to this petition for votes for women?" "Help!" gasped Gussie, as he curled up in a fit.



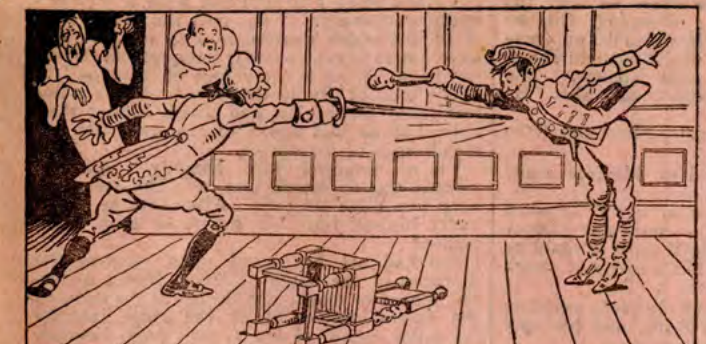
4. Yes, poor old Gussie's nerves were so shattered that he had to be carried to hospital by a brace of brother spooks. It will be quite next Thursday before he'll be able to walk again.

Illustrated Chips, 1 June 1907

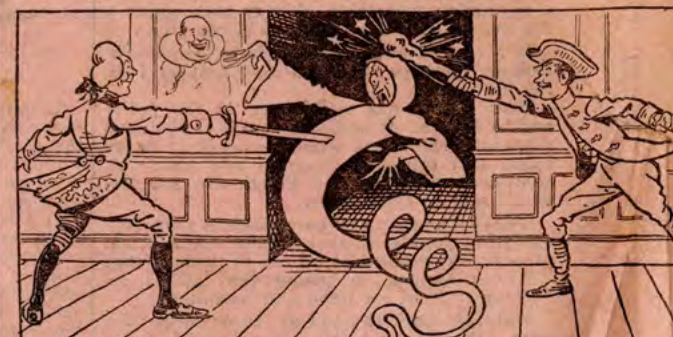
# GUSSIE, THE GIDDY GHOST, GETS IT FORE AND AFT.



1. Sir Reginald de Broke arrived home unexpectedly the other afternoon, and found the broker's-man in possession. Horrible, wasn't it? Whereupon he determined to out him.



2. At this moment Gussie Rattlebones appeared, and demanded fair play. "Your forefathers have ever been noted for their fairness in fight. Fie upon you, Sir Reginald, to attack an unarmed man!"



3. But the ghost being invisible in the daylight, Sir Reginald ran him through the gizish without knowing it. The broker's-man likewise dealt him a sound smack on the upper story—



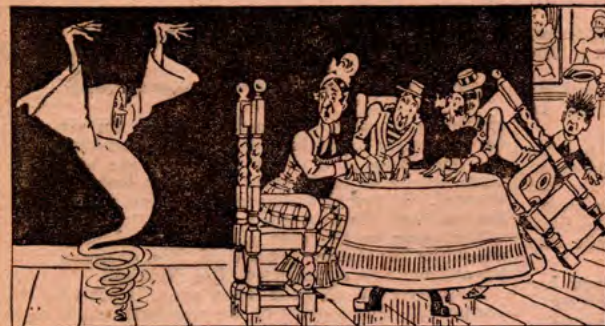
4. Which put poor Gussie out of action for a week at least. He has retired to the crypt now, and has called in the family physician. There is just a ghost of a chance of his recovery.



# GUSSIE, THE GIDDY GHOST, GETS ANOTHER SHOCK.



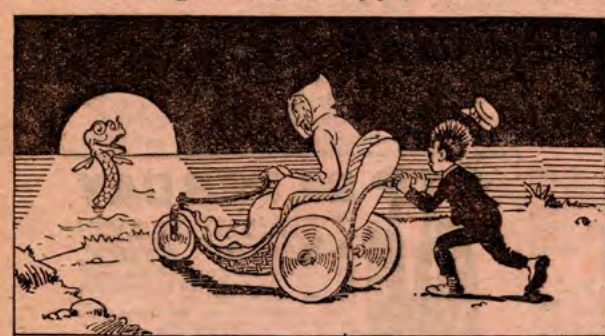
1. These three old dears had come to the castle to do a bit of spirit-rapping—to rap out at anything in real suffragette spirit. In the above sketchlet you perceive the comely wenches rapping for the ghost.



2. Now, Gussie Rattlebones didn't like the noises, so popped up to frighten the ladies back to their homes and wash-tubs. "Rap not, oh ye of the old dear tribe!" quoth Rattlebones. "But flee ere I forget myself, and slap you on the left wrist!"



3. But did the ladies flee? Nevah! They soon had the cinematograph, the camera, etc., at work, and Rattlebones didn't know they were reporters engaged by the "Tripes Weekly."



4. So he left by the back keyhole and engaged a boy to wheel him about on the parade so that he could get a fresh of breath air. Stow it!

Illustrated Chips, 8 June 1907

Illustrated Chips, 15 June 1907

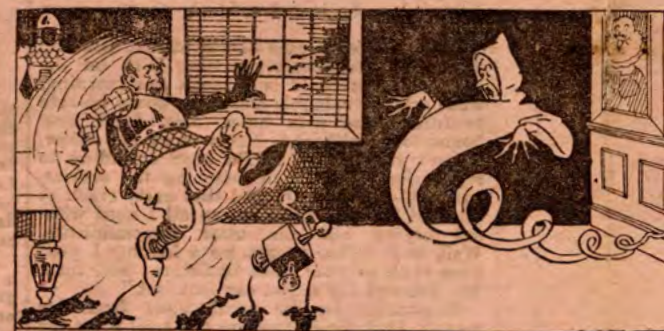
# GUSSIE, THE GIDDY GHOST, DOES A MOONLIGHT FLIT.



1. Gussie Rattlebones, the giddy ghost, was complaining about all his old friends having left him, when he came across Professor Bigpot experimenting with an X rays—



2. And Rattlebones arrived on the scene just as the baron raised the X rays and showed his bones. "Why, that must be my old friend King Charles! How are you?" said Rattlebones.

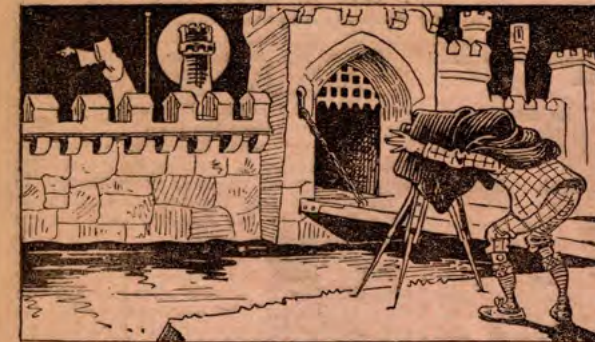


3. But at that moment the baron turned round, and was so frightened at seeing Gussie that he dropped the X rays, and both got a shock.



4. So Rattlebones called a cab, and changed his lodgings. The poor fellow was upset—and so was the cabbie. Rather!

# GUSSIE THE GIDDY GHOST.



1. The biograph man had arranged to photograph a ghost walk on the battlements of the castle, and everything was in readiness. His pal dressed up as the ghost, and proceeded to do a ghostly cakewalk along the tiles. "Look pleasant!" cried the photographer, from force of habit.



2. But just as Bill was going through his ghost act who should come along but Gussie, the real, genuine castle ghost. "Well, of all the— Upon my— Now, did you ever?" rattled Gussie.



3. "Hence, varlet!" gurgled Gussie, as he shoved Bill over the parapet under the impression that he was a rival ghost. "Know you not that this castle is my own private preserve, and that I have walked these leads close on three centuries? Gitoffit!"



4. Then Bill fell—splish!—into the moat, and the biograph man took up his camera and bolted back to headquarters to hand in his resignation. "Bravo, me!" yapped Gussie, as he ran up the bunting to announce his famous victory. "Let me catch any more trespassers, I'll show 'em!"

Illustrated Chips, 29 June 1907





Illustrated Chips, 9 February 1907



Illustrated Chips, 16 March 1907



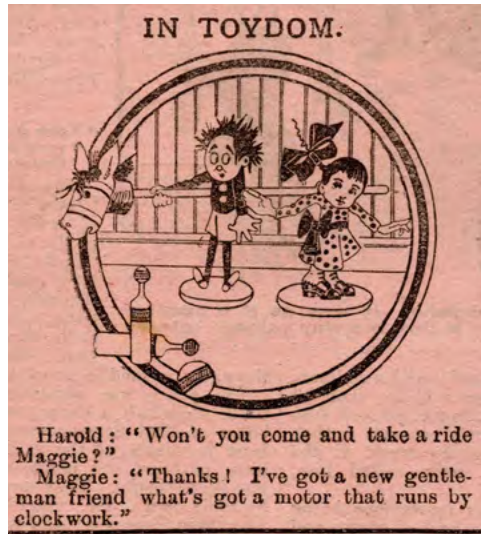
Illustrated Chips, 2 March 1907



Illustrated Chips, 2 March 1907



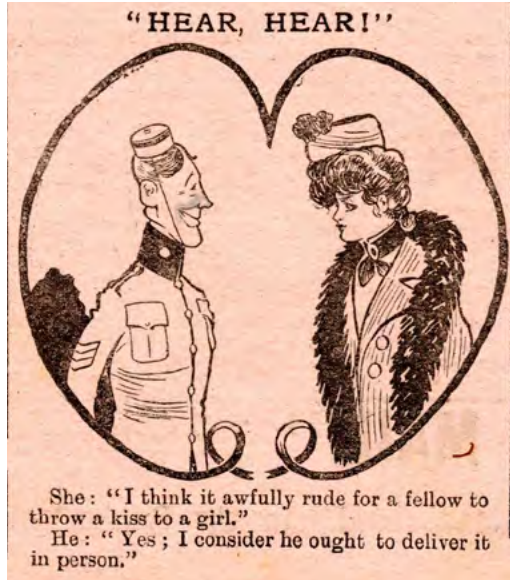
Puck, 28 December 1907



BETTER THAN NOTHING.



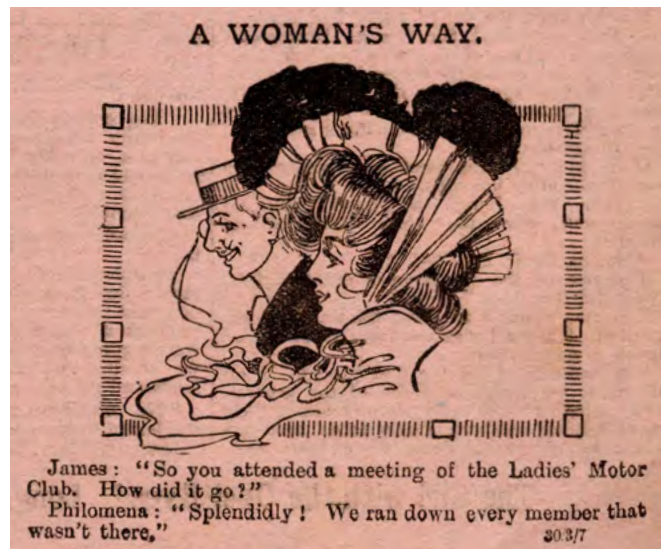
Illustrated Chips, 6 April 1907



Illustrated Chips, 23 March 1907



Illustrated Chips, 1 June 1907

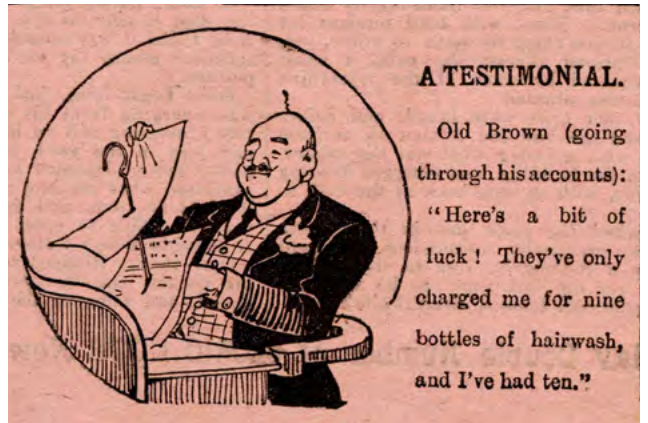


Illustrated Chips, 30 March 1907

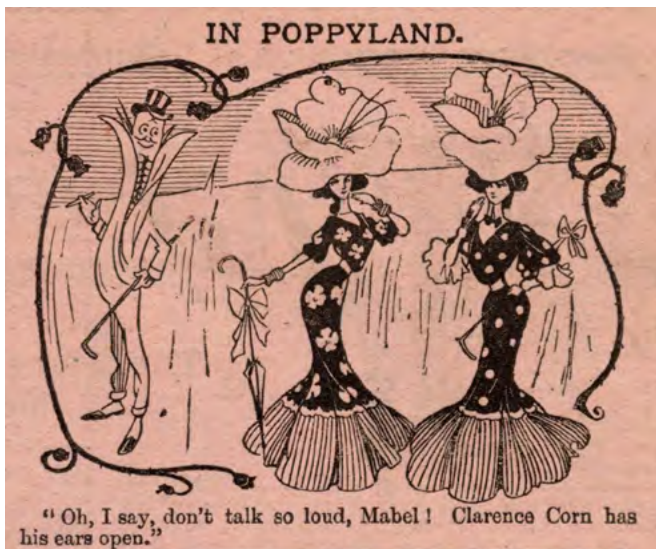
Illustrated Chips, 1 June 1907



Illustrated Chips, 25 May 1907



Illustrated Chips, 6 April 1907



Illustrated Chips, 2 March 1907



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Dittmar, Jakob: Comic. In: *Historisches Wörterbuch der Rhetorik* (HWRh).  
Tübingen: Max Niemeyer, 2011; 319–331. Print.

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DESPONDENCY	With consequent Loss of Energy and Spirit.
HEART FLUTTERING	And the Fainting Fear it induces.
HEADACHES	And the Wearying Day and Night Agony.
NERVOUSNESS	With the Constant Tendency to Groundless Alarm.

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