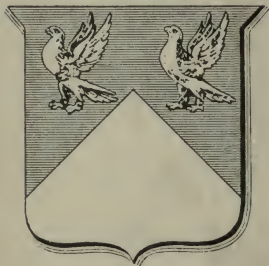


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PICTURES BY PHIL MAY



'APPY 'AMPSTEAD.

"Ere y'are, Lidies' Tormentors. 'Two' a penny!"

PICTURES

BY

PHIL MAY

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1908

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HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

First Edition, May, 1907.

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(completing 16,000).*

*THE Publishers take this opportunity
of thanking Messrs. W. Thacker
& Co. for the readiness with which
they accorded permission for the repro-
duction of the drawings contained in
this little book. They believe that these
examples of Phil May's work show that
inimitable artist at his best.*



866917

Phyl Man



"I 'ear as you don't walk hout with 'Arry Smith any more."
"No, 'e wanted me to meet 'im incandescently, and I wouldn't do such a thing, so I chucked 'im."



J. M.
95

'Arriet.—“Ow! I s'y, look at 'is bloomin' 'At.”



"Wot's th' row up the Court, Bill?"

"Bob Smith was kissing my missus, and 'is old woman caught 'im



ONE EASTER MONDAY.

'Arriet (watching the funeral of 'Liza).—"Nice sort of a Bank 'Ooliday for 'er, poor dear."



"What price this for Margit."



Fat Party (after a war of words).—“If you come down our court to-morrer and bring a bit o’ fat with yer, I’ll bloomin’ well eat yer.”



"Ow I s'y, look at 'er friils. Got 'erself hup like a bloomin' 'am bone!"

Per. M.A.



"Do you want a Muddle, Sir."



First R.A. (who hates to be interrupted in his hobby, but is doing his best to be polite).—"Done any work to-day?"

Second R.A.—"No, confound it. That stupid ass Brown came to the studio and talked all the afternoon,—couldn't do a stroke of work. What do you do when some idiot comes and interrupts your work?"

First R.A.—"Oh, I go on weeding."



“Come and 'ave a Cup of Tea, Mrs. Malony, it's the hanniversary of my Weddin' Day. I'm -orry my old man won't be there, 'cos e's just got a Month for knocking me about.”



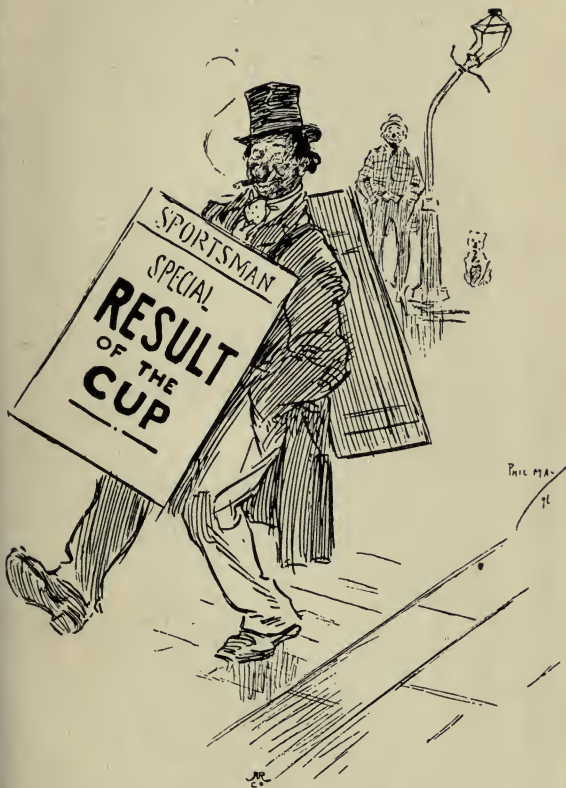
FRATERNITY.

“(Hic) Can't help you, ole f'la, but I'll sit down with you (hic).”



“Mos' 'tronary thing ! a'most shertain th'was shome Coffee in it.”







IT MUST HAVE BEEN AWFUL.

Mrs. Baggs (after receiving tornado of abuse from over the road).—

“Well, I never 'eard sich Langwidge in all my life. I never was called sich Names before. Even my own 'usband doesn't call me s'ch Names.”



"By the way, when does your American Tour come off?"

"Oh, not for about a Year."

"Well, let's go in here and have a Drink before you go."



Urchin (to companion over the way).—"Ow would that suit yer, Bill?"



"Did you go to Smith's burying?"

"Yes, I *did*, an' a measly affair it was. *Tea* and Bread and Butter!
I've buried two 'usbands, but, thank goodness, I buried 'em both
with Seedy Cake an' 'Am Sandwiches."



"I want you to take me to St. John's Wood, Cabbie."

"All right, sir, but would you mind getting in on the other side so as the old horse don't see yer."



"I don't so much mind your sneaking my Pewters, but when it comes to bringing 'em back in the shape of 'arf crowns it's a bit too much."



Bill Snooks (reading from a fashion paper).—“‘To be really well dressed a man’s clothes should have the appearance of having been worn once or twice.’ What O!”

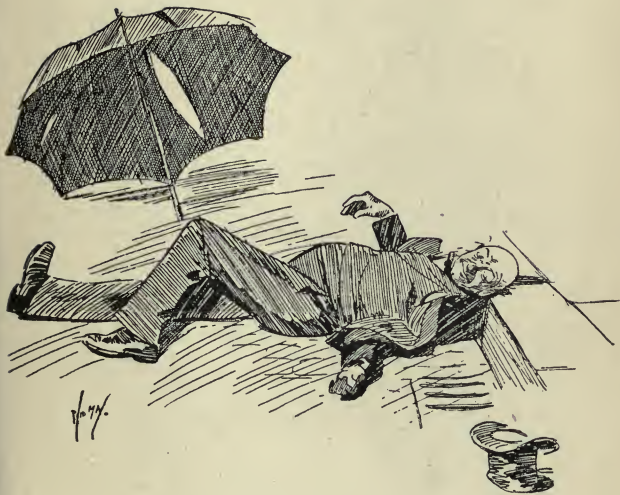


PHIL MA-



P. H. 7/22
72

"What's 'e done, Guv'nor?"



(Hic!) Jacet.



The Mayor of Middle Wallop (who is interested in the decoration of new theatre).—“Oo’s that gentleman you’re painting?”

Artist.—“That is William Shakespeare.”

The M. of M. W.—“As ‘e ever done anything for Middle Wallop?”

Artist.—“No, Sir, not that I’m aware of.”

The M. of M. W.—“Then paint ‘im out and paint ME in.”



Bailiff (who has been well treated and settled with).—“Well, good-bye, sir. See you again ‘soon,’ sir, I ‘ope!’”



"Nuts for the Monkeys, Sir?"



American Million Heiress.—“And have you really got a coronet?”
Lord Hardup.—“Well—ah—yes—at least—I mean—I’ve got the ticket.”



Visitor to Lunatic Asylum.—“Is that Clock right?”
The Dotty One.—“O’ course it ain’t, or it wouldn’t be *here*.”



Visitor to Lunatic Asylum which is undergoing structural improvements (to harmless lunatic who is extremely busy wheeling barrow upside down).—"You ought to turn that barrow the other way up!"

Harmless Lunatic (knowingly).—"I did yesterday, but they put Bricks in it."



DOTTYVILLE.

Inmate to new arrival.—“What, you mad too? So glad.”



Condoling Friend (to recently Bereaved Widower).—“It must be awfully hard to lose one’s Wife.”
The Bereaved—“Yes,——it’s almost impossible.”



Wife (to Lion Tamer who has been out late).—"You Coward!"



*Sol Jacobs (to his friend the proprietor of the boat who has fallen overboard, and has come to the surface for the second time).—
“I thay, Ikey, if yer don’t come up again may I keep the Boat?”*



"What 'ave you got in dem boddles, Ikey?"

"Dem ain't boddles, dem's fire extinguishers."

"Garn, you ain't afraid of a bit of a fire."

"No, but I gets ten per cent. off the Insurance Company for having dem about."

"What's in 'em."

"I don't know what *was* in 'em but there's *kerosene* in 'em now!"



"I must congratulate you, Mothes, dot vos a grandt fire of yours last Tuesday."

"Vat yer mean?—Not *last* Tuesday, *next* Tuesday."



Moses (generously).—"Ave a Thigar, Ikey?"
Ikey (suspiciously).—"Vat's the matter vith it?"



"Good Morning, Miss Voss."

"My name is not Voss. It never Voss and never will be."



*Solomon (who has had a terrific bang on the nose from his friend).—
“Do it again. Do it again. I can thee Diamonts!!!”*



"Father, I've thwallered a thoverign, and how am I to make the books balance? You thee, I'm a pound in and a pound out."



IN A GARRISON TOWN.

First Loafer to Second Ditto (as our friends from the Circus pass by).—"Officers!"



P. L. MAY

THE GAME OF "BUTTONS."

Winner (to the ruined one).—"Well, dash it all, old man, if you will go in for this sort of thing you must *expect* to lose a Button or two."



Uncle John.—“Well, Bobby, how did you manage to get out so soon?”
Bobby.—“Leg before, Uncle.”



"YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK."

"Hi! come back, yer Silly! Do yer want to spile yer Luck?"



"My Father 'e once caught a Fish as big—âs our Street!"
"Well, then, it must 'ave bin a *Whale*."
"Garn, 'e were baitin' wi' *Whales*!"



"Why don't we have Open-Air Cafés? So pleasant to take one's refreshment in the open air."—(*Vide newspapers.*)



"Do you want a errand boy?"

"No."

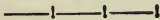
"Yus you do, yours 'as just been runned over."



"Don't 'e make a gawd of 'is Stummick? Why, that's the *second* a'porth I've seed 'im 'ave this mornin'!"



“You Naughty Boy, you’ll fall over!”





"Taint so long ago, Willium, since you an' me was the dandies of Deal!"



Scene—Scarboro'. Time—Sunday morning. Very muddy. Inhabitant.—“Be thoo a strong mon?” Amateur weight-lifter (rather proud that his fame has spread so far).—“Well, yes, my friend. I do a little in that way.” Inhabitant.—“I’ll lay thee a fiver, I’ll put thee on thy back in t’ muck.”



Lodging-House Keeper (to Professional Lady).—"Which my 'usband, Miss, is one of the Virgins at the Cathedral!"



"I heard as how you've been fighting with Bob Smith?"

"Yus. He said my Sister was cross-eyed."

"But you haven't got a Sister?"

"I know that. It was the Principle o' the thing that upset Me."



Stout Party.—"And can't I get to X ——— without walking?"
Porter.—"Well, there's the Coal Train, Mum."
Stout Party.—"How Much will it cost Me?"
Porter.—"Seven Shillings a Ton!"



“Have you got change for a Threepenny-piece, Adolphus? I want to give the Porter a gratuity.”



"Hullo, old chap, you look as if you'd had Sport! In at the Kill?"
"Well, *no*. I was in at the Ditch and in at the River. We can't expect to be in everywhere."





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