

100 YEARS OF PUNCH AND JUDY



all, where he has killed the devil and holds the infernal carcass up in victory—we have the whole drama of Punch and Judy done in pictures, while the dialogue is given verbatim.

Have you ever seen the wonderful and thrilling drama of Punch and Judy? It has always varied with the nations that enjoyed it; but the English version is the one which will be most readily recognized.

Mr. Punch, who appears as no very bellicose hero when he is introduced to the audience, suffers unprovoked injury at the jaws of the dog of Scaramouche, which seizes him by his big, beloved nose and almost bites it off. The dog gets away in safety, and good-natured Mr. Punch shows no such resentment as the ordinary man would display after having his nose used as chewing gum by an Irish terrier.

But along comes Scaramouche, lugging a big stick, highly incensed over the ill-treatment Mr. Punch must have visited upon the dog. Scaramouche is hunting trouble. After he has rapped the pacific Mr. Punch over the head with his stick, he finds it. Mr. Punch seizes the weapon and, with a single blow, knocks Scaramouche's head from his shoulders. Then Scaramouche is dead.

Mr. Punch, to relieve his annoyance, calls Judy to fetch the baby. Judy has a bitter tongue in her head, and she gives her husband generous samples of it. But he is patient. So she brings the baby. He plays

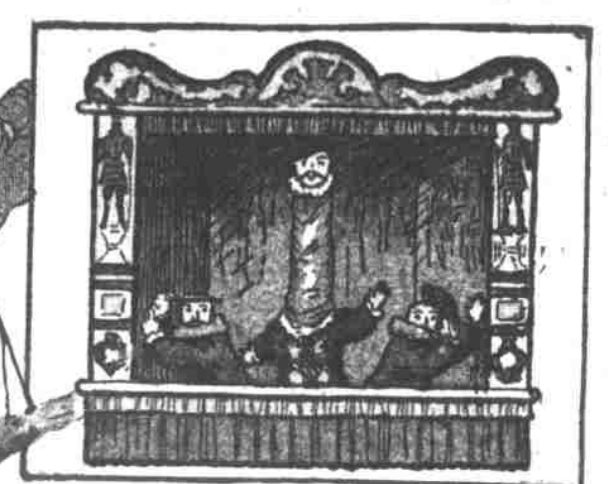
THE WORLD FAMOUS MIMIC SHOW THAT HAS MADE MILLIONS LAUGH



The Old-Fashioned European Pantomimist Who Took His Family to the Circus



The Dancing Fool of Burma



with it until the baby cries. Its father tries to soothe it; but baby won't soothe. Now, Mr. Punch, as the audience has seen, has the patience of a saint; yet, as any father knows, a crying baby is just the thing to rip the lining out of any saint's patience. Mr. Punch's patience goes in one wild rip and tear, and he chucks the baby out of the window. Then the baby is dead. Comes Judy, first accusing, then

IF YOU were in Paris during these warm summer days, you would find, in scores or hundreds, assemblages of children with their parents, some seated and others standing, but all gazing with delighted smiles toward the tiniest of tiny theaters.

Presently would appear a quaint, big-featured manikin above the shelf that serves for the stage; and, on the instant, the delighted smiles change to still more delighted laughter.

As the Show Was First Givens in Lyons.



Europe's Mr. Punch an Apollo by comparison. Burmah, like Turkey, has the puppet dialogue, which has served through generations to vitiate the morals of the young, where, in Italy, France and England, Punchinello's gravest offense has been to mix into politics and satirize kings and their ministers.

The children of Paris, assisted by many bigwigs of Parisian journalism, have agreed, however, that this is the centenary of Guignol, as he was called, when he turned up in the beloved patrie. But that holds water as a theory only in so far as Paris is concerned—the bigwigs making their usual mistake of imagining that Paris is France. The truth is, that Guignol arrived from Italy in Lyons in 1795, and won there the success that had carried him on so triumphantly in Italy during the previous generations.

He went to Paris, yes, and all over France, a traveling theater all by himself—impudent, gay, forever jolly, daringly satirical of those who gave their coppers to laugh at his impertinences, daringly satirical of the bloody Revolution itself, making fun of the very guillotine that stood ready to lop off his wooden head, and his master's.

The traveling Punch and Judy show of England, from which the United States drew the few examples seen here, was less of the family affair than it was in France. Dickens presented a fair idea of Punch and Judy's exploits when he brought Little Nell and her grandfather upon Messrs. Codlin and Short, tinkering their lay figures upon the tombstones of the solemn churchyard.

It was that brilliant illustrator of Dickens, Cruikshank, who conceived the enterprise of perpetuating Mr. Punch in his habit as he lived.

It is lucky for us that he did, for the generation he anticipated is already here in America, and England is neglecting her popular hero almost as much as France, this year, is exalting him. Yet England took him to her heart earlier than did France.

Even in 1710, when the Spectator and the Tattler were first delighting English wits with graceful humor, the marvelous Powell was making his Punch and Judy show an entertainment of such immense interest in London that the pens of Addison and Steele found his mimetic skill and his nimble fancy well worthy of their best attentions.

After nearly 200 years of favor there, with such great lights of the national literature as Addison and Dickens playing upon his jocularities, the best of Mr. Punch remains nowadays, not upon the streets or country highways of England, but in the little volume containing the two dozen prints that were done in color by the fond and skilful hand of the graphic Cruikshank.

There, from the grotesque frontispiece that shows the inimitable Mr. Punch in all the crimson of his enormous nose and the queer protrusion of his enormous hump, to the last scene of

the cinematographs in the world have not been able to oust him wholly from affections in which he was entrenched as far back as the year 1600, when Silvio Fiorillo introduced Pulcinella among the buffoons participating in the impromptu comedies of Naples.

Antiquaries have tried to carry



An Early Tour of the Country Districts.

For the children of France are celebrating this year, with no warrant whatever, the centennial of their beloved Punch and Judy, first friends of childhood and oldest friends of blase age.

WE HAVE the highly scientific cinematograph now, in America, with its interminable films, its already serious rivalry of many theaters and its vaulting ambition to have full-grown, full-fledged theaters of its own, with famous playwrights and equally famous actors to do its original work.

Fortunate they who can recall, at country fair or some stray street corner, only one of the old performances of Punch and Judy, of

which the United States has seen, so few in comparison with Europe. For today we Americans see none at all. And if Punch and Judy ever do return, they are most likely to come a la cinematograph, as a curiosity in films.

But in Europe, Punch still flourishes. All

