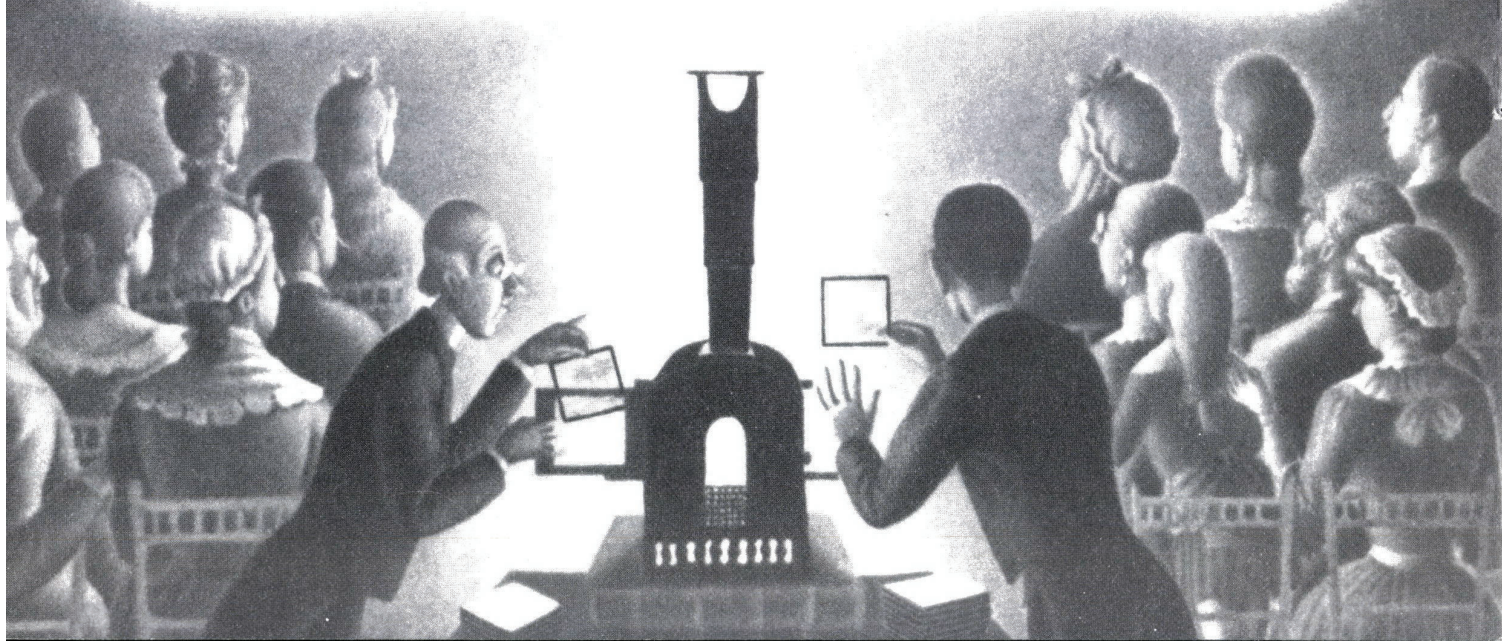
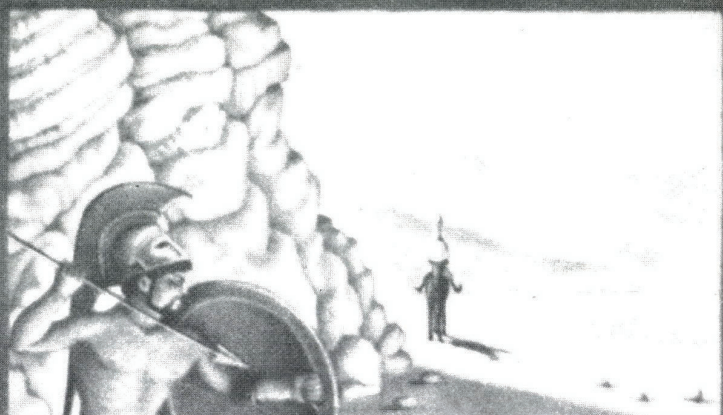
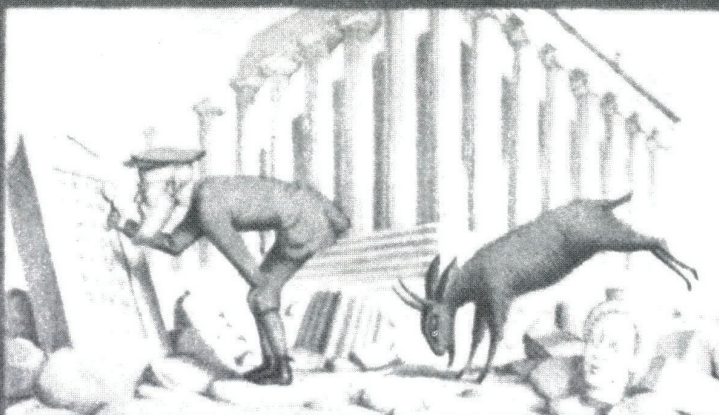
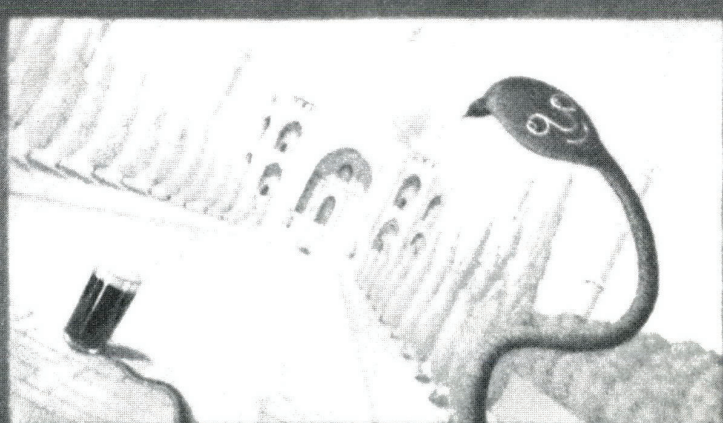
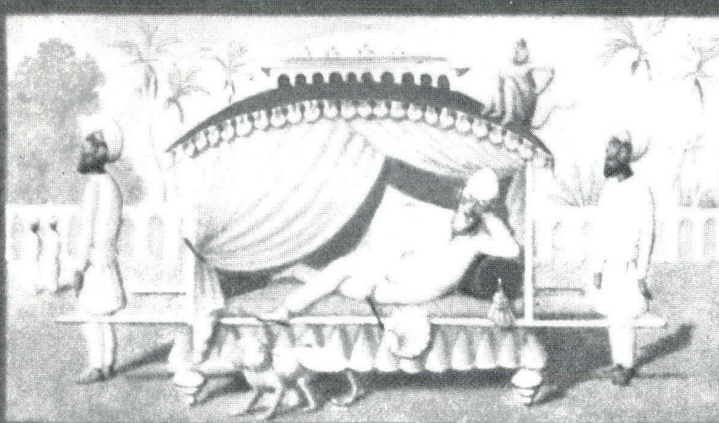


THE MAGIC LANTERN

"Now here's Professor Chitty with a wonderful machine,
Which will show us all the people and the places he has seen,
The Pyramids—and Agra—and the crocodile whose jaws
Devoured Mrs. Chitty—*such* a pity." (Loud applause.)

"Well thank you, Mrs. Matterhorne—too kind of you *entahly*.
I'm starting with our dragoman; and here's my villain, Ali.
My picture of the Pyramids was eaten by some leopards,
So I've brought one of a Guinness,
and me drinking it, in Shepherd's.





And here we see the dhoolie that I duly took in Delhi
(Though a mule is quicker, dhoolies don't involve you in a *melée*).
The Taj got out of focus when a cobra bit my ear,
But the Guinness in the foreground is particularly clear.

An impetus was given to my studies at the Parthenon,
A temple that the Turkth (excuse my teeth) committed arson on.
There's a bullet hole or something in my picture of Thermopylae
But . . . What? You've brought my Guinness?

Ah! that always comes out properly."

*"It'll only encourage the Lower
Orders to travel"*

