

Dreamily the visitor stands in front of Wild Acacia Honey from Syria, Hymettus Honey from Greece, Peach Blossom Honey from Jamaica, honey from France for those who favour the peculiarities of bees who hum in French.

Let us onward. There is the caviare bar . . . here is the brand of tea that Florence Nightingale liked—here that supplied to King Edward. If the tea should taste less royal at home than we expected, it is due to the inferiorities of the water used to brew it. But a tea expert is only waiting for the chance to analyse this obstinate water and conquer it by a subtle addition to the tea mixture.

Roast pigeon would have to be of old aristocratic lineage to pass the scrutiny of the watchful commissioner. Even then they have but little chance to compete with a spring chicken, hunted to its lair by riders in the pink.

Tropical Fruits. Old wines. Proud cigars. And in between, the macaroni smiles in its box at seeing itself decorated in the Italian national colours.

All that is the background of the "Commentaries". Stuart Menzies, their creator has worked up his tricks like a variety artist. He has trained behind the scenes until all laws of gravitation and boredom were swept away. His public appearance was a world success and has remained one (even evoking the applause of Bernard Shaw).

How psychological is the appeal of these pages, which yet have something of the gay, untrammelled tone of a young draughtsman's letters to his sweetheart. Bright and informal, they scoff at all regulations. In their bizarre typography, too. (At this point the teacher raises a minatory finger—but he does not reach for his cane.)

All these carefree figures, apparently so irrelevant and so grotesque, have a mission to perform. Their object is to make all that the house has to offer still more select und desirable.

Good wine tastes better in a beautiful glass. And these enthusiastic poets of lobster, hymnists of pies, excited nobles and bold hunters of delicacies are the design cut into the crystal.

They court our favour in the true sense of the word; they court the heart and hand—and the dowry of the courted one.

Who is petty enough to consider the price when he can buy a pheasant which has the right to wear the



Prospekt
McKNIGHT-KAUFF

Setting Pates to Music
at Fortnum's

Bei Fortnum werden Pasteten mit Musik komponiert

Our PATE DE FOIE GRAS
imported from Strasbourg by Aeroplane

As the aeroplane descends we rush forward
screaming to the pilot "Are they pink?"
"replies" "Assuredly some are of the much-
pink. Others, again, are of the wonted hue."
"replies" "Pates en croûte have I brought thee."
(Pilots speak like this—reason unknown.)

Only take our Pâtes from the very best Stras-
bourgeois and give our word that every one we
perfect as can be obtained anywhere.

Croûte - - - - - each 2s. - 7s 6d.
Berron - - - - - each 4s. - 7s 6d.



Ankunft einer Pastete in
Guildhall

Little Emily: Why?
Mamma?
Mamma: Because th
which way to turn
Little Emily: Why d
turn, Mamma?
Mamma: Nurse! Tak
and keep her there fo



Wir singen das Lob der Kunden,
die ihre Bestellungen rechtzeitig
v o r Weihnachten aufgeben

we make for
into its depths
is of calipash
is so rich and
is our special
and fat, that
cate people.
ny, came and
killed him. It
re licence that
ly.

4 - 7s 6d.
2s



Nachtwächter bewacht unsere
Suppen