

## The German "Punch."

For the first time in its history the proprietors of the German *Punch* have allowed a number of their drawings to be reproduced in another publication, and this exception to a hitherto invariable rule has been made in favour of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, which presents in this paper twenty-three excellent drawings from the last three volumes of *Fliegende Blätter*.



JUST as for sixty years *Punch* has been a national institution in this country, so has *Fliegende Blätter* been a national institution, parallel in almost every way, in Germany; though for a period shorter by three years. For while our own *Punch* first offered itself to the public in July, 1841, it was not until October, 1844, that the German *Punch* began its equally and similarly brilliant career. And just as our own *Punch* (to speak of its past artists alone) records with pride the names of Keene, Leech, Doyle, Tenniel, du Maurier, and H. K. Browne, so in the pages of the German *Punch* is preserved the finest work of Braun, Schwind, Illé, Spitzweg, Busch, Oberlander, and Barth. While in Steub the German publication still has the services of one of its old brigade, a man of amazing industry as well as of remarkable ability; in parallel, perhaps (though the character of their work is wholly different), with our own Linley Sambourne, whose work now takes the place of honour lately held by that of Sir John Tenniel.

In the year 1843 Kaspar Braun, an artist, and junior partner in the firm of Dessauer and Braun, wood engravers, of Munich, left his firm and made a fresh partnership with Friederich Schneider, under the style of Braun and Schneider. The idea of the young firm was to carry wood-engraving to its highest possible perfection,

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and with the view of making an outlet for such work in the following year *Fliegende Blätter* was instituted. And truly from the first the paper has been distinguished for superlative excellence in the art of its founders, and even at the present day, when wood-engraving is in most places looked upon as an extinct art, *Fliegende Blätter* continues to give many fine examples every week. The last number for 1900, for instance, now before us, out of nineteen illustrations has eight beautiful woodcuts, in addition to the title design.

The title *Fliegende Blätter* (Flying Leaves) was first conceived as an expression of the idea that loose sheets of drawings and writings had blown through the office window, and were collected to make up the periodical; the words having the collateral advantage of suggesting the publication of fugitive writings. At first the paper dealt freely with political matters, but of late years all political allusion has been strictly excluded. Of the original partners, Schneider died in 1864, while Kaspar Braun survived to see the thirty-fifth anniversary of the paper's birth, dying late in 1879. But the firm is still Braun and Schneider, for the eldest sons of the old partners still carry on the business at Munich.

Kaspar Braun's own drawings, of course, made a prominent part of the attractions of the earlier numbers; and here we have still another parallel between our own *Punch* and the German paper.



BUSINESS ALWAYS.—*Sprawling Book-Canvaser*. "Sir! You have assaulted me! You have kicked me downstairs! I shall summon you before a magistrate instantly! I mean it! And here! You had better be prepared with this little manual of police-court procedure and the law of assaults. I can do it on special terms!"



A LIQUID ECHO.—*Tourist.* "Isn't there an extraordinary echo to be heard just here?"

*Guide.* "Extraordinary! Why, yes, sir. I should think so. Just try now. Shout 'Two pots of beer' as loud as you can."

*Tourist* shouts. A pause. Then:—

*Tourist.* "The sound doesn't seem to come!"

*Guide (with triumphant fervour).* "No, sir—but here comes the beer!"

For Braun's admirable work bears a remarkable resemblance in conception, spirit, and manner to that of Richard Doyle, appearing contemporaneously in *Punch*. In the very early days *Fliegende Blätter* appeared (or didn't) with a certain free and easy irregularity, it being no uncommon thing for a week's issue to be missed altogether. But that state of affairs did not last long. Still, the notion of binding the publication in half-yearly volumes does not seem to have struck the proprietors till 1857, since which time they have been bound and issued regularly, the last—to the end of 1900—being numbered 113, volumes being counted as from the beginning.

We have here little space to speak in detail of the fine work contributed during the first half-century of the paper's existence by such men as Moritz Schwind, Eduard Illé (still living); Horschelt, the delineator of horses; Edmund Harburger, who made drawings of student life; Dietz, Vogel, and Oberlander. Perhaps of all the artists of this period Wilhelm Busch is the best known in this country. His comic engravings were often sold in

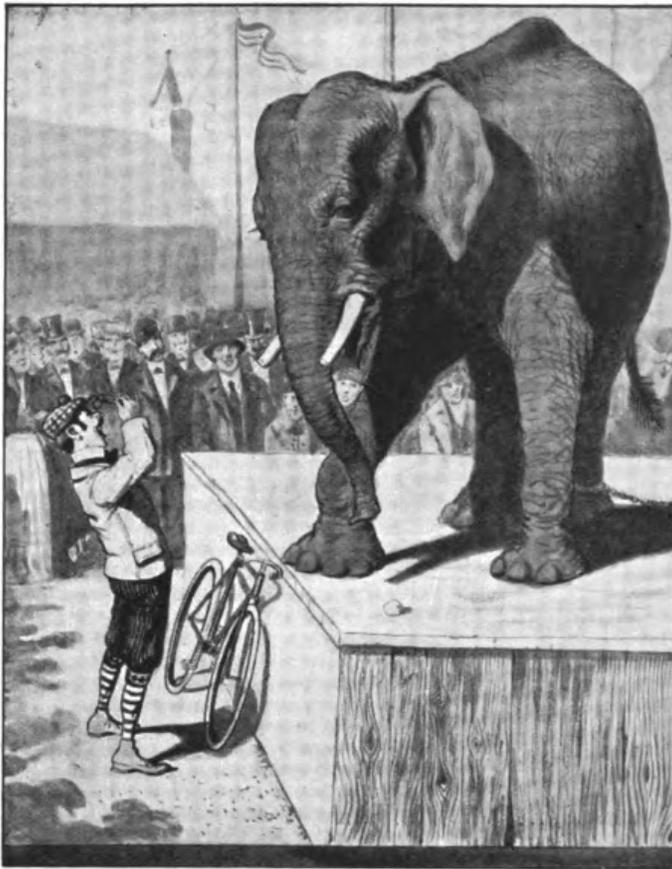
sheets over here; one representing the fate of the two naughty little Athenians who set Diogenes's tub, with the philosopher in it, rolling down hill, must still be fresh in the memory of many. But it is time to come to the *Fliegende Blätter* of to-day, in no way less excellent than the *Fliegende Blätter* of old time.

The first is a specimen of the work of Hengeler, an artist of considerable comic power and force. A joke does not always translate well, though we can all appreciate this instance of the ruling passion strong in defeat. Until the last book-cavasser has been finally kicked down the ultimate flight of stairs and the world is whelmed

in chaos a good book-cavasser joke will always be welcome to the patrons of comic journals. Next is a drawing by H. Stockmann, of whom we present other



A TICKLISH SITUATION.



THE SHORT-SIGHTED ELEPHANT, OR—

specimens later ; and, following that, one by Gratz, who is a forcible and usually very humorous draughtsman. The tricks of guides on travellers, common material of the funny story-teller, receive an accession in Stockmann's drawing by the presence of mind of the sly old chap who makes a supposed echo the occasion for extracting an extra drink from his employer. You observe his foresight. If he had suggested the shout of "A pot of beer" his principal might have turned the joke disastrously against him by emptying the pot himself. But two pots—to drink *both* would be merely piggish, and so he is sure of his reward, and already cocks his eye in thirsty anticipation. In Gratz's drawing of "A Ticklish Situation" the tortured waiter's face is put in with a freedom of grotesqueness that is distinctively German. Who shall say what wildernesses of gravy-anointed backs, what acres of sauced shirt-front, what loads of slopped *entrée* are avenged by the

point of that feather! Truly he must have been a waiter wicked beyond the common to come on such a punishment in this world.

Two other drawings of Gratz, making a pair, present a quaint conceit of an elephant and a bicyclist. The bicyclist, arrived at a fair, has placed his machine against a show platform and has presumed to gaze, with something of derision, through his double eye-glasses at the performing elephant. The intelligent pachyderm, having no eye-glasses of its own, rather than be at a disadvantage in returning the stare, borrows the bicycle for the purpose, and very good *pince-nez* it makes. Some other of Gratz's drawings here reproduced may be superior pictorially, but the idea of this pair is new and quaint. The other drawing, of the ladies with their "lap dog," is in his best vein of humour. The disconcerted official, the ponderous quadruped, and the chorusing ladies all alike are admirable.

STARE FOR STARE.  
Original from  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



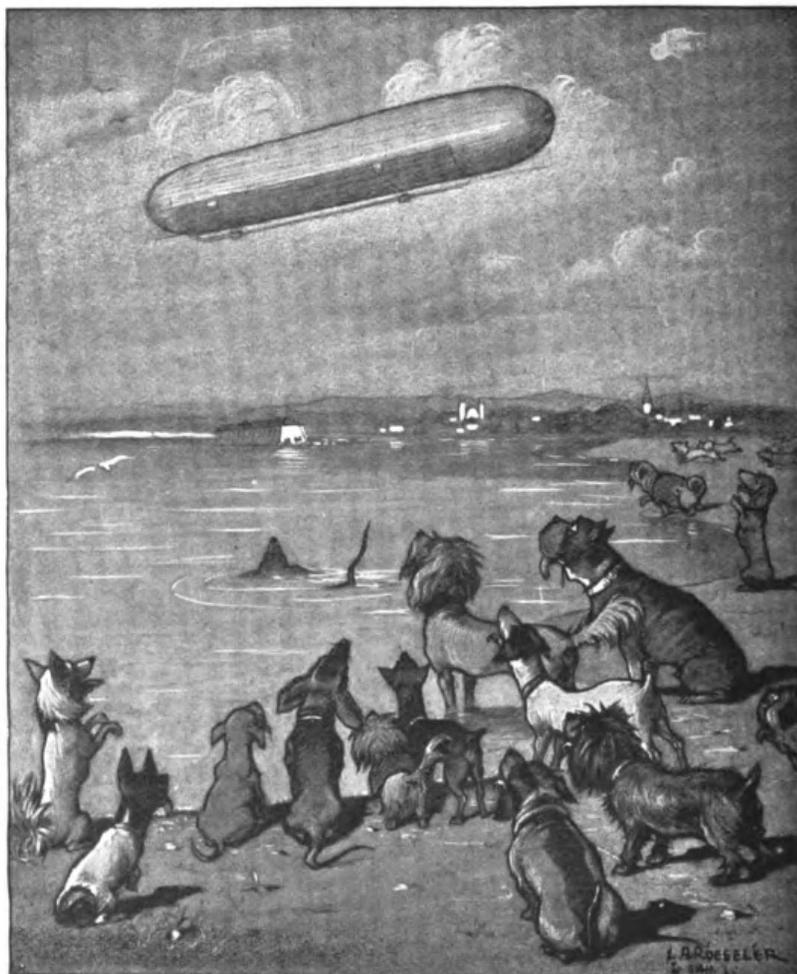
Chorus of Ladies. "Only lap dogs allowed? Oh, but this *is* a lap dog!"

Another artistic contributor of later times is A. Roeseler, an excellent draughtsman, and one who can draw dogs. The great interest shown of late in Germany in airships — the Zeppelin particularly — gives him the chance to show us, in the next picture, a little mob of dogs of all sorts and kinds collected, eager and hungry, to await the fall of what seems to them quite the biggest sausage Germany ever produced.

We return, now, to Stockmann, the draughtsman who gave us the artful guide in an earlier page. Here we have from him a set of five little drawings — one of those comic series of which Wilhelm Busch was so great a master. Here we have one of those calamities that (rather cruelly, perhaps) always overtake — at any rate in comic papers — ladies who wear

wigs. The instinct of the innocent pug teaches it that the person it is anxious to fondle lies somewhere buried under that extraneous pile of hair, and it dives; whereat the sleeper wakes, and all is horror.

In *Fliegende Blätter*, by-the-by, never-ending fun is extracted from the slowness of the train service in most parts of the country, and Stockmann has made many draw-



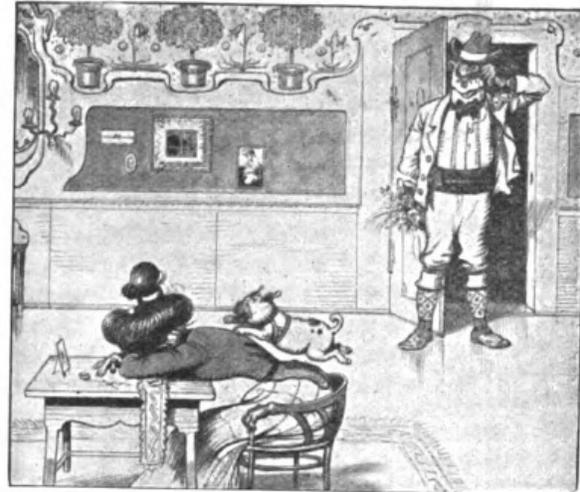
OH! WHAT A SAUSAGE!

Original from  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

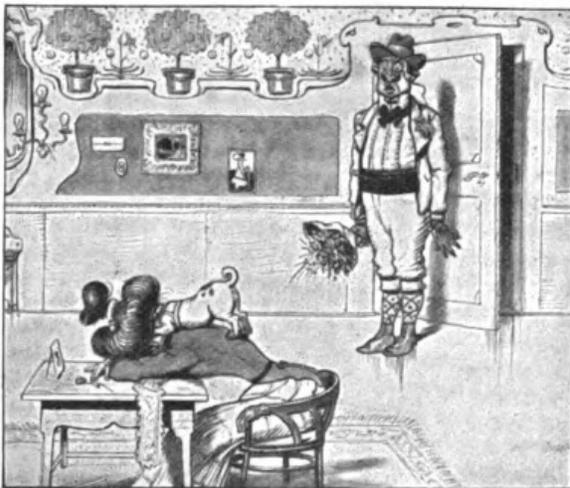
INSTINCT OR REASON.



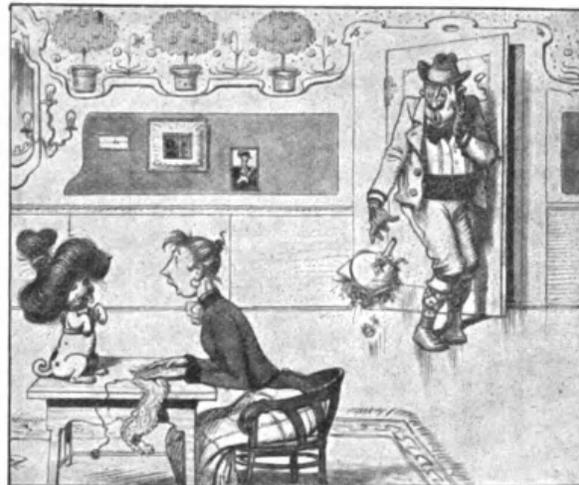
1. A Run.



2. A Jump.



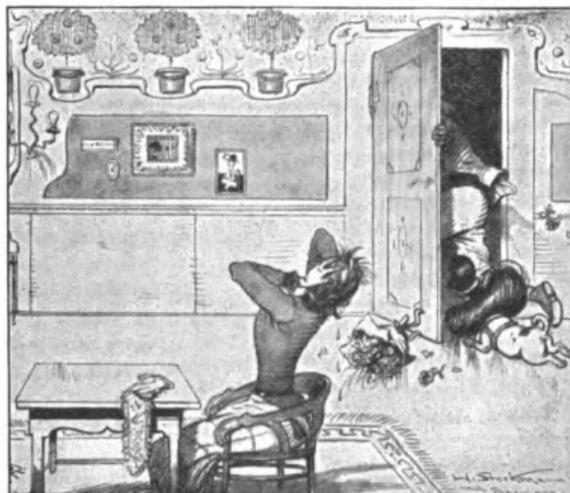
3. A Dive.



4. A Surprise.

ings to that end. Not more than others, perhaps, for every artist has a turn at the theme — representing passengers tying on their dogs behind, reaching to pluck wayside flowers as they pass, running beside, and occasionally leaping over, the engine to warm themselves, and the like.

We give next, indeed, a specimen of a railway joke by E. Reinicke, whose work has something in common with both Gratz and Hengeler, though he often allows himself a freer play of pictorial fancy. The patient and comforting old cow is good, indeed, as is the



5. Despair.

joke she illustrates, though probably no slow-train joke comes quite up to the good old English one of the man who attempted to commit suicide by lying across the rails on a certain line, and died — of starvation!

Another railway joke we give is the work of Schliessmann, a Vienna draughtsman, and then we have a specimen of the work

of Steub, whom we mentioned earlier as an old and prolific worker on *Friegende Blätter*. We perceive in it all the fine detail that distinguishes but never confuses his work. He has drawn a promising

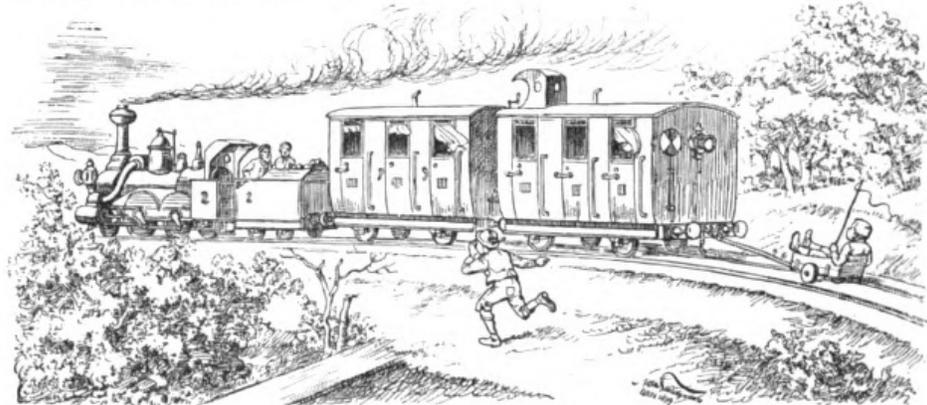


A DAILY COMFORT.—What is the old cow waiting for? Don't you know? She waits like that every day for the ten o'clock express to rub her sides, poor old thing. She just lets half the train rub along one side, and then turns the other. Wonderful how it comforts her!

shop-boy, who will make his way in the world if only he can escape the trick of being found out.

An artist whose work is familiar both in England and

America is a frequent contributor to *Fliegende Blätter*—Henry Mayer, who is German by birth, though he lives in New York. Mayer is a most prolific worker, and he has a very free and smart command of line, as well as a quaint fancy. We reproduce a drawing of his wherein he shows us a young gentleman dexterously blowing smoke-rings over the somewhat prominent nose of a neighbour who has fallen asleep.



UNACCOUNTABLE DELAY OF THE EXPRESS.—“Hi! hi! driver! Here's someone hanging on behind!”



PROOF POSITIVE.—*Master.* “What? said it wasn't a real tiger skin?”  
*Assistant.* “Yes, sir, and he wouldn't buy it, though I assured him I'd strangled the tiger with my own hands!”

Roeseler, a crowd of whose dogs we lately caught a glimpse of hungering for the Zeppelin air-sausage, next offers another little dog-joke, this time at the expense of the dachshund, who has afforded amusement proportionate to his length in most countries where his processional appearance is familiar. The joker suggests selling him by



INTELLECTUAL RECREATION AT A BEER-HOUSE.

the yard, giving him wheels in the middle to keep him from wearing in half against the ground, kennelling him in a stove-pipe, and the like. And now he is objected to because of

another useful source of fun. And here is a very good joke, indeed, on that theme. And with that we come again on a drawing of Steub's. This time it is a jest of sport—a



A SUMMER DOG.—"I say, Mr. Forester, I don't like that sort of dog this cold weather!"  
 "Why not?"  
 "He keeps the door open such a long time coming in. The draught's enough to kill one!"

the prolonged draughts caused by his entry! The servant who borrows her mistress's clothes without the formality of asking first is

beater peppered, reminding one of the classic case in our own country when the short-sighted novice shouted, "Ah! at last I've hit

a—a—a *pheasant*, isn't it? No, no, it's a *peasant*, I do believe!"

Next we come back to Hengeler, who gave us the first of our specimens. Here we have a simple rustic who, having come a cropper over a broken fence, finds himself as he sprawls face to face with a most amazing and threatening monster with a vast mouthful of sharp teeth, a wrinkled forehead, and alert ears. It is a monster, however, as familiar in this country as in Germany, much frequenting rubbish heaps and suburban spaces, in intimate society with tin cans and broken crockery.

Our second example of Reinicke



COMPOSITE.—"Do you know the lady?"  
"Well—the dress is my wife's. The parasol—that's my daughter's. The hat's my sister's; and the face—yes, the face is my cook's!"

countenance the wandering cow seems to mistake for a beet or something



*Beater.* "Beg pardon, Herr Baron, but—at the shoot last week you peppered my leg with shot!"

*Baron.* "Well, I know that. And didn't I compensate you—pay you handsomely?"

*Beater.* "Certainly, Herr Baron, thank you kindly. But there's to be another shoot on Tuesday, and I thought perhaps—a little on account would be very convenient!"

illustrates an awkward incident during drill at the German manoeuvres. German discipline is notoriously strict, and what would be done to the florid countryman (whose flaming



TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER IN A WOOD.—Prostrate Wanderer. "Oh, lor, I'm done for! What awful creature's this?"

equally desirable) if he ventured to budge from the "order arms" to defend his face, imagination fails to realize. Exactly how a cow's tongue feels about the features one may not know, but one is reminded, with a shudder, of Leech's unhappy sandwich-man, boxed tight between four boards, running frantically but hopelessly while a demon boy trots leisurely by his side, tickling his ear with a straw.

We have two more pictures, and the first introduces us to Kirchner, a regular contributor to *Fliegende Blätter*, and a very able artist, who usually works in wash. It is to be trusted that the patient is deriving



AT THE MANŒUVRES.—Perplexing incident during drill.

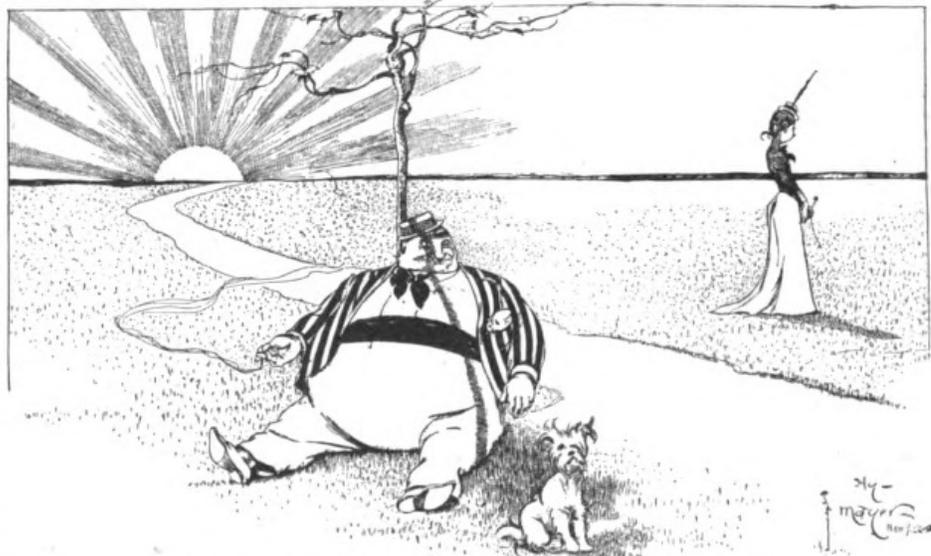


CHEAP AND THOROUGH.—Visitor. "Why, why! You're not well, are you? What's all this?" Victim. "No, I'm not well, and the doctor's ordered me heavy massage treatment. So with the help of my nephews I'm getting it!"

real benefit from his "cure," and it seems a pity that the father of the classic Budgie and Toddie (you will remember his flat chest and their rides on it) went through his affliction before this sort of treatment was fashionably prescribed; for a prescription might have consoled him. Our

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last selection is by Henry Mayer, and a very neat specimen. And with that we finish our brief view of *Fliegende Blätter*, sorry that it cannot be made longer. For all these "flying leaves," from the first that fluttered modestly from the Munich engraver's office more than fifty-six years ago, are distinguished by good drawing and good fun.



AN OPTIMIST.—"Come, Elsa! come and sit here in the shade!"