



Quiz 24 Nov. 1893 p4 a b c

Telephone talks

QUIZ : — "Are you there, Moriarty? Switch me on to No. 9,999. What's that? Haven't got such a number. Then you ought to be ashamed of me. Tell me not in mournful numbers Vaiben Solomon's a Dream, that the Premier quietly slumbers when old Vabe lets off steam! Vabe is real, Vabe is earnest, and a stonewall's not his goal, and while many words he churnest, great ambition fires his soul. No enjoyment and no pleasure do the 'Hansard' staff e'er get — they would give old Solly leisure for a precious heavy wet. I've done. Oh, you would think so, would you? Very well. I'm sorry for your lack of poetic taste. Ring up Mrs. Mary Lee. Marylee, marylee ring the bell Miss Mac, who all bewitches, for man will hear his fun'ral knell, when woman wears the ————continuations. I don't know what's the matter with me this morning. I am as happy as a bumble bee in a basin of sugar. I want to sing and dance. I believe I could do the can can which A.L.Cunard is about to introduce to our notice. Don't be so unkind. Don't knock the stuffing out of my exuberance. Oh, you don't know where to find Mrs. Mary Lee. Try Mr. Proud's office. I asked her to call there this morning to listen to my mellifluous voice. Cooee. Is that Mr. Proud? Tell Mrs. Lee I am waiting at the window with a teardrop in each eye, for I'm thinking of the suffrage that is coming by and bye. Ah, there she is. Good morning, Mrs. Lee."

"Good morning, QUIZ. Have you come jestingly or soberly?"

" Soberly! Why I haven't had my usual morning pint yet."

"I am not referring to the consumption of alcoholic stimulants, of which I understand you are a very excellent judge, but rather to the condition of your mind."

"Never mind my mind. It's just as sober as it usually is. But before we start on the business of the morning I wish to ask you a question, one of the greatest import."

"Go ahead then, and no nonsense."

"Well, then, is it a fact that some pamphlets recently posted in San Francisco and addressed 'Mary Lee, North Adelaide, Australia,' safely reached their destination?"

"Yes. Is there anything very singular in that?"

"I don't know that there is, but a waggish friend of mine has offered to wager that if they had been merely addressed 'Mary Australasia' they would have reached 152 Barnard Street before any PostOffice would hold them for 'dead.'"

"Your friend is facetious. I suspect you yourself are the author of the wager."

"Not a bit of it. And now let us proceed to business. I see you are still busy pushing the Women's Franchise campaign."



"It wants pushing when we have to deal with stiffnecked members of Parliament. I am very nearly sick of the whole lot of them."

"What, even Charley!"

"No. He is a welcome convert."

"But don't you think you are making enemies by your exceedingly free speech? You have been running amuck, and you have severely wounded some whom you should count as your friends."

"Friends! One's friends are those who fight on one's side, not men who run away at a critical hour or who are only halfhearted in their support. What is the use of such? They only cumber the earth."

"That's all very well in its way; but when you are a few years older, my dear Mrs. Lee, you will appreciate the wisdom of a policy of conciliation."

"I should think you would be the last to say anything on that subject, sir."

"To parody Gilbert, I am one of the last who has done so. Now, why should you call Blacker, M.P., an idiot? Blacker is a very decent sort of fellow, as you would admit if you went up to the Willunga Show. He is not an idiot, and he has got a vote. Then again you have styled the members of the Labour Party 'a lot of nincompoops.' That is not the language of diplomacy."

"Yet it may be the language of truth."

"Ah but we mustn't always speak the truth. Take a lesson from me. If I were compiling a new dictionary I should insert the following: 'TRUTH — law costs.' Don't be bilious."

"Stuff and nonsense. I want honest support. I'm sick of timeservers."

"And so say all of us. I'm a supporter of woman's suffrage, but we must not be intolerant. Don't display such acerbity or men will be saying to one another — 'Well, if woman shows her teeth now, what will she do when she gets a vote?'"

"Rubbish. You're as bad as any of them. You pretend to be on our side and yet you are constantly ridiculing us."

"Not a bit of it. I am a satirist by profession, but I yield to no man in my admiration of women. Yet I came across an item in a paper a few minutes ago which filled my soul with bitterness."

"What was it? Some more nonsense, I suppose."

"No. It was a statement that Miss Myra Kemble, the actress, had drawn a prize of £10,000 in a sweep on the Caulfield Cup."

Mary Lee 1821 - 1909

by Elizabeth Mansutti



"Well, what of that?"

"Don't you see what an injustice that is to me? Here have I been putting money into sweeps for I don't know how many years and I have invariably drawn blanks."

"Oh, please put an end to this conversation. You are just as great a nincompoop as the rest of them."

"Thanks. Just before I close will you allow me to offer one observation. It is this — Mary had a temper hot that used to boil and bubble, and ere the franchise she had got it landed her in trouble. Good Morning."