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Time there was when we could sit snug on our soap box, poke the fire and let the M.S.S. come tripping gaily in. We had poets to burn so to speak and never had to worry over the prospect of being galleys short at bed time.

Now, alas, the editor sends us out through a cheerless depot, keeps us busy clipping jokes from five year old papers, and has even sent us after senior N.C.O.'s twice in one day in hopes of copy. Poor old Editor, he might have known better.

In desperation we have resorted to our last line of offense—the interview—and this is the result.

Interviewer assumes attitude of utmost deference, and knocks.

"Come in."

"Ah, good evening;—Mr. Butterfat of the Gore of Kides, I believe? Ah, that is good of you,—just two fingers, thank you, I am from Gyns and Holdfasts, Mr. Butterfat, and would welcome, for the benefit of our readers your opinion as to the duration of the war, your observations on the St. Johns weather' and finally some study hints to beginners." — "Heres how!"

"To be sure," said he, having carefully placed his glass 2.76" to the west side of the N.E. corner of his dressing table,— "but before I take up those trivial points, may I direct your attention to the fact that there is in Australia today a huge surplus of rabbits; now I have a—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Butterfat," our interviewer respectfully interjected, "but we have heard you on that before, now as to the war?"

"Oh, my dear good man, blow the war, it's a mere detail compared to my rabbit—"

"Come now sir, surely—"

"Well, if you insist, does your journal realise the war can only be won by reducing illness—not actual casualties in the field, illnesses which play havoc with the effective strength of ones forces, is totally eliminated—Sickness due to exposure and cold. Now my rabbit skin—"

"Well let it go at that, sir. Now as to the weather down here?"

At this point our friend talked in a most refreshing way and only stopped when he was blue in the face.

"Yes," our man assured him, "we all say pretty much the same thing so that's really not news, besides our editor, who really loves the place would "can" it on sight."

"Perhaps that is so," said Mr. B, settling down amongst his beloved books, "but, as a matter of fact, we could be very comfortable here if only my rabbit—"

"Dear me, surely you wont say it again!—Come now, compose yourself—will you give our journal some study hints for the benefit of your colleagues?"

"Indeed," he replied, "I shall be glad to. First of all, specialise and systematise. Make one subject your, er—forgive the expression "long suit". For instance, see that drawer? Full of correspondence all on one subject which I have scientifically and systematically assimilated—my scheme for rabbit.—"

The interviewer firmly pushed him back into his chair.

"Yes sir, tell your readers generally and the class in particular to be good at most things if they will, but be absolutely without peer in one particular department.

"Now, at present I devote forty two minutes to K. R. & O., twenty three to Military Law, fourteen minutes, twelve and three fifth seconds to my friend Otter—used to be one of the Corps you know—and divide thirty seven point five four minutes to field sketching and phosphorescent musketry. This leaves me one hour, forty four minutes twelve and two fifth seconds for research work in connection with my life work, yes sir, time well occupied in propagating, what will one day be to my everlasting credit.

"Sir,—don't go yet!—when my rabbit—listen here!—skin — the door's locked!—blanket—put that stick down!! — crocheted, not woven—made in strips—"

But our man at the expense of a few cuts, got out by the window.

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