

**IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS
WITH WELL KNOWN MEN,**

(By our Special Correspondent.)

LIEUT. CANDY.

When I went in search of our Treasurer last Saturday afternoon, I found him at the Club peacefully ensconced in an easy chair, but with a slightly worried expression on his face—the kind of look a man has when he has backed a winner at a hundred to one, and the bookie has died of heart failure before paying him. "Why this troubled expression?" I asked. "It may sound strange," he replied, "but ever since you published 'Ole Bill's' dream in your last interview I have been worried to distraction. Even my little baby has been rubbing it in. When I walked in to breakfast this morning he started singing, 'Shall I be an angel, daddy?' and when I told him to shut up he looked at me as much as to say, 'A hair in the head is worth two in a hair-brush.' It all sounds very funny, I know, but can you really imagine me wearing a pair of wings, playing a harp?" "No," I answered, "no more than I can imagine Capt. Elliott playing Hamlet." "If you will give your undivided attention for a few minutes, Mr. Correspondent," he continued, "I'll relate to you something that really did happen." This I promised to do, and as Mr. Candy related the following episode you could have heard a pin drop. "Some time ago I was strolling down Bond Street, when I noticed outside a door a placard with the words, 'Madame Butterfly, Palmist and Clairvoyant.' Of course, it is unnecessary for me to say that a clairvoyant is a lady who tells things that have happened, might happen and might not happen, so I decided to go in and have my future mapped out for me, and save the trouble of moulding my own destiny. In I walked, and was shown by a maid into a room with a table in the centre, and on the table was a huge crystal about four feet in diameter. After I had waited about ten minutes, the great Madame Butterfly herself came in. 'Good afternoon,' said she. 'Good afternoon,' said I, and, as a gentleman should, chivalrously bowed before her majesty. I then heard something go—these pants of mine always were a bit too tight. 'Be seated,' she said in a sepulchral tone of voice, 'and I will tell you what the crystal has to say about you. Ha! ha! what do I see here, young man? Do you know that this is your second time on earth?' 'Second time on earth,' I exclaimed. 'Speak on, fair lady of a thousand charms, tell me more; you interest me.' 'Yes, she continued, 'you first lived two thousand years ago. When you were a general under the one and only Julius Caesar. The kaleidoscopic view in the crystal shows you, Julius Caesar, Cleopatra and Anthony all sitting together in a box at the Coliseum, Rome, watching the Christians being thrown to the lions.' 'Good heavens,' I shouted excitedly. 'That view has now gone,' she continued, feigning not to notice my interruption, 'and another one has appeared in the crystal. This time the four of you are together again in another part

SOCIETY ITEMS.

Lord Cooper, of R2, returned from his shooting box on Monday.

Count Boshier is shortly to take a week's rest from his arduous duties.

It is rumoured that Sir Robert Ruddell is to be made a K.C.S.B., which honour entitles him to the Freedom of Shepherd's Bush.

Amongst the well-known society people dining at Lockhart's we noticed Lord Powell, Baron Parker, P.C., General Hewitt, K.C.B.S., Lord Roberts, and Viscount Gardner.

The Laird of Logan, M.P., has received the Freedom of "Ye Olde Dutch Kitchen."

TUG-O'-WAR TEAMS EPITAPH.

"The anchor's weighed," lads, take the strain;
To pull the Railway Troops were fame.
Alas! to lose the day 't was fated;
Next time the "Sapper" will be
"Weighted."

HINTS TO NEW COMERS.

Don't think you know all about routine because you were once an office boy.

Don't tell the D.S. Clerk all you know; let him find out some of it himself.

of the Coliseum watching a chariot race. This is the most exciting race of the year, between the two greatest chariot drivers of that period—Permangamate and Potash. Before they started, Cleopatra had a friendly five dollar bet with you that Permangamate will win. I might mention that it was touch and go between you and Anthony who was going to marry Cleopatra, but that is another story. Here they come—they are now passing the royal box. Permangamate is leading by about ten yards.' I was getting very excited now at these remarkable revelations, and glanced over her shoulder into the crystal to see this extraordinary phenomenon, but, of course, not having the supernatural gifts of Madame Butterfly, I could see nothing. 'Permangamate is still leading,' she continued, 'and Cleopatra playfully dug you in the ribs, very bucked as she contemplates the good time she is going to have on your five dollars. Good heavens, it can't be.' Madame Butterfly ejaculated. 'No, it can't!—Yes, it can!—No, it can't!—Yes, yes! Hooray! Permangamate's front horse has fallen, and Potash wins.' Somebody then burst into the room, and before I knew where I was three stalwart policemen confronted us. They took my name and address, and Madame Butterfly was yanked off, and was sentenced to six months' hard labour. When she has done her time I think I'll visit her again. I'm rather keen to know why I didn't marry Cleopatra. Perhaps I could have averted the sad disaster which befell her, then my name would have figured in history for all time."

Correspondence.

The "Bulletin" does not necessarily associate itself with the views expressed by our correspondents.]

To the Editor C.R.O. "Bulletin."

Your correspondent, "Probaireachd," in his letter to the BULLETIN on the subject of "Bagpipes or Brass bands," raises the question of valour in connection with this subject. He states he has never heard of a bassoon player winning the V.C. First let me tell him the bassoon is a "reed," not a brass instrument.

Does he remember Bugler Dunne, who played a brass instrument and won the V.C.? And the only piper who won the V.C. was Piper Findlater at Dargai, so there is nothing to write home about.

But that has nothing to do with the quality of the music dispensed by "Pipers" and "Brass Bands." Because a big drummer happens to win the Military Medal, it in no way follows that the chap who plays the cornet and has not won a decoration lets off music of an inferior quality; or, again, because the piper wins the V.C., he can't get one over the "wailing" of our cat that is on home service.

It is quality in music that counts, not quantity. Imagine Tannhauser, Lohengrin, Tales of Hoffmann, and other musical gems being played by a pipe band—it can't be done.

The place for a pipe band is in camp, and if your correspondent is so anxious for martial music why does he not apply for return to his unit.

Yours truly,
"OSAVEUS."

The Ed. C.R.O. Bulletin.

As we have nearly every kind of team in the office, I wonder if we could not get up a chess team, as I am well aware there are a good number of men in the Record Office who play the game, and think if we arranged a few matches between them you would be able to get a first-rate chess team out of it.

Perhaps some ardent player amongst the boys will give his views on the matter and get things going in time to have a chess club in full swing before the fall sets in.

Thanking you for bringing this before the notice of your readers, and wishing your paper every success,

Yours, etc.,
A LOVER OF CHESS.

To the Editor C.R.O. "Bulletin."

Reply to S/Sgt. J. Adams' Challenge.

Cpl. Sargeant regrets that owing to his strenuous military duties (or perhaps it is shortage of cash to find the stake money), it is impossible to find a suitable date to take up the above challenge.

However, to avoid disappointment, S.O.M.S. Wilbraham, Middleweight Champion, C.R.O. (never fought and never defeated), has promised to deputise; date, etc., to be announced later.

Yours, etc.
CPL. SARGEANT.