

"Watchful Waiting."

For the first break at the head of the dinner queue.

For the withdrawal of the post-office shutter.

For the invitation to join the gym sergeant's "card party."

For the appearance of a word of three letters, beginning with P, in the margin of G. C. S. H. Orders.

For the "relaxation" of the gate policeman about 1.30 P.M.

For a personal invitation to enter, from Mr. Pond.

For the fate of that application for "leave—for the purpose of proceeding."

For the Examiner's opening question.

For the "Jane" who promised to be there then.

For the decision whether it's to be "Canadian Expeditionary Force," or the "Canada Expeditionary Force."

Psmith.

Police Raid on Chatham House Press.

It was the morning after the last Zeppelin raid.

The staff of the Hospital Printing Department was working at full morning pressure. The Press Sergeant was trying to compile the statistics of last week's output. The typesetters, with puckered eyes and corrugated brows were trying to disengage the tangled words of a contributed manuscript. The compositor was cussingly struggling to compress 1000 words into a 900 word form. The pressman, after an argument with the motor, had the press clanking away like a foundered Ford. The News Editor was scowling over a "funny story" he was trying to "adapt."

Into this chamber of Inky Intelligence there suddenly and unapologetically entered the Chatham House Police Corporal, followed by his three huskiest, most Hun-like R. P.'s. The raiders advanced with stern intent purpose. Clanking press, tinkling monotype, rapping form-mallet. and spluttering fountain pen, all relapsed into uneasy quietude.

The staff leadswinger experienced a horrible premonition that he was to be suddenly sent up the line. The sergeant, in a panic, asked himself if the long arm of the Censorship had at last fallen upon his obscure little press. Or had the C. O., following his inspection of the preceeding hour, issued an edict of condemnation? The News Editor had uneasy premonitory stirrings of an impending libel prosecution instigated by Mr. Pond.

And then Corporal Armstrong in deep official tones declared his errand:

"Have you any fire extinguishers in this department?"