

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS WITH WELL KNOWN MEN,

(By our Special Correspondent.)

S.Q.M.S. WORTHINGTON.

"DE NIHILO NIHIL FIT"

"I've been expecting you for quite a long time," began our worthy friend Mr. Worthington, when I had the pleasure—well, I won't say the pleasure—but when I was asked by the Editor to interview him the other day.

"It has often surprised me that you have not enlisted my services for that 'Old Rag' of your's before," he continued, "as I am sure I could elevate its tone considerably. I'm afraid I've been a little harsh in my criticism at times, but I have always predicted that your paper 'has a bright future behind it.' Ha! ha! I will have my little joke, you know. Anyway, this week you will have something that's really worth while reading."

Then Mr. Worthington gave me a few chapters from the pages of his interesting career.

"I was born under the planet Venus, so now you know how I came to have such a handsome appearance and delightful personality. I sat for the painting known as 'A Modern Adonis,' which was shown at the Royal Academy, 1915. Sufficient to say, Sir Richard Poynter was knighted for this masterpiece.

"When war commenced, Kitchener cabled me in the following terms:—

"Please come at once. Your King and Country needs you.—Yours, Kitch"

"Never let it be said, that when the path of duty was shown me I was found wanting. So, as soon as I had settled my estate—that is to say, paid my laundry bill—I set sail for England, and arrived here just in time to avert what might have been the greatest disaster in history. When I arrived at Victoria Station, Lord Kitchener met me in a taxi, and rushed me off to Whitehall without delay, and there he explained the whole situation. 'Now, for goodness' sake,' said he, 'hop across the water, and give the British Army a hand out. The Germans are hammering at the gates of Paris and any day now might see the fall of that great city.' He handed me my passport, and away I went.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS—Continued.

"Now, do you know how I stopped the Germans from capturing Paris in 1914?" he interrogated.

"Yes," I replied. "It would make very interesting reading for the boys in the Office."

"I disguised myself as the Angel of Mons, and so inspired the British Army, and frightened the Germans, that they beat it back to the Marne so quick, that you couldn't see their backs for dust. The rest of the story is history, which, no doubt you are fully conversant with. "

"After that, I returned to England and accepted a position in the Pay Office. As there was not sufficient scope for my untiring energy and intelligence there, I transferred to the Record Office.

"Yes, some people are born great, and others have greatness thrust upon them, and for such people as myself, who 'left their country for their country's good,' the British nation can never sufficiently recompense.

"Mr. Justice Darling recently suggested that the statue of Justice on the dome of the Old Bailey should be removed, and my statue put there in its place, as an inspiration to the generations to come. They are also talking of removing Nelson from Trafalgar Square, and—"

I could really stand no more, so wended my way back to the Editor's Sanctum and reported my interview.

Editor's Note:—Although the above celebrity no longer exists in this Office, we thought it would not be out of place to publish the above "interview," which would have appeared before but for the suspension of the "Bulletin." Let us say: "Gone, but not forgotten."

F. E. BOSCHIER.

HINTS TO NEW COMERS.

Play the game straight, and don't try to slip anything over. "Everything's been tried."

If you miss your train in the morning, take a taxi. Don't be late, it looks bad.

If you've got money, and it's near pay day, don't tell anybody. There are naughty people who go round collecting it.

That the various mirrors and pegs are supplied for the old staff, as well as the new.

Correspondence.

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

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

Sir,—Some time ago I wrote a letter to your paper, with a view to forming a Chess Club in the C.R.O., but, owing to the temporary suspension of your paper, I presume the article was forgotten. I should again like to remind all chess players that now is the most suitable time to form a club, as we can then arrange fixtures for outside clubs, before they make up their season's arrangements.

Would anyone care to make a start in this matter, or have we no enthusiastic chess men in the Office, with love enough for the game to carry out this idea?

Yours, etc.,

A CHESS PLAYER.

SOCIETY ITEMS.

The Hon. Nobby Clark, Mr. (not President) Willson, and friends have returned to town, after an absence of about six weeks, spent at their shooting box in Hampshire.

Mr. Willson claims the shooting to have been the best for many years, also the biggest bag of the party, which, considering his ability for shooting (the bull), comes as no surprise to his many friends in this country.

Big Chief Walters took a journey as far as Blackpool last moon to visit some of his tribesmen.

Premier Hurst, of R.2 B.1, with the aid of Signor Reginald Don Gyles, is busy investigating the exact date when Mr. Bonar Law entered politics.

We are informed that Baron Coles has recently inherited a goodly sum of money. He is a well-known "business" man.

We are pleased to announce the coming wedding of Count Hunt. The bride-to-be was formerly an ardent worker for the V.A.D. This is evidently the end of the Hunt.