ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Aunt Queenie regrets that not so much advantage is being taken of this Column as was anticipated. As her stipend is paid on results, as it were, she can see many a Burton from the Wheatsheaf vanishing in the air. Forward, my chickabiddies, surely you have some questions to ask her. Any kind will receive her absolute and undivided attention. Do you wish to know how to darken grey hair? enlarge the figure? remove whiskers from the lips?

LADY.—You ask if you ought to recognise the Sergeants when you meet them on the roads or in town, after accepting their beautiful hospitality at their entertainments. What a question to ask! If you lowered yourself to deign to associate with these plebians? the least you could have done would have been to bow when meeting them, subsequent to the enjoyable evening provided for your entertainment. You have chosen the wrong appelation of "Lady." Snob is the term which exactly describes you.

SONG BIRD FANCIER.—The Canary no doubt has its vocal organs properly developed, but needs training and proper diet. See the article on the Food Problem in the last issue of our wonderful fourpenny-worth—the pink (4) pennorth. Eat your insectarian meals in the presence of the bird, thus setting it an example. You will find, I am sure, that it will soon whistle Holmes sweet Holmes or any other ditty.

ENQUIRER.—Glad you enjoyed the Chilli-Vinegar. A recipe is being sent you by (P.P.) Post, under cover of plain sealed envelope. No instruments, tedious exercise, or drugs necessary. Your figure improved as desired.

LIEUT. N-S-G, STR.—I don't know exactly who are the unmarried ones. The Provost Sergt. is making enquiries by means of one of his select private detectives, and when his report comes in I shall be able to give you the information desired. In the meantime, don't let your heart flutter inordinately over any attentions anyone may pay thee. All are good-looking,

and have many baits and guileful spells to inveigle and invite the unwary sense of ladies. At present, they score heavily at the Y.M.C.A. Concerts, where, sitting in the front benches, they receive and bestow sly winks and nods from the play-acting ladies. Like the P.T. man, they are sly "dogs," where the petticoats are concerned.

WISE MAN OF THE YEAST.—Yes, you did quite right to go out into the hedges and byeways to sell our Magazine. You may get a small write-up from the Editor-in-Chief.

V.A.D.—Thanks, dear, for thinking of me. I am writing to you about the other affair. The proper time to make the pie is when the black-berries are tart.

ASSISTANT SECTION-LEADER.—Yes, it was very like an elopement. I felt at the time sorry for the transport sergeant, as it was through him the char-a-banc was supplied. And to see the Staff pop out from under the hedge, board the car where the two were seated, and whip up the horses, so to speak. It was very realistic as the car flew down the road.

S.O.S.—Don't despair. She is, I think, pulling your leg. You pull hers. If you go to the Orderly Room and see the Quartermaster Sgt., he will give you permission to Marriat-once.

MAJOR.—Sorry I did not see you the other night. It was unfortunate that the breaks on the train broke down (just like our jitney), so that the driver Cooden Halt at the platform.

PRIVATE X.Y.Z.—You wish to know how to reduce your "embompom." Yes, I've noticed you are a trifle adipose. Call at the dispensary and ask the Staff to give you sixpennyworth of Shadeene. Take as much of this as will cover an ordinary shovel heaped up, and rub well into the scalp. Season with a few leeks, half a chopped onion, and a few drops of Antifative, or Antim Acassar oil to taste, and serve hot. See also the article on Food in the last number. Become an Insectarian.

PECCAVI.—You certainly have. What are you going to do about it?

L. LEON, 3, St. Leonard's Road, BEXHILL.

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