

of hymn singers prefer gazing on still water to tossing wavelets: Another hypothesis shattered. You can understand that by this time I was getting desperate, I wanted to know who the fellow was, he annoyed me; his calm indifference to his surroundings caused a strong desire within me to kick him and wake him up. What right has he to sit in stolid indifference on a Chippendale sette playing idly with a rattan cane, whilst I, with the sweat of my pen write articles for the benefit of Kriticos, and to the gloryfication of Dulcinea. This, I said must be settled by careful analysis: to start with, is the scene English? Where, if so, are the poms and things? Where the flaps, flappers, and flapperettes? Where the myriad gleaners of cigarette cards? Besides, the sun is shining!! *Reductio ad absurdum*, I murmured, and broke into tears. Since then I have lain awake o' nights thinking over the problem; I have discussed it with my friends of both sexes, I have searched the library and asked the Adjutant, the Police know nothing (don't take this the wrong way) and Dulcinea is busy with the summer sales; and yet I want to know more than ever. Will somebody write and tell me who and what the gentleman on the cover is, please?

H. S. S.

---

## The Soldiers Commandments.

---

1.—Thou shalt not send any likeness of any airship in the heavens above, nor any trenches in the earth beneath, nor any submarine in the waters under the earth. For I, Censor, am a jealous censor, visiting the sins of the offender with 6 days C.B., but show mercy unto thousands of them that fear me, by letting green envelopes pass uncensored.

2.—Remember the Sabbath, and keep it holy. In it, thou shalt attend Church Parade, and do any manner of work, also thy comrade, thy sergeant, and thy C.O.

3.—Honor thy C.O. and keep thy rifle well oiled, that thy days may be long in the land that thine enemy giveth thee.

4.—Thou shalt not steal thy neighbours rations, or thy corporals gun rag. Anything else is lawful loot.

5.—Thou shalt not adulterate thy tea with any substitute for milk.

6.—Thou shalt not covet thy Corporal's job, nor his German helmet, nor his boots, nor his girl, nor anything that is his.