

WHAT A DEAD WORLD THIS WILL BE.

BEFORE this grand old war broke out we used to get into an ecstasy of delight whenever we heard that a circus was billed for our town, or a big carnival was planned, or, on Empire Day, there would be a baseball game at the park, with races for children and fat men, and fireworks in the evening.

Remember how you'd fuss up in the latest rags and 'phone the little queen and give her a bid to the big time; and then how she'd get excited, and wouldn't know which dress to wear.

Well, they sure were great days, but won't they seem tame when we get back? Just think of going to see a ball game; of sitting there and listening to the women cheering as a fellow slides for second, and squeals when he thinks someone tried to spike him. And then recall the many times when you slid through barbed wire, dived into a cellar over a pile of brick, or nearly parted your hair against a brick wall when you attempted to shoot through a hole in it and missed. This ball stuff will be mighty slow.

'Member in the old days how you used to go and see an aeroplane disport itself. If you had the price you took your mother along. If not, you stood outside the fence, and saw the show for nothing. Now just imagine going to see an aeroplane loop-the-loop—just imagine seeing a performance of that kind after having experienced those big Gothas that used to swoop over and let go their tails and wreck everything! Or recall those pretty air duels, the result of which some unfortunate came to the earth in flames. And maybe, too, you will think of now those "Archies" used to waste ammunition.

Imagine going to see some fireworks. It was not bad in the old days when you used to share a chair between two, owing to the crush, and strained your neck until a rocket shed forth its beautiful colors and you said "Ha-a-a." Do you think you would strain your neck at a miserable rocket after seeing liquid fire, Fritz's sausage lights, Véry lights and fire shells?

'Member when the circus came to town and a loud-mouthed man with a rubber-face, running the cocoa-nut game, shouted: "Come on, boys, try your luck. Three balls a dime, eight a quarter." You'd buy a quarter's worth and kid your girl into throwing a ball, which usually went over the screen. Then you'd wind up your own wing, clear the crowd back and bean a cocoa-nut. Then you'd shoot the next seven rounds and go away with a cocoa-nut and a sore arm. When you hear the cocoa-nut man next time you'll just recall that dark night when you went over on a bombing raid, and dropped a few Fritzie's with some of those disturbers that Mills brought into being.

So, Mr. Public Entertainer, we wish to give you a friendly tip. If you want your shows, circuses, carnivals, or whatever they may be, well patronized after Kaiser Wilhelm is sent down the shoot that leads to the fire in the centre of the earth, you will have to get something new. You'll have a few years to do it in no doubt!