

presumably "at attention", one hand reached frantically for the meat, and the other dirty paw lunged for the potatoes. Both safely secured; he deftly obtained, selecting with the eye of the expert that he was, the brownest french-fried and the finest portions. He heaped his plate—and this, after his talk of the previous night! By this time, the gravy and the coffee had become his prey. There is no word that can be used in "Knots and Lashings" that adequately described his method of eating, I watched him with disgust. Before his plate was half empty he began yelling for "more meat". As an orderly approached, he fairly crouched like a tiger, ready to spring on his victim. But, why discuss this hog further? This creature is rare, only one among a thousand but he is found everywhere. Do not be deceived by such as he! As before stated, he is not confined to one class alone but is everywhere,—and everywhere he is a problem.

The average soldier is really impatient when meal-time draws near,—who would not, after his drill in the open air! My wonder is that he is not more impatient of delays at meal time, and that he is so self restrained for in the last analysis the soldier is little else than a grown-up youngster. See them play tag, leap-frog, or slyly trip-up each other and you will realize it.

At our mess tables, their hungry, healthy young stomachs want to be filled and that is all there is about it. So, God bless the hungry young soldier,—let him enjoy it to his hearts content. Double up! Double up, Cookie!—that is the boy in him. But it is not "the boy" in him of the porcine proclivities. There is no boy in his squeals and grunt and absolute selfishness,—his disregard for all save himself,—there is no boy in it. He is the Ubiquitous hog; and the hog in him is well on the surface.

Spr. J. COMERFORD.

#### LOOKING AFTER THEM.

The following letter has been forwarded, from his home-address, to one of the several Members of the American Institute of Mining Engineers at present in this Depot.

The American Institute of Mining Engineers has many members on active service both in the Canadian and American Expeditionary Forces. The great work that is being done towards winning the war, by this, and kindred societies, is well known to all of us. We publish the letter as an ap-

preciation of how we are "being looked after",—we are "all together" with the one aim; and are going to win.

#### AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF MINING ENGINEERS

29 West 30th Street, New York.  
June 4, 1918.

Dear Sir:—

This letter is written to all members of the Institute in the service in the uniform of America or one of its Allies.

We desire to keep in touch with you during the war and for that reason we ask that either you or your family or your business associates advise us of some permanent address that we can use until the war is over and you are once more returned to your usual occupation.

It is probable that when the war is over we may desire to publish a book having to do with the record of our members in the service. Will you not keep us advised of all matters of interest concerning yourself and any other members of the Institute of whom you may have news.

With best wishes and hoping to hear from you or at least from your business associates or family if this letter does not reach you,

Faithfully yours,

Bradley Stoughton,  
Secretary.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

Dere Koronel

Wen I return to St. Jeans, I expect to be parade to you in your chair of official but the adjewtant she speak not my langwige and represent to me the stick with the end of dirt and say I no get to see the Koronel as she is busy. So dere Koronel I am rite to see if you might move your largest of hearts to make the appointment early for my presentation in your front face. The major de Keefe she tell me I good soldier but two fond of whiskey blanc an get the clinic too frequently but she let me into the arrestment of opening to go from Quebec to St. Jean an I say the farewells of bitterness to my Rosie wen I fin' two sappers of the detach' say the good bye to she two. Now dere Koronel it has my heart torn in three thousand pieces so, that I know my Rosie is falseness to me an' the clinic of detention is what made my Rosie fade from my love.

Joe Pacquette.

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