

Poms. and Things

We have quarrelled! Things is a beautiful word, so vast so vague, so variable, and withal giving, like the Delphic Oracle so wide a range for evasion.

It was over a stale-mustard coloured thing that we quarrelled, Dulcinea called it a Pom, Sweet Petlet, and various other endearments, taking unheard of trouble in that matter of blue bow decorations; I contented myself with labling the brute a D..... Nuisance: for every evening when the purple shadows of approaching night whispered Romance, I would keep my tryst, and she would come: smiling alone? No! No! Fond Readers: but grinning and hauling Tutzi Wuz on three or four yards of lead.

This son of a female canine with a converging strabysmus, would forthwith yap, snap, hop, skip, jump, bark and play "Here we go round the mulberry bush" with Cineas leg and mine, reducing me to a condition of nervous expectancy and my beloved to a volumn of sacarine epethets.

And then the Crisis! We twain decided on the right side of a lamp post, Tutzi Wuz in his lordly way without consulting us vered, to the left, skidded, jumped the tightened lead, then having wricked his neck, howled his distress to an agonized world.

This promptly brought the other three thousand noble and sagacious canines rushing to the scene, where, mistaking Tutzi's tale of woe for a hymn of joy they sported and gambolled in right royal fashion.

Dulcinea demanded that I "rescue the dear thing"!!!

Here quoth I, is opportunity; so grasping my stout one and three penny ash, I plunged into the vortex, to disaster, for instead of landing with horrific force on the back of an Airedale terrier, I inadvertantly but succesfully, (I said inadvertantly) obliterated Tutzi's left eye. With a cry of anguish Dulcinea dragged me back by my collar, then stooping, plucked her moaning treasure to her bosom. "Cruel Wretch" she hissed, and vanished Westwards! As I said before, We Have Quarrelled.

H. S. S.

An Army cook had been very busily engaged preparing a substantial meal for the troops at the Front, and at an awkward moment he missed a pudding from his stock of edibles. He made a diligent search without success. Then he enquired of a healthy looking Tommy if he had seen the missing pudding.

"Ah," said Tommy, candidly, "Aw've eaten it!"

"Tha's eaten it, has tha? Well, what's tha dun w't' cloth?"

"Wha," said Tommy, laconically, "wor there one on?"