

the Staff *must* attend to their duties, whatever time they get home." "That's right," said the Prime Minister, "I shall report—all present,"—and he stumbled out of the tent on his way to the Orderly Room.

During the next ten or fifteen minutes, in twos and threes, the Cabinet assembled and made their reports on the evening's doings. The reports showed that there had been good times in the old town that night. Gradually the tent assumed a drowsy silence; only the First Sea Lord and myself sat on our beds quietly smoking in the dark. My watch showed me that eleven o'clock was drawing nigh and I gazed anxiously at the two beds which were still unoccupied.

"Wonder where the dickens they have got to," said I. The First Sea Lord shook his head, "Goodness knows," said he. "The Chief of Staff is an old hand, and will probably keep out of trouble—but I fear for the Channel Fleet." At that moment came a slight stir doorwards. The head of a man appeared cautiously through the flaps, followed by a body and legs; and behold The Channel Fleet was in harbour once again; battered, but with the flag still flying.

"Oho!!" said I "so you've got back at last, have you?" "Yer darned right" said the Fleet, and I've had a stirring voyage. I went down to Headquarters, took aboard provisions and filled my tanks, cleared for action and went out for a cruise. Had a rollicking fling till I fell foul of an enemy squadron in the shape of a G.M.P., who tried to cut me off from my base. I at once engaged him, raked him with my starboard broadside, and after a short, sharp duel he hauled his flag down; so I left him, adrift and disabled. Then, though sailing heavily, I made for home, dodged the enemy guarding the gate, and finally made port under my own steam." "Well done," said the First Sea Lord, "now get to bed and sleep it off."

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The Chief of Staff, I grieve to say did not return—he hasn't returned yet. The Brigadier answered his name on parade this morning, and is going to make a complete round of all the Offices tonight to find the missing one.—If he does, I rather fancy *he'll* be missing, too!

Murphy was out sniping one night, and a big Fritz came towards him with outstretched hands, and asked to surrender.

"Want to surrender, d'yer?"—says Murphy.

"Well, if yer does, jest slip back and get t'elmet, as I am goin' 'ome on pass next week."