

"It is interesting to note that Marlborough had foraging parties at Artois and Furneswhich. These parties were supported by other detachments at La Basse, Lens, and Dixmude.

"At the sieges of Lille and Namur the English grenadiers fought in armour by lantern and candle light in small galleries thirty or forty feet underground. They mined and countermined and blew men in the air and were blown up by hundreds at a time; they were suffocated by smoke, buried alive by falling débris, drowned by inundations, choked with sulphur, sometimes these human moles fought their own men in mistake for the enemy. What with cannon, bombs, grenades, small shot, boiling pitch, tar, oil, and brimstone, to say nothing of scalding water, the English grenadiers had scarce a dozen men alive at the end of the siege of Lille."

So we see by the above description that we have not advanced very much since the times of Marlborough.

OH, THOSE LETTERS!

Imagine a bell tent, fitted up as officers' quarters, and a tired, weary officer returning from the trenches, covered with real estate from the feet to the head, and feeling that he would like to sleep or take it easy for the next twenty-four hours.

"Hullo! a good fire for once. Here's where I get dry and finish that novel. Wonder was there any mail for me to-day?"

Looking around, he sees a bunch of letters from his platoon waiting to be censored instead of the long-hoped-for letter from home.

"Oh, h—! I suppose that I have got to read a lot of mushy love-letters, and my nice, easy evening is shot to the devil."

After changing his boots (what luxury!) and getting his supper, he lights a cigarette and gets busy on the mail.

"Well, this one looks nice and thin. Guess I'll start on it. Thin, foreign paper, and so darned close a fellow needs a telescope to read it. What's this: 'Putting in a gun so that they can shell Berlin.' Why can't those fellows follow the regulations, and quit writing dope on military matters? Closed with lots of love and kisses. 'Well, I guess I'll have to tear this one up.' Finish of number one letter. 'Good God! where

did this nut learn to write? Looks like the writing on the wall mentioned in the Bible. Anyhow, no spy could read it. I'll let it go, and good luck to it!" "Nothing but bully beef and biscuits." This gink is fishing for a box of grub. None of my business, anyhow." No. 3 letter.

"Here's another guy wants his girl to know as much about that gun as he does himself; and 'when I meet you there will be a smack as loud as the report of the gun, eh, dearie?' Gee-whiz, here's another from the guy who writes two every day. Wish he had my job; then, perhaps, he would not use the pen quite so much. Why the devil can't the Government supply enough green envelopes?"

So the weary job goes on until fingers get cramped using the blue pencil cancelling likely news. "One thing sure," growls the officer, "I'll never forget how to sign my name after having served my time at this game."

He then proceeds to get a few lines of his own letter written, remarking at the same time, "Darn good thing this letter doesn't have to be censored by anyone." After he has his letter finished he has to go out and rustle coke for himself and start the fire again, and the reading of the novel is again put off, and as a last parting shot as he crawls into the blankets, he says, "Suppose those privates think that it is a highly amusing job messing about with these darn letters."

LOCIN.

"What does 'Good Friday' mean?" asked one scholboy of another. "You better go home and consult your 'Robinson Crusoe,'" was the withering reply.

One of the effects of the war has been a crop of letters from females demanding polygamy and the right to love. Gee! the poor male looks like being worked to death, one way or another.

Gladys: "Mamma, when people get married, are they made into one?" Mamma: "Yes, dear." Gladys: "Which one?" Mamma: "Oh, they find that out afterwards, darling."

"I ran across your old friend Smith the other day." "How did that happen?" "He wouldn't get out of the way when I blew my horn."