

consin case. In due season it pops into a box labeled "Milw. Lanc. & Gal. tr. 617, via Milwaukee," and somewhat later it, with a score of others, is "tied out" and dropped into a pouch labeled "Chi. & Minn. No. 1, tr. 57." This pouch, when finally locked out, is piled in the Minneapolis storage car, marked, like its predecessors, with the red tag.

(To be concluded.)

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

From "*Punch*."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am a mild man, but even a worm will turn.

My wife was reading *Punch* last night, when suddenly she ceased to laugh and burst into tears. On inquiry I found in an article an insinuation that civil servants do no work.

Now I, dear old chap, have the misfortune to be a civil servant. It may be that your joke has some foundation in one or two branches of the service; but, alas! not in mine. I have often sighed of late years for a comparatively restful job, such as that of an author or an editor, but it is now too late to change.

I belong, you see, to the Customs and Excise Department, and my official hours, approved by the heads of my department and Lloyd George, are from about 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. It is true I have the rest of the day to myself; but it isn't so very much, is it? especially as I have to work on Sundays as well, in order to get through arrears.

It is really our own fault, of course; we are such willing fellows and so adaptable. No matter what Act of Parliament comes along, our department, being spread about over the country, gets it all, or a share of it. Consequently, having to administer Acts, or parts of Acts, relating to licenses, brewers, clubs, Old Age Pensions, motor spirit, methylators, agricultural returns, Income Tax (to men-

tion only a few), and now getting a part of the Insurance Bill added, we really do a little. I may mention incidentally that the baby, aged two, doesn't know me, having seen me only once or twice during her existence, while I am informed that my son, aged six, a short time ago invited his mother to give him some particulars about "that man who lives with us." Of course, old man, you couldn't be expected to know this, but you will understand how my wife felt about it.

Perhaps in future you could see your way clear to appoint a sub-editor to keep a special look-out for civil service jokes, and then put an asterisk, with a foot-note, and a word of explanation about the Customs and Excise? If you could, I'm sure all our fellows will be very grateful. Meanwhile I shall not, of course, withdraw my subscription, as our acquaintance is too long-standing to be severed by a little omission on your part.

I regret I cannot append my name to this, but if you could find space to print it in its entirety I shall know how sorry you feel about it.

Yours faithfully,

"MORE IN SORROW THAN IN ANGER."

Stage Fright.

At a wedding feast the bridegroom was called upon, as usual, to respond to the toast of the occasion, though he had previously pleaded to be excused. Blushing to the roots of his hair, he rose and made an attempt to convey the fact that he was no hand at speech-making. Unfortunately however he placed his hand upon the bride's shoulder, and, looking down at her, he stammered out his first conventional remarks, and then, at a loss how to conclude, added lamely, "My friends—er—this—er—thing has been forced upon me!"

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A Lame Excuse.—A sprained ankle.