

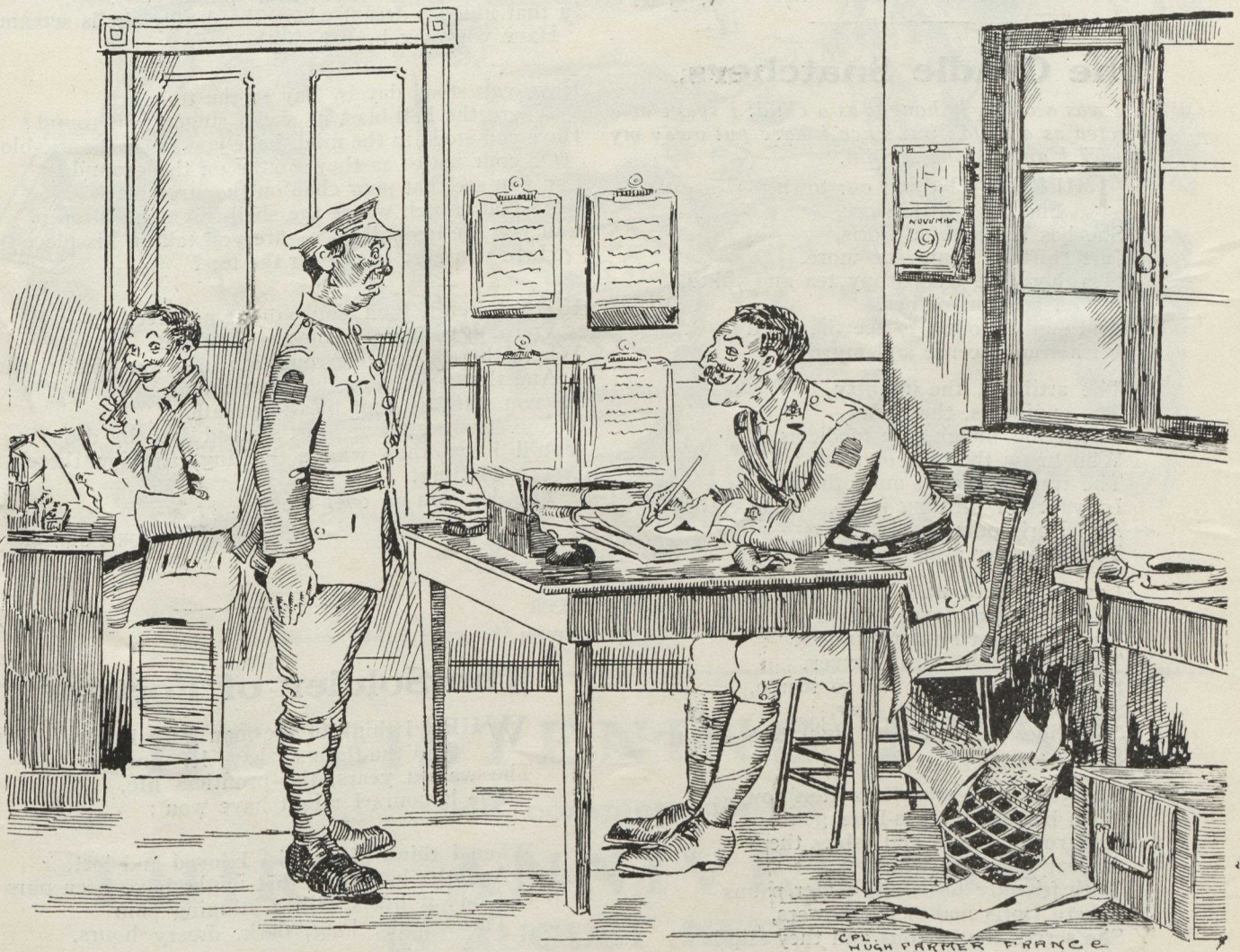
# A JUST-SO STORY.

(With apologies to Kipling.)

AND so, Best Beloved, you wish to know how Bethune got its name? Come near then, and I shall tell you all about it.

Now then, that's nice; and so we'll begin. Well, it was long, long ago, before even the war started, and Bethune—only it had no name then—was quite a small place. Indeed, it was quite an ordinary French village: there was a church, and there was the curé's house, and there were three estaminets, and two little farm houses, and about six manure heaps all arranged at intervals along a long winding narrow lane fringed with poplars. And if you want to know what poplars look like (only the ones there don't), look, Best Beloved, at the green

Now, as I was saying when you interrupted me, Best Beloved—What! you did not interrupt at all? Why, there you are again; however can I get my story finished if you don't keep quiet? Well, we'll begin all over again—but you remember the first bit, do you? Where were we then? Ah—the six manure heaps: well, well, perhaps there were seven after all, only we'll say that the seventh was really camouflaged and doesn't count. But what's that you say? Now, Best Beloved, you really mustn't interrupt; besides children should be seen and not heard. If you were heard and not seen, like Archie over there, then you would be camouflaged, so now you know all about that.



Officer: "But in applying for special leave on account of the sickness of your wife, you must state explicitly from what she is suffering."

Pte. Truelove: "Please, sir, she fell and hurt the camouflage of her knee, and the doctor says she has eternal troubles."

Officer (sotto voce): "Most wives have."

painted trees Mister Noah took with him into the ark—only what he wanted them in there for I can't tell you, unless it was to feed the giraffes, though perhaps he thought they were only paint brushes, and packed them by mistake. And how the giraffe got his spots is another story, too, Best Beloved.

Well, then, we'll go on again. It happened one day, when nobody had anything better to do, that everybody met together in one of the estaminets—Bon Santy Mister the Curé, Bon Santy Mister Vin Blank, Bon Santy Mister Vin Rooge, Bon Santy Mister Caffy Rum, Bon Santy Everyone Else, and talk turned on how they