

Coatman & Son

(Late W. G. Dees & Son)

STORE PRICE FAMILY MERCHANTS

Wine, Spirit and Beer Merchants

Phone No. 9

Haslemere

Military Camp

-- STUDIO --

Bramshott Camp

Portraits Done Day or Night

Post Cards a Specialty

Military Groups and Camp

Scenes Taken by Special

Arrangement

Post Office Tea Rooms

Bramshott Chase

Oldest Established Tea Rooms in Bramshott

Teas and Refreshments

Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobaccos

High Class Confectionery

Groceries

W. J. Stanley

News Agent, Tobacconist
Stationer

Newspapers delivered daily in the
District

Wey Hill

Haslemere

The Military Censor

The military censor holdeth sway over the destinies of The Clansman. He readeth the copy, yea, even unto the last period, before it shall be given unto the readers of the paper. He smileth at some of the things which he seeth—at others he frowneth and when the frown appeareth, out cometh the blue pencil and out cometh the cause of the frown.

Upon his shoulders resteth much responsibility, for if even one line should escape his notice which hath to do with the movement of troops or the location of any camp, then upon his head shall descend the wrath of the powers that be and he faceth as much trouble as a Lance Jack late on parade.

He hath many other duties and is an exceedingly busy man for he is second in command and hath many troubles with which to contend. The editor sendeth in his copy on the day when the censor is most busy—yea, he even followeth the censor to his own quarters that the paper shall not be late in making its appearance. He riseth from his peaceful slumbers and readeth the copy which was brought him by messenger and, while he waxeth indignant, he performeth his duties faithfully, even if it shall call for many minutes of vexation.

He readeth this article and his face formeth a look of inquiry. He wondereth why the publicity and shaketh his head—and in the meantime the editor prayeth that it shall pass for few understandeth the censor and his troubles. At last the frown disappeareth and the blue pencil returneth to its resting place on the table. The article is passed.

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Question—Why does a certain company sergeant major blush when he sees a little white dog?

Answer—Because while out for a walk along a certain street in Haslemere last Sunday he tried to coax a little white King Charles spaniel to come to him. At the sound of his voice it fled precipitately and before he could turn around to see where it had gone, he heard a gentle voice saying: "You're more particular, aren't you Fido, about whom you make friends with."

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If Captain Howels took in the many shows he had on his list?