

## Another Dud

Rather "nervy," we had both returned from a long spell at the front. We were going to take things easy, which is the way so many of our things are taken. We turned out of the station and shouldered our kits.

"I'll toss you who has first bath," said Jim, "and then—" well, then, his mouth formed itself into a baby crater and he dropped his kit bag.

"See that pram down the road," he cried, gripping my arm. "It has broken away from its moorings." Come on! If it reaches the bottom the poor kid is done for.

We both began to run, leaving our kits on the pavement. The pram ran off the walk, narrowly missing a lamp post. We could see a white bundle inside. We stopped instinctively as the pram bumped over a stone, but it righted itself and took a straight course down the road. As we ran past the house where the pram had been standing, we saw a woman with a white face and clasped hands leaning out of the bedroom window.

"We'll never do it, we'll never do it," moaned Jim wiping the perspiration from his face.

"I thought so," he gasped. The pram had suddenly swerved to the right, dashed into the curb and overturned. We came up to it. The baby was inside, kept in by the cover which was up.

"Hear any sound?" asked Jim, standing none too near the wreck.

"No," I replied.

"Thought so," he said in a queer voice. "The poor kid's a gonner. Where's his mother?"

"Probably fainted", I guessed, when she saw the pram go over.

We righted the pram, reached down inside it and took out a motionless bundle. "Here, Jim", I called out in a very feeble voice. You had better—"

"O thank you very much, sir", a voice broke in as I turned. There was a woman I had seen leaning out of window. I dropped the bundle quietly and carefully back into the pram, thankful that I had not looked at the poor baby.

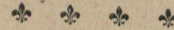
"Thank you very much", the lady. I don't know what I should have done if the washing had upset. I promised it for sure this afternoon. Thank you."

"Another dud," said Jim as we returned up the hill for our kits.

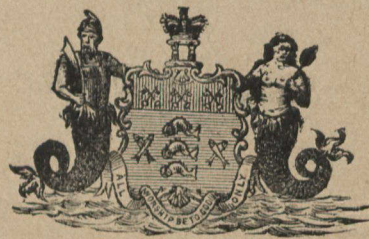
## A Series of Articles.

In other columns will be found the first of a series of articles on Musketry, as a part of army training. The series will run for a period of several weeks and will take up all the essential parts of the work as seen by a man who has not only had the highest of musketry educations but who has seen service at the front and knows the conditions under which our men will have to fight when the time comes for them to go into the front line trenches. We are indebted to Lieut. A. H. Burton, brigade musketry officer, for the series, and feel that we cannot too strongly urge our readers to study them from beginning to end.

We might also add that Mr. Burton is one of the first officers of the brigade to take an active interest in The Clansman and that he is doing all in his power to help us make it a success.



We were this week presented with an extraordinary compliment. Harry Faulkner of the orderly room force, told us that he had a letter from his father praising the Clansman to the skies. He added a few words of praise on his own behalf—and then wanted to borrow a couple of bobs, and on Pay Day at that.



**L. Hyde,**  
HIGH STREET - - HASLEMERE

Wholesale and Retail  
Fishmonger, Poulterer,  
Licensed Game Dealer.  
Fruiterer Greengrocer,  
Ice Merchant

—QUOTATION—

**SPECIAL FOR MESSES.**