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TRAGEDY

TRAGEDY

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assisted by

The NATIVES.

Smiling morn — first warning trickle — the stream increases — anxiety of the natives — « To the hills for your lives ».



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EDITORIAL

Three cheers, three cheers for Canada,
Britannia's noble daughter,
She sitteth like a proud princess
On the stormy northern water;
Her friendly arms are opened wide,
From ocean unto ocean,
She bows us as her kindred still
With a true and deep devotion.

A Happy New Year to all readers of the LISTENING POST, and may it be the last we spend in the billets of France.

Signs are not wanting that it will be. The day when we were merely a stop-gap, stemming the on-rushing tide of the German hordes, is forever hapless past. No longer are we clinging desperately to our « little ditches », but with the offensive in our hands we are giving the Hun a dose of his own medicine and a little over for luck.

The voice of « One Round Hogan », our industrious little straffer of last winter, is drowned in the deeper chorus of the « heavies ». We are grateful to « One Round Hogan », now — we weren't always then — but the great and glorious fact is WE HAVE ARTILLERY. We've got the goods and no-one knows it better than the Hun.

The past year has been a busy one. Where ever hard work and high mortality have been the order of the day we have had our share, no more, perhaps, no less, certainly. The new year will call for redoubled effort, renewed determination, but the end is sure — victory.

Returned Soldiers Associations.

Canadian soldiers will be interested to learn of the rapid growth of Returned Soldiers Associations throughout the Dominion.

The object of these associations is to look after the interests of returned soldiers. Both membership and management are confined to those who have responded to the call of duty.

The formation of this organisation is, undoubtedly, an excellent step, and one which should appeal to every man who has suffered the hardships and endured the dangers of the front.

It is satisfactory to know that there will be branches of the Association in every district of Canada in full operation, ready to assist the reinstatement in civilian life of Canadian fighting men when the great army returns to its own again.

The German Peace Proposals.

If Germany expected us to take her peace proposals seriously she has shown, as usual, a

curious ignorance of the character and temper of the British people.

It was, no doubt, wonderfully magnanimous of the Kaiser to decide to confer peace on a warring world, but he appears to have overlooked the fact that he is just two and a half years too late in doing so.

Moreover, when he prefaces his introduction of the Dove of Peace with a recital of the supposed victories of the German armies, he takes the surest way of inviting a flat and final refusal.

We all want peace. No man exactly makes a hobby of being shelled, and of facing death in the many forms it takes in modern warfare, or of incurring, what is equally unpleasant, the indescribable discomforts and hardships of flooded trenches, and the incessant labour of keeping them tenable.

But we have not buried many of our best; we have not seen others broken and maimed; we have not wallowed in the unspeakable mud and filth of the front to famely submit when the whim of the Kaiser moves him to ordain its end.

One of our boys was heard to remark, the other day: — « I'm fed up with the war, but I'd rather be killed than quit now ».

That is the answer of the men in the trenches.

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### The Chronicles of B. C. Rifleers.

(CONTINUED)

73. — And the commander of the company became the keeper of the privy purse known as the P. M. and delighted much in the handling of the shekels.

77. — And the sixth and eighth companies became N° 4 and he who had been the junior of the majors became its commander, and the commander of the eighth company its second in command.

78. — And the sergeants of the colours of the eight companies became, as to four of them, C. S. M., and to the other four C. O. M. S.

79. — And early in the second month of the new year the band of our O. C. marched out in the dead of night to where the chariots of steel were waiting to carry them — they knew not whence — and cared they even less for they were tired of the mud of our mother's country and wished only to get at the throats of our enemies; for they were as innocent children and had imbibed many wondrous stories from returned warriors and dreamed only of honours and rewards and much glory.

80. — And as the dawn broke they found themselves in a strange city and would fain have sampled its delights; but the ships of our Mother's country awaited them and without further delay were they placed on board.

81. — But the ship that was to carry our O.C's band had been fitted to carry the mules of burden only and loud were the lamentations of the hirelings when they were placed four to each stall that had been arranged for the asses.

82. — And for four days and four nights did they remain on the cattle ship and on the fifth morning did land on the shores of a foreign but friendly country.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

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He was sick, terribly sick, horribly, violently unwell.

Between spasms I asked him what had happened. « Swallowed some iodine out of a rum jar » he groaned. « The Medical Officer made me take some soap-suds. It was his jar. »

Oh, to be an M. O. now the rum is here!

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES.

The Christmas dinner for the Battalion reflected great credit on those responsible for the catering. The meal was one which would not have disgraced a similar gathering in barracks.

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The Sergeants Mess dinner was equally successful. Col. W. F. Gilson and Major A. L. W. Saunders were the guests of the evening.

Welcomed appropriately by R. S. M. Pollard, the Colonel rose and said that he had great pleasure in being present at such a gathering to cement the bonds of comradeship which had been such a pleasant feature of his command of the Battalion.

He thanked all present for their loyal support and hearty co-operation, declaring emphatically that the N. C. Os. of a battalion make or unmake it, and he was only speaking the plain truth when he stated that the proud reputation of the Battalion was largely due to the excellent work and attention to duty of the senior N. C. Os.

Major Saunders also responded suitably.

## The MENU

Clear Soup.  
Salmon and Parsley Sauce.  
Roast Pork and Apple Sauce.  
Salad.  
Roast Chicken and Dressing.  
Potatoes, Turnips, Green Peas.  
Plum Pudding.  
Dessert.

The dinner continued to a late hour with wassail, speech and song.

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« Maple Leaves in Flanders Fields ». (Smith, Elder & Co. London, 5/- net). An informal chronicle of the 1st British Columbia Regiment.

Under the name of Herbert Rae the author has seen fit to assume an anonymity which deceives no-one. Nevertheless and notwithstanding (as the inebriate said to the policeman when accused of being incapable) there is a wealth of entertainment in this volume.

There are reminiscences of men who have gone will keep them alive in our memories, and there are sly hits at others who are yet, happily, with us which will provoke many a smile amongst their associates.

For sheer readability its equal has not appeared for many a day. A copy of « Maple Leaves in Flanders Fields » ought to be in the hands of the home of every Canadian soldier on active service. One lays it down with the single wish — more.

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The « Winnipeg Tribune » for its « actual photograph » of a tank.

The artistic genius responsible for the illustration certainly did himself proud, although there are evidences that his style has been influenced by the C. P. R. school.

His imagination has run to an erection bearing a faithful resemblance to a railway tank car with a cute little bun — shaped turret on the top, simply bristling with artillery, the whole perched on a pair of tiny caterpillar wheels.

It has been said that the farther back one gets from the war the better the perspective. Perhaps so, but if the tanks we had to do with resemble the « Tribune's » then we are prepared to go before a medical board on the eyesight question with Blighty as a certitude.

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A certain officer of the 1st Division for winning one pound (sterling) as second prize in a theatrical beauty competition in London.

As our News Editor enquired after a recent trip to a particular town, « Are we running a war or

a cattle show »? Nevertheless we congratulate the winner of the one pound (sterling) on his exceptional pulchritude. We have so many faces amongst us which are architecturally unusual that it comes at once as a surprise and a happiness to know of one valued at one pound (sterling).

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The Canadian Official War Photographer, not merely for his excellent pictorial records of the Troops, but, because, according to the DAILY MIRROR — « To obtain these pictures the official photographer had on more than one occasion to risk his life. Several times he was under fire. » — he has our sympathy.

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ODE TO A SHOVEL

Of't have I strafed thee when at eve
The U. S. bade me rise and go
With kindred sufferers to receive
A sapper's orders, and the slow,
Long line of men by ditch and road
Wound on it's way with check, and halt,
While o'er each private's shoulder showed
A shovel's shape 'gainst heaven's vault.

Night after night where flare-lights glow
And vagrant bullets « buzz » and « smack »,
I've plied thee through a yard or so
Of Belgique mud, while through a crack
In my left gum-boot flowed the tide
That runs forever to the sea
At least through trenches where preside
The men who wear the red « C. E. »

How sweet then to the listening ear
The order comes at last : « Fall in ! »
And homeward through the dark we steer,
With many a curse when'er the thin,
Loosely hung line of o'erhead wire
Twines itself tightly round thy haft,
Rousing a tired man's utmost ire,
Bidding him damn thee, blade and shaft.

I freely own that I was wrong
And now renounce the views I held.
Forevermore in tale and song
I'll sing thy praises until old.
For well I know, that night of Hell,
When o'er the ridge, the lurid flame
And thund'rous shock of heavy shell
Swept like a storm to kill and maim :

Had it not been for thee, I might
Have got a « Belgique » or a « Blight ».

J.W.C.

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A new man was bemoaning the scarcity of stimulants in a country where water is the liquid chiefly in evidence.

« It's quite easy to get a barrel full of rum », said the old-timer, « How? » asked the new man eagerly.

« Save your rum issue up for several mornings : Plug your rifle at the breech, and pour the rum in until the barrel is full », explained the old-timer. He is now on the casualty list.

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The battalion was lined up outside the billets, preparatory to leaving for the trenches, when a young, French civilian passed in front. He was a good looking lad, and his clothes were unusually well cut. Every khaki satiated eye followed him with lingering regret. Admiration attained its zenith when he reached back and pulled a gaily bordered handkerchief from a hip pocket.

Tears rolled down war-worn cheeks. Sobs were stifled in great-coat sleeves.

One weeping warrior summed up the situation as he ruefully regarded his dingy nether garments and then the civilian's elegant peg-tops. « Some pants », he meant, « Some pants ! »



The trench sentry had been instructed to report any unusual occurrence to his platoon sergeant; so when he heard a faint huzzinga from the direction of the enemy lines, he reported it. The sergeant came and listened, and hurrying along to the trench officer said: « Faint cheering from the enemy lines, sir. »

The officer arrived on the scene and considered. Finally by help of his stick he solved the problem. A large wasp had got imprisoned in an empty jam tin thrown on top of the parapet and was sounding the S.O.S.

« Stand down, men ! »

At Five minutes past eight, one night several months ago, a certain private was heard soliloquizing to himself as follows : — « I'm tough. I'm awful tough. I'm so (censored) tough that I'm afraid of myself. »

Since then the tough person has been under severe shell-fire from time to time, until now he's about the meekest and most lamb-like thing that ever ate penny buns at a Y.M.C.A. lunch-counter in the mistaken belief he was having a good time. Wonderful the changes war works.

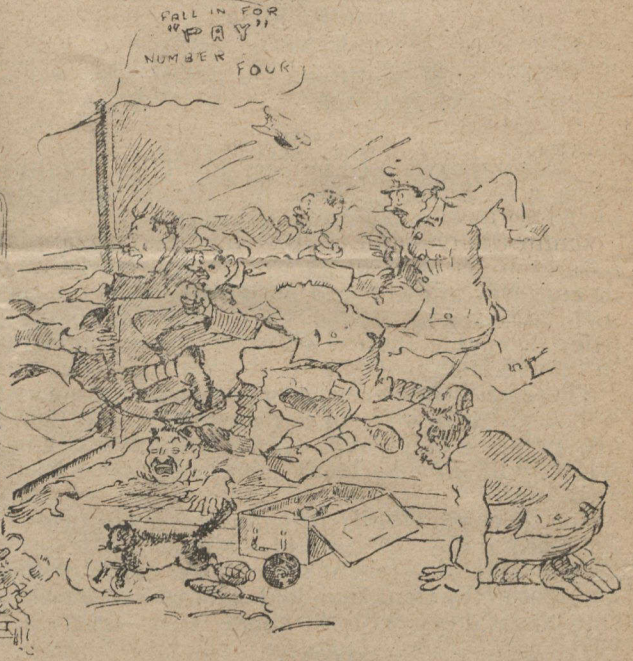
Some time ago a sergeant machine gunner who had been isolated with a gun and a crew during severe fighting, managed to send a message through to his officer, which, when opened, read, « Sir, Please send me some more men as soon as convenient. Those you sent last, have been almost all used up. »

Cold-blooded. What !

The man with no puttees on was out of bounds, and the R.M.P. produced his armband as the first move of a sensational arrest, when the other drew out a dirty white band marked S.B. murmured « Brother Officers, » and passed on unhindered.



BOMBING INSTRUCTOR (BITTERLY) IF THOSE GUYS WERE TO PUT THE SAME AMOUNT OF ENERGY INTO THEIR BOMBING COURSE AS THEY SHOW AT A PAY PARADE WE WOULD HAVE NO USE FOR ARTILLERY AT ALL



A cold steel expert was recently instructing a number of officers in the new uses of the bayonet. After demonstrating the various points and parries, he enquired in the usual way if there were any questions they would like to ask.

Finally the thoughtful silence was broken by a voice: « I say, Instructor, who wipes off the bayonet ? »

The machine-gunners may have to do without their horses, but they'll always have their «Colt's.»

A distinguished neutral, lately arrived from Berlin, informs us that an epidemic of bow legs is developing amongst German officers and men. Members of the Kaiser's Personal Staff are especially afflicted.

He claims that this is due to the too lavish distribution of Iron Crosses and decorative hardware of that sort, the weight of which encourages the disfiguring trouble.

We always thought Huns were naturally crooked.

The Reverend Gentleman who was lately exonerated from the charge of acquiring books, diaries and tinned stuff without paying for them, ought to be in the army.

Anyone with such pronounced tastes for reading matter, diary writing and canned goods was meant to be a soldier.

Explanations of common phrases.

« He had an arresting face. »

He looked like a Regimental Policeman.

The Sergeant Signaller surely believes that brevity is the soul of wit.

His speech at the Sergeants Mess dinner was simple and sufficient — « S. O. S. »

Our late Bombing Sergeant is getting along very nicely with his French, thank you.

Already he comprees the pictures in the VIE PARISIENNE.

The Climax of Discipline :

Sergt. Major (challengingly) « It's 5,000 miles to Montreal. »

Orderly (formerly F. R. G. S.) « Very good, sir. »

mm

The cook was holding forth on reprisals to the group seated around the trench fire. « If a snake bites you, bite it back. » he declared with heat.

mm

One of our latest additions says that German hate has been much exaggerated, for they always blow a whistle when about to send a « Minnie » over.

mm

One fellow came back from leave the other day saying that food restrictions are becoming so drastic in England that he was glad to get back to the front to get a square meal.

mm

Sound and light were streaming through the walls of the old barn and the babel of many voices.

« What's the matter? » asked an officer of the sergeant standing outside.

« Just a wave of enthusiasm, sir », answered the N. C. O. making a fairly successful attempt to stand to attention.

mm

One of the boys was heard to describe certain fortunate circumstances as « Très jake ». No wonder the girls no comprise.

mm

Private Simp wants to know why all the dogs in France are called « Allay ».

mmmm

The incomparable organization of our army commissariat, is a thing to wonder and exclaim at. We even get an issue of acid drops ever so often. Peppermints will follow in due course. Refreshed by these we contemplate calmly our part in the Big Push. The Hun will never dare to oppose our storming-column, armed to the teeth and fortified with acid-drops.

mm

Billeting Officer to R.M.P. : « I'm looking for accommodation for 3,000 reinforcements. »

R.M.P. : « Further up the street, sir. You'll see the sign » 3 officers or 27 horses (en long). »

mm

Chaplain : « Our battalion numbers 849 souls, I understand. »

Adjutant : Yes, and 7 Pioneers. »

mm

A German Jew, a captive in the recent fighting, was brought to Headquarters for examination. His hands were tied and he appeared to be quite dumb. Questions were asked him, but without avail. He only shook his head. Finally, a quick-witted orderly stepped forward and freed his hands and at once the Jew burst into a flood of voluble German.

He couldn't talk with his hands tied.

mm

The man who said there were more casualties caused by the company cooks than by the enemy artillery — exaggerated.

mm

A certain Private was seen going through a series of mysterious rites with a rifle and bayonet.

« What do you think you are doing? » he was asked.

« Bayonet exercise », was the indignant reply in cultured tones ; « stabbing people, you know. »

A certain Sergeant Major was speeding up the men for a little trip to the Hun trenches. « Give 'em h-l, boys », he exhorted.

« Remember the Titanic ».

mm

The D.C.M. had just been conferred on him (not the kind that has a ribbon and a hand-shake from the General attached to it, but the other kind, the kind that means a red ink entry in your pay-book)

« Who gave you bit? » he was asked.

« Oh, he's no friend of mine » was the answer.

mm

1st Soldier : « Do you get a gold stripe for every wound? »

2nd Soldier : « Sure. »

1st Soldier : « Gee ! Bill Smith's lucky. He got thirty seven flesh wounds from an Allemand rifle-grenade. »

mm

Overheard :

« You may talk a bout your Mills and your G.S. bombs, but the one I like best is the Johnnie Walker. It's so simple. You just pull the detonator and say « Here goes ! »

mm

Proved :

« He's a smart fellow, that new officer. »

« How? »

« He can tell the difference between a shave and a talcum rub. »

mm

Overheard one dark and stormy night :

« Say, where's the Medical Detail? »

« Keep right along until you strike a smell of rum and iodine. That's it. »

mm

Isn't it strange how a piece of parapet can go through two years of this war, and then just because you happen to be standing there, a 5.9 has to land there and leave you in the open.

mm

The Transport man limped along looking like the last soldier of the last battalion of the last battle of the war. His face was deeply bitten by the acids of anxiety, lined by the rigours of campaigning, pallid with the anaemia of those who live in daily dread.

« Shell-shock? » asked a sympathetic bystander.

« No, mule-shock », was the angry reply.

mm

Orderly Officer (to sentry who has delivered a jumble of mumbled words in response to a demand to repeat his orders).

« What on earth is the mattah with you? Don't you know your ordahs ». Sentry : « Sure thing, but I ain't no bloomin' orator. »

mm

« There's no use talkin' » said the man with the sawed off moustache, « The people around here ain't civilized. »

« You're wrong Tom » said his partner, « I seen a Mademoiselle today, chewin' gum just like real folks. »

mm

It was a moving picture show in a Y.M.C.A. hut, a thriller of the most heart-rending sort. The hold-up man had just pulled his gun on the unarmed hero, when from the audience came shrieks of « Kamerad ! Kamerad ; Married man me ! »

mm

« Well, I'm back », said the man who was ten days verdue on his leave, « Did you get pinched? » asked the transport man.

« No », was the answer. I got tired of civilian life, and thought I'd do a little more fighting for my King and Country. »

THE ADVENTURES OF IGNATZ HUMP, SOLDIER AND BATMAN TOO.

By R. ATHER RAWTEN.

- Ignatz Hump :** Soldier : Her :o Batman. In love with.
- Marie Brillon :** Once a lace-maker, now, by the cruel vicissitudes of war, barmaid in an estaminet — also heroine. Kind of stuck on Ignatz.
- Old Man Brillon :** Marie's father.
- Auguste :** Villain : Roadmender : Spy : Marie's cousin.
- Other Accessories :** Canadians : Soldiers : Human Beings.

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### IGNATZ HUMP.

(Continued)

Promptly at three o'clock Ignatz presented himself at Marie's ; house. He had made a careful toilet and was looking quite his best. His tunic had been dusted with an entrenching tool, which partly offset the obvious fact that his breeches had been rather severely slept in for several months. Most of the mud had been removed from his puttees, and he had burnished his identification disc until it was almost possible to read his religious persuasion. Presbyterian was stamped on it, although as a matter of fact our hero had not worked at that profession for several years. His hair was redolent of brilliantine, Lily of the Valley perfume. Had it been left to himself Ignatz would have preferred Lilac, but his boss, most unreasonably, persisted in buying Lily of the Valley.

He wore a moustache of the regulation khaki colour and Chaplin dimensions, Merino underwear, a gray shirt, and speckled suspenders.

He entered the house, shook Marie's hand and was introduced to her father. The old man was very old. All day he nodded and trembled over his coffee in the easy chair by the stove. But he was shrewd beneath his cloak of senility, and he was strong for the money, therefore he treated our hero with cordiality, offering him a chair and a fill of his own special hay-stack mixture.

Ignatz was also introduced to a black browed, black bearded, Belgian road mender, a sort of second cousin of Marie's. He said « How do, Old Timer » in the politest possible tones and accepted his limp and lukewarm paw. Conversation languished, and our hero had an opportunity to look around and size the place up. There were many signs of the British Army of Occupation to be seen. The walls were draped with sand-bags, whose soft tones blended beautifully with the rather dilapidated appearance of the place. A space at the end was curtained off with a ground-sheet, and the piles of Maconachie on the shelves, proved that these were indeed thrifty and provident people.

The furniture — most of which was being sat on about this time — was completed by the presence of two small goats and an anxious looking hen. This hen appeared to take a sudden and deep-rooted dislike to our hero, an aversion not without foundation, for our hero was not of a very restful nature where hens were concerned.

There were also several pious images under glass bells by the window, and a photographic enlargement of the old man, in earlier days and faded corduroy.

Ignatz was conscious of the placid and unvarying stare of three pairs of eyes. He felt he ought to say something. He swore. There was nothing at all strange in that. He swore habitually and with joyous abandon at all times. Marie swore too. Ignatz was startled. She swore worse than he did. She reeled off several of the most lurid soldiers' epithets smiling proudly. « I speak Cana-

dian too » she said. « You do, » our hero admitted sadly, « You speak it too well. »

From time to time their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of other soldiers on the age-old quest of comforts for the troops. Marie kept a small but select stock of Spearmint chewing gum, candles, sweet biscuits, matches, and cigars partly made from tobacco. These she dispensed with a sweet smile which rather annoyed our hero, but he reflected, he was the only one who called her by her Christian name. The others had to be content to call her, « Chérie. » Thus reassured he treated the intruders in khaki with haughty patronage. Waving his pipe in the air with easy nonchalance, and lolling comfortably in his chair with what he took to be Patrician calm.

(To be continued).

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Things We Want to Know.

Who was the man who got a flowered neck-tie sent him in a parcel ; and where does his girl think he is billeted ? In Paris ?

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Why do all the bars in the Old Country keep a museum exhibit of sandwiches under glass bells ?

Is it to remind us of the departed glories of our shipping and import trades ?

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Why did the DAILY MAIL say, in speaking of the burning of the Roumanian oil wells by the retreating troops. « When the invaders saw the great columns of smoke rising in the air and realised that their chances of using the Roumanian oil wells were gone, their rage was indescribable. »

Was it because there was no-one foolhardy enough to stay behind to do the describing ?

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### Answers to Correspondents.

Our Sub-Staff are at present busy compiling up to the minute dictionaries of the Trench and Canadian languages, with Chinook and Profanity Supplements. No reader of the « L. P. » should be without them. They make the dimmest joke clear as water. Write, wire or phone.

### Ex-Militiaman, Now at The Front.

You wish to know how to be transferred to the Active Militia in Canada.

Our advice is, to begin all over again and stop where you were.

~~~~~

Here is the prize poem in one of the weekly competitions of the Westminster Gazette.

« Me and Bill and Ginger
Sailed away to France ;
Said good-bye to Farver,
Landed back at Harver ;
Didn't have no chance
To parlez-vous at Harver or go upon the spree,
But started touring Flanders —
Ginger, Bill and me.
Since that time we've travelled —
Ginger, me and Bill —
Seen what's left of Wipers,
Dodged the German snipers
Under Vimy hill,
Rested in the valley where So rme goes out to sea
And strafed the Bosche at Montauban —
Ginger, Bill and me.
When the War is over,
When we're done with guns,
We three means to go, Sir,
Where we do not know, Sir,
But far from any Huns,
And run a farm or something as cosy as could be
And no more France or Flanders
For Ginger, Bill and me ! »

AMAZING DISCLOSURES OF GERMAN DIPLOMATIC SECRETS.

A personal interview with the German Chancellor

Editor's Note : — Through the courtesy of THE DAILY RAIL we are enabled to publish the following interview by the special secret emissary of that journal — James J. Buttin.

I recognised him easily from his portraits. The long, pointed face, the carefully trimmed beard, tinged with grey, the slightly sarcastic pucker of the eyelids ; my old acquaintance Herr von Bethmann-Holweg. (We had been cub reporters together on the SATURDAY EVENING ROAST.)

Catching his eye for one brief instant I made a sign, the sign of comradeship of the BIER-TRINKERS BUST VEREIN of West 74th Street, Philadelphia, in the land of dollars and diplomacy. He started violently, but regained his composure with a visible effort and sauntered nonchalantly over to the dark corner where I stood.

« How's she comin' up, Von ? » I remarked, falling readily into the vernacular of other years before he married a wealthy and aristocratic wife and became Chancellor of the German Empire.

« Wie gehts, Buttin, » he responded, clasping my hand momentarily and glancing nervously around. « The debased speech of brutal Britain is verboten in cultured Germany, and I warn you that there are many, even here in Berlin, who seek my undoing. Endeavour, if you can, to look like a state official who owes me money. »

Accordingly I kissed his hand many times ostentatiously and invited him, in a loud voice, to join me in an ounce of butter which I had long kept stored in a secret pocket for just such an emergency.

BETHMANN-HOLWEG'S START IN THE SECRET SERVICE.

« Ah, that's better, » he said, « I see you have not lost the art of hiding your emotions, which was of such great use to us in solving The Mystery of the Missing Line-man's Lunch, whereby you became Sub-Editor of the ROAST, and I was first introduced to the notice of our unexcelled Secret Service. »

He thawed a trifle as he spoke. A little of the official reserve melted from his manner. A sparkle crept into his customarily cold eyes.

« Come with me to my private office, » he invited « and we shall talk at our leisure, free from espionage. »

We thereupon disguised ourselves by assuming the mien and manners of a couple of «Backfische» on a shopping expedition and made our way from the public place where we stood.

The streets we traversed on our way to the STRAFSTRASSE were crowded with women of the lower orders, singing the now notorious Famine-Lied.

« Give us brot und give us butter
For our vater und our mutter
Or our ruin will be utter
Wilhelm, dear. »

Suddenly a company of the **Machine-gun Corps for discouraging unrest amongst the populace** appeared at the end of the street we were passing through and turned their guns on the crowd. Many of the women fell dying and dead, but I dared not wait to see them all fall. Realising my duty to the Press, and being reluctant to becoming the subject of another note to Germany, I took cover, although unwillingly.

Chuckling merrily, Von remarked, as we reached the official residence, « That is how Germany deals with the virulent and viperous element which is yet, unhappily, in our midst. So perish all traitors. »

He uncovered himself a moment in silent prayer and preceded me into the elevator with most serene composure.

IN BETHMANN-HOLWEG'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

Once seated in his private office, he unbent absolutely. « Tell me, my dear Buttin, what do you wish to know ? I have exactly thirty four minutes to spare you before I am due in the August Presence with the latest details of our glorious victories in Monaco, Iceland and the hinterland of South-West Bolivia. »

« Von », said I, « I am curious to know by what methods you keep Neutral opinion so consistently favourable to your cause. »

He frowned a moment, and stared, as for inspiration, at his favourite picture, « The Pillage of Liege. »

« Buttin », said he « for once I will be indiscreet, although you, belonging to a race whose mentality is low and whose moral code is unenlightened, and tainted with so called British fair-play, may not wholly comprehend the high and sacred spirit of Germanism. »

« The sway the psychological processes of Neutral nations may seem to you a difficult matter, but in reality when reduced to a system by a board of German experts it may be simply stated a-Reason detached from Sentiment. »

« Take the case of the Belgian people for example, » he continued crisply. « They were not really happy. Under a King who could never wholly master the inherent blight of kindness in his nature; an exponent, moreover, of the domestic virtues — so long eliminated from our Hohenzollern Highnesses — what could one expect ? »

« I declare with emphasis, the Belgian people are deceived. » He struck the table a ringing blow. « They are deluded. They are hypnotised by precedent. Their mental outlook is cramped. They are temperamentally unable to appreciate all that Germany has done for them. » He drew a deep breath. « They cannot understand that to further their most vital interests we have to be cruel to be kind. Time and time again we have proved our affection for them by means of machine-guns, but even now, I must confess, in spite of our expenditure of time, trouble and ammunition, they fail to appreciate the advantages of German civilisation and culture. » He paused a moment, drumming the arm of his chair with restless fingers.

« There has been some outcry of « vandalism » amongst Neutrals. How blind these people are ! Belgian architecture was grotesquely crude, therefore we were obliged to remove several of the churches and cathedrals. These shall be replaced later by munitions factories of the Hindenburg type. »

« Belgian art was absurdly antiquated and impossibly stereotyped, therefore its destruction was decreed. We shall create a love for German art if it costs us our last cartridge. »

« Let these Belgians beware. » he declared menacingly. « Our patience and love may become exhausted, and we may yet decide to use coercive measures of no uncertain sort. »

« We lay these simple facts before the eyes of the Neutral world, proudly conscious of our rectitude, knowing that if we only reiterate them often and strongly enough they will be believed, in spite of the comment of a certain scurrilous section of the Neutral press. »

« Britain began the war. For years she kept trained and equipped an army of 100,000 hired assassins of the lowest type, to trample over fair Germany leaving behind a trail of blood and fire. » « but », he concluded piously, « thanks to our good, old, German God, our hands are clean. We only took up arms in self defence. »

There was real emotion on his face as he clasped my hand in farewell ; and I betook myself by devious ways to my obscure lodging.

James J. BUTTIN.



OUR PERIODICAL PLAYLET

An Uutruthful Trench Episode.

Dramatis Personae.

Fritz. Caretaker of German trench.

Mina. Wife of Fritz.

Heinie. The Hired Man.

A sergeant, a corporal of scouts and several Canadian fighting men.

Act. 1. Scene 1.

The trench opposite.

Time. 5 p. m. any old night, December 1916.

(Fritz: aged Hun person, sex-male, emerges from deep dug-out, looks at his watch, scans the dank and dismal horizon, lays his porcelain pipe on the firing step).

Fritz. (angrily)

« Mina ! Heinie ! It iss der hour of der efening strafe.

Fall in ! Lively, now, lively ! »

(Mina, an elderly Bosche beauty ; and Heinie, a shambling figure in field gray, appear from different ends of the trench and fall in).

Fritz.

« Parade — achtung !! Donner und blitzen, ass you vos.

You, Mina, gom to life und behave !

Vonce more. Parade — ACHTUNG !!!

Dot vos not so worse. Now, bay attention !

(Confidentially).

You Fritz vill man der' sausage' gun ; und keep a close watch for dose verdant trench mortars.

You, Mina, vill man der flare lights ; und be very careful none of dose forever straft Canadians creeps up und swipes der trench ven ve vos not looking.

Both of you, if you vant me, I vill be my dug-out, within. »

(The two shuffle off in opposite directions.

Fritz looks anxiously round, mutters to himself with super venom : — « Gott strafe dose Canadians. Vy der teufel can't they let us enjoy der fruits of our most glorious achievements ? » — resumes his pipe and descends laborious into the dug-out).

End of Act. 1.

Act. 2. Scene 1.

The Canadian trench.

(Group of battalion scouts are seen seated around a brazier, cooking « mulligan »).

Scout Corporal. (sadly).

« Mulligan's no darn good without turnips. »

Private.

« There's some 1914 turnips over by the German wire. Their trench runs through an old turnip field. »

Scout Corporal. (hopefully)

« Fine, well make a real mulligan — or Blighty. Who'll come ? »

All.

« Me. »

Scout Corporal.

« One's enough. You, Shorty, bring a sand-bag. »

(The two climb over the parapet, walk over to the German wire and proceed to disinter dead turnips.)

Scene 2.

The German trench.

(Mina, attracted by the noise, fires one more than the regulation flare every half hour, and discovers the scouts at their nefarious work.)

The scouts bombard Mina with over-ripe turnips, and Mina turns in the general alarm. Heinie pumps the sausage gun for der Vaterland — and all he is worth.

Fritz crawls from his dug-out, grabs the machine-gun and begins to spray lead all over the landscape.

Safe in a shell-hole the scouts wait until things have quietened down, and then return to the trench with their turnips.)

Fritz. (later)

« Heinie, Mina, let us tank der good old German Gott for a most glorious victory. »

Act 2. Scene 3.

In Canadian trench.

(Mulligan making proceeds ad. lib.)

Scout Sergeant.

(later sleepily).

« It's a horrible war. »

Scout Corporal.

(yawning).

« Worst I was ever in. »

(They sleep.)

German official communique of following day :

An attack, in mass, made by Canadian troops on our entrenchments and fortified positions in the sector of — was repulsed with extraordinarily sanguinary losses.

The News-Editor.

THE LAST STRAW

I ain't much given to grousin' ;
Though it's every Tommie's right, —
(To tell the truth there ain't no time,
In this ere sort o' fight.)
But it makes me awful sore to see
The way they wet-nurses Fritz,
After 'e's 'ollered « Kamerad ! »
An' reached for the sky wiv 'is mitts.

It don't seem to matter a' atom
'Ow dirty an' mean' e' 'as fought,
'E gets used like a bloomin' mascot,
When 'e ought to be whipped, 'e ought.
'E gets a barf, an' a nice new shirt,
An' a good dry place to sleep,
While I flops down where I 'appens to be,
Though the mud is a metre deep.

They 'ands 'im a pick an' shovel,
An' puts 'im at mendin' roads,
Or sends 'im down to the rail-eads
To 'elp wiv the various loads.
An' fer this they pays 'im four pence a day,
In spite of ail that is done
To prisoners of war in Germany.
Bli' me ! — It takes the bun.

If it was n't for one little 'appening,
I might 'ave kept mum on me woes,
But now I'm aseeing a lurid red,
An' I'm up on the tips o' me toes : —
*I was tramping along wiv a 'ea'y pack
An' pretty near sweatin' b'ood,
When a lorry load o' Fritz went by
An' splashed me a l over wiv mud.*

I've played the game wiv Fritzie.
An' used 'im square an' white,
But after that I could see 'im burned
Wiv a kind of un'oly delight,
An' next time I'm up in the trenches,
An' 'ave to go over the top,
I 'ope the mud will be plentiful,
For I'm goin' to use Fritz as a mop.

R. WILLIAMS, 1st C. D. T.