

### Items from Punch.

Bobby Burns wrote Holy Willie's Prayer, but in Germany Holy Willie's prayer is "God Punish England!"

One time the picking of the dead bird was a task that beat the smartest of us; but no one is so dull as to find it difficult just now. The dead bird is a Turkey, of course.

Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, tells us the British Navy could, "if need be, even in default of all other favorable causes, ultimately by itself decide the issues of the war." In short, while Britannia rules the waves "Kaiser Bill must waive his rule."

Attorney-General McKinnon thinks the Australian press "waspyish." It is certainly not devoid of point. McKinnon should remember that politicians are indisposed to do the right thing, and have to be stung into it.

Says a London correspondent—"Sir George Reid has not been heard much lately. He says himself—"Even I find it impossible to make myself heard above the roar of the guns."

General French admits briefly, "In many instances German conduct is bad. However it varies, and generally depends on the character of commanders." If this is true the Germans must be an army of lions led by hogs.

Lord Milner has talked of Australia's stake in the war. He has said that Australia stands to lose more than England, since she may be deprived of her identity and cease to be what she is, passing into a German state. This was cabled to Australia, where "Punch" had propounded precisely the same idea, without awaking a single echo in the columns of his contemporaries. Astonishing, isn't it, how an idea is improved after a sea voyage?

Lady Jellicoe, wife of the Admiral tells a meeting of workers in England, "I am sure that no one who

tells a meeting of workers in England, "I am sure that no one who doesn't possess a medal in the future, will ever be able to get a wife." Lady Jellicoe, forgets that a wholly medalless generation must soon arrive. She forgets too that, with so many possible husbands sacrificed, it won't do at all for women to be too particular if the country is to go on.

The Kaiser's appearance is a matter that seems to give people much concern just now. It is almost as interesting as the Crown Prince's disappearance.

Says Sir Edward Grey, secretary of State for Foreign Affairs: "This is the fourth time within living memory that Prussia has made war. We are determined that it shall be the last." Practically the Allies are in the presence of a neighbor who is not quite responsible for his actions, being afflicted with a military monomania, and who persists in playing with firearms. Children trusted with edged tools cut themselves; monomaniacs trusted with firearms shoot their neighbors and friends. Sir Edward Grey's assurance means that we are to witness "the disarming of the dangerous man next door." "Restricting my liberty!" cries the Kaiser. Quite true; but the Prussianism is bent upon restricting other people's lives, and since there must be restrictions, it is obviously wiser to rob the monomaniac of his rifle. No doubt it will be for his own good. He may do much honest work for the world once he gets over his passion for rifling.

In Melbourne the recruiting staff's greatest difficulty is in bowling out the youths of less than twenty-one years who pose as veterans, and have not their parents' consent to their enlistment. In Sydney the trouble is with the embarrassingly rich volunteer. One day this week a youth from the country asked the recruiting colonel to "mind" £100 for him, and the next man put £20 into his hands to be kept safe till the contingent was home again. Scarcely had the officer recommen-

Scarcely had the officer recommended that flush young men to visit a Savings Bank than the manager of a country Savings Bank walked in, followed apparently by half the town—the lawyer, the dentist, and several young men. The village had decided it was time it took a hand. The pathos and comedy of Australian recruiting require their historian.

General Baden-Powell points out that the German spy system was far from being the perfect machine admirers of German method believed it to be. Sir Robert instances the fact that Germany remained ignorant of the transmission of the British Expeditionary Force to France till long after it was an accomplished fact. Germany's utter misapprehension of the British temper before the declaration of war is another proof that the Kaiser's spies were almost as "big mugs" as he believed his diplomats to be.

The Crown Prince is down again. He is continually bobbing up and going under. This time he is a victim to nerves in a Potsdam hospital. We don't wonder. A man who got so much on other peoples nerves must eventually, get on his own.

Australian newspaper correspondents have come off second best in their wrestle with Kitchener. Their idea was to get to the front. His idea was that they should not go beyond Egypt. K.K. won. C. P. Smith, whose special correspondent's work from Egypt for the "Argus" has been delightfully newsy and well-written, is already on his way back to Melbourne, and P. F. E. Schuler, who stayed a fortnight longer in Egypt in the hope of dodging the War Lord, has had to pack his bags. Most unsatisfactory of all was the case of "Banjo" Patterson, who went off with the first expeditionary force for "Argus" and Sydney "Herald" got to London, bumped hard against authority, and came back with only one article to his credit.

The German Hindenburg, having shown throughout a long book that his country was loaded for bear and out to shoot, now bitterly accuses England of bringing about the war. This reminds us of the bel-lowing complaint of the little boy with the bleeding nose. "He caused the fight—he hit me back!"

On the pedestal of a statue of Joan of Arc, at Longway, the Germans have engraved the following impudent inscription:—"The maid of Orleans was always the enemy of the English. The French are to-day fighting by the side of the English, hence Joan of Arc cannot be with the French. She is with us."

The military authorities have found that the huge War Office in Whitehall is not large enough for all the work of to-day, and certain departments are to be removed to other premises which have been secured. When the present building was finished in 1906 it was regarded as adequate for all possible War Office purposes.

Father Felix Collet, for over ten years Chaplain at the Convent, Rugeley, and now a lieutenant in the French army, has gained the Legion of Honor. Father Collet was for four years in the French army, and on the outbreak of war enlisted again on August last.

Among past and present Cambridge Blues known to be serving with his Majesty's forces there are cricket Blues, 45; those of Rugby football, 45; athletics, 42; rowing 40; Association football, 35; hockey, hockey, 20; and boxing, 16.

With a total of 6503 officers and 60,241 boys, there are 1360 companies on the strength of the Boys' Brigade. Including the branches of the Brigade in oversea Dominions however, there are over two hundred thousand boys on the registers.