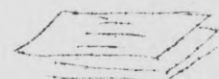


CENSORING OFFICERS



"This is damn good. It's a letter to your wife ! "

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"An admirable precaution against theft, Adjutant," said Sheerluck, "but not, unfortunately, against the type of fiend with whom we are dealing."

"Fiend?" queried a subaltern.

"Yes!" Jones swung round, "a fiend who will stop at nothing."

"But I don't see the connection," said Dr. Sotson.

"Paper, my dear Sotson, Paper."

"Paper?"

"Yes, paper - the criminal rifled the Colonel's waste box, the Sgt. Major's tent, and finally the Orderly Room itself for paper."

"But what on earth for?"

"To eat," said Jones simply. "You will remember that the various paper was stolen at least a week before the crime and that none had been taken during the week immediately preceding the crime."

The gathering became perplexed.

"The criminal must have become ravenously hungry after a week's starvation, and I will now expose him," announced the great detective, just as an illusionist might announce a trick. "The motive was hunger."

So saying, he released a catch on the packing case, which had now become the center of interest. His whole audience craned forward through the anxious silence attempting to penetrate the dark interior.

A small deer walked unconcernedly out, contently chewing a piece of bamboo.

"There," said Jones, "is the criminal. He ATE the Orderly Room!!"

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A Thought

Any coward can fight when he's sure of winning, but give me the man who pluck to fight when he's sure of losing. (George Eliot)