

THE
"BETTER TIMES."
WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED
The Wipers Times, The "New Church" Times,
The Kemmel Times, The Somme-Times,
& The B.E.F. Times.

No. 1. Vol. 1.

Novemier, 1918.

Price 1 Franc.

EUROPEAN THEATRE OF VARIETIES.

THIS WEEK AND TILL FURTHER NOTICE.

Professor FOCH & his Performing
DOVE.

Signor Pleni Potentiaro

WILL SING
"THE ONLY WAY"
AND

"THE END OF A PERFECT DAY."

WILLEM VAN HOHENZOLLERN
IN
"MY OLD DUTCH."

Book Early.

Prices as Usual.

Safe From Air Raids.

Paxone Boots.
The Footwear that gives
PEACE to the Foot.

There is an
ARMY OF
OCCUPATION
and an
ARMY OF
NO OCCUPATION.



MODEL 67,
Frs. 42-40.

WHICHEVER ONE YOU'RE IN YOU
NEED GOOD
RELIABLE MARCHING BOOTS.

NISSSEN HUTS FOR SALE.

AS MOST OF THE BEST CAMPS ARE NOW
CLOSED DOWN, WE ARE SELLING OFF
NISSSEN HUTS CHEAP.

COOL IN SUMMER!
COOLER IN WINTER!!

Medium Size—Frs. 450; with door Frs.
44 extra; with windows Frs. 38 extra.
Three Special DRAUGHTPROOF Models,
exceptionally rare—Frs. 920.

ADVERTISING PAYS.

Don't hide your light under a bushel.
If you've got anything to say about yourself
or

YOUR
WARES, COUGH IT UP!

BUT YOU NEED THE RIGHT MEDIUM.

"THE BETTER TIMES"

is read by all Englishmen in khaki, so send
your ads. to us.

On the first glance you thought this
was advertising a cough cure, but it isn't.
**IT'S JUST TOUTING
FOR "COPY."**

PRUDENCE DICTATES
that Insurance is a sound
scheme.

OUR POLICIES
MEET ALL
CASES.

EXAMPLE:—A man 47
years old wants an an-
nuity of 100 pounds
payable when he becomes
93. All he has to do is
to pay 19 pounds every
six months until he becomes entitled to the
Annuity.

EXAMPLE:—A man condemned to death
wants to insure his life for 700 pounds.
All he has to do is to pay 950 pounds in
two instalments, of 500 and 650. Write
stating requirements to the

PRUDENCE ASSURANCE Co.,

Box 77, c/o "The Better Times."





THE
"BETTER TIMES."

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED
The Wipers Times, The "New Church" Times;
The Kemmel Times, The Somme-Times,
& The B.E.F. Times.

No. 1. Vol. 1.

November, 1918.

Price 1 Franc.

EDITORIAL.



"CI NOUS sommes en-
core!" As French that
is probably rotten, but
we have just found a
complete outfit and
are naturally jubilant

that we can carry out our threat of
carrying on a paper till the Hun is down
and out. The old staff has rallied round us
(with many regrettable vacancies), and Mr.
Teech Bomas will retain his appointment
at his previous enormous salary. Some
new members have been enrolled, and we
hope to receive the support accorded to the
predecessors of the *Better Times*. With
the present publication we are going to
make an effort to reproduce illustrations.
As they will be hand engraved on wood-
block, will intending artists please stick to

line efforts. Our new paper is born in very
different circumstances to the old *Wipers
Times*, and it is strange that we should get
our new outfit during an advance over the
same country in which the old one was
lost last March. We are the gainers by
the exchange, as the new one is a much
finer machine. Yet the old one held many
memories for us, and we did not enthuse
over losing it. Within four days of
capturing the town where we found the
new press we brought out an evening
paper called the *Avesnes Advertiser*, although
the Hun had done his best to prevent any
effort at journalism by shifting all the type
to his melting station and filling the office
with gas. However all the type is now in
process of sorting, and we have a fine
selection. The war itself needs no
comment, and a few more efforts should
bust the Hun completely. Anyway it
seems pretty certain that everyone is out to
finish the job properly, which is all
very satisfactory. We hope that budding

journalists will not wait to be asked to send along copy. Our letter box is open day and night, and the same fabulous rates will be paid for stuff used—namely—copies of the paper.

The Editor,

"THE ORDERLY ROOM OF OTHER TIMES" SERIES.

—o—o—o—

NO 1.— THE SHAKESPEAREAN.

(Roberto, the C.O., discovered seated in a tent on the Plains of Burgundy. Gracio, his adjutant, is also present.)

Roberto.—Good Gracio, armed with parchment Army forms
To puzzle learned heads, and calm the storms

Brewed in the stewpot of stupidity,
Pray tell me if there any henchmen be
Who've broken Rules and Laws laid down by me

Sinning by Sloth or by Cupidity?
(There is a fanfare of trumpets without; why? Lordie knows, but it's just Shakespearean.)

Gracio.—Roberto, Lord and Master of the band
Of stalwarts fighting in this foreign land

For Rights of Little Nations,
There is indeed a scurvy henchman here
Who for his crime should pay a price as dear

Roberto.—. . . I'll make the computation!

(Gracio withdraws, reappearing presently followed by Stoutfellow, the Sergeant of the Troop, who drags with him Gohello, a scurvy poltroon with rusty bucklings, and unkempt mien.)

Sergeant.—O Sire! This knave 3943 Gohello
A lazy lout and ill-disposed fellow,
Was still abed when all should be astir,

And snoring loud to wake the morning air
With sowl-like trumpetings!

Roberto.—Ha, ha, poltroon, and hast thou
aught to say
The falling hand of Justice now to stay?

(Gohello shakes his head)

Admitted then! So nothing now remains
Except to purge, to punish him with pains.

(Turns to Gohello)

Now and henceforth until thy day of death—
Each dreary morn until thy final breath,
Thou shalt arise before the first cock crows
Morn after morn until your Last Repose—
For Ever!

Gracio.—Take him hence, Stoutfellow. He
has swooned.

(Exit Stoutfellow carrying Gohello.)

(Roberto sits on a tree-stump, picks up an alarm-clock and soliloquises.)

Roberto.—To rise or not to rise;
That is the question.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind of man
To rise and watch the sun first climb the
skies,

Or, (when thy varlet comes to waken thee)
to turn

And grab that precious extra minute's
sleep

So risk a spell of F.P. No. 1,
That is the question!

(Meditatively bites off a chunk of Cable Twist.)

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown
But he who sleeps in crowns is e'en a
clown;

A band of gold and jewels is all right
But only fools would wear them thro' the
night;

Aye, there's the rub!

O.T.

Should you happen choice to have
Would you be a Jugo-Slav?

Or, a disappointed cove, acknowledge you're a Czecho-Slovak!

Would you if you'd not a groat

Care to own yourself a Croat?

Fain would I be any one

Than to own myself a Hun!

A CLEVER WAR INVENTION.

THE PICKERING PATENT SHOVEL.

The acceptance of this remarkable invention shows how ready the Ministry of Munitions is to realise the value and ability of "something new."

The Pickering Patent Shovel is in reality the ordinary G.S. shovel with certain useful additions, ones, however, which make it the shovel par excellence for active service.

In the first place, there is a piece of emery paper 3 inches wide, wrapped round the handle 1 inch from the blade of the shovel. This is the Sharpener Plate, and is intended for section commanders to sharpen their pencils on, so that they can keep their section rolls up-to-date and a readable document.

On the back of the blade of the shovel is engraved a calendar for the year to enable N.C.O's and men to tell the date, and how long they will have to wait for leave.

Cleverly encased in the handle is a scraper to enable the user to scrape the mud off the calendar side of the shovel.

This scraper is also a tooth-pick (one end)—nail file (the other end.)

The weight of the whole ingenious device is only 15lbs. 3oz. heavier than the old G.S. shovel.

Mr. Pickering strangely enough is not a member of the Forces, but has a brother who is in a famous Labour Battalion now in France.

Mr. Pickering's hobbies, when he can spare a few moments from his laboratories and workshops, are rat-catching (at which he is no mean performer), and cigarette-collecting. He is only 5 short of the whole set of "Forest Flowers" which is to be found in that well-known brand of cigarettes—the "Aromatic Algy's."

War is full of quaint surprises,
Huns are never free from guile,
All the world—full of surmises
Watches William with a smile.



THE STUDENT'S CORNER.

(To be equipped for war is one thing; to be equipped for peace is another. When peace comes many new fields will be opened up, and for this reason a knowledge of languages will become almost essential. Realising this, *The Better Times* has arranged to re-print in each issue a lesson from Hugo—Ivchenovitch's "Russic Simplified," by arrangement with M. Ivchenovitch. This is the first of the Lessons, and if at the end of 3 lessons you cannot vamp, your money will be refunded.)

LESSON 1.

ALPHABET:—The Alphabet is so simple that it needs no comment. There are only 94 characters, 96 of which are different. The chief difficulty lies in recognising the difference between *ph* and *ph*. The latter however is only used when following *awp* which implies that the *ph* is not to be sounded with the guttural *ay*.

GRAMMAR:—This is very similar to English inasmuch as all the monied people do not use it very much. Only poets, clergymen, and tutors use it, and therefore it is of little account.

FIRST CONVERSATION.

gubij j'aw—The parrot says.
aw j'aj j'j n'ubij—The hussar talks to the parrot.

j'gubij j'aw j'aw—Why? How? Who?
j'aw j'aw j'aw j'aw—Is the brother of the hussar talking?

j'aw j'aw j'aw j'aw—No, he is with the parrot of the Ambassador.

j'aw j'aw j'aw j'aw—The Russic language is very simple.

j'aw j'aw j'aw j'aw—The language of the parrot is like the Russic.

j'aw j'aw j'aw j'aw—Only when he is angry.

j'aw j'aw j'aw j'aw—The parrot of the hussar uses bad language to the aunt of the Ambassador.

j'aw j'aw j'aw j'aw—Why? (equiv: what for why, eh?)
Because it has to talk Russic in the garden of the aunt of the hussar.

ACHTUNG!

The day will come when even Mars is tired,
When obus slumber and no shot is fired,
When unashamed we'll don our bowler hats
And men shall dress complete, yea down
to spats,

Then "what about it" you who find it hard
To hear unfettered comment from the bard.

The stars on this poetic sleeve are three,
That they're as many is *bonne chance* for me
Numbers there are who starred and likewise
crowned.

Do tread the grateful and subservient ground
Some who by prowess lately proved in war,
May sport red 'tabs' and ribboned breasts
galore.

When back returns the poise of other days,
When we shall tread the old, civilian ways,
Maybe we'll find that other honours count
Besides the ones with warfare for their fount
This bard may rise ere Phoebus rents the
dark,

To do the bidding of his whitem clerk!

Then may our colonels, yea, and majors too
Toil, while full privates tell them what to do
And subalterns shall see with glad surprise,
"Staff-wallers" working 'neath their watch-
ful eyes.

Then may we hear, with withers quite
unwring,

"Promotion comes not only to the young."

All men shall reckon, when reigns common-
sense,
That crowns and stars don't mean omni-
science.

That somehow there are lots of things in
life

Quite as important as the battle's strife
Consider, bard, the men you thus contemn,
How shall we e'er gain peace—except
through them?

FAME: A TRUE STORY.

It was sometime in 1915 on a cold and
windy day. Every now and again one of
the few remaining walls in Ypres would
collapse with a crash and a cloud of dust,
sufficiently realistic to make the most
hardened dweller in that delectable city
jump a little.

Several of the party, which stood in
little groups round the Menin Gate, were
obviously ill at ease, either from a mistaken
idea as to the origin of the noise and dust
or because they knew that no one but a fool
or an ignoramus stood by the Menin Gate
any longer than could be avoided.

It was an imposing party of Brass Hats
and mingling with them one or two
civilians, who looked particularly out of
place in such warworn and desolate
surroundings.

Presently one or two cave dwellers
emerged from their quaint dwellings under
the Ramparts, attracted by the unwonted
sight of such a glittering throng, and
marvelling at the temerity of the gilded
ones in selecting such a particularly
unhealthy spot at which to stand and talk.

One of them, braver than the others,
approached, not without some diffidence,
an A.D.C. who, wiser than the rest, was
sheltering against the possible storm behind
a corner of the Ramparts. "Oos 'e?"
he remarked, pointing over his shoulder to
a tall commanding figure in khaki, wearing
the gold embroidered hat of a general.
"That's Lord Kitchener," replied the
A.D.C.

The cave dweller whistled softly in
petrified astonishment, and as he turned to
give his pal the news remarked in a hoarse
whisper: "Gawd strewth, ain't he like
the cigarette cards!"

J.C.

Canada! Queen of the Western Snows,
Your fighters are peerless the journalist
shows,
Though you kings and their kingdoms may
shake
Leave us ah! leave us just one town to take.

THE CHRONICLES OF IZAWIT, THE SCRIBE.

AND it came to pass in the fifth year of
the Great War that the Hosts of Attila
were sore distressed, for the Avenging
Hosts did draw nigh unto and press
them hard.

And there came forth from the enemy
certain who sought speech of the Commam-
der of the Hosts, that he might stay the
conflict.

And behold on the eleventh day of the
eleventh month, even at the eleventh hour
there fell a calm upon the land.

And being exceedingly weary I fell asleep
and dreamed, and in my dream the
Commander of the Avenging Hosts did
order his Armies by Companies, each one
to go unto his own place.

Then went forward certain chosen men
for to spy out the land and seek resting
places for the mighty men of valour in the
region unto which their faces are set.

And in my dream I saw that certain of
the spies did draw nigh to the Gates of
the Celestial City, and there did seek
admittance of one Peter, the Mayjur of that
Town. "Alas!" replied he, "I have not
in my town so much room, no, not even as
to swing a cat. For behold yesterday
when it was even and I tarried with my
friend the Artoco, a multitude of the tribe
of Kew did arrive, strange men of ancient
and venerable appearance and gross about
the body, bearing with them much booty
and stores of war, and speaking a strange
tongue whereof the last words do appear to
be the first. These did overcome my scribe
and are even now in all my mansions great
and small, and their booty doth cover
the streets and courtyards. I have sent
messengers in haste unto Korque, but me-
thinks he tarrys by the way."

Then did I see the spies turn away
exceeding sorrowful and betake themselves
unto the Nether Regions.

Now in the Nether Regions there was
Chaos such as there was not, no, not even
in Gaul in the Great War in the month
Mars; for Beelzebub, Prince of this Region
had been so long absent serving his
Imperial Master, that in that Region no
Town Mayjur like unto Peter was to be

found, those from Gaul not yet being come,
for the chariots did overflow by reason of
the multitude of the Artocoos and Ackpip-
emmas and their myrmidons who sought
passage thither.

And many mansions did I see but each
was taken—yea! and those of the most
magnificent proportions—each was taken
by a Kewem and at that I did not marvel,
knowing these people and their habits.

But also did I see how the spies did
wander throughout the length and breadth
of the land seeking mansions and finding
no room—no, not even for a single Bra-Sat,
for behold on the lintel of every mansion
and upon the gateways wherein beasts of
burden were tethered there appeared a
small papyrus whereon was inscribed:—

RESERVED FOR

THE SHERWOOD FORESTERS.

MORAL.—It's a wise unit that knows its
own billieing area.

SOME HAVE FAME THRUST UPON THEM.

'Twas a sentry young on a lonely post
And he scanned the earth and sky,
When he was aware of a red tabbed throng
Which came a-trotting by.

Now the leading wight was a general old,
And the rest, some far, some nigh,
Came panting on in the deuce of a sweat;
The sentry wondered why.

But the general stopped and he spake these
words.

"So you watch the earth and sky!
Do you know that the fate of an empire hangs
On just your watchful eye?"

'Twas a grubby fist that the general grasped
"You'll be proud lad by and bye,
That you shook my hand on a summers
day;

Your Corps Commander I.

When the sentry left to his lonely post,
He winked at the earth and sky,
Far off in the trenches a mile away,
Faint streaks of red flashed by.

EDITORIAL.

(Continued.)

OWING to the lapse of time between the beginning and end of setting up this number (a lapse which was unavoidable owing to the way Fritz hit the trail for the homeland) it has become necessary to add a few words, hence—*this*. Since writing and printing the Editorial page Fritz has turned it up, and our swords are going to be made into ploughshares or something of the sort. It seems a pity as the back end of the war was the best part we have struck so far, and we only had two months of it compared with three years of the muddy end of the stick. However everyone is heartily glad the ghastly affair is well over, and the future alone will show if there will ever be another number of this paper. The Editor and Sub-Editor send their congratulations to all members of the Division, particularly to the few who are original members and have followed the Division through all its vicissitudes. For those who are not with us, but lie in France and Belgium, our reverence and love be with them and they will never be forgotten. From September '14 to November '18 is a long span, and the old Division has seen many changes, luckily few for the worse. We are going to make an effort to keep the paper going till Peace is signed, sealed and delivered, and so we continue to pester all and sundry for copy.

*The Editor.*EXTRACT FROM THE BOOK
OF TOMAR-SAT-KINS.

And it came to pass at eleven hours of the eleventh day of the eleventh month there was silence throughout the Land of the Westernfront. And no one did loose a gun, no, not so much as a pip-squeak did go off. And the heart of Tomar-Sat-Kins was glad in him so that he did give praise saying "Wotto, no tarl, and the Land of Blighty shall know me some more." For he did know that the time of the Hunnites was come, and that peace would shortly come throughout the land.

THE FOREBODINGS OF A
C.O.

—:0:—

AND so most of us are, or shortly will be, out of work! Thrown on the mercies of a cruel hard world without the tender care of our foster-mothers, the corporals, sergeants, or whoever may have been in *loco parentis* during these years. Shall we all be able to resist the snares and temptations or will the guard room become, in memory, a desirable haven of rest, compared with the trouble which most of us will rush into."

It is thoughts such as these which are frowning the brows and greying the hair of most Commanding Officers. A Commanding Officer suddenly visualises his family thrown out of his fatherly care and into the snares and pitfalls which are waiting. Can you wonder at the pale and haggard look on his face? See the troubled eye, the furrowed brow, the greying temple. He gazes in the fire and pictures his Second-in-Command in the clutches of a Syren, his guileless Company Commanders stripped and broken by the first gang of crooks to meet them, his Adjutant in gaol for forgery, his Quartermaster in a home for incurable inebriates, his M.O. a drug fiend, his N.C.O.'s and men victims of harpies, crooks and other human vampires; all these, his children of the last four years he sees twisted, broken and writhing. His Subalterns, boys four years ago, plunged straight from school to war, and now to be plunged from war to the world.

Can you wonder that he shudders for them and his eye grows dim, and his mouth takes on a yearning droop. Pity him then,

*"As a drooping lily"*

and mock not that age has gripped him. 'Tis not the years that make his figure as a drooping lily, that make his face so pale and lined.



And so at last it's *fini*!
Can you understand the silence? Are you waiting for the barrage?
When the fateful hour of zero comes and you're "across the bags,"
Are your ears and senses straining for the vicious sound of shelling
When it's "down into a shell hole and God help the one who lags."

—:0:—

And now the Hun's "napoood!"
Can you forget those early days of undiluted hell?
That scared your soul and made you doubt your God.
When "Wipers" though a deadly rat-infested, muddy shell,
Seemed a Heaven when the mud of Hooge you trod.

—:0:—

And now "apres la guerre!"
For years you've heard that sentence tossed from taunting maid to man,
Heard it chanted right from Nieuport to Lorraine,
In a hovel up in Belgium when your soul was sick with war,
Or at Mazingarbe, Aubigny, or Avesnes.

—:0:—

"Oofs!! Compree, eggs?"
Will you e'er forget the jargon? Will these four years pass away
Till their memory is but an ugly dream?
Yet I would not lose the friends one found when life was less worth while
Than I had thought that life could ever seem,

—:0:—

"Hell! She's ditched!"
In the future years when dreaming of those nights along the roads,
When the rattle on the pavé drove you mad,
When you couldn't hear "it" coming, and the first thing that you knew
Was that Jim and George, your pals, had "got it bad."

"Curse this corner!"
Oh! that bloody reeking pavé round by Wipers and Potije
Where the corpses lined the sides, half hid in mud
Men and horses, and the litter of the stores they brought is spread
Through the night, while greedy Belgium laps up blood.

—:0:—

"Zero is at four!"
Loos, the Somme, Messines and Vimy, Passchendaele and Bourslon Wood.
The stink and bloody swelter of them all;
The acrid fumes of shelling, gas, and death,
God send that we
May forget at least what we would not recall.

—:0:—

"Hostilities cease at 11 a.m.!"
Though these words marked hours which hist'ry well may hold divide the world
And the centuries in half by all they mean,
Yet our brains could not conceive it, and the Column plodded on—
You cannot blot out years as from a screen!

—:0:—

"Rations oop!"
When you're beat and wet and hungry, cold and don't care if you're dead,
Do you think that future hopes can ease the ache?
When you'd sell your soul for warmth, just want to sleep and sleep, and so
You just don't care a damn if you don't wake.

—:0:—

'Tis the small things make one's world up, and the greatest slither by,
'Tis "the canteen's closed" "late rations" make you curse;
What do emperors and empires going bust concern you when
The mud and rain and filth are getting worse?

—:0:—

"Dis-miss!"
Yet I think this lack of boasting and this calm, serene and still,
Mark a deeper sense of thankfulness and pride,
Pride—not in our own achievements, but in Britain and her fate
In our women, proved and tested, true and tried.

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

—o—o—o—

(In this column we will endeavour to cope with the problems that are troubling the soldiers.)

—o—o—o—

Private Stickit of Northampton writes:—

"Dear Sir,—I have been told that if a man has no work after the War, that the Government is going to pay him some money each week for a whole year. As I mean to have a long holiday after I am demobilised could I have a lump sum so as I could get married?"

—o—

Yes! Private Stickit, you will be able to have as much as you want. There will be a quarter-master's stores opened in every big town, and you will be able to obtain money on indent through the usual channels.

—o—

One-Pip writes:—

"Dear Sir:—I was at the Front in 1914. Through all those awful months I stuck to my post and came through without a

scratch. There were six of us at the Base, and we all managed to get through. We are writing to you to see if nothing can be done to stop these later fighters from wearing our Star."

"1914."

—o—

Well, "1914," we will exert our influence to stop an injustice being done.

—o—

Lieut.-Col. Jones (Buffs) writes:—

"Dear Sir,—I hear that the people who joined early are going to be demobilised first. I think this is very unjust. Surely those who joined first were much more eager to join the Army than we who were combed out later. As they were more eager to join, it must have been because they liked it. Therefore they should be demobilised much later than we who joined up reluctantly."

—o—

Yes! Jones. There's a lot in what you say, and we will put your view before the proper authorities.

—o—

Many answers are unavoidably held over owing to lack of space, but we will endeavour to answer them in our next issue

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS ??

100,000 FRANCS IN PRIZES.

FIRST PRIZE : 50,000 Francs in Cash

2nd do. : 25,000 Francs in Cash

3rd do. : 12,750 Francs in Cash

Several Prizes of 1,000 Francs and 500 Francs.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO!

Fill in the missing letters, and send your solution and 50 francs to the Editor:

MAKE H.. WHILE THE S-N S-IN-S.

All solutions to be sent in by 12.00 hours on the 31st December.



We are coming! We are coming!!
And the hour of peace is near,
Here we greet you with our homage,
And we bid you cease from fear.

—o—o—o—

You have drained your cup of anguish,
You have plumbed the depths of grief,
You have prayed each hopeless morning,
For the long deferred relief.

—o—o—o—

We have marked with kindling spirit
All the traces of the beast,
And the Hun shall bear the branding
From "The Highest" to the least.

—o—o—o—

Brute in mind, and heart and body
He shall know the outcast's shame;
But the crowning of his Kultur
Is your curse upon his name.

—o—o—o—

Ruined homes and hearts nigh broken
Where the Boche has found his prey,
Left with only eyes to weep with,
Dear ones dead or far away.

—o—o—o—

For your sorrows take our pity,
For your dead accept our praise;
For the past of dire oppression,
Lo, we bring you brighter days.

—o—o—o—

Courage! you shall have your freedom
And your tears are not in vain.
For we bring you your deliverance
From your terror and your bane.

—o—o—o—

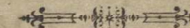
Count your woes a passing nightmare
Hideous, yet an evil trance.
From the welter of your trials
There shall rise a fairer France.

—o—o—o—

France, all fairer for your sorrows,
France, all nobler for your grief,
We are coming! We are coming!
And we bring you your relief.

THE PADRE.

RACING.



A SUCCESSFUL meeting was held on Wednesday, October 30th, under the aegis of the M.G. Battalion, and an interesting programme of five events was got through with commendable despatch. First-class weather conditions prevailed, and the course was thronged with the flower of the local chivalry. The third race, which was the only open event, attracted a fair field, and about half-a-dozen animals eventually came under the starter's orders, all trained to the hour. The services of all the most famous jockeys had been secured, so the chances looked very open. As the time for the race drew near the excitement was intense, and I heard many large wagers freely offered and taken over the railings, every horse being well supported, though with slight preference possibly for Capt. Pincher's chestnut. The gate eventually went up to a magnificent start, and there seemed little to choose between the bunch till the distance was reached, when the favourite with the Captain up drew clear, and won by about four lengths from Shid, who was using his whip. We hear on the best authority that the result was a big surprise to a certain clever division who had a real good thing to slip for this race. It is further rumoured that—anyway for the time being—they've taken the knock.

The Band of the Coldstream Guards played delightful music on the lawn during the afternoon, and added to what everyone felt to be a delightful day.



"Nott
Mit
Uns!"

O.T.

Our Grand New Illustrated Feuilleton.

"VIRTUE WINS"

OR

THE 100-1 CHANCE.

A Tale of Adventure, Sacrifice and Love

BY

GOULD GARVICE.

CHARACTERS:—

Sir Marmaduke Cholmondeley Anstruther,
K.O.B.E.—H.B.M.'s Ambassador to
Japan.
Ambrose Archibald Anstruther—His Son, in
love with
Sybil Clarissa Sutchopeach—Penniless, pretty
but proud; who is also desired by
Rudolph Hugenoir—A dissolute gambler who
wishes to marry for her money—
Estelle Pottsoudeau—A rich and handsome
widow.
James Blink—Servant to Ambrose Anstruther
Silas Snitch—An ex-burglar, under the
thumb of Hugenoir.
Soames—Butler to the Anstruthers.
Steve Spring—A jockey with a heart of gold
but a pitiful past.
Olga Otstupski—A crystal gazer, fortune
teller and society leader.

CHAPTER 1.



"Gloom only broken by
the Milky way"

THE night was black
and the gloom
was only broken
by the Milky
Way, which
served to
intensify the
surrounding
darkness. Suddenly the silence was
shattered in a surprising manner.

"You lie! You dog!"
The angry voice rang out with a clarion
cry and was followed by a shot, then a
gurgles, then two gurgles, then—silence
again.

Not for long however.

Once again—an earpiercing cry in a
female voice, a cry for "Help!" then again

a shot, then a
gurgles, then two
gurgles, then the
clang of a
shutting gate,
then—silence.
Who could it be?
What could have
happened? Why?
Where? These
questions rapidly



"Clang of a shutting gate,
then—silence."

flashed through the
mind of Sir Marmaduke Anstruther as
he was finishing
his fourth bottle.

Pressing the bell,
it rang, and Soames
the old butler
appeared.

"Did you hear
anything Soames?"
queried the old
baronet, his fine
old figure a
veritable question
mark.

"No, Sir Anstruther! What was
it?"

"I'm afraid
something has
happened," replied
the baronet. "I
distinctly heard a
shot, followed by a
rapid succession of
gurgles, and then
silence. What
could it . . ."

(Olga blissfully unconscious
of the victim's plight,
meditatively dresses for
dinner.)

Again, even as
he spoke, a cry
rang out and a shot
echoed through the

night. "Did you hear that, Soames?" said
the baronet.

"No, sir!" said Soames.

"Then it must be as I feared," said the
baronet, his aristocratic features taking on
a look of sadness. "It's Arthur!" Leaning
heavily on Soames' arm he tottered from
the room.

As the door closed on his retreating
figure a hand came round the heavy plush
curtains—a strange wrinkled hand with
nine fingers, all different. **WHOSE WAS
THE HAND?**

(Read next thrilling instalment.)

(Order Early.)

(To be Continued.)



How the hours crept round the clock
Till we got our Yankee Doc.
Now the time slips gaily by,
List and I will tell you why!
When the war begins to bore us
Then our Yank joins in the chorus,
And (though p'raps not quite *de rigueur*)
Yet the ripples of his figure
As he yields to merriment
Makes us think the time well spent,
Sad must be the day and black
When we see our old Doc's back.

TOTTERING TO A FALL.

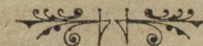
—0:—

By **TEECH BOMAS.**

—0:—

And so we broke through the line and
the pride of Germany's colossal army was
humbled to the dust. As I write the situa-
tion is liquid and I must tear round the
battlefield several times more before I give
a clear account of what has happened. I
must tell you of how the North-Southshires
crossed the Canal. Every man was equipped
with a pair of large springs under his feet,
and a pair of wings strapped to his
shoulders. At zero plus 5 the whole sprang
on the bank and were carried over by these
appliances, thus completely surprising the
Huns. On they went in leaps and bounds,
and in two hours the stream of prisoners
began to pour in. I saw thousands myself
and had I not been so busy I should
have been able to see thousands more.
Anyway, the vaunted Blindenburg line is
shattered and we are through. I walked
through Valenciennes this morning, and
the Hun shells were still falling on every
part of the town. I hurried through to
the foremost battle-fronts although all
inside me cried out to linger and study the
condition of the town. I felt that I must
be able to get you the latest situation so,
having wired Foch that all was going well,
on I went. Now I met Huns singly and in
twos or threes putting up their hands. The
most touching episodes occurred with the
civilians who had been relieved by our
advance. I was kissed on both cheeks by
all and sundry, and although I was much
embarrassed yet how could one stop these
poor people. The situation is, as I repeat
fluid, and until it sets it is impossible to
tell you more. I am off to the battle again
—I love it.

Teach Bomas.



There was a young man of Avesnes,
Took a stroll down a long shady lesnes,
He trod on a dud
Half hidden in mud . . . *!
He never will do it ageneses.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor
The Better Times.

Sir,
Why shouldn't we who told our friends to enlist wear some modification of the 1914 Star? Surely our timely words were the cause of raising the first hundred thousand and ought to have some recognition.

Yours etc.,
CUTHBERT CUSHLOBBE,
Dept. F,
Ministry of Fancywork,
Hotel Velvet, W.C. 14.

To the Editor.

Sir,
Your correspondence re the 1914-15 Star interests me very much. I have never laughed so much since the day when father lost his false teeth overboard on the good ship *Angostura* in 1912.

Yours etc.,
A. E. G. BEAMS.

To the Editor.

Sir,
I didn't come out to France till 1918, and then managed to click for a job at the Base. Don't you think I ought to have the 1918 Star and Garter to show how clever I've been?

Yours etc.,
J. M. WANGLEUR,
A.P.O. 45.

To the Editor.

Sir,
I tried to enlist early in 1915 and was rejected on account of my teeth. I got a new set fitted at my own expense and managed to pass the doctor in June 1916. Surely there should be some sort of Star—say a 1915-16—for me! Or again, the "Spirit was willing but the Flesh (teeth) weak"; couldn't we wear a badge with that quotation engraved upon it?

Yours etc.,
O. MYE-MOLARS,
94th General Hospital,
France.

To the Editor.

Sir,
I do not agree with your correspondent Mr. Lettemnoe, who suggests that people should wear a placard on their backs stating their Army history. I suggest it should be on the front as well—or handier still—on properly fitted sandwich-boards.

Yours etc.,
A TRUE CONTENTIBLE.

PRIZE MONEY.

To the Editor.

Sir,
I have been employed during the War on a mine-sweeper, and have swept up 47 mines. Taking the average value of a ship at 740,000 pounds, I have been the means of saving 740,000 × 47, viz. = 34,780,000 pounds. Surely I ought to have at least 50 % of this?

Yours etc.,
A LOYAL BRITON,
Grimsby.

STOP PRESS NEWS.

INTERNATIONAL HANDICAP RESULT.



John Bull : DEAD
Jonathan : HEAT.
Alphonse :
Also ran Fritz,
Turco, and
others.

S.P. — Even money Fritz
6/4 John Bull
3/4 Alphonse.

Jonathan was doubtful starter, and his number only went up at the last minute, but he came in with the leaders.



COPY THIS
CLEVER
DESIGN OF
ONE OF MY
PUPILS.

Can You Sketch? NO?

I CAN'T
EITHER, BUT
WRITE FOR
MY
ILLUSTRATED
BOOKLET,

"HOW TO DRAW—ATTENTION, TEETH, Etc."

Pounds and pounds are made with the pen. One of my pupils uses his pen so well that he makes 1,000 pounds a month forging cheques.

A CLERGYMAN writes:—"Since taking your Drawing Course my lungs are much improved. Send another SIX BOTTLES." An ARTILLERY MAJOR writes:—"I find myself greatly benefited by your course. I can even draw fire."

DON'T PUT IT OFF TILL TO-MORROW! WRITE TO-DAY!!

Particulars, Booklets, etc., from :—
PRINCIPAL, THE ART-TERIES, MARGATE.

LOOK!!!

POKER TAUGHT (50 francs a Lesson.)

DON'T FAIL TO JOIN OUR POKER NIGHT
CLUB. CLASSES NIGHTLY. 10.30 p.m.
ENTRANCE FEE: 50 francs per Session.

A SIMPLE TESTIMONIAL.—"After six lessons of your excellent course I am able to play with Staff Officers, and take their money as easy as I can procure billets."
(Signed) D. CANNY.

APPLY:—ADAMS & SEAREE, Ltd.
Telegraphic Address: "COUNTERS."

WE
DO
ALL
KINDS
OF



REMOVALS.

PROMPTITUDE AND THOROUGHNESS
GUARANTEED.

APPLY:—BOSCH & Co., MOVERS,
Box No. 9, BERLIN.



1722/22