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can fire ten shots at 200 yards and tell without waiting for the marker the result of each one correctly."

"Done!" cried Major B. And the whole mess turned out early the next morning to witness the experiment. The lieutenant fired. "Miss!" Another shot. "Miss!" he repeated. A third shot. "Miss."

"Here, hold on!" put in Major B. "What are you trying to do? You're not firing for the target!"

"Of course not," was the response. "I'm firing for those cigars!"

"Pacifists should not hide their light under a bushel," states a pussyfooter. Try a box of chloride of lime.

Max Harden suggests that the Kaiser become a movie star. Why not call him "Filhelm?"

### TRENCH RECIPES By Lc.-Cpl. A. S. Johnson

(Re-printed from "Llandovery Castle News.")

Take a slice of someone's bacon, And a loaf of someone's bread, Grab your next door neighbor's

butter
(If he sees you, punch his head)!
Cook the bacon you have lifted,
In a dirty frying-pan;
And a breakfast waits before you
Fit for any gentleman.

Take some bully beef and biscuits And your previous meal's remains Mix these items altogether; Add a dozen coffee grains; Drop them in a flavored bucket, Until all your pals protest, And, unless the odor kills you, You've got a dinner of the best.

Take a tin of doubtful liquid,
And pretend you're drinking tea;
Take a solid, ask no questions,
As to what it's meant to be.
Forage round your comrades' rations,

Commandeering tasty bits, Take a strong imagination, And—you're supping at the Ritz!