

RUNNING A BATTLE BY 'PHONE.

Scene: Forty-foot dug-out. Yes, Somme dug-out.

Well-known Brigade Major at his desk, apparently juggling two or three telephones. His General sits beside him, listening, thus securing an accurate, lucid, and running description of the progress of events.

Brigade Major (voice a trifle high pitched): "Hello! Hello! Who's speaking? Who? Oh, yes! Yes, yes, yes! I heard you! You've done what? What's that? Oh! Oh, yes, I get you now, Colonel! You've gained all your objectives! That's fine! Just a minute! What did you say, sir? Hello! Is that you? Colonel, the General says to hang on for all you are worth. No, no! Hang on—stay where you are! Not move on, but what you have you hold, you know! Understand? Yes, yes! That's right! What's that? Who's on this line now? I say, get off, will you,



I'm talking! What in h—is wrong with these 'phones? Where's Captain Blank? Orderly! Tell the Signalling Officer I want to see him quick! Hello! Hello! is that you, Colonel? Good! By the way, how many prisoners did you take? How many? What's that? No, no! Not dead—I said pris—!!!"

Bang! Something hit the dug-out! The candles went out! The 'phones went out! The B.M. gazed at the 'phones on his desk for a minute. Then he went out! His General was present, you see!!

IT'S A BAD HABIT.

THIS is a tale of carbon paper and how one piece left an impression behind it.

A certain Company Commander—we mention no names, but whenever anyone wants anything, they always go to see his dad—well, as we were saying, a certain Company Commander once got a nice little Blighty. It did not put his arms out of business, so, after an S.B. had tied up the spot, this Company Commander pulled his message-book toward him and dashed off a little note to his wife.

"Just to let her know I'm not hurt, so she won't worry," he remarked.

Then he went out of the trenches to the Dressing Station. The C.O. was there, and two or three other officers. The M.O. began to get busy.

"Say, doc," pleaded the Company Commander, "you can fix me up so that I won't have to be sent back to England?"

The Doctor wasn't sure it wasn't a serious matter, but it would probably keep the C.C. in bed for a few weeks.

"But I want to stay here," declared the C.C., as he was led off to the ambulance.

"Now, if all our officers were sorry to leave us, it would be wonderful," remarked one of the bystanders.

An hour later an officer came to take charge of this certain C.C.'s Company. He looked through the message-pad, as was natural. The last used sheet bore these words in carbon:—

"Dear Wife,—Got slightly wounded, and will be home with you in three or four days. . . ."

Of course, the laugh was on the certain Company Commander! The moral is: Don't mix Army and domestic regulations, or, watch your carbon paper, for it is apt to leave a lot of little things behind it.

JOCK WANTED THE CASH.

The raid had not been as successful as the Colonel had hoped or expected. So next morning the Adjutant held an unofficial Court of Enquiry to find out what had gone wrong, and why there had not been the usual quota of prisoners.

ADJUTANT: "Well Private S—, and what did you do?"

PRIVATE S—: "A weel, sirr, I'm gangin' awa' strong when I gets inta yon Fritzie trench. Then I sees they blatherin' Huns slippin' awa' doon the trench—and me after them. One took a wee bit dive inta a dug-out, sae I pit me book in after him, and he quit his antics. Thinkin' I'd be better with me ain

lads, I come back a bit, then I saw Lieut. H—and Sergt. B—a-pushin' a Hun over the parapet."

ADJUTANT: "And did you go to their assistance? You knew we wanted a prisoner?"

PRIVATE S—(modestly): "Yis, sirr, I did ken that richt weel, for wasna the Colonel givin' awa' ten pounds for every presoner we got. And sae I was vera anxese to get one for me ain sel'."

x x x

OUR LATEST RAID.

The C.O. sat in lofty state,
While blue-prints strewed the ground.
His thoughts ran at a fearful rate—
His Subs were seated round.
Scouts, Guns, Bombs
Were seated round.

The C.O. spake, the Subs did quake:

"This peaceful life I much deplore.
Let's raid the Bosche—a prisoner take—
And make the other C.O.s sore."

Scouts, Guns, Bombs, They all were sore.

"So, get ye hence. Think up a scheme.

Combine your wits with our F.O.
And plan a raid—a perfect dream."

Thus spake C.O.—as we all know!

Scouts, Guns, Bombs, Yes, we all know.—C.



VOICES FROM BELOW.

"Well, Sergeant, how much earth have we got on top here?"

"About forty feet, sir?"

"Good heavens! That'll never do at all! Have another twenty feet put on at once."