

## THE « LITTLE BLACK DEVIL'S » PAGE. « RATIONS UP ! »

« Rations up ! » you hear the shout,  
And « Double up; don't be left out !  
One loaf of bread among you three.  
Here's jam for six. Don't worry me ! »  
(One tin of butter for fifteen men.  
How'll I share it ? It should be for ten.)  
« No pickles this time ? Get out of the light !  
Hands off the cheese or there'll be a fight ! »  
« Where's my share ? » we hear a howl.  
« Stop that noise or you'll get none at all ! »  
« Get out of that jam. You're not in this tin ! »  
« Do we get any rum before we go in ? »  
« Three spoon's a ration. I can't spare more.  
Now don't be a hog, and don't get sore. »  
« Pass it along. Don't wait all day !  
There are others, you know. Hurry, I say ! »  
So it goes on, the same old song.  
The corporal gets blamed for all that goes  
wrong.  
The boys think that he's eaten their cheese.  
(Section fifteen's a hard one to please.)  
One says the rum down his throat goes.  
(And I'm not sure — maybe it does.)  
But little or lots, just bear in mind  
His worries are manly, so to him be kind.

624412 L.B.D.

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### Those Dear Old « Cook's Tourists ! »

A dear, old senior officer of one of the umpty-umpty battalions now arriving in England, paid us a flying visit in the front line the other night. After a chat in Coy. H. Q. he accompanied me down the trench where I proceeded to point out different things which I thought might interest him, — the various styles of revetting, advanced Lewis-gun and bombing posts, also craters.

Craters seemed to be his special fancy, and after lying on the inner lip of one about eighty feet in diameter and fifty feet deep — with which we are all acquainted, and having listened carefully while I told how mines were blown and for what purpose, the innocent old bird asked :

« Did a nine-point-two make that hole ? »

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### Things We Want to Know.

C.C.oy batmen know anything of half a jar of rum which disappeared from the supernumerary officers' quarters at the Transport lines, and whether they wish they were camels ?

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Who the officer was who shouted to the parade, as the relief was leaving billets : « Pick those feet up ! If you don't do it properly I'll make you mark time all the way to the trenches. »

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Who was the officer who offered « Dirty Dick » as a pass-word to the Highland Brigade, and whether the particular sentry thought it was with reference to himself ?

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What is going to happen to our pet prisoner, and whether his escorts job might be described as a « cinch » ?

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Who was responsible for the miscarriage of the Snipers' ration of pickles on the 21rd. ult. ?

« Junior Sub. »

## A HUNNISH JOKE.

The Berliner Tageblatt announced that every person in Berlin would be able to get an egg between January 10 and January 31.

1. — Now it so happened that January 10 was decreed among the Berliners as the Feast of the Hen Fruit, and there was great rejoicing, for the populace was fed up of potted dachhund.

2. — And in the house of Albrecht the pianotuner (who was the son of Ludwig, the sausage-shaper) there was held a lavish beano.

3. — For, behold, an egg had slumbered on their kitchen-dresser for three hundred days and three hundred nights, and they called her Sesame.

4. — But, lo, when it came to cooking her there was an horrid discord. For Albrecht desired her boiled into an exceeding great hardness ; Sophie, his wife, wished to see her of medium consistency ; Fritz (his eldest son, who had been shot in the outer suburbs while beating a hurried retreat from Verdun) was anxious to see her of a softness comforting to his soul ; and the younger children took sides according to their wont.

5. — And there was a great tumult, so that the neighbours beat on the wall and besought them to shut their heads.

6. — Therefore did Hans say : « Let us split the difference, » and it was so, and Sesame was boiled for four minutes and thirty cubits (Fahrenheit).

7. — Then was there great pomp and ceremony, and The Egg was borne around the table three times, while all those present sang « The Hymn of Hate ».

8. — And she was placed on a platter of earthenware before Albrecht, and he tapped her thrice, and then cried in a loud voice : « Open, Sesame ! »

9. — But, lo, she was very ripe, so that Fritz made a rush for his gas helmet, which hung upon the wall, saying : « Verily have I suffered the explosions of many shells ; but never one such as this ! She is in truth a deed of frightfulness. »

10. — And Sesame was taken away and cast into a dungeon for lese majeste, insofar as she had disputed the Emperor's claim to the title of « The Most High. »

11. — But I say that there is little to choose between the German Emperor and the hen fruit of great antiquity, for both are thoroughly bad eggs.

12. — Which is what one might call a stale yoke.

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### OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS.

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,  
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,  
That's where the west begins ;  
Out where the sun is a little brighter,  
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,  
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,  
That's where the west begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,  
Out where friendship's a little truer,  
That's where the west begins ;  
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,  
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,  
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,  
That's where the west begins.

Out where the world is in the making,  
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching,  
That's where the west begins ;  
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,  
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,  
And a man makes friends without half trying,  
That's where the west begins.

Sister Dorothy's Mail Budget.