

Tail-end Waggings.

An Irishman who had just arrived in Blighty from the Front with a smashed foot, tells the following yarn. He says that the incident occurred in a tent at the base wherein Mike and Paddy "kipped" side by side.

The twain smuggled in a real bottle of Bass and at Paddy's suggestion it was hidden in one of his big top boots, for consumption at reveille next morning, a sort of "Cheery-awakening-to-be."

But whilst the day was still very young Paddy awoke suffering from a consuming thirst. He glanced at Mike who was still sleeping as peacefully and innocently as a lamb. A brief struggle with his conscience followed, and we will draw a veil over subsequent proceedings.

Blissfully contented, Paddy sank back "on the pillows," but he had disturbed Mike, who opened one eye and fixed it longingly on the top-boot. He glanced at Paddy, whose eyes were fast shut, and satisfied that the coast was clear, stretched out his arm in the direction of the boot. He had actually laid caressing fingers round the neck of the bottle when the voice of his companion caused him to start back guiltily.

"Phwat are ye after, Moike?" enquired Paddy sleepily.

"Nothing, Paddy, nothing," replied Mike nonchalantly.

"Sure, you'll foind it in the bottle, Moike!" said Paddy with a yawn, as he once more closed his eyes.

"Where were you wounded, my poor man?" said the kind hearted old lady who was visiting the sick and wounded.

"Solar Plexus, ma'am," replied the veteran.

The dear old soul nodded her head in sympathy.

"I read about the terrible fighting that went on there—poor fellow," and she passed on.

The cheerfulness of the British Tommy under all conditions is proverbial, but it is surely the most striking when he is in hospital and often enduring great pain.

A practical but harmless joke delights him beyond measure, and the following in an instance well worth putting on record. It concerns a nurse, a patient and a thermometer.

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated the nurse in genuine alarm, as she read the clinical thermometer after taking it out of the patient's mouth. "Temperature 109!" She seized his wrist, watched his respiration and found both in order. The patient regarded her stolidly. She questioned him closely but without any satisfaction, then, as she rushed to the door to summon the doctor, he called her back.

"I think I ought to tell you, nurse," he said gravely and without the flutter of an eyelid, "I stirred my tea with the thermometer just now!"

It must have been the same nurse who asked one of the new patients whether he had had his temperature taken.

"I don't know," was the doubtful rejoinder, "but I saw one of the sisters take my mate's bacca off his locker, so you never know."

"How long have you bin out, old sport," asked a Cockney who had just crossed over from England and arrived at the front line.

"Two years," replied his mud-bespattered companion, loftily.

"Lucky beggar," growled the Cockney, "you missed a blinking air raid on London the other day!"

Have you heard that story of the sapper who attracted the attention of the orderly sergeant because of his diligence in pursuing and examining every odd scrap of paper he saw? He had been in the Army for a couple of years and concluding that the strain had been too much for him and that he was showing signs of insanity, the orderly sergeant marched him off to the S.M.O.

Once in the presence of the Senior Medical Officer, the patient behaved in an extraordinary manner, snatching up official papers and chits—examining them and casting them away with despairing sighs. He went before a medical board and was discharged. A few days later his O.C. handed him his "ticket" and a sudden change was noticeable in the manner of the sapper. "At last!" he cried, "At last!" his face flushed and triumphant; "The bit of paper I've been hunting for for two years!"

Once upon a time there came to a certain hospital a man who was deaf and dumb. He was a private soldier, and was utterly and entirely fed up, and lo and behold, when ye Sgt.-Major saw him, being a wilely bird, and up to all ye tricks of ye trade he said, "In sooth good Sir I see thou art deaf and dumb," and ye private spake not a word, and ye Sgt.-Major being by no means at ye end of his resources placed a chair for him, baited with a small but sharp drawing pin, and ye private sate himself down but rose again right hurriedly, but still (like ye skipper in ye wreck of ye "Hesperus") never a word spake he.

Then ye Sgt.-Major, reduced to his last and mightiest guile said suddenly unto ye private, "couldst thou imbibe a glass of beer?" and ye private uttered not a syllable, nor exhibited any sign of comprehension whatever, and ye Sgt.-Major murmured unto himself, "By Allah, I methinks he is deaf and dumb," and reported same to ye M.O. who also tried him with wiles and stratagems but all to no effect. So ye M.O. said "he is of no further use to the army so he must have his ticket." And lo and behold in due time ye little red book arrived and ye M.O. handed it over to ye private, who after glancing through it to see that it was Orl Krect said "Thank you."

MORAL: "Speech is silver but silence is golden."

An Irishman employed in a large factory had taken a day off without permission and seemed likely to lose his job in consequence. When asked by his foreman the next day why he had not turned up the day before, he replied:

"I was so ill, sir, that I could not come to work to save my life."

"How was it then, Pat, that I saw you pass the factory on your bicycle during the morning?" asked the foreman.

Pat was slightly taken aback, then regaining his presence of mind, he replied:

"Sure, sir, that must have been when I was going for the doctor."

"What have you in the shape of cucumbers this morning?" asked the customer of the new grocery clerk.

"Nothing but bananas, ma'am," was the reply.

JACK: "Say, boy, your dog bit me on the ankle"

TOM: "Well, that is as high as he could reach. You wouldn't expect a little pup like him to bite you on the neck, would you?"