

peaceful days, he at least is perfectly frank in telling of his trade or profession. The Antique Chair Maker, for instance, to men on him again, did not attempt to screen himself, and we know of a man in another hospital who confessed that he was a human form of the species *Anobium*, for his work was that of a Maker of Worm Holes in Furniture. The Sewerman was proud of his position under the London County Council, and one patient—not in our ward, oh no!—related that before the war he was a Burglar.

Of course, we have had our favourites, and the Fish Porter from Billingsgate Market was a dear old rascal, rich in the wisdom of this world. He was far above the army age but joined up to do his bit. Before settling down to his piscatorial calling he had wandered all over England from Land's End to Gretna Green. He had many a good yarn to spin, and of a truth he was not that rarest of birds—a silent Cockney. He has material enough for a modern *Penniles Pilgrimage*, or the *Money-Lesse Perambulation of John Taylor*. By his merry talk we are sure that he helped to cure some of our patients.

Many are the reasons that have induced the men to join the army. It occurred to us to ask the Sea Cook if he was not out of his element on land, but he replied, "I got rather tired of the navy," and when we sought an explanation he said, "Well you see, sir, I was torpedoed three times," and he named the ships and the occasions. Let us hope that the now Army Cook has nights of undisturbed rest. In another ward a British West Indian, who had been a Chauffeur to a fabulously rich American in Paris, was asked why he had forsaken such a lucrative employment; he replied, "I reckon, sah, that's the time my cooriosity got the better of my intelligence."

Some day someone should write a treatise on "Parasitic Trades"—it would be a very fruitful piece of research, we feel sure. Here was the man who told us he was a Meat Cloth Washer. It seemed that our ears had played us false. He explained, "We get all the meat cloths from Smithfield Market and wash 'em and sell 'em again as polishing cloths for five-