

CHOP SUEY.

Old Joe Quigley is our quarter bloke,
But on the sergeants he played a most terrible joke.
For he fed them on hard tack, and bully too,
Then add insult to injury with Machonachies' stew.

The good old mess caterer went to the quarters
To get the poor sergeants some bones.
But when he got there, he found Joe in a flare,
And so the poor sergeants got none.

Friend: I'm glad to see you're back from the front,
old fellow.

Returned Tommy: Gosh, I knew I'd grown pretty
thin, but I didn't know it was quite that bad.

News Item.—A corporal in the U.S. Army has re-
fused a commission, as he prefers to remain a private.
Is this what the Yanks call reverting to the ranks at
his own request.

Our Wilfred, great Scott,
Not a bad old cuss,
But when he opens his mouth
You can bet on a fuss.
He'll argue all day,
And he must have his way.
If you said black was white
He'd swear it was grey.

Coal oil has its uses, but Pte. K. carefully soaked
and rubbed his uniform with this vile-smelling liquid
in mistake for gasoline. He was an offence to the
nostrils for days, so he became kind of used to the
smell himself. Into the officers' cook-house he strolled
just as the soup was being served.

Suddenly the cook discovered coal oil in the soup,
and the peas smelt the same. Why the whole cook-
house was saturated with the obnoxious odour. By
this time Pte. K. got wise and edged his way to the
door before he confessed his guilty secret. Yes, he
got away, he is a pretty good sprinter.

Don't you like to receive a big parcel of socks, hand-
kerchiefs, sugar, milk and cocoa, and all the things
which you can't dispose of in five minutes when you
are just starting on a big day's march? And yet you
have to write and say how pleased you were to get
them.

Shell holes and trenches are good places to jump
into when the heavies come too close.

But up in Flanders where there aren't any trenches
and the shell holes are full of water, we laughed to
observe a "windy" delegate crawl under the elevated
"duck boards" for shelter.

Did you hear of the heartless crime committed by
two teetotal S.B.'s on the morning of a recent scrap?
These two abstainers on the head end of a stretcher
refused a "snort" of S.R.D. from a Staff Officer
who hailed them.

Five minutes later when they set down the stretcher
to change shoulders the trouble began.

What'd that Staff Major want inquired he of the
ruby proboscis. "Oh, just offered us a drink of
rum."

MADEMOISELLE.

"Gee! I wish I was handsome!" was the expres-
sion of one of our delegates as he gazed upon a beauti-
ful little Mademoiselle standing in the doorway just
across the road. "I could make a hit and win a
home if I but possessed a little beauty."

I was very much amused with this declaration, and
his ideas of winning the fair lady, who by this time
was casting shy glances our way and making her
"Chausettes Anglaise" very conspicuous by various
coquettish movements.

"My dear friend," I said, in a consoling way,
"beauty is only skin deep, and counts for naught.
Its a man's personality and knack of pleasing that
counts. Now take my advice and try to attract her
attention by doing something manly and conspicuous."

Just then a shell came whistling over, and we sure
made ourselves very very conspicuous by making our-
selves look scarce in a nearby drain. I took on the
appearance of a swimmer, while my chum tried to
imitate a fish in this shallow, stagnant pool.

After beating hearts had become normal once more
and we felt assured that the danger for the present
had passed, we stood up, an exhibition (a beautiful
sight), and to our chagrin and embarrassment we saw
Mademoiselle still standing in the doorway and smil-
ing. To add insult to injury, she asked us in broken
English, "I trust sincerely Messieurs your hurts are
not too much." If she only knew how badly we
were hurt by her smile, I know she would have wept
crocodile tears.

Pte. Payne writes from a V.A.D. hospital in Blighty.
"Having a jake time, I wouldn't have sold my dose
of trench fever for two hundred dollars."

We wonder if that means he is enjoying himself.

A non-commissioned officer was reading the names of a
number of recruits.

"Your name," he snapped to the first.

"Fox."

"Next?"

"Bear," was the reply.

The sergeant smiled and glanced at the third.

"Wolfe," said the recruit, and his interrogator gave him
a sharp look.

"And what do you call yourself?" he asked a tall youth.

"Lyon," the recruit responded, whereat the non-com.
threw down his pen and shouted with good-natured
laughter.

"Go and order some cages to be built," he roared to a
private. "We've been recruiting from a menagerie!"

Simple Simon had joined up, and, hearing tales of re-
fractory puttees, determined to have no long, long trail
unwinding from his fatted calves. So he worked overtime
at them, with the result that towards evening, limping and
agonised, he sought a word with the Q.M.

"Please will you change these puttees?" said Simple
Simon.

"Why, they're absolutely new!" growled the Q.M.

"I know," said Simon, "but you see, sir, they're too
tight."