

"NUTS AND RATIONS"

The Germans are evidently hurrying back to form a new Hindenburg line.

The crossing of the Marne may yet outrival the crossing of the Boyne.

From an old German drinking song, slightly altered:—

"There was an old man and he had a son,
A shambling, shifty eyed son of a gun,
He was raised on the regular royalty plan
Which made him a monkey instead of a man,
And that is the reason we'll give him the Can.
Sing Tra la la! Tra la la la!"

Here is an inscription in an old German grave yard, very much altered:—

Pickles were made to eat,
Lemons were made to suck,
Flushes were made to beat,
Trouble was made to duck,
Whiskers were made to shave,
Trumpets were made to toot,
Money was made to save,
But the Kaiser was made to shoot.

We would think the most probable place to meet a mermaid would be upon the Merman coast.

Speaking the German language was once considered an accomplishment—now it's a liability.

If some of our fellows would learn that the girls who paint their lips and cheeks have poor taste, we would know their education was progressing.

When you see a Vaudeville sketch with two thirds flag waving and one third singing "Over There", you wonder what the performers will do for a living when the war is over.

The following story comes from Tipperary. A Sinn Fein prisoner whilst still standing in the dock began to sing "The Dark Rosaleen", with impassioned gesture. He expected every moment to be stopped but to his amazement, the court kept profoundly silent, and he was permitted to continue the difficult and complicated music of Mangan's song to its end. He got six months, but whether the sentence was passed before or after the performance, or because of it, we are not told.

Little bank roll, ere we part,
Let me hug you to my heart.
All the year I've clung to you
I've been faithful you've been true;
Little bank roll, in a day,
You and I will go away
To a gay and festive spot;
I'll come home, but you will not.

Yet another letter from our fair correspondent "Felicia Charming", wherein she asks us to come to her aid and point out upon the map of France where "Somewhere" is to be found, as her patience is exhausted in her efforts to locate it.

She wonders if our soldiers can pronounce the names of those towns they have retaken.

She also tells of the efforts of herself and friend Iona Daisy Ford in collecting together comforts for soldiers, and is emphatic in her belief that it would be more conducive to comfort if the soldiers were permitted to dress "more natural".

Referring to the food question, she says, a dollar may not go so far as formerly, but, she is convinced, it goes faster, and asks us, if we are of opinion that Mr. Hoover, (the American Food Controller) will discover any new way to save food, after his recent sea-voyage. With reference to the later remark, we would imagine that Mr. Hoover found the problem as difficult as did most of the other passengers. She concluded her interesting letter by saying it was "so sweet" of her lady friends to bring their own sugar when they attended her home recently to partake of afternoon tea.

Strange how when you wear pants, it's plural, but if you don't wear them it's singular.

A fresh young Cadet recently sent in a poem entitled "The lay of the Lonely Hen". Our editor upon opening up the matter was completely knocked over with shell shock. Pretty stale stuff this. Eh! what?
—PAT.



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