

How Sinbad Interviewed His Satanic Majesty, the Devil.

'Twas Christmas Eve, and Sinbad, the hilarious, had celebrated. He was feeling rather well, and seemed greatly satisfied with his efforts to amuse both himself and that part of the world that immediately surrounded his glowing body. His tunic unbuttoned, his cap pasted on the back of his head, and his belt cast off all proclaimed the satisfied inner man. Sinbad had dined with Red Anna, and that pleasant damozel had well attended to his thirst.

He was on his way out, and encountered a strange looking tree in the back yard, and having nothing better to do immediately started for the same. Anna, who had her eye on him, shrilly called from the door, "Frederick, mon petit, leave that tree alone: it is very dangerous to go near it on Christmas Eve!"

"Wasomatter, old girl?"

"Come here, and leave that old tree alone, I tell you!"

"Ah! goway; you can't fool me."

"Listen, mon chere ami. If you embrace that tree to-night you will go straight to the bad place!"

The truth will probably never be known, because the infant refuses to enlighten a curious world as to whether he was just obstinate or whether because of his feet being somewhat shakey they gave way; but certain it is that our hero sprawled full length on the ground, and clapsed the fatal tree to his heart.

To the microbe the world seemed to change. No longer was everything swimming around him, instead it all seemed blank, and he knew no more.

When the lights lifted he was surprised and alarmed to observe that before him was seated a familiar-looking individual who was attired in a suit of red asbestos, fashioned at the back with a vent from which protruded a tail that writhed in agony. Sinbad—his faculties gaining power—recognised the Devil, and bucking up at the sight of an old pal, grew talkative.

"What's the matter with you, old boy?" he cried, "Why are you looking so glum? Holy baldheaded, but you must be down and out!"

"More than you think," replied the devil. "I've got a hunch that I am going to lose my job pretty soon!"

"What, lose your graft?" inquired Frederick.

"Just that—I've heard officially, mind you, that Kaiser Willie and the Crown Prince are slated for a big bomb explosion. The Huns are planning to extinguish them."

"Yes, I've been expecting something like that for the last three years, but where do you come in?"

"Why, boy, when that blasted pair get here I lose my job—Hell couldn't hold them and me! And where in Hell will I be? I tell you that it's the common talk in the local estaminets that I've got to go—I know that they will put me on the shelf—guess I'm getting old fashioned. They want new blood; my old tortures can't stand up against those that that pair have invented—I haven't the heart! Guess I'll have to change places with Bill, and try my hand on the Heinies."

Suddenly the lights went out, and Barnes found himself once more in the arms of Anna, who was carting her little visitor to his bed. Oh! what a headache!

G. R. S.

Getting His Goat.

Scene: Field Ambulance Rest Camp. Time 11.30 a.m. (The sick Parades have been attended to, and the Staff Sergeant is discovered superintending the cleaning of the Dressing Room).

Enter Corporal:

"Say, Staff, what's regurgitation?"

"Regurgitation, my good friend, is a condition due to the valves operating between the auricles and ventricles of the heart, not closing properly, thus allowing the blood to flow back into the circulatory system, instead of passing through the heart in the normal manner."

"Thanks, I wasn't sure. We've got a guy with it in 'A' ward."

Enter Orderly Room Runner:

"Sergt. Blackfeet wants to know what diagnosis was given in Pte. Jackson's case, please, Staff Sergeant."

"The Staff Sergeant goes through the sick reports."

"Tell him V.D.H."

"What does that mean?"

"Valvular disease of the heart."

"Thanks."

Enter "B" Section Corporal:

"Got a nomenclature, Staff?"

"No, what do you want to know?"

"What is V.D.H.?"

"Valvular Disease of the Heart, of course!"

"Thanks."

Enter "C" Section Sergeant:

"How do you show regurgitation of your returns, Staff?"

"V.H.D., of course."

"What d'ye mean, V.D.H.?"

"Valvular Disease of the Heart, damn it!"

Enter Orderly Room Runner:

"The Sergeant wants to know if you are sure it's Valvular Disease of the Heart that Jackson's got?"

"Yes, damn it, I told you once, Valvular Disease of the Heart."

Enter "B" Section Corporal:

"Staff, do you put regurgitation or valvular disease of the heart on your returns?"

"Go to Hell! Put what you damn well liked! Seems to me there are a lot of bum hearts around this outfit."

Enter Orderly Room Runner:

"What do you want now?" asked the Staff.

"The Sergeant says it should be regurgita—"

"Go to hellangone outer here. I told you it was valvular disease of the heart."

Enter Orderly Officer of the day:

"Staff Sergeant, there is a man here with valvu—"

"Go to blazes! I know all about him. He's got regulgita— Oh! I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't know it was you, sir."

A. J. B. M.