

# SMILES

## The Wonderful Hun.

The All Highest was inspecting the elaborate dug-outs in which his Huns were snugly lodged, and, voicing his approval to the officer in charge, said:

"Ach! Here my gallant fellows will be as a wall of steel to hurl back the foe. They fight like lions."

"Yah," assented the officer, none too felicitously, "and burrow like rabbits!"

And that was how he missed the Iron Cross.

## A Military Motive.

The colonel of a certain regiment which was out on rest ordered the regimental band to play rag-time in the market-place of the town in order to divert their minds from the horrors of war.

As soon as the band commenced to play the mayor of the town came round and complained tearfully to the colonel that the music was not quite in keeping with the dreadful crisis taking place.

"My dear mayor," said the colonel, "I am not doing this for amusement but for a purely military motive. The Germans hates rag-time music and he'll send his airmen here to bomb the place. That'll leave our airmen free to play hell with the German depots."

The poor mayor went away even more tearful than he came.

## Open At Twelve.

With a certain infantry regiment stationed far away from any church it was the custom to hold Sunday morning Divine Service in the open.

One morning, just as the service was about to commence, it began to rain hard, and no other place being large enough the troops were marched into the regimental canteen, where it was resolved to hold the service.

The place was thronged from end to end, and the men at the back sat on the bar counter. Most of them were frightfully bored, for the service seemed much longer than usual. Towards the end of the sermon one of the men seated on the counter turned round to the bar attendant, who was present, and said:

"Say, what's the time?"

"Five past twelve," replied the attendant in a whisper.

"Well give me a pint of beer."

"Talk sense," said the attendant, "the sermon ain't finished yet."

"I don't care twopence; this 'ere canteen is open at twelve—it says so on the door—and I want a drink."

He pushed over a heap of coppers, and the bar attendant, fearful of the law, handed him the beverage.

## Very Confidential.

Pat, who was "somewhere in France", had just received a letter from home. Being unable to read, he called in the aid of the chaplain, who readily agreed to decipher it for him.

The chaplain commenced to read the letter, which was from Pat's fiancée and proved to be very intimate in style. When he reached a particularly passage he felt a

tug at his sleeve and heard Pat whisper:

"I hope it's not angry ye'll be, sorr, but as the matter is of a very private nature, do you moind puttin' your fingers in your ears, sorr, whilst you are reading it out?"

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# Fighting German Fires



Fighting the fires started by the Germans.



Funeral of General Lipsett near the line. The cortege passing between men of a battalion which the general brought to France. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales followed the coffin.