

Hut Scrapings



The shop windows are full of fall and winter hats, but the above is an illustration of our style and about how it felt the first time we wore it.

Time, gentlemen, please!



In Canada they are gathering up all the old bottles to make glass eyes for "blind pigs."



A private was buying some pills from a chemist in Godalming and asked if they were good. "Yes," replied the chemist, "take them and if they don't do you any good bring them back and I will refund the money."



Jimmie was going out with his pal one afternoon and went into the hut to get ready. After a considerable wait his pal called in the door: "Hurry up, Jimmie, we're late now. Have you got your puttees on yet?" Yes," replied Jimmie, "all but one."

Private Hipson was the bad boy of the regiment, and for the fiftieth time was up before his colonel for breach of discipline. The colonel glared. "Didn't I tell you the last time you were up in the orderly room that I never wanted to see you again?"

"That's quite right, sir," replied the culprit, "but the bloomin' sergeant would not believe it."



"I've come to kill a printer," said the little man.

"Any printer in particular?" asked the foreman.

"Oh, any one will do. I would prefer a small one, but I've got to make some sort of a show at a fight or leave home, since the paper called my wife's tea party a 'swill' affair."