

of our line held by the 4th Corps, fraternised to such an extent that visits were paid by each contingent to the "no-man's land" between the trenches. When the British soldiers returned to their trench, they found a man curled up in the bottom of it. Investigation showed him to be a German soldier.

"'Ere, git out o' this," said Tommy indignantly. "You're bloomin' well in the wrong 'ouse."

"No," said the Hun decidedly, "me prisoner, prisoner!"

"Not you," was the indignant reply. "Play the game, you silly old 'Un, an' 'ook it."

But such was not the intention of the Saxon lad. With hands in air to indicate his abject surrender, he insisted he was a prisoner and refused to budge.

Nonplussed, the Tommies shouted over to the Germans: "'Ere's one o' your chaps 'ere as won't go 'ome, the silly beggar. 'E's lorst 'is way, poor chap, an' don't know where 'e are."

"Send him back to us, please," was the prompt request from the *Deutschers*.

But not a move would the Hun make, until