

OUR JOYS WHEN IT RAINS.

"To h—— with the rain. You fellows can think yourselves mighty lucky sleeping at the back of the tent, but look at it blowing in at that hole torn in a chunk of canvas, and meant for a door, and that's the place where I have to doss, so what are you grouching about?" The speaker looked disgusted as he started to make his bed on the floor, and tried to steal a foot of space from the man next to him, but he made so much fuss that they finally compromised on six inches. There were twelve weary souls sleeping there, and every inch was wanted, and that six inches was carried round the tent till it got to the only man who was not in; and, as usual, that was the sergeant, who was enjoying the comforts of the sergeants' mess. Later behold him coming home soon after "lights out," and seeing no place to sleep but a young lake just inside the door and everyone apparently asleep.

"Hey! you mutt, get over there."

"Git, it's not reveille yet."

"Where the devil do you think I am going

to sleep? If any of you fellows were any good you would make your sergeant's bed."

He starts to move his kit to make his bed, and piles it on the man most handy, who promptly rolls over with a snore, and everything goes into the lake. The sergeant glares, and, muttering, says:

"Wait till I get you on parade."

"Guess I need a light; where's the candle."

After much hunting he finally finds one in his spare shoes, and the matches being damp it takes him ten minutes to procure a light, then lighting a cigarette he tries to puzzle out the driest place to lay his carcass.

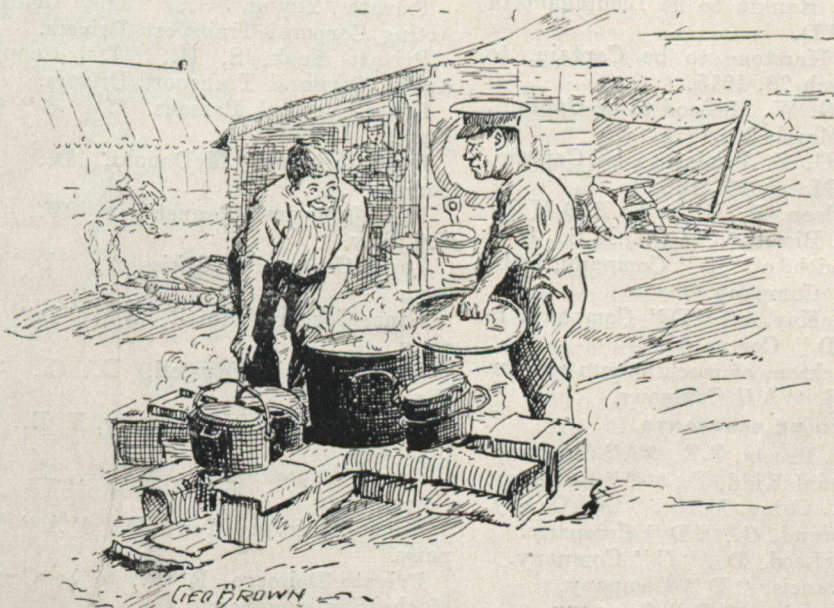
"Lights out, there."

"Who says so?"

"Orderly officer."

Puff! Out goes the light, and the sergeant, roundly cursing orderly officers, lights out, and everything regimental, decides that a bench in the sergeants' mess is the best place for him, and accordingly hikes there.

A subdued laugh follows him, and then nothing is heard except the rain softly falling on the tents on St. Martin's Plain.



"B" COMPANY KITCHEN.

1st Cook: "Why do the Germans always go through the streets?"

2nd Cook: "I dunno."

1st Cook: "Because they can't get through the Alleys."