

SMILES

A Matter of Words.

During anchor drill on one of our cruisers the captain, an old bearded naval man, called from the bridge, "Humphreys, you're a damn fool." This being against all etiquette of the Navy the man replied: "Beg pardon, sir, but I ain't a damn fool."

Next morning at question time the man presented himself, and when questioned by the captain as to what he wanted, he replied:

"Beg pardon, sir, but you called me a damn fool yesterday."

"So you are a damn fool," said the captain, to the amusement of the officers and men on the quarter-deck.

The man pointed out that it was against the rules for an officer to swear at a man. The captain pushing back his cap, mumbled a half-apology, and dismissed the man. Just as the man was disappearing down the gangway the captain, anxious to get his own back, shouted after him:

"I was wrong to call you a damn fool, but all I can say is, you look like one!"

Doing His Bit.

The head of the munitions factory was very strict, and, furthermore, was inclined to be a trifle hasty. He had instituted in his shell-shop a system of fines for being late, fines for mistakes, fines for bad work, and so on. Of course the war rush had made him keener than ever, and, happening to awake one morning very early, he went to the factory a little after starting time. As he got out of his motor-car he saw a pale, haggard, hollow-eyed man walking wearily through the gate.

"Aha, Tom Taylor!" he shouted angrily. "Ten minutes late, eh?" "Well you're fined twopence. Not a word now, that's the rule!"

"Take your time, guv'nor," answered Taylor. "I ain't knocked off from yesterday yet!"

The Canadian Way.

The commander of a Canadian battalion was greatly perturbed. A general was coming to inspect his men that morning, and he

wanted them to look and act their best.

He had them all drawn up on the parade ground, so that he might give them a few fatherly words of advice.

"Now then," he said, "remember you're soldiers, and when the general is here, I want you to act as soldiers. When he inspects the ranks look to your front, and when he asks you a question reply promptly, and say 'sir' each time. Don't let me see any of that idiotic moving of hands, and don't cough or make noises like that—and—er—er—one thing more, for heaven's sake, don't call me Charlie!"

A Nice New Job.

Somewhere in France a young soldier had been on the sick-list for some time, and now, after a good rest, looked very fit for service.

However, he once more reported sick on the day that his battalion was to leave for the trenches.

"Can you write, my lad?" asked the medical officer.

The bright prospect of a nice office job in security at the base opened up before him, so he answered emphatically:

"Yes, sir, I can. I was a clerk in civil life."

"Very well. Now you write a nice letter to your best girl, and tell her you are going up to the trenches to-night!"

The Unorthodox.

Pte. Wm. Smith was on his way back to barracks, after a very lively evening in town. To make matters worse, he had gambled away the balance of his week's pay at "nap" and felt anything but cheerful.

He arrived at the entrance to the barracks, and was accosted by the sentry:

"Halt! Who goes there?" Feeling very annoyed and cross with the world, he snarled:

"Foe! Put that in your blooming pipe and smoke it."

The New Style.

The wife of an army captain was holding an At Home, and her husband's young orderly was requisitioned to announce the guests as they arrived. He had no experience in such matters, and was

frightfully nervous, but he acquitted himself very well, nevertheless. He was getting quite used to the job, when, to his horror, no less a person than the general of the division presented himself. The orderly gasped for breath for a moment, then gaining a sudden inspiration, threw open the drawing-room door, and cried in a loud voice: "Company, 'shun! Present arms!"

A Question Of Rank.

Old Lady (to soldier): "So you have come back from the Front! Perhaps you have met my son, he's at the Front."

Soldier: "May be. What's his name and regiment?"

Old Lady: "I can't remember his regiment, but his name is Smith."

Soldier: "That won't help much. What rank?"

Old Lady: "Oh, he's a general!"

Soldier (in surprise): "A general! Are you quite sure?"

Old Lady: "Well, not quite, but he's either a general or a corporal—I know there's a 'ral' in it."

A Difficult Proposition.

Everyone in the village had enlisted long ago except the young organist, who was short-sighted, but the Army was in need of men, and now he also was called up. The whole village turned out to see him go, for he was the local idol, and an only son to wit.

His mother, a kindly old dame, strove valiantly to repress her tears, and as the train steamed out of the station she cried:

"Good-bye, Willie, darling, don't forget to always wear your woollies—and be sure to keep up your practice."

Fritz Intervenes.

Three men were playing "nap" in the front line trench. It had been a dull game, and a nice little sum was in the "kitty". It had got to the stage when "nap" was a very adventurous call, for it meant doubling the substantial kitty, if one lost. On the other hand, it was a nice little present for the man who "got home". Another hand was dealt, and one man with a grin of triumph on his face, took the top card and called "nap". The other two men looked

gloomy, for they held "rubbish".

The player led off with the ace, king, queen, and had already decided on how he should spend the "kitty", when a shell pitched into the trench. Up went the margarine box and the cards, and down came an avalanche of earth. A few moments later a voice mumbled, "God bless yer, Fritz, yer saved the blooming game—he'd have got 'ome sure."

"Some" Walk.

An infantry battalion had just embarked for France. It was a wretched day, and the voyage had made many men sea-sick. Two of the victims were standing near the rails of the ship at Boulogne, waiting to be taken off, when a diver, who had been at work, climbed out of the water into an Admiralty vessel.

"Look!" said one of the men. "That chap got some savvy—why didn't we walk over like him?"

In Belgium.

An old Belgian was driving a donkey cart through an occupied Belgian town, when a Landsturmer on guard stopped him.

"Your name?"

The man told him.

"Where are you from?"

"Brussels."

With a grin the Landsturmer looked at the donkey.

"What's his name?"

"He hasn't got one."

"Can't let you pass without the donkey's name."

"I tell you he hasn't got a name."

"Come, we must call him something—shall we say Albert?"

"No!" said the old man emphatically, "that would be a reflection upon my King."

"Oh, indeed, then we will call him Wilhelm."

"Worse still," said the Belgian abruptly; "that would be a reflection upon the donkey."

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