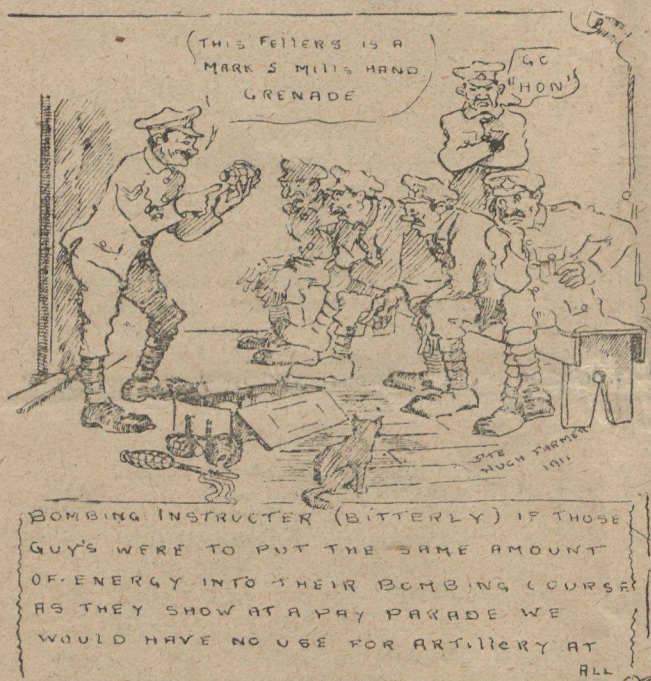


The trench sentry had been instructed to report any unusual occurrence to his platoon sergeant; so when he heard a faint huzzaing from the direction of the enemy lines, he reported it. The sergeant came and listened, and hurrying along to the trench officer said: « Faint cheering from the enemy lines, sir. »

The officer arrived on the scene and considered. Finally by help of his stick he solved the problem. A large wasp had got imprisoned in an empty jam tin thrown on top of the parapet and was sounding the S.O.S.

« Stand down, men ! »



A cold steel expert was recently instructing a number of officers in the new uses of the bayonet. After demonstrating the various points and parries, he enquired in the usual way if there were any questions they would like to ask.

Finally the thoughtful silence was broken by a voice: « I say, Instructor, who wipes off the bayonet ? »

The machine-gunners may have to do without their horses, but they'll always have their «Colt's.»

A distinguished neutral, lately arrived from Berlin, informs us that an epidemic of bow legs is developing amongst German officers and men. Members of the Kaiser's Personal Staff are especially afflicted.

He claims that this is due to the too lavish distribution of Iron Crosses and decorative hardware of that sort, the weight of which encourages the disfiguring trouble.

We always thought Huns were naturally crooked.

At Five minutes past eight, one night several months ago, a certain private was heard soliloquizing to himself as follows : — « I'm tough. I'm awful tough. I'm so (censored) tough that I'm scared of myself. »

Since then the tough person has been under severe shell-fire from time to time, until now he's about the meekest and most lamb-like thing that ever ate penny buns at a Y.M.C.A. lunch-counter in the mistaken belief he was having a good time.

Wonderful the changes war works.

Some time ago a sergeant machine gunner who had been isolated with a gun and a crew during severe fighting, managed to send a message through to his officer, which, when opened, read, « Sir, Please send me some more men as soon as convenient. Those you sent last, have been almost all used up. »

Cold-blooded. What !

The man with no puttees on was out of bounds, and the R.M.P. produced his armband as the first move of a sensational arrest, when the other drew out a dirty white band marked S.B. murmured « Brother Officers, » and passed on unhindered.



The Reverend Gentleman who was lately exonerated from the charge of acquiring books, diaries and tinned stuff without paying for them, ought to be in the army.

Anyone with such pronounced tastes for reading matter, diary writing and canned goods was meant to be a soldier.

Explanations of common phrases.

« He had an arresting face. »

He looked like a Regimental Policeman.

The Sergeant Signaller surely believes that brevity is the soul of wit.

His speech at the Sergeants Mess dinner was simple and sufficient — « S. O. S. »

Our late Bombing Sergeant is getting along very nicely with his French, thank you.

Already he comprees the pictures in the VIE PARISIENNE.