

SLEEP.

9.30 P.M.—The orderly has just put out the lights, the last of the up patients has tumbled into bed, and I am looking forward to a good sleep. I hope to goodness the fellows quiet down and stop talking soon.

10.30 P.M.—At last! Thank heaven for that! They've nearly driven me crazy with their yarns about Germans and things. Now, perhaps, I can sleep.

11.30 P.M.—What the—! Oh! its you, Sister? Its all right, I wasn't asleep, but very nearly—fix me quick and get it over; confound these fomentations.

12.30 A.M.—No! bless your dear eyes! I dont want any hot milk! What devil do you think I do with milk, bathe in it?—and me nearly off, too! Go away for goodness sake.

1.30 A.M.—Oh Lord! There they are again—standing to. Another air-raid, I suppose. Why in creation can't they walk quietly and stop talking?

2.30 A.M.—More fomentations. Was there a raid, Sister? Only a false alarm? For heaven's sake, hurry up! Yah!! you've scalded me! The next person who bothers me I'll Kill—that's straight!

3.30 A.M.—Funny—I dont want to sleep a bit now. Think I'll have a cigarette—and a drink. No sleep for me tonight, that's sure. Orderly!

6.30 A.M.—Good morning, Sister! Not a single wink; never had such a rotten night. What's that? I was sleeping soundly all night? Well I'm d—d!!

What is a Blush?

Most of us have enjoyed the masculine thrill that accompanies the evoking of a gentle blush in the cheek of a girl companion. But do we realize what a tremendous phenomenon we have witnessed? The next time you make a Ramsgate maiden blush, think of this sobering definition, which we have on the authority of Gideon Wurdz in his Foolish Dictionary:

"A blush is a temporary erythema, and calorific effulgence of the physiognomy, aetologised by the perceptiveness of the sensorium in a predicament of inequilibrium arising from a sense of shame, anger, excitement or other cause, eventuating in a paresis of the vaso-motorial muscular filaments of the facial capillaries, whereby, being divested of their elasticity, they become suffused with a radiance emanating from an intimidated praecordia."

Ask your M.O. if that isn't right.