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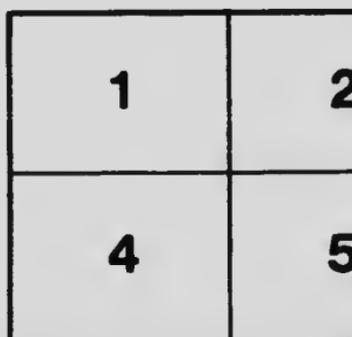
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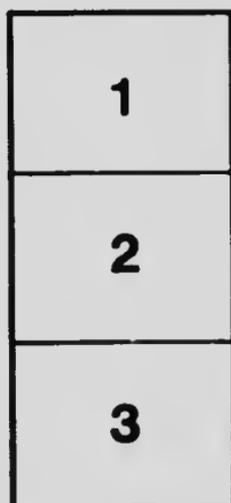
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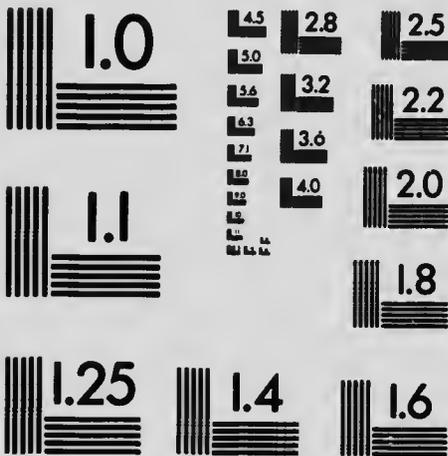
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PREFACE.

IN compiling this small volume of anecdotes, I am conscious that some of them may already be approaching the "Chestnut" stage. On the other hand, I feel that there are many which will be new to the majority of readers, as they have their origin in actual fact, and in my own presence. I have done no more than garb them in appropriate raiment, and in many cases have retold them exactly as they were related to me.

Given the time, one could produce a volume of huge proportions, for hardly a day goes by but one witnesses a humorous incident of some kind. In print, and bereft of the actual circumstances in which they were given origin, the stories lose a large amount of their humour, for the latter lies not so much in the words as in the facial expressions of the actors.

Nevertheless, I am hoping they may afford amusement to those outside the vast khaki community among which a lot of them have already circulated.

Most of it is native humour of a kind noticeably absent in the armies of our allies and of the enemy. The French have no such collection of anecdotes, they cannot see the humour of war. Where the

poilu would cry "Vive la France!" Tommy would probably sing "Another little shell wouldn't do us any harm." It is a strange temperament that can laugh and jest in the face of death, and yet this actually takes place. I know of the case of an infantryman who when under the most merciless shrapnel barrage sang, in a laughing voice, "I wonder if they'll hit me sometimes." When a battery is being badly straffed and shells are falling almost in the very gun-pits, some irresponsible gunner will invariably sing out mock corrections to the enemy, such as "Line and plus," "Five minutes more right, sonny." And he does this utterly unconscious of any "heroics," simply because it seems to him to be no occasion for weeping.

The German is utterly devoid of all sense of humour. He cannot see the joke on any occasion. A Tommy is quick to laugh at a good joke against himself, the Frenchman is haughtily indignant, but the German boils over with Hunnish rage.

The Colonial has a quick appreciation of a good joke, but he is utterly unable to create a humorous situation. All his anecdotes are local, and have not the broad humour that enjoys a wide appeal. Ninety per cent. of his anecdotes are utterly unintelligible to the average Englishman, and the few successful ones have the effect of being conscious. Real humour is extremely difficult to manufacture, and that is where the British soldier scores. His innate optimism, mixed with his external discontent,

PREFACE

7

gives place to situations which at times are screamingly funny, and more so when the chief character concerned is at the moment sublimely innocent of the joke; only his later broad grin reveals the fact that he sees the humorous side.

I must confess that I am at a disadvantage in compiling this volume, as the best instances of wit and humour that I have come across are of a character that render their inclusion impossible in this collection. One wishes that Mrs. Grundy would permit the narration of jokes where the humour vastly preponderates over any possible breach of convention. Alas! these richer examples must go unchronicled!

Lest some uninitiated reader should ponder over the word "Umpteen," I might explain that it is an army term for any indefinite number. As an example: I asked a Flying Corps Pilot how he liked St. Omer. He replied, "Not much; there's always about umpteen 'brass-hats' stunting about in four-seaters."

Somewhere in France.

G. GOODCHILD.

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Umpteen Yarns.

A MISINTERPRETATION.

JIM of the Navvies' Brigade was in a fearful state of excitement.

"See that there place yonder," he said, pointing to a church on the horizon. "Well, I was a-coming by there, when I 'ears a lot of moaning. I goes in to see what it's all abaht. Talk abaht a sight! There was a lot of people all kneeling down on one side, and a bloke in white overalls on the other. As soon as 'e sees me, he shouts out: 'Lord 'ave mercy upon us.' Then all the people they ses: 'Lord 'ave mercy upon us.' Then 'e ses again: 'Lord 'ave mercy upon us.' That made me wild. 'Lumme,' I ses, 'ain't none of you ever n a blooming navy before?'"

THAT CENSOR!

An officer in a well-known infantry regiment recently came home from the Front on short leave. Whilst in "Blighty" he received a letter from a colleague whom he had left in the trenches. The letter ended thus: "I wish the blighters would

come and relieve this monotony; we'd chase the whole lot to hell."

The last word had been deleted by the censor, who appended this footnote: "I understand that all references to future movements of enemy troops are strictly forbidden."

A QUESTION OF SPEED.

A little fat soldier crept along the muddy, battered trench. He wasn't a bit afraid, but the sensation was new, and he was obviously a little nervy.

"What's the range to the enemy's front trench?" he asked.

"You've been told once," said the corporal.

"Two hundred."

"Two hundred!" he muttered reflectively.

"Two hundred."

There was a slight pause.

"And how far back is our next trench?"

"What's that to do with it?"

"Well, how far, anyway?"

"Oh! about a hundred yards."

"One hundred! One hundred!"

He polished up the foresight of his rifle with his finger and smiled contentedly.

"That's all right," he muttered.

The corporal looked at him curiously.

"What do you mean by 'that's all right'?"

"Oh, nothing! I was only thinking it would take a damn good German to give me fifty yards in the hundred and win!"

THE TERRIBLE SERGEANT.

Private J. B. was doing his first "guard" outside a regimental depot. He had only joined up a week or so previous, and the task was awe-inspiring. To make matters worse, all that afternoon the sergeant, who inspired fear in the heart of Private J. B., had come out from the guard room at frequent intervals to inquire if the colonel had come in yet; to which Private J. B. replied in a mechanical negative, since he didn't know the colonel from Adam. Towards the evening an insignificant little man approached, and, stopping, looked at the sentry sternly.

"Why don't you salute me?" he said wrathfully. "Don't you know who I am? I'm the colonel—the colonel."

A smile spread over the features of the sentry.

"Oh, you're him, are you!" he replied. "I've been looking for you all the afternoon. You won't 'arf cop out; the sergeant's been arsting all over the shop for you!"

ARCHIBALD EXPLAINS.

A certain private in a swell infantry regiment was seen going through a series of mysterious rites with rifle and bayonet.

"What do you think you are doing?" he was asked.

"Bayonet exercise," was the indignant reply in cultured tones. "Stabbing people, you know!"

A FALLEN ANGEL.

A private in a London regiment was leaving a hospital somewhere in France to rejoin his unit. For months he had lain in a critical condition, but through the skill of the doctors, and the motherly kindness of the matron, had entirely recovered. It occurred to him that he ought to thank the matron before leaving, and, trembling all over, he prepared for the ordeal.

"I've just come to say good-bye," he commenced.

The matron looked at him kindly.

"I—er—I—er, I just wanted to say 'ow—'ow much——" He coughed nervously and swallowed a lump in his throat. "Yes I—you don't know 'ow much——" Feeling his courage going, he braced himself for a great effort. "I wanted to tell yer——" then in desperation, "Blimey! If ever there was a fallen angel, you're one."

LOOKING UPWARD.

A very young junior officer who took part in the immortal landing at Gallipoli, wrote home to his mother, giving her a vivid description of his experiences. He concluded: "I must confess, mother, dear, that I felt a little funky once we were off the good old ship and afloat in that little boat. Huge shells from the Turkish batteries were hitting the water and exploding all round us, and the machine gun fire was like the buzzing of a million bees. Boats were being sunk every second, and I

really thought the end was nigh. When the din was at its worst, I remembered the Padre's words: 'When in danger always look to Heaven!' Well, I looked to Heaven, and, hang me, if there wasn't a blessed aeroplane dropping bombs on us!"

A TRANSFER.

During a fierce infantry attack on a German position a British soldier was unfortunate enough to get slightly gassed. It had a peculiar effect—causing a temporary paralysis of the mind. The only thing he could remember was the terrible charge whereby they captured the enemy trench. The position was consolidated, and they sat the "gassed" man in the corner of a dug-out to recover. Just as the weary men were dropping off to sleep, the man in the corner began to mumble the only thing that occupied his mind.

"Us British didn't 'arf give them Germans 'ell!"

"What's that?" said the corporal, sitting up.

"Us British didn't 'arf give them Germans 'ell!" he reiterated.

"Oh, shut up!" growled half a dozen voices.

Every two minutes the poor chap repeated his homily, until the other occupants of the dug-out gave up sleep as an impossibility.

"Look 'ere," said the corporal, going over to the man, "I can't stick it any longer; you ain't

'urt, and if you ses that any more we'll turn you into a blooming 'Un, that's wot we'll do."

The "gassed" man looked at him vaguely, and then repeated his dismal dirge.

"That's done it!" said the corporal. He grabbed a captured picklehaube, placed it on the head of the man and waved a bayonet before his eyes.

"Now you're a bloomin' 'Un—a German. Understand?"

The man looked at him blankly, and then nodded his head sadly.

For twenty minutes not a sound was heard but the peaceful breathing of the tired men. All of a sudden the "gassed" man started talking, and this is what he was saying:

"Them *British* didn't 'arf give us Germans 'ell!"

THE GENTEEL WAY.

On a hot morning, when the platoon was drilling with tunics off, the lieutenant was annoyed to find a dapper looking little man wearing a civilian shirt.

"Sergeant, what's that man doing in those frills? Take him and get him properly dressed in a service grey-back."

The man was promptly marched off.

During the afternoon the same man passed the officer on the square, and omitted to salute. The officer stopped him.

"What do you mean by deliberately passing me without saluting?" he asked.

The delinquent stood to attention, and then said in a cultured voice:

"I should have done so, sir, but I thought you were still cross with me."

THE GRAVE OFFENCE.

An officer had occasion to stop one day's pay of a private for the crime of losing his mess-tin.

"Did you have your name on it?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," said the man eagerly, thinking this would probably cancel the sentence.

"You did, eh?"

"Yes, sir. I scratched it on."

"You what?"

"Scratched it on—with a knife, sir!"

"Then how dare you disfigure Government property! We'll make it two *two* days' pay!"

CERTAIN PROOF.

At the British base in France a certain Canadian regiment held the record for the use of the vernacular. It was pay night, and troops were coming in from the town.

"Halt!" said the sentry. "Who goes there?"

"Seaforth Highlanders."

"Pass Seaforth Highlanders."

A few minutes later and another challenge.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"King's Royal Rifles."

"Pass King's Royal Rifles."

A little later somebody stumbled over a tent-peg, and swore fiercely.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"What the blankety-blankety-blank has that got to do with you, anyhow?" answered the voice.

"Pass, Canadian," said the sentry promptly.

THE "BETTER HOME."

It was a case of suspended animation. He was quite a young boy, hardly out of his teens, and the mother had come "across" to see the last of him.

"My poor woman, the dear boy has gone to a better land than this," said the military doctor, attempting to comfort her.

To everybody's amazement the boy opened his eyes and said in Cockney tones:

"No, I ain't!"

"Albert," said the mother gravely, "don't contradict the doctor; he knows better than you or me!"

THE COMMON TONGUE.

A strictly moral married man, who joined up in a hard-worked infantry regiment, was horrified to find himself the object of the drill sergeant's

sanguinary wrath. Feeling deeply the ignominy of being sworn at before the whole company, he decided to lodge a complaint with the C.O.

C.O. : " You say the sergeant used foul language to you on parade ? "

Recruit : " Yes, sir (with a blush); he called me a—*a ruddy fool.*"

C.O. (*reflectively*) : " A *ruddy fool*, eh ! And you didn't like it ? "

Recruit : " No, sir, I certainly did not."

C.O. : " You're not by any chance a *ruddy fool* ? "

Recruit : " No, sir, I am not."

C.O. (*sweetly*) : " Then just you go and tell that sergeant he's a *ruddy liar* ! "

THE TRIALS OF A " SUB."

A young sub. sat gazing into the fire of his billet with an expression of dire despair on his countenance.

" Cheer up," said his company commander; " what's wrong with you ? "

" Well," said the sub., " I'm in a devil of a mess. I think I've overdrawn at Cox's, and they may stop a cheque that's out. I don't know how to ascertain how the account stands."

" Oh, that's nothing to worry about ! Just drop them a line.

The sub. looked doubtful. " I'm not much of a hand at writing," he explained.

" But there's nothing in it," was the reply. " All

you have to do is to write them an official letter asking after the balance of the account. Just imagine you are writing a report for the C.O. I'll go away and leave you to wrestle with it."

Three hours later the company commander came back and found the sub. with oceans of crumpled paper all round him, sitting in exactly the same position. He tip-toed and looked over his shoulder. After three hours' brainwork the sub. had written:

"I say, Cox——"

THE UNTRUTHFUL GERMAN.

After one of the advances in Flanders, a party of English soldiers were told off to bury the German dead. While they were thus engaged one of the burial party suddenly called out:

"Hi! sergeant. Here's a bloke wot says that 'e ain't dead. What shall I do with 'im?"

The sergeant spat contemptuously.

"Can't believe a word they say," he replied.

"They're all born liars. If he says he's dead, you can bet he ain't; if he says he's alive, you can bet he's dead. Shove him in!"

DIDN'T KNOW HIS OWN MIND.

A newly formed company of a Lancashire battalion was under the vocal fire of a red-faced tail-sergeant. For hours he had roared and raved, and used up all the vernacular in the Eng-

lish language. Towards the end of the afternoon his commands grew more and more rapid and involved.

“ ‘Shun !’ ” he yelled.

The company froze with fright.

“ Left turn ! ”

About fifty per cent. turned with an air of indecision, then, before the rest could follow ; he cried in quick succession :

“ Right turn ! About turn ! Quick march ! Halt ! ”

He glared in disgust at the extraordinary result, and started with surprise as one yokel left the ranks and made for the barrack-room.

“ Hi, you ! ” he roared. “ Where the devil are you off to ? ”

The youth turned and looked at him pityingly.

“ Aye, and it’s real sick of it I am an’ all,” he drawled. “ Thou doesn’t kna’ tha own mind for two minutes together ! ”

AFTER THE BATTLE.

In a London hospital a wounded Irish soldier was relating his extraordinary adventures to a party of lady visitors. After a vivid reconstruction of the fight in which he knocked out seventeen Huns and a machine gun, “ Wid me wan hand alone, begob,” he concluded, “ an’ that’s the end of the shtory. The surgeons took me and laid me for all as though I was clane dead in a ammunition waggon.”

"Oh! but you don't mean an ammunition waggon, my good man; you mean an ambulance waggon," interrupted one of the fair visitors.

"Sorra a bit," he replied, sadly. "Shure, I was so filled with bullets they decided I ought to go in the ammunition waggon!"

AN OVERSIGHT.

1st Private: "Say! Have you heard that Ted Smith has got the D.C.M.?"

2nd Private: "What for?"

1st Private: "I dunno."

2nd Private: "Blimey, why ain't I got one too? I hid in the same dug-out!"

DOING HIS BIT.

The head of a 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, gov'nor,” answered Taylor.
 “I ain't knocked off from yesterday yet!”

SAVING THE MOMENTS.

A young infantryman home from the Front on four days' leave, giving a vivid description of a recent strategical retirement, said :

“It was a wonderful retreat, sir, the most wonderful retreat of the war. Our battalion retired without losing a man or a gun——” (Voice of crippled warrior from the rear : “Or a moment !”)

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 MORE DANGEROUS WOUND.

A wounded soldier in a crowded omnibus rose to give up his seat to a lady.

"No, thank you," she replied. "I see you have been wounded, and I should not like to take your seat."

"Madam," he replied, "I have been wounded three times, surely you wouldn't inflict a fourth upon me!"

A GRIM JEST.

It was a sweltering hot day at Gallipoli, and a squad of Anzacs were busy digging trenches. The gaunt looking fellows, working apart from the rest, had unearthed something and were standing looking at it reflectively. An officer who was near by walked up to see what it was that interested them so much. He was disgusted to find it was the body of a dead Turk.

"Bury that quickly," he said, holding his nose. "Hurry up, or we'll have the whole camp down with fever."

One of the men looked at the officer queerly, and then said, in a matter-of-fact voice:

"Lumme, guv'nor, give me a bit o' salt and I'll eat the blighter!"

AN UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE.

During the early days of the war two brothers were very keen on joining up together, but the

difficulty was that Harry was nineteen years and two months and Herbert only just turned eighteen.

Being a well-built youth, Herbert decided to stretch his age a little.

They arrived at the recruiting office, and waited their turn, Herbert immediately behind Harry.

Harry entered, gave his correct age, and was accepted.

Herbert entered.

"Age?"

"Nineteen."

"When were you nineteen?"

"Er—last week."

"H'm!" said the recruiting officer. "I suppose that's a relation of yours who's just gone out?"

"Yes, sir—my brother."

"Your brother, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"My boy," said the officer kindly, "let me congratulate you; you've got a wonderful mother; yes, a truly remarkable mother!"

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!*”

THE LIMITED VOCABULARY.

In a ward of an English military hospital the language of the men at times got rather “high”; so somebody introduced a swearing-box, wherein each man that swore placed one penny per swear-word used.

The proceeds were to be in aid of the Red Cross; and after a week or two there was quite a good collection of coppers for the fund. But it was noticed that one man—an old soldier too—had never contributed a penny; no one had ever heard him swear.

At times they would tease him about it, but he would only grunt and suck away at his short, black, clay pipe.

That pipe was his bosom companion, and he bestowed more care on it than some mothers bestow upon their children. One morning he laid the pipe on a table in order that he might open a window.

When he turned round, to his horror, his wonderful pipe was in atoms on the ground.

"Who done that?" he asked in a terrible voice.

"Sorry, Bill——" said a wounded warrior.

The unhappy man looked at him for a moment, hesitated, then walked over to the swearing-box and dropped into it ten pennies.

The whole ward gathered round to benefit from the choice epithets that were to come. The owner of the pipe stood in the centre of the crowd, screwed up his mouth and commenced :

"You—you——" he said, then suddenly dropped his hands in a state of despair.

"No, no," he said, shaking his head. "It's no use. There ain't no word for it—there simply ain't no word for it!"

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

A private in the Artists' Rifles was walking with his sister, who happened to be a duchess, in Hyde Park, when an officer accompanied by a lady passed by. The private promptly saluted.

"That is my company commander," he informed his sister. "I wonder who the lady is?"

"I can tell you; I know her quite well," she replied.

"You do?"

"Yes, she's my maid!"

THE STORY OF AN INTERPRETER.

Mesopotamia is a country of smells, and the identification and prevention of them are matters which drive men to desperation.

The colonel was in his tent when a terrific effluvia blew in the door.

"What's that?" he gasped.

"I think it's the goat, sir," said the orderly.

"It's either the goat or the interpreter."

"Bring in the goat," roared the colonel.

The goat was brought in, and the colonel immediately fainted.

They brought him round after a time, and asked if he were strong enough to see the interpreter. After donning a gas-helmet, he said he was, and they fetched the Turkish interpreter—a weird looking creature with a plentiful lack of clothes. As soon as he entered the door the goat fell down dead!

'IGH 'AM.

Two English soldiers sat in a French café with a plate of ham before each of them. They both sniffed significantly, and seemed reluctant to start the meal.

"Bit 'igh, ain't it?" said one.

"It is that," agreed the other; "it's 'igh 'am, very 'igh 'am."

"Tell 'em so," said the first.

"No—you," said the second. "You can talk the language."

"Orl right, I'll tell him," said the first. "Hi, garçon," he yelled.

The waiter came up.

"*Je suis*," said the soldier, pointing to his plate. "*Très je suis*."

A "HAPPY MAN."

In a certain Artillery Cadet School it was the regular practice of the C.O. to "put the wind up" new cadets as they arrived. He would go through the whole squad, individually asking questions, and generally making the new-comers feel uncomfortable. One morning he felt in just the right mood for it.

"What were you in civil life?" he asked the first man.

"Lawyer, sir,"

"Lawyer, eh! Well, you'll find it best to be honest in the army."

"And you?" to the second man.

"Draper, sir."

"Draper! Do you take this for a ladies' seminary?"

One by one the men received their dose, and finally he came to the last man in the squad.

"And, pray, what were you before you joined up?" he asked jauntily.

The man looked at him sadly, and replied:

"A moderately happy man, sir!"

"HOLD MY SANDWICH."

The sentry walked up and down in the heat, and was sick of it. He hadn't been "joined up" long, and it was his first experience. Towards mid-day he "cadged" a sandwich from a party on fatigue, and, seeing nobody of importance about, sat on the grass bank and began to eat it.

In the middle of his feast the major came along, but as he was in mufti the sentry didn't recognize him, and went on munching his sandwich.

"Do you know who I am?" said the major sweetly.

"Haven't the faintest idea," said the sentry.

"Guess!"

"Colonel's coachy?"

"No."

"Groom?"

"No—the fact is, I am your commanding officer."

"Heavens!" said the sentry, springing to his feet. "Here, hold my sandwich while I present arms!"

A NEW USE FOR GAS HELMETS.

A young artillery subaltern had had a busy day at the observation post, and was preparing to go back to his battery, when to his surprise the group commander came in. After asking a lot of questions about the "shoot," the commander concluded:

"I suppose you brought your gas helmet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is it?"

The sub. pointed to it, hanging over his left shoulder in the canvas bag.

"You know how to put it on?"

"Yes, sir."

"Show me."

The sub. drew the helmet from the case with his fingers in the corners, in the correct manner, and threw it over his head. To the commander's great surprise, and to the sub's. utter humiliation, *out dropped a pair of dirty socks!*

A TRAIN HOG.

An officer returning from leave by the last westward bound train from Paddington, was disappointed to find almost every compartment full up. At last he succeeded in finding what appeared to be a vacant seat, but on entering the compartment he found that in the corner of the seat was a small attaché case. He looked at the sour-faced man on the opposite seat interrogatively.

"Is that your bag, sir?"

"No—er—it's my friend's. He's buying some magazines."

"Very well," said the officer; "I'm afraid I must stand as there are no vacant seats anywhere."

His resolution to stay seemed to cause the man a certain amount of embarrassment. The minutes

flew by, and still the alleged missing man did not appear. The officer began to get suspicious.

"It's getting on + e—your friend will miss i if he's not careful."

"Yes," said the man hesitatingly, "it—it look like it, doesn't it?"

The whistle blew and the train began to move out of the station. The officer looked out of the window and then at the man.

"He's—lost it," stammered the latter.

Without a word the officer suddenly grabbed the attaché case and hurled it out on to the platform.

"What did you do that for?" cried the man indignantly.

"Well," was the suave reply, "if your friend has lost his train there's no reason why he should lose his luggage as well."

AN "IRISHISM."

"And what struck you most?" said the benevolent old lady, who had been listening with awe to the wounded warrior's exciting story.

The Irishman scratched his head with the arm that remained intact.

"Shure," he replied, "what struck me most was the number of bullets that missed me!"

CULTIVATING A TASTE.

A certain regiment possessed a sergeant-major who was cordially disliked by every man-jack.

The regiment was paraded on the barrack square, and the regimental mascot—a small terrier—was busy sniffing at some offal which the fatigue party had overlooked.

“Look at him, the dirty beast,” whispered a soldier to the man next him.

“Let him alone,” growled the other. “He may get a taste for the sergeant-major.”

AN EYE FOR COLOUR.

The Canadian soldier strolled into a first-class compartment of a L. & N. W. train, and made himself comfortable in a corner seat. The only other occupants were two elderly ladies.

The Canadian took out a cigarette case, then noticing that it was not a smoking compartment, said:

“Say, I guess I got the wrong box! Do you ladies object to my smoking?”

Both ladies beamed affably and assured him they didn't mind a bit, whereat he lighted a cigarette and was happy. Two minutes later an austere looking old gentleman entered. He took the seat opposite the Canadian, and, as he sat down, dropped his ticket on the floor. The soldier dived down and rescued it, smiling enigmatically at the owner as he handed it to him.

A little later the old gentleman began to sniff and look around him. It wasn't long before he discovered the cause of the smell.

"This is not a smoking compartment," he said significantly.

"I know that, but I got the ladies' permission," replied the Canadian.

"Nevertheless, *I* object, and although you were kind enough to rescue my ticket, I must ask you to cease smoking."

The Canadian took not the slightest notice but went on puffing away serenely.

The old gentleman got very excited and called the guard.

"Guard, I object to this gentleman smoking in a non-smoking carriage."

"Sorry, sir," said the guard to the soldier. "I must ask you either to stop smoking or find a smoking compartment."

"First of all," said the soldier, "I should like you to examine that gentleman's ticket."

The old gentleman stammered a refusal, and blushed crimson. The guard began to get suspicious.

"May I trouble you, sir?" he said.

"What right has that gentleman to——"

"I must insist, sir," interrupted the guard sternly.

Finding further protest useless, the ticket was produced, and proved to be a third-class one.

The old gentleman was bundled out bag and baggage into a third-class compartment, and the Canadian went on smoking. The two ladies were highly amused.

"Excuse me," said one of them, "but how did you know he had a third-class ticket?"

The Canadian grinned broadly.

"Snakes! It was like stealing candy from a baby. I saw the colour of it—it was the same as mine!"

THE ULTERIOR MOTIVE.

A young soldier had just been highly complimented by his commanding officer for an act of bravery under fire. The Padre, who was in the neighbourhood and had heard of the incident, made it his business to see the boy.

"It was splendid of you, my lad," he gushed. "To think of your going out there in the open under that terrible fire to bring in a wounded comrade!—words fail me."

"Oh, that's all right!" said the boy; "you see somebody had to save the blighter—he was the only one that had any cigarettes left, and he took them with him."

A WARNING TO OTHERS.

The soldiers met by accident in the market-place of a French town. They had been to a little concert and were not quite so clear headed as they might have been.

The second found the first gazing up at a lighted window on the top floor of a tall building.

Said the first: "There's something pecooliar about the moon to-night, aint there 'Arry?"

"That's not the moon," said the second; "it's the sun!"

"Get out!"

"Corse it is—the moon ain't up yet."

They argued the point for some little time, each convinced that he was right. Eventually a third man entered on the scene.

"'Ere," said the first; "'ere's another bloke; let's ask him."

On being asked, the third man stared, puzzled at the light, and then shook his head doubtingly.

"Sorry, chum," he said, "I haven't the faintest idea—you see, I'm a stranger in these parts!"

ONE AGAINST THE SCOT.

A tired Scottish soldier, in the course of his wandering up the line, met an English soldier, equally tired with the slow travelling. To kill time they decided on a game of nap. After several hours' play the Scot had won four shillings and fourpence.

The train drew up at a station and the Englishman prepared to pay his losses. He managed to scrape together four shillings and threepence halfpenny in change, and a one pound treasury note.

The Scot hadn't change for the note so the Englishman handed him the change, remarking:

"There's a halfpenny short, Mac What shall we do?"

"Dinna fash yersel'," said the Scot, "It's a wee sma' matter. I'll take yer "Daily Mail"—that'll mak' it square!"

A BROTHERLY FEELING.

"Well, what's your trouble?" asked the officer.

"Took three prisoners, sir," said the weary-looking Cockney, with a pale gleam of triumph in his eye.

"Good! We'll have a look at them."

The Cockney marched in two filthy looking Germans.

"Where's the other one?" asked the officer.

"Other one, sir?"

"Yes; you said there were three."

"So there was, sir—so there was—but—er—I only brought two with me."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Well, you see, sir, it was like this; we was a-coming along together like; these 'ere two was in front, but the other one, being a married man like meself, sir, I walks with him. After a bit 'e starts telling me about 'is 'ome in Germany, so I tells him about my 'ome in Mile End. Then 'e starts on about 'is missus and 'is kiddies, so I tells 'im about my two nippers. Then 'e goes on about 'ow 'e might never see 'em again, and starts crying that awful,

sir, I couldn't stick it; 'e seemed that there cut up about it—I—I was nearly crying too; so I takes my rifle and puts the poor blighter out of 'is misery!"

STILL A YOUNG MAN.

At one of the munition factories in the Midlands a gentleman was being shown over the workshops by the manager. When the visitor had gone, a Welsh worker turned excitedly to a fellow workman, and said in great excitement:

"And did you see that now?"

"See wot?" said the laconic Englishman.

"That gentleman—it was Lloyd George's brother, look you."

"Well?"

The Welshman grew more excited.

"You have no sense whateffer. Don't you understand that was Lloyd George's brother, indeed?"

"Wot of it?" retorted the other. "Lloyd George ain't Gawd Almighty."

The Welshman nodded his head wisely, and replied:

"Ah, no—but he is a young man yet!"

HEARD IN THE Y.M.C.A.

"And what can I do for you?" said the motherly lady behind the counter.

"D'ye keep tooth brushes?" asked the big trooper.

"Yes."

"I'd like one, please."

"Certainly!—and what kind would you like, a soft-haired one or a stiff one."

"Bless you, ma'am," replied the soldier, "I don't want to use it—it's for kit inspection."

A MISTAKEN IDEA.

The Irish boy had had a busy morning. He had waited outside the recruiting office for three hours, had stood and shivered for another hour with barely anything on, and then, after being tapped and pulled about was told that he was rejected.

"And for why shouldn't I join the army, sorr?" he asked.

"You're rejected—medically unfit."

"And what's the matter wid me?"

"It's your teeth—they're in a shocking state."

"Me teeth!" he retorted. "Be jabbers! you're making a foine mistake, sorr. It's foighting the Germans I'm afther—not 'ating 'em."

A "RECORD" STORY.

A certain infantry platoon was possessed of a very fine gramophone. The officer in charge had made it his object in life to see that the instrument was well provided with records. Each time he

came back from leave a huge bundle of records came with him. It was a quiet part of the line, and absolutely nothing had happened for several months to disturb the equanimity of the troops.

One morning the officer was busy "sampling" his latest purchases, and a crowd of Tommies sat opposite, keenly enjoying the treat. All of a sudden there was a low whining sound, and everybody rushed into dug-outs to escape the "coal-box," except the officer, who wanted to put his beloved records under cover. He collected them together rapidly, piled them on top of the machine, and started to retire with both arms full.

The shell burst right in the trench, and brought down tons of earth. He was dug out after a few minutes by his men, who were relieved to find him apparently uninjured. He spat a lot of earth from his mouth, and ejaculated in a terrified voice, "My God—the gramophone!"

STILL TRAVELLING.

The Artillery is well aware of the sad end of a young officer who went up to the observation post, or "O Pip," to observe for the battery.

The first shot came down short and burst within twenty yards of him. Scared out of his life, he gave the first order that came to his mind, it was: "Repeat!"

Rumour has it that he is still travelling.

ONLY THE BEER BOY.

Outside a military prison, at the back of the line, a sentry was doing guard. One of the cell windows, with bars very wide apart, looked out into the street, and underneath this a small boy constantly hovered.

After an hour or two, the sentry began to get suspicious, but whenever he approached the spot the boy vanished.

At last he succeeded in cornering the urchin.

"Now, then," he said sternly, "what do you mean by hanging around here?"

The boy grinned largely.

"It's all right, monsieur," he replied, looking up at the barred window. "I am the boy that fetches the beer."

SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS.

In a town near the north coast of France the remnants of the original Expeditionary Force were quartered. In the characteristic British fashion, they grumbled from morning till night, and the chief object of their daily grouse was the cook and his wares.

One day a Battalion of the "Artists Rifles" arrived in the town, and were being "messed" in a large tin hut in which were a number of the "old army."

The cook, a soured and unhappy man, through the daily straffing of the dinner, set his face to

meet the onslaught, which never waned in the slightest.

After hearing from the "remnants" exactly what they thought of the way the food was cooked, he burst out impulsively :

"Look 'ere ! See them chaps in the corner—" pointing to the newly arrived men—"them Hartists, brought up in the lap of luxury, they don't grumble ; but you, who've been dragged up anyhow—you always grumbles."

THE ARMY "FLAPPER."

Mrs. Thomson was a proud woman. Her son had just been wounded at the Front, and she had received a letter from his C.O. which praised in the most lavish way the conduct of her dear boy. For about three days she lived in a little heaven of her own, and then came a letter from a "chum" of her boy, who narrated the exploit in full. The last paragraph filled her with horror ; it was :

"And that's how we found him, unconscious, and hugging a flapper."

It was not until a week after that she discovered that a "flapper" was only a harmless signalling instrument.

A QUESTION OF DESTINATION.

It was rifle practice and the officer was very annoyed. O'Halloran had loosed off about two-

score rounds, and still the target remained untouched.

Pat fired another round, and the officer observed a flick of dust well away from the target.

"Pat," he said sternly, "do you know where your shots are going?"

"Sorra a bit, sorr," said Pat, placidly, "but I know they're leaving this end all right."

THE WINDOW GARDEN.

A private had on several occasions asked his C.O. for "leave" so that he might dig up his garden. One morning he was brought before the officer, who eyed him fiercely.

"Jones—about that garden of yours! I've made careful inquiries, and I find that you haven't got a garden at all. What have you got to say?"

"Well, sir," said Jones, hesitatingly, "if the chap that went to see says there ain't no garden then some one must have pushed it off the window ledge."

CAUSE FOR AMUSEMENT.

The C.O. of a certain Scottish battalion was in the habit of reading letters for several of his men who couldn't read or write.

One morning a brawny Scot handed him a long

epistle, and begged him to read it. The letter finished, the officer remonstrated :

"It's too bad, Jock, your wife says she hasn't heard from you for over a month—is that so?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jock, "I canna write."

"That's no excuse; you know I am always happy to write for any of you. Come along, we'll send a letter now. You dictate and I'll write it down."

He took a sheet of paper and waited, but Jock remained absolutely tongue-tied. At length the officer became impatient.

"Come on, fire away, we must make a start. What shall I say?"

No reply.

"Shall I begin, 'My Darling Wife'?"

"Ay," said Jock, "put that doon. That'll amoose her."

THE COURTESY OF WAR.

In the Somme region the French first line trenches were a score or so metres from the German trenches. When things were comparatively quiet, both sides employed their time in bombing each other.

As the distance was so short, it was quite usual for a number of seconds to elapse before the bomb burst after touching ground.

A French officer, noticing one of these delayed bombs, picked it up, and hurling it back at the Germans, remarked politely, "*Your bomb, I believe!*"

"ARE YOU THROUGH?"

A bombing party set out at dead of night to try their hand on a German machine gun emplacement. Among them was an American soldier, who had joined up because he hated the Germans.

On the way to their objective they were held up by barbed wire. They got out their wire cutters, and were busy hacking away at the obstacle, when there was a rifle shot, and the man next the American gave a long groan and a curse.

"Say, chum," exclaimed the Yankee, "are you through?"

"Through!" snorted a voice, misunderstanding the American term. "Through be damned!—the —stuff has torn my breeches to ribbons."

ON THE "BUZZER."

The signallers didn't like their new officer. He was too eager to give them evening parades, and moreover, some of them thought he was only a figure-head and wasn't a qualified signaller. They were busy "buzzing" on the small field instrument, and one of them was narrating an anecdote when the officer came on the scene.

"Jones," he said to the garrulous one, "you're always gossiping instead of attending to your work —you will do an extra parade this evening."

Jones was furious. He thought of an idea to

get his own back. Working the "buzzer" key, he sent the words, "Go to hell."

All the men grinned, but gasped as the officer grabbed the nearest instrument and buzzed back, "Take two extra parades."

TOMMY'S WAY.

For weeks an infantry regiment had suffered badly by the fire of a concealed German battery. One day the observation post of the battery was located by an airman, and a party of bombers was told off to go out and blow it up. They went over during the night, and caught the inmates red-handed. A proud private marched the two telephonists back to the collecting-station.

"So you're the blighters, are you?" he said, staring at them as they walked. "Nice looking lot you are, too. Look at your step! I'm ashamed of yer. 'Ell of a time you've given our company—'ere, 'ave a fag."

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's 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."

A LOST FACE.

A number of officers were crossing from Southampton to Havre, to rejoin their units. The boat was a very small one, and accommodation was limited. It was just before dinner, and half a dozen of them were washing at the row of small basins provided for the purpose. Numerous officers were waiting behind to take their turn, and the general result was a scramble.

Suddenly the air raid alarm was given, and every light was immediately turned out. For a moment there was a terrible mix-up, and then a voice cried out plaintively, "I say, you fellahs—are any of you

by any chance washing a face that has a monocle and a rather short moustache?—dashed if I can find it.”

TOO TALKATIVE.

A widow, whose only son was fighting in France, had not received a letter from him for a long time. To her delight, one morning a letter came. It was of bulky dimensions, but to her surprise on opening it every single word had been erased by the censor. The only thing readable was a footnote by the censor himself :

“Madam, your son is quite well, but he talks too much.”

HIS DINNER HOUR.

A company of British soldiers under the charge of an officer were marching along a road in France when they came upon a member of the Navvies' Battalion leaning up against the stump of a tree. The latter gazed blandly at the troops, and sucked away at a filthy clay pipe. The officer, who was rather a stickler for discipline, at once commenced to reprimand him.

“Take that pipe out of your mouth,” he ordered.
 “Don't you know better than that? Stand to attention whilst I am passing you.”

The navy calmly drew the pipe from his mouth and spat reflectively on the ground.

"Orl right, mate," he said with a grin, "it's me dinner 'our."

THOSE GUNS.

A cavalry recruit was having a devil of a time. It was his first field day, and he was mounted on a very spirited horse. He managed to control it until the guns went off. Then the beast performed all kinds of capers, and finally succeeded in dismounting him. He jumped into the saddle again, and was all right until the guns roared once more, when he was thrown violently to the ground. This time he made no attempt to regain the saddle, but stood holding the reins and stroking the horse's nose.

"Why don't you mount again, man?" roared the sergeant-major.

"What's the good?" replied the recruit disconsolately; "those blooming guns will go off again in a minute."

TWO MINDS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT.

The sentry outside the camp was holding an altercation with a major, who wanted to gain entry but had forgotten the password.

"Let me pass," said the major; "don't you know I am your commanding officer?"

"Can't 'elp it," said the sentry. "Orders are, nobody is to pass without the password."

"But I tell you I have forgotten it."

"Orders is orders, sir."

"Stand aside, I am in a hurry."

The sentry, still persistent, brought his rifle to the "present" position.

"Put that damned thing down," said the major.

"It may go off."

The sentry shuddered.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "that is what I am always afraid of."

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.

Every one 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 *practicc*.”

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!"

THOSE RUSSIANS!

A kindly, but decidedly tactless spinster lady was in the habit of visiting a certain hospital several afternoons a week, during which time she would bore all the wounded but lively "Tommies" by being too sympathetic and too full of questions.

At last they could stand it no longer, and one of the brightest of them, "Billie," declared he would "tell her 'orf."

The next afternoon the good lady arrived, fully prepared to bombard them with the usual questions as to their wounds, etc. She minced over to "Billie's" bedside and smoothed his pillow in an irritating fashion.

"And what's your name, my boy?" she asked, displaying her most fetching smile.

"Opityoubitch!" was the curt reply.

"Oh, I suppose you're one of those Russians, then!"

TOO MUSICAL.

Private Binks of the R.A.M.C., who was acting orderly for the first time in hospital, was of a

decidedly musical turn of mind, and boasted of his accomplishments with many instruments. Dusting round the M.O.'s desk he picked up an instrument, hitherto unknown to him. Turning to the corporal he asked in a hesitating manner:

"What d'you call this, corp'ral?"

The corporal, with the superiority of one long accustomed to these things:

"That's a stethosecpe, me lad."

Binks, after twisting and turning and applying it to his mouth:

"Well, I'm hanged if I can get much of a tune out of it, anyway."

A TELEGRAPHIC ERROR!

A young officer who wrote to his wife daily from France was suddenly given a few days' leave. There was no time to wire from Calais, so he hurried on the transport and determined to telegraph his home-coming to his wife immediately he reached Dover. He had a dreadful passage, and to make matters worse was compelled by decency to give up his berth to an elderly lady who had just returned from a base hospital, where she had, by special permission, been to visit her badly wounded son. Four hours' later his wife received the following telegram from Dover:—

'Expect home immediately. Dreadful passage, awfully sick. Gave birth to old lady on leaving Calais.'

THE SECOND 'OUSE.

An attack by the Boches being expected, some men of a London regiment had been kept in reserve for nearly twenty hours in an underground excavation, which more closely resembled a tunnel than a trench. It was almost dark, inches deep in water, and the men—cold and cramped by reason of the fact that it was absolutely impossible to stand up straight—were physically miserable, if mentally cheerful. They were relieved at night by men from another regiment, and as they were filing out of this "hole" one of the new arrivals inquired of an outgoing man:

"Who are you?" meaning, of course, which regiment? The questioned man was possibly a frequenter of entertainments where two performances are given nightly, for he replied sourly:

"'Oo are we? Can't you sec? We're the second 'ouse a-comin' aht of the pit."

THE LIMIT.

How is ——?" I asked a senior officer of a Territorial regiment, mentioning a friend of mine, who, at the age of forty-seven, took his commission just before the war, and had been out from the first.

"He's very well, and though not a young 'un has 'made good.' Coolest man under fire I ever saw. Never winces or ducks, whether it's H.E.,

shrapnel or 'whizz-bangs,' and when a 'Minnie' comes over and nearly hits him, you might think it was a football for all the funk he shows. But he swore himself faint because the man who shares his dug-out snored."

ON SEEING THINGS.

It was the most terribly cold day of all the terrible winter, and freezing hard. The sniping officer, going his rounds, came upon a Tommy on "observation" duty just under the parapet edging the highest point thereabouts, and overlooking a huge mine crater in No Man's Land. He had his eye glued to a periscope, and enfiladed as he was by the cutting winds, looked the most abjectly miserable creature on this earth. The officer went near to him, but the Tommy never looked up.

"See anything?" inquired the officer.

"See anythink!" Tommy repeated sarcastically, not knowing that he was speaking to an officer. "Wiv' your blinking eyes a-runnin', and yer blinkin' nose a-runnin', and yer blinkin' tin-hat a-tumblin' every few minutes over yer blinkin' nose, and the blighted periscope froze up wiv' mud at the bloomin' peep'-ole—'ow the blazes is a blighter to see henythink?"

THE SAME COMPLAINT.

Fritz had just sent over one of his "extra specials," generally known as a "Minnie," and it

had bowled over the sentry, blowing away his rifle, and left him on his hands and knees wondering if there was a war on. A young officer, on turning the corner of the trench, came upon the man just scrambling up and trying to get his breath back. He inquired :

“What’s the matter with you ?”

The man tried hard to answer, but still his breath was not under control, and he opened his mouth and shut it again without a sound coming.

The officer spoke more sharply this time :

“What’s the matter with you ?”

A few seconds later and Fritz had dispatched another “Minnie,” which fell sufficiently near to the officer to make him fall as the man had just done. Covered from head to foot with mud, and half-stunned, he managed to get up, and the sentry, standing to attention, gave the salute smartly and said :

“Excuse me, sir, I couldn’t answer before, but that’s what was the matter with me.”

A SPORTING OFFER.

A company officer, much beloved amongst his men for his sporting instinct, caught pneumonia in the trenches, and was taken to a base hospital. Supposing him to be asleep, the doctor and nurse were discussing the case. The doctor expressed the opinion that the officer would die, and was

dumbfounded when he heard a weak voice from the bed say :

"Give you five to one, in sovereigns, I don't, doctor."

The doctor was too amazed to articulate.

The voice again said :

"You won't? Six to one."

The doctor was still trying to say something, when the voice, in tones of great disgust, said :

"No sportsmen, these M.O.'s. Jolly good chap, clever doctor and all that sort of thing, but can't kill me if Fritzie couldn't. Nothing doing? Wash out? Well, good-night, doctor, I'm going to sleep and to get well."

And so he did.

SUBSTANTIATION.

A young officer was being court-martialled on a charge of drunkenness. He was very angry, and stoutly denied the charge. He admitted that he had had a very good time, and was feeling decidedly happy on the night in question, but nothing further. He called for his batman to assist him in his defence.

The head of the court questioned the batman closely :

"When your master came in did you consider him absolutely sober?"

The batman answered up at once.

"I did, sir."

The judge considered for a moment.

"And what did he do when he came in?"

The private was quite clear on this point.

"When he came in he asked me to call him early."

"And did he give any reason for wanting to be called early?"

The private looked rather dubious here, and replied hesitatingly:

"He asked me to call him early, he said he was to be Queen of the May."

There was no need to proceed further with the evidence.

A MATTER OF RELIGION.

Poor old Blanks was feeling decidedly "fed up" with everything. He had only just joined, and was being put through the usual strenuous drills in order to get hardened, and the drill-sergeant was certainly trying to "put the wind up."

He growled at Blanks in the customary manner and told him to "pull himself together."

Blanks protested, and in a weak voice said:

"It's no good, sir. I'm too old for this sort of thing."

The drill-sergeant in a voice of great superiority (he himself was well on the sunny side of the thirties) replied:

"Too old, you tell that to the Marines; why, how old are you?"

"Forty-one, sir."

"Why, man," said the sergeant, "you get on with it or I'll report you to the major. D'you know the Romans used to do these exercises up to the age of sixty?"

"That's all very well, p'raps the Romans did," said old Blanks, in a weary-worn manner, "but I'm not a Roman, I'm a Wesleyan."

"SOME " SPEED.

Things had been very quiet in that part of the trench lately, and the two chums were "fed up." They decided to have a little expedition on their own one night, and, both being crack shots, hoped for a "bag." They were going cautiously along, when suddenly a Hun bullet whizzed through the air. Needless to say they both took to their heels and ran; for a while neither spoke, but at last, the danger being over, Jack in a decidedly scared voice managed to whisper to his pal:

"Did you hear that bullet whizz by?"

His friend was very emphatic.

"Ay—I did. Did you?"

"Sure, I heard it twice, once when it went by me, and again whe. I passed it."

THE BISHOP SCORES.

A well-known bishop was just home in England after a long stay at one of our distant colonies.

Broad of mind as well as physique, he was strolling round the crowded London streets, enjoying the cosmopolitan crowds that surged hither and thither, animated and well-dressed, and generally drinking in the air of good-fellowship that abounded.

Suddenly out of the sea of faces came one that was familiar, and he recognized a friend of many years past. He stopped in front of him and put out his hand. The friend looked up in amazement, but apparently had a faint recollection of having met him before, and with a puzzled air said :

“ Where in hell have I met you before ? ”

The bishop, equal to the occasion and in nowise disconcerted by this tactless remark, asked good-naturedly :

“ Let me see—er—what part of—er—hell do you come from ? ”

A NEAT RETORT.

Jones in civilian life had occupied a good position in a well-known commercial house. When the war broke out he had enlisted in the ranks as a private, and after seeing much hard fighting was sent back to England as unfit for active service abroad. With a little help from well-connected friends, he secured a job at the War Office. It was nothing “ big ”—no red bands on his hat nor much gilt, but it suited Jones, who was rather weary. The one fly in the ointment was the contemptuous way in which he was treated by his superiors, most of

whom had seen nothing of the war, and it got on his nerves to such an extent that he was obsessed with a desire to "tick them off." Fate allowed him to get a little of his own back one day, for he was summoned to the presence of his chief, and taken to task over the wording of a report. He was told :

"Your reports should be written in such a manner that even the most ignorant can understand them."

This was Jones' opportunity. In tones of polite enquiry he asked :

"Well, sir, which part is it that you do not understand?"

THE FEMININE TOUCH.

It was a regimental concert and ladies were invited. Needless to say, in spite of a varied and interesting programme, gossip and scandal were the order of the day. Two ladies were discussing the wife of a popular officer.

One of them, with her nose in the air and the manners of Brixton, said :

"I don't care for that style of dress myself, and what a very vulgar woman she is."

Her friend was rather more cautious.

"I don't really think you could call her vulgar—why, do you know her father was a general?"

The first lady was still unimpressed.

"Indeed, and so was her mother, I should say."

THE CAUTIONARY WORD.

The wonderful powers of breath control and command of the English language possessed by the professional soldier is not sufficiently known to be appreciated by the average member of the British public. At one military establishment a sergeant was heard rolling forth in monotonous tones something like this :

“The squad will hattend church parade, which will be 'eld in the usual manner of the Church of Hengland : that is to say, hin the usual manner hof the Hanglican Church huntil the words, ‘Hi believe,’ when you will stand to hattention, the words, ‘Hi believe,’ being merely a cautionary command.”

THE “DOUBLE” LIFE.

The quiet country town had just said good-bye to its soldier visitors. They were nice boys, and most people had enjoyed their enlivening influence upon the dull cld town.

Two ardently patriotic ladies who had taken an interest in their “billets” and mothered and petted them, were talking together over tea.

One dear old soul said :

“Ah! he was a nice quiet boy, was Johnny; I expect he had a sweetheart waiting for him at home.”

The other lady :

“Well, I thought he was quiet until I found that

he has tea with me in the afternoon and takes my cook out in the evening."

A LOUD WATCH.

The naval officer always has his retinue of admirers; there is something decidedly fascinating about his bluff and hearty ways. How the sweet young things like to wander round his ship and ask a million absurd questions. On one occasion an officer had been showing off his ship to a lady friend, when suddenly the bell struck. He turned to his friend and apologetically remarked :

"I'd no idea it was so late, there goes eight bells : I'm afraid it's my watch below."

This dear lady certainly had no knowledge of the seaman's method of time-keeping, for she turned to him and in a voice of great amazement exclaimed :

"Good gracious, just fancy your watch striking so loud as that !"

YOUNG AUSTRALIA.

It has been remarked on several occasions that the discipline in the Australian regiments is not so strict as that in British regiments. In all young countries there seems to be a democratic, happy-go-lucky spirit, that is the very antithesis of the hidebound traditions on this side of the water.

When the first contingent of Australians arrived

in Egypt, it was particularly roticeable that the men did not salute their officers, and on one occasion an officer stopped a man and said to him :

“ Look here, do you know who I am ? ”

The Australian said “ No.”

“ Well, I’m an officer.”

The reply was :

“ Oh ; you are, are you ? Well, I guess you’ve got a soft job, mate. You stick to it.”

A REASON FOR IT.

Tommy had been wounded, and after his discharge from hospital was sent to another battalion of his regiment. This battalion happened to be composed of fairly new recruits, and poor Tommy had to go through it all as if he also were new to it. They were having bayonet practice, and the sergeant was raving and yelling :

“ Keep yer point up, can’t yer ? You won’t stick yer man if yer don’t blooming well keep yer point up.”

Tommy was boiling with rage.

“ Well, I never did ! ” he spluttered. “ Why, I’ve done this ’ere to Fritzie, I ’ave.”

“ Oh, ’ave yer ! No wonder the war’s lasted three years,” the sergeant retorted.

A COMPLAINT.

It was after dinner and the officer for the day was doing the usual stroll round the camp. He went

into the "dining hall" and put the usual query, "Any complaints?" To everybody's great surprise a voice from the back called out:

"Yes, sir. I've found a cigarette-end in my stew."

For a moment the officer was dumbfounded; the men do not usually trouble to complain, it is easier to put up with things. However, he quickly recovered and retorted:

"Well, man, what did you expect to find, the whole packet?"

NO USE FOR ZEPPELINS.

The recruiting-sergeant was taking a party of men to the station en route for the local military centre. They were a strange assortment—professional men, well-dressed and spruce, young boy clerks, labourers, street-hawkers, and even gipsies. The last named were giving him some trouble, having been brought up to the scratch of enlisting by their womenfolk, who came to see them off and give them into the hands of the military. They had spent their last two hours of liberty in assuaging their thirst and drinking to the new life, and were in a decidedly be'addled state when the sergeant took them over and tried to get them into some kind of order.

"Oi don't wonner go," said one of them. "Oi 'ont be no use to 'em. Lemme go."

He started to roll about and get out of the line.

The sergeant hurried up to him. He was one of the real old sort, a soldier through and through. He took the gipsy by the arm and dragged him back again, saying :

“You’re orl right, old son, you’ll soon feel a man. All you want is a little *dis-cip*-line. That’s the thing to buck you up; yes, *dis-cip*-line.”

He rolled his tongue round this last word, and lingered on it lovingly. To him it was life (even though it was wrongly pronounced).

But the gipsy man caught the word :

“Zep’lin—who said Zep’lin? Don’t talk to me o’ Zeplins, I don’t know anything of ’em.”

THE CAKE THAT WAS “IT.”

A fond mother sent a parcel of cakes to her dear boy “out there.” They were duly received, and the boy gorged himself with them and then sat down and wrote to his mother :

“Dear Ma,—Many thanks for the cakes, they were *it*.”

The old lady on receiving the letter remarked :

“Bobby’s spelling is atrocious, but I wish those beastly Germans would keep their shrapnel to themselves.”

THE NEW STYLE.

A certain English general made an unannounced call upon an Australian regiment on Salisbury

Plain. He was a very even-tempered man, but before the day was over he was very angry.

He crossed the parade-ground, where a lot of Australians were lounging about, but nobody saluted him. Arrived outside the orderly-room, he found a sentry on guard. To his amazement the man made no attempt to salute him.

"I want to see your colonel," he said abruptly.

"Who?" queried the sentry.

"Your colonel, my man—your colonel."

The Australian put his head inside the door and growled:

"Hi, Bill, 'ere's a bloke wants to talk to yer."

A DEAR OLD THING.

A military chauffeur was driving like mad through the country lanes to get to the town, where he was to pick up the colonel, who had been out inspecting. Suddenly he discovered that it was necessary for him to stop the car, and he pulled up and knocked at the front door of a very pretty cottage and asked for water to fill his radiator.

A very dear old soul came to the door, and was only too glad to do something for a soldier, so she took the can away.

Presently she brought it back and said:

"Water isn't very good in these parts, so I thought I would fill it with cider for you, my boy."

THE SAME OLD BRAND.

The scene was a big camp in the heart of England, and the "boys" were having a well-earned rest after the toils of the day. It was khaki everywhere, and two chums were walking across the square. One of them noticed a strong smell of burning, and filled with remembrances of sundry fire-drills, exclaimed :

"Good heavens, Bill! can't you smell? There's somebody's blankets burning."

His chum turned round with an air of absolute nonchalance and said :

"That ain't blankets; that's old Tompkins, he's smoking the cigars 'is girl sent 'im."

A CONTEST OF WITS.

A soldier had been told off for work on the land. The farmer to whom he was sent was a bit of a wag, and luckily the soldier could readily respond.

One day the farmer handed the soldier a jug, and told him to get some beer.

"Where's the money?" asked Tommy.

"Oh! that's all right; it's easy enough to get beer if you've got money, the thing is to get beer *without* money."

The soldier went off, and came back after a while with the jug. He put it on the table in front of the farmer and said :

"Drink that!"

The farmer lifted up the jug and prepared to drink, but found there was nothing in it.

"What d'you mean?" growled the farmer.

"Well," said the soldier, "it's easy enough to drink beer when there's some in the jug, but it's durned hard to drink it when there's none there."

GRATITUDE.

It was in an internment camp in Germany, and the soldier had watched the post in vain for days and weeks, and nothing ever came for him. All his mates got parcels and letters and papers, but he seemed to be forgotten by all. At last he could stand it no longer, and in desperation got paper and envelope and wrote :

"Dear God, please send me ten pounds."

He addressed the envelope—"God, Heaven."

The German authorities, with unusual humour, sent it to the English War Office.

When it arrived it caused a good deal of amusement, and the men in the department subscribed between them and collected three pounds, which they despatched to the soldier prisoner of war.

They received an acknowledgment also addressed to "God, Heaven." The reply said :

"Dear God,—Many thanks for sending the money, but next time do not send it through the War Office, as they have pinched seven pounds."

THE BLESSED APPETITE.

The boy had only lately "joined up," and he was feeling very fit and very hungry as the result of his open-air life. He went into the hut, and was immediately attended by a patriotic flapper, who was acting as waitress.

The boy enquired: "What is there for dinner?"

"Roast beef, roast mutton, toad-in-the-hole, and curry," replied the flapper.

The boy, with an air of eager anticipation: "That'll do, and a cup of coffee."

SEEING THINGS.

New recruit who has just gorged himself on the parcel sent from home, and is suffering from nightmare:

"Help, help, there's a beastly air raid over here!"

Old Soldier (sharing tent and just awakened by the yells): "Shut 'yer blooming row, and go to sleep, or I'll throw my boots at yer napper."

Recruit: "Oh-er, I want to go home and look after mother's baby. I want to be a conscientious objector!"

Old Soldier (getting really wild): "If you don't shut up I'll have to do it. What, won't you be quiet? Well,, take that, and that."

He throws his boots and sundry possessions at the struggling figure in the next bed.

Recruit: "But can't you see 'em, they're right

over our heads. Look, there's Zeppelins and Taubes and I dunno what."

Soldier: "Now, then, pack it up; why, they're stars you're seeing; my boots did that!"

CLODS AND COFFIN NAILS.

It is often said that the British Army has its own language. Here is a specimen that was heard in a home camp just lately:

Tommy: "Give us a tissey's worth of clods and two of coffin nails."

Hut Assistant: "Excuse me—er, but what is a tissey's worth of clods?"

Tommy: "Well, of all the—— Why, that's what we put half of in the missionary box on Sunday, while the other half goes to the Crown and Anchor."

Hut Assistant now understands the soldier's meaning and gives him sixpennyworth of coppers, saying: "Here you are, but what are coffin nails?"

Tommy: "What, don't you know that they're the only fags we can afford to buy the day before pay day? Treebines, of course."

CORROBORATION.

A cheerful subaltern was ordered to join a certain unit of the A.S.C. in France. He presented himself to the colonel, who was noted as a particularly

cantankerous old chap. The colonel ordered him to have his baggage put on the transport and report himself at 4.30. The subaltern turned up at 4.40 to find the colonel waiting for him.

"What's the time?" asked the colonel.

"Twenty minutes to five, sir."

"Umph! Where's your baggage, have you seen it on the transport?"

"No, sir, but I put it on top of the pile; I thought it would be easier for the men to put it on the waggon than throw it back in the mud."

The colonel, getting somewhat exasperated, said:

"You're a damn fool, sir!"

"Yes, sir," was the cheerful reply.

"Not so much 'Yes, sir.'"

"No, sir," again with a grin.

"What do you mean by saying, 'Yes, sir,' when I called you a damned fool?"

"Well," was the smiling reply, "when I was down in the village somebody else said I was a damn fool to join this unit, so there must be something in it."

PAT DOES SENTRY DUTY.

The Irishman was acting sentry for the first time, and did not know very much about the various duties connected with the camp, but he knew he must stop every one as they came up and must enquire their business. It was very dark, and there was no one about, until an officer came hurrying

along the road. He was stopped at the gate by the Irishman and asked the usual questions. Feeling decidedly tired, and very angry at the cross-questioning, he answered :

"Surely you know me: I'm orderly officer for the day."

"Officer for the day, then, begorra, what are you doing out at night?"

NOT TAKING FISH.

It was winter in Flanders, and the canals and ditches were covered with a good coating of ice. A platoon of infantry were on their way to the trenches, and in order to save time they decided to risk a passage over a frozen dike. They went across very gingerly, and were nearly all over, when there was a terrifying "crack" and a splash. A huge black hole appeared in the ice, and in the centre of this was a man up to his chin in the water.

"Why, it's Charlie!" yelled a dozen voices.

"Come out of it, man."

The unfortunate soldier shook his head slowly.

"Come out of it, you idiot," they yelled again.

"Not me," he replied emphatically. "You don't get me moving off the fellow I'm standing on."

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Leading up to Plug Street Wood—that most hated of all places in Flanders—there is a road lined on

one side with shattered houses. Outside one of these two soldiers were sitting eating their mid-day rations. Fritz was busy shelling as usual, and 5·9 "crumps" were dropping all over the place, with here and there a black burst of shrapnel overhead. Still the two went on eating as complacently as though they were in a London restaurant. A little later a shell burst just behind the house and shook it like a box of matches. One of the men looked up and shivered. Then he stretched out his hand, and touched his companion on the arm :

"Hi, Bill."

"What's the matter? Got the wind up?"

"Come on," said the other nervously. "Let's shift on a bit—'tain't safe."

"Why, wot's wrong?"

The scared man pointed to the roof.

"Look at them tiles," he muttered. "We'll have the whole lot down on top of us in a minute."

THE OTHER MAN.

A crowd of visitors were paying a visit to a large country asylum and the doctor was acting as guide. They stopped before a room which was padlocked and held a single occupant.

"This is a very sad case," said the doctor, as he unlocked the door.

They entered and found a thin, pale-faced man fondling a doll.

"He does nothing else but that," said the doctor. "Shortly after being married he "joined up" and went to France. On his first leave he found his wife had run off with another man."

"How dreadful!" murmured several voices, and they passed on.

Soon they came to a room surrounded by heavy iron bars, and very thickly padded.

"Another bad case?" inquired some one.

"Yes," replied the doctor. "*In there is the other man.*"

TAKING HIS OWN FUEL.

During a trip across the Mediterranean a sailor on a convoy died. The funeral took place a day or two later and a crowd of troops gathered to watch the spectacle.

At the last moment it was discovered that they had no weights to put into the hammock, and as a substitute two big pieces of coal were used.

This was more than one of the soldiers could stand.

"Jock!" he whispered to his companion, as the hammock was about to be sunk into the ocean. "Jock, it's bad enough to go like that, but it's a d—— shame to make you take your own coal."

THE CURE.

A wounded Tommy was spending his ten days' leave at home in Ireland prior to going out to the

Front again. During the time he was so ill that his wife was obliged to call in a doctor. The doctor diagnosed the illness as gastric trouble, to which the man had always been subject, and told the wife to give him the medicine at night, and to be sure and take his temperature in the morning.

When he called the next morning he inquired of the wife :

“ How is your husband, Mrs. Maloney ? ”

“ Sure and he’s better, sorr.”

The doctor was rather staggered at this, for he scarcely expected the man to make so rapid a recovery, so he asked anxiously :

“ Did you give him the medicine ? ”

“ Indade I did, sorr.”

“ Well, did you take his temperature ? ”

“ I did indade, sorr. I put the barometer on his stomach and it went round to ‘ very dry,’ so I gave him a bottle of stout, and he’s gone for a walk.”

A GOOD MEMORY.

Two Tommies in the trenches were arguing about religion. Just as the argument had reached fever heat one of them said to his friend :

“ After all, what do you know of religion ? ”

The other one greatly indignant retorted :

“ I bet I know more of it than you do.”

The first Tommy had a good deal of sporting instinct in him, for he was quick to reply.

"I bet you five bob you don't know the Lord's Prayer."

"Of course I know it."

"Well, say it then."

The Tommy began :

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

His friend interrupted :

"Well I'm jiggered! You've won! Why, man, I never thought you would have remembered it."

THE NEW WOMAN.

The entrance of women into all spheres of labour has certainly brought a touch of romance and brightened some of the most sordid of work, but it has its disconcerting side also.

A real woman-hater was Lieutenant Smith of the Royal Flying Corps. Even long association with the "knuts" of that corps had failed to alter his opinion of the gentler sex. One morning he had the shock of his life: he came out to his car and found instead of the usual khaki-clad, masculine figure, something peach-like, with unruly curls conspiring to escape from the khaki cap. It was a lady driver. After several trips he was obliged to admit that her driving left little to be desired, but the limit was reached one day when she was waiting for him with the car.

"Aerodrome," said he curtly, with his eyes fixed on some unseen object many yards away.

She looked at him with melting eyes, and held up a decidedly "intimate" garment in a pastel shade of crepe de chine on which she was stitching.

"May I just finish this seam first, sir?"

A LOW DIET.

The hospital was well known for not giving its patients sufficient to eat. Meal times came and went, and convalescent Tommy found himself just as hungry as ever.

One day the commanding officer was visiting the wards and came up to the bedside of a patient and asked him what was his complaint.

Now this particular man had gone through much pain and was feeling particularly "fed up," so his reply was very curt:

"Trench fever."

"What's the diet?" asked the commanding officer in solicitous tones.

The man had been aching for this opportunity. Now he could get a little of his own back, so he replied:

"Two sucks of the thermometer daily!"

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Tommy Atkins fighting in the East is not by any means impressed with the Holy Land. This is evidenced by the following passage which

occurred in a letter sent by a lance-corporal to his wife :

“ We are now at the Garden of Eden. It is a hole of a place. I don't wonder old Adam was so keen to get out of it.”

APPRECIATION.

In a certain canteen the wife of a well-known colonel helps to serve the hungry soldiers as they arrive on their way from the Front. Many are the portions of fig pudding that she has handed over the counter with the expert manner of a professional waitress.

One man fell violently in love with her, and devoured portion after portion of the pudding so as to be near her. At last, after the tenth portion, he could keep silent no longer and leaned over the counter in an affectionate manner and whispered :

“ I say, dear, is your husband satisfied with you ? 'Cause if he ain't—I am—d'you understand—and you can tell 'im I ses so, if you like.”

She scarcely knew how to keep a straight face, but with downcast eyes and a demure expression managed to murmur :

“ It's good of you to say so—I'll tell the colonel.”

The soldier looked up with a startled air.

“ What colonel ? ”

“ Why, my husband, you know.”

Needless to say the man had disappeared out of the door before she could look up.

THE ELUSIVE WORD.

An officer was on his way home to visit his people in the West of Ireland. He landed at Dublin, and intended to stay the night there and proceed on his journey the following day. He hailed a passing jaunting car to take him to his hotel. They went along at a crawling pace, much to the officer's annoyance.

"What a slow horse you've got," he said to the jarvey. "I thought you had decent horses in Ireland."

To which the jarvey replied :

"Whoy, he's a fine horse, sorr. He's an old cavalry horse."

"Well," said the officer. "I'm in the cavalry, let me have the reins and see what I can do."

He took the reins in his hands and shouted :

"Char-r-r-ge !"

The horse immediately broke into a gallop and ran full speed till they were just beside the hotel, when the officer shouted :

"Halt !"

The jarvey was fearfully impressed by this, and thought it the funniest thing that had happened for a long time.

Some time after he was standing waiting for "fares" when an old gentleman came up to him and said :

"Have you a good horse, Pat ?"

Of course Pat immediately answered that he had the finest horse in Dublin.

"But can you take me to the Quay in twenty minutes?" the old gentleman questioned.

"Shure, sorr, an' I can take you in twelve," was Pat's reply. "Mind you hold on tight."

With this admonition Pat whipped up his horse and shouted out:

"Char-r-r-r-ge!"

Away went the horse rushing down the open streets as though the very devil was at his heels; they took the corners at an angle that made one's hair stand on end, and at last came within a hundred yards of the Quay.

The jarvey shouted:

"Stop! Stop!! Stop!!!" But the horse took not the slightest notice. In vain Pat racked his brains and could not remember the word that the officer had used with such good effect. At last he turned to his fare and said:

"Begob, ye'd better jump off, sorr. I've forgotten the password."

PRIDE OF NAME.

They were calling the roll in the square, and the sergeant was growling in the usual way. They were new recruits, and he was "putting the wind up."

"Smith!"—"Here, sir." "Brown!"—"Here, sir," Jones!"—"Here, sir." "Montaig!"—No

reply. "Wilson!"—"Here, sir." "Green!"—"Here, sir." "Montaig!"—Once again there was no reply. The sergeant looked at the man and growled: "What's your name?"

The man replied: "Monta-gue, sir."

"Oh! it is, is it?" said the sergeant. "Then, Mr. Montague, you take three days fat-i-gue, and remember after this your name's Montaig."

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

The Grenadier Guards were all lined up for inspection by the general. They were accompanied by their regimental mascot, a Great Dane. During the proceedings something annoyed the dog, and it uttered a loud "bow-wow-wow!" The effect was magical: immediately the whole regiment formed fours.

A RECOMMENDATION.

A clergyman wrote to a stockbroker saying: "Your name has been given me as a reference for Mary Jane Smith. Will you let me know if she is a good plain cook."

The stockbroker replied to the letter:

"I have every reason to believe that Mary Jane Smith is good. She is most certainly plain, and as for her cooking, it has a biblical flavour that ought to appeal to you, as everything she serves up is either a burnt offering or a bloody sacrifice."

BREVITY.

A successful city man had a fine house near the river, and was sitting out on the spacious lawn, reading the latest quotations, when he saw his young daughter going off on her Shetland pony to the little town near by. He asked her to wait a minute as he wanted her to take a telegram to send to his boy at Eton.

He rushed indoors and wrote out a long message, saying :

"My dear boy,—You will be delighted to hear that we have had a present of a beautiful son this morning. Your mother is very happy about it, and is very well.—Dad."

He gave the girl the exact money for the telegram. When the evening came he noticed her displaying some money to one of the maids, and said to her:

"Kathleen, where did you get that money?"

The youngster replied: "Oh, that's the change from the telegram!"

"But, my dear, I gave you the exact money for the telegram."

"Oh, I didn't send that long rigmarole; I simply put: 'You have lost. It is a boy.'"

THAT INDISTINCTIVE CROWN.

A private in an officer's training corps had been celebrating his birthday with some chums in a West End café. The bowl had been flowing freely, and

altogether they were feeling very happy indeed. A major sitting at a table near by came over to give him a little fatherly admonition, as, against all rules of the Service, he was making himself conspicuous. The private whose vision by this time had become a little dim, noticed something on the sleeve of the major, which he took to be the usual "pip," and remarked in sarcastic tones :

"Congratulations, old chap. I see you've got your commission."

THE EFFECT OF A STRIPE.

The boy had just received his first stripe, and was feeling decidedly self-conscious. He was out with a working party and on the approach of an officer completely lost his head. When the officer got quite close, instead of the usual 'Eyes Right,' he yelled out to the men :

"Shun ! Look at 'im !"

THE SOURCE OF KNOWLEDGE.

It was in the early days of the war and a sergeant-major, a kind-hearted old chap, was talking to some new recruits and trying to make things easy for them :

"If there is anything you don't understand, ask the sergeant. If the sergeant doesn't know, ask me. If I don't know—well, I'll buy a book."

A NIGHT OUT.

The regiment was stopping in a fearfully dull village and the officers found life very monotonous. Eventually the people in one of the large houses near got to hear of this and invited some of the officers to come over and dine with them. The walk from the camp was rather a long one and over very rough ground, so the officers decided to take a storm lantern with them so as to help them on their way home.

They had a very jolly evening, and at a very late hour the officers found themselves trudging back to their quarters.

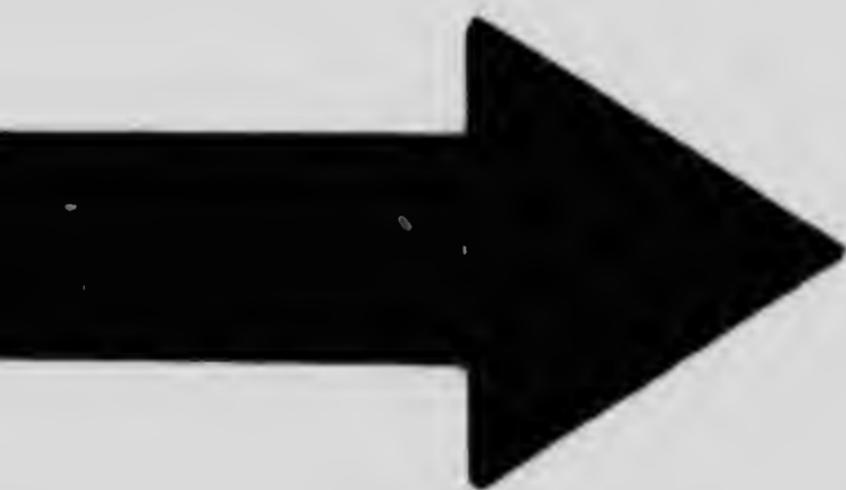
The next morning the gardener came round to the camp with a letter from his master. One of the officers read it out in the Mess :

“I return herewith your stable lamp. Will you kindly send me back my parrot and cage which you took by mistake last night.”

A NEW OFFICE.

A young and very self-conscious officer was asked to take charge of a court-martial. It was not a very big affair, but just one that was held occasionally in the orderly-room for petty offences. This officer had not the slightest idea of what he had to do, so he took the sergeant-major with him. One of the first cases brought before him was that of a man who had been absent for two days without leave. He





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didn't know what sentence to give the man, and looked at the sergeant-major hoping for some sort of a hint, but the sergeant-major was looking the other way. So putting on a grave frown he said :

“ You know this is a very serious offence—er—very serious—twenty-eight days C.B.”

The sergeant-major nudged him and whispered :

“ Too much, too much, sir.”

The man was just being marched away, but the officer called out :

“ Here, just a minute; perhaps I will make it fourteen days.”

Immediately he felt the sergeant-major nudging him vigorously with a whispered “ Too much, sir, too much. Give him two days' pay.”

With a loud and long cough, and putting his hand in his pocket, the officer went on :

“ As I was just saying, I think I ought to make it fourteen days, but as this is your first offence I am going to take a very lenient view of the case. I am going to give you two days' pay, but if you ever come before me again you don't get a brass farthing.”

THOSE SHELLS !

A dear kindly old soul whilst staying at Brighton saw a wounded soldier being wheeled along the Parade each morning. He was quite a youngster, and she felt anxious to hear all about it, so one morning she went up to him and asked him how he had lost his leg.

The boy had had many similar inquiries from would-be sympathisers, and was getting rather sick of them, so he answered in an off-hand manner:

“Oh, just a shell, mum!”

The good lady was all over him at once; sympathy bristled from every part of her being.

“Dearie me, and did it burst?”

“Oh, no!” said the boy. “It just crept up behind me and when I wasn’t looking bit me.”

SOUND EVIDENCE.

A woman was brought before the magistrate and charged with being drunk and disorderly. She strenuously denied the charge but admitted telling everybody that the war would be over in three weeks.

The magistrate said to her in grave tones:

“And don’t you think, my good woman, that that is sufficient evidence that you were drunk.”

“Indeed not,” the woman replied; “my old man, ’e’s just joined, and ’e’s never kept a job longer than three weeks.”

“UNCONSCIOUS” HUMOUR.

An Irishman never seems to lose his delicious humour, even under the most distressing of circumstances. During the big push at Messines an Irishman, beloved by all his friends, was seen to

fall struck by shrapnel in the leg. A friend stopped to help him saying :

“Mike, are you hurt? Are you hurt?”

Michael looked up with a drawn face and said :

“Am I hurt, boy? Shure, an’ I am; can’t you see I’m unconscious.”

TOO BAD.

Two Scotch soldiers were crossing London on top of a bus. Presently a very pretty girl got on and came up on top.

The two soldiers were very smitten, and one whispered to the other :

“What d’ye think of her, Jock?”

“Ay, an’ she’s a braw lassie, that she is.”

“I should like to talk to her, I should, Jock.”

“Why don’t ye go and ask where is St. Paul’s Cathedral, then maybe if ye bide a wee bit she’ll talk to ye.”

The Highlander was just getting up to avail himself of this advice when his friend pulled him back.

“Just a minute, man, just a minute. She hasna’ paid her farc yet.”

NEVER “RECUPERATED.”

Through selling the necessaries of life at a highly inflated price, old Tompkins was rolling in money.

Before the war he had been contented with a small villa in Brixton, but now he presided over a tremendous establishment, and, in fact, was having the time of his life.

His one bane in life was the fact that he could never master the difficulties of diction, or the vagaries of the English language; try how he might, that beastly "h" would never come in the right place, and he would often see his guests trying to suppress their laughter at his quaint phrasing. One evening he was holding forth on the subject of a neighbour.

"Mean fellow, 'e is—thoroughly mean," he confided. "I extended me 'orspitality to 'im; I 'ad 'im in 'ere, gave 'im a jolly good dinner, and a first-rate bottle of wine—one of the best in my cellar. Now this'll show yer what 'e is: that was a fortnight ago, and up to now 'e's never recuperated!"

THE COST.

Another profiteer was Smoggs. He was blossoming at the expense of the British Public. Night after night he gave dinners and entertainments of great splendour, and their fame spread far and wide. After some time he began to grumble to his wife that they were spending too much money, as the bills came rolling in and each one seemed greater than the last. His wife attempted to sooth him down by saying:

"You know, dearie, it costs money to get into society."

Poor old Smoggs was still unappeased, for he growled :

“H’m!—it don’t seem to me that we’re getting into society as much as society is getting into us.”

BY PIGEON POST.

The pigeon had been fluttering round headquarters for some time, and at last a young officer went out to see if he could capture it. By this time the bird had settled on the roof of the old farm-house, and it required some brain waves to think out a plan to catch it. However, the red-tabs are not lacking in this quality, and after much manœuvring over the tiles the officer caught it and brought it into the office in triumph. The staff gathered round whilst the message was being untied from the pigeon’s leg. Great was the amazement when they realized that this was the message it contained :

“I’m fed up and sick of carrying this blooming bird about.”

COAL BY THE “SAC.”

A soldier whilst out in France had managed to pick up a smattering of the French language. After some months he was badly wounded, and eventually discharged from the army. He managed to scrape a little money together and bought a coal business, which he soon worked up into a flourishing

state. He was awfully proud of his French, and took every opportunity of showing it off to his customers.

A woman came into the shop and asked him :

“How do you sell your coal ?”

“A la carte or cul de sac,” was the reply.

POOR CHICKEN !

The Irishman and the Scotchman are usually very good chums out in the trenches, although they are miles apart in the matter of temperament. The Irishman is all for the present and let the future take care of itself, but the Scotchman is full of care for the future and in every way cautious and canny. Here is an example of their different temperaments :

Pat and Sandy reconnoitring round an old farmhouse found a war-weary chicken. Pat was overjoyed, he was sick of bully and biscuits.

“That’s a bit of luck,” said Pat. “Sure we’ll have a dacint supper to-night.”

“No, no,” said Sandy with his native cautiousness. “Let’s keep it till to-morrow, it may lay an egg.”

THE BENEFITS OF WAITING.

Two Highlanders were spending part of their “leave” in “doing” the Metropolis. They had been to the Museum and National Gallery and other

inexpensive places of interest and were now standing outside a Tube Station in Oxford Street. Beautiful works of art advertised the places reached by the railway. Suddenly one of them exclaimed :

“Tuppence all the way! My! that’s a fine trip. We’ll take tickets.”

His friend replied :

“Bide a wee, mon, there may be an excursion.”

THE MAJOR PLAYS THE GAME (?).

The major was very deaf; for this reason all his fellow officers avoided him after dinner. He was a very good chap, so they said, but it was deucedly uncomfortable to have to yell in his ears all one’s pet views on subjects like the duration of the war etcetera.

The major was very fond of billiards and as he could not find anyone else willing to play him, he cajoled his nephew, who belonged to the same mess, and made him an unwilling victim.

The game was deadly dull for the major was a rotten player. After making for a cannon which he missed by about half a foot, he went to play again. The nephew said in a very loud voice :

“That was not a cannon !”

“It was my boy,” said the major.

The nephew shouting at the top of his voice again said :

“That was NOT a cannon.”

The major looked up very benevolently and said :
 " Oh, yes it was, my boy ! I heard the click of
 the balls."

BEYOND DOUBT.

A soldier in the Dublin Fusiliers went to the
 orderly-room and asked for a few days leave. He
 was asked why he wanted leave.

" Well, sorr, it's like this, sorr. I've had a letter
 from me woife. She says she's spring-cleaning,
 and wants to know if I can give her some help."

The sergeant said :

" That's a funny thing, Mike, only last week
 I had a letter from your wife, and she said by no
 means give you leave, for you were more trouble
 in the house than out of it."

Michael looked rather staggered and said :

" Then I suppose I cannot have me lave ? "

" No."

Michael was just marching out of the door when
 he turned round :

" Might I spake to ye agin, sorr ? "

The sergeant inclined his head.

" Well, sorr, there's two liars in this room, and
 I'm one of 'em, for I'm not married ! "

NERO'S GENEROSITY.

Little Nellie was the only girl in the class who
 could boast a father serving in the army, needless

to say she was looked up to and posed as an expert on all military matters. One day the class was having a lesson in ancient history and the teacher read :

“Then Nero ordered his centurion to give the slave twenty stripes——”

Nellie called out in absolute amazement :

“Lawks, that must have made him a blooming colonel !”

REAL IRISH.

It was the Englishman's first visit to Dublin and he was driving round on a jaunting car to see the sights. When they got near the river he was struck with the unpleasant smell and asked the jarvey :

“What is this terrible stench ?”

The jarvey replied proudly :

“Shure, an' don't ye know that the smell of the Liffey is one of the sights of Dublin.”

THE CANNY SCOT.

The Scotchman had just been converted and the news spread all over the little town. One of his friends came up and said to him :

“Surely it's not true, I've heard that ye're giving up the drink ?”

“Aye, it's true.”

The friend persisted :

“D’ye mean to tell me, Jock, that ye’re not going to have another drink as long as ye live?”

“Aye, I do.”

“D’ye mean to say that if ye were standing in one of the beautiful lochs, filled with whisky right up to the knees, ye would no’ be caught bending?”

“Nay!”

“Well, suppose it was right up to your arm-pits, would ye no stoop?”

Jock was very determined:

“Nay!”

“Well, if it was right up to your chin—an’ it’s Scotch whisky I’m talking o’—would ye no’ sip it?”

Here Jock began to waver a little; the prospect was too tempting. There was a pause, then:

“Well, I’m no saying I *would*, mind ye—but I *might* make a wee ripple with me hand.”

SPITE.

Solly had saved up and bought a tremendous diamond ring. He was very proud of this ring, and at all times of the day could be seen twisting and twirling his moustache so as to display it.

A friend came to see him, and for some unaccountable reason did not notice the ring; this was more than Solly could stand, so with a beautiful flourish he held out his hand and said:

"What would you do with a beautiful ring like that?"

The friend replied:

"I'd sell the damn thing and buy a nail-brush."

IDENTITY DISCS.

He was one of a new draft, just out from England, and was finding life very strange and novel. Questioning one of the old timers, he asked:

"Why do we have to wear two identity discs?"

With an air of nonchalance the hardened soldier replied:

"They take one when you're napoo'd and the other one is left on to identify you by when you're dug up a year later, to see if you're properly shaved and have your iron ration with you."

QUICK WORK.

They had both been in different regiments, wounded out in France, and were now in hospital recuperating. Finding life rather dull they amused themselves by telling yarns of their old regiments and trying to outdo one another. Jimmy was saying:

"Listen to this now, we had a sniper in our company who killed twenty-six men before dinner."

Bob, his antagonist, could not let this pass without some reply.

"Pshaw! That's nothing; why we had a man in our regiment who killed off a whole company at dinner time, and he was none of your swank sharpshooters either."

"Good heavens! who was this marvellous man, then?"

"Oh, it was Ginger, the Cook!"

THE PILL PARTY.

A medical officer coming down the trench to the dressing station observed a long line of men and addressed them jocularly:

"What's this, a working party?"

One of the foremost men, noted for his repartee, answered the officer:

"Yes, sir, come to carry away pills."

A GOOD DEFINITION.

Asked by kind friends at home to describe a bombing post, a soldier replied as follows:

"A bombing post is a warehouse or showroom of the Munitions Manufacturing Co., Unlim'ed, where their representatives push their goods in the face of considerable competition from dealers in foreign substitutes."

A HALF-CHARGE.

The non-commissioned officers' mess were celebrating some one's birthday and generally having a good time. The sergeant-major got up and with a loud cough ordered :

"Charge your glasses, the toast is 'The King!'"

There was a general roar, and after the patriotic fevour had subsided a voice could be heard above all the rest :

"Why the dickens didn't you fill my glass right up? I only drank the Prince of Wales."

QUITE SIMPLE.

Jones had just come out with a new draft which was "taking over" the positions of the very war-worn and weary — Rifles. Jones was feeling the seriousness of life in no small degree, and was very much in earnest over his work. He was detailed to a particular observation post. On arrival there he announced his mission to the sentry and anxiously inquired of the man :

"What have I got to do?"

The man was decidedly out of sorts and not at all inclined to relish questions. In a very superior voice he told little Jones :

"Look 'ere, sonny, all you've got to do is to look out for a comfy seat for yourself and take it easy. If the Fritzes *do* come over, you can take their 'ats and any other souvenir your gal wants, and then let 'em go."

A REMEDY.

It doesn't always pay to draw too big a picture of misery, especially if it is for the benefit of an army doctor. Not long ago after a "comb out" of some of the eligibles from a certain munition factory, a promising specimen of young manhood was being examined at one of the depots.

The eligible was giving a long recital of his many ailments. It was a really pathetic story of weak heart, varicose veins, pains in the head *ad nauseam*. But the doctor had had "some" before.

As the man drew his tale to a close the doctor's eyes filled with tears, and laying his hand sympathetically on the man's shoulders exclaimed in a heartbroken voice:

"Poor chap! yours is really a very bad case. I think you'd better go out to France and get shot out of your misery."

THE INIMITABLE COCKNEY.

Our boys had just "gone over." They were very busily engaged clearing the Fritzes from their trenches. Most of the Huns were stupefied, through the effects of the terrible fire they had undergone from our guns. For many days previously we had deluged them with shell, blown up their ammunition and food wagons, and, in short, reduced them to a state of terror.

An English soldier came striding down the

trench; he was a real Cockney boy, with a "fag" in his mouth, cap tilted at a rakish angle, and a grin on his face. Suddenly he stopped before the form of a very young and extremely immature specimen of a Hun; whose hands immediately went up with the usual "Kamerad, Kamerad!"

The Cockney soldier looked him up and down with great contempt, remarking:

"Does yer muvver know yer aht?"

A SERGEANT—NOT A MAN!

The officer wished to speak to a man that he saw in the distance, so he called up one of the men and told him to go along and bring the man up. The private protested:

"There ain't no man there, sir."

The officer turned to him angrily saying:

"What do you mean, don't you see the man I want along there."

The private saw the man, but explained to the officer:

"'E ain't a man, sir. 'E's a sargint."

SMARTNESS.

The officer believed in smartness, and used to get some of his men together quite unexpectedly, and put them through a little examination. By these means he hoped to make them self-reliant and

prepared. Questioning one of his men one day, he asked :

“ If you saw an armed party coming along, what would you do ? ”

The man replied promptly : “ Turn out the guard, sir.”

At this reply the officer was very pleased, and further questioned : “ And if you saw a submarine coming down the road, what would you do ? ”

“ Report at once to the medical officer, sir.”

BEER TO EAT !

The parson presiding over a small rural district had taken a great deal of pains in trying to convert a man who was a great drunkard, and after a long time persuaded him to sign the pledge. A little while afterwards on walking in the district he saw, to his great chagrin, the man's daughter carrying a jug of beer home. Going up to the girl he stopped her and said in a voice of great disappointment :

“ Are you taking that drink to your father ? Don't you know I persuaded him to sign the pledge ? ”

“ He beant a-goin' to drink it, sir,” said the girl.

“ Not going to drink it,” said the parson in amazement. “ Why what are you going to do with it ? ”

“ Well, he only soaks his bread in it,” was the reply.

NOT THE ARMY WAY.

The colonel had noticed that the man had not saluted him as he passed by to go to the orderly-room, so he pulled him up and said :

“ See here, my lad, I know you’ve only lately become a soldier, but surely you know by now that you must always salute an officer ? ”

The new recruit grinned and with the very broad accent of the West Country announced :

“ Well, oi’ve zaid good-morning to ’ee once already, I have ! ”

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

The Irishman was on the road to Cork, taking some cattle into market. On the way in he was overtaken by an Englishman, who proceeded to question him.

“ Where are you taking the cattle ? ”

“ I’m taking them to the market to sell.”

“ They are fine beasts. May I ask how much you expect to get for them ? ”

The Irishman was quite ready to sell, for he replied :

“ Sure, about twelve pounds a-piece, sorr.

The Englishman was amazed at the small price, and said so in no measured terms. He concluded with :

“ Why, if you brought those cattle to England, you would get at least twenty pounds ahead for them.”

But Patriek had a very slick tongue :

“ Shure, yer ’onour, I know it, an’ if I could take the Lakes o’ Killarney to hell, why, faith, I’d get a guinea a drop, I would ! ”

THE LAST SYLLABLE.

The drill-sergeant came from Bonnie Scotland, and well the men knew it. Many of them thought that an interpreter was an absolute necessity when he was giving orders, but the limit was reached one morning when he gave the following instructions :

“ Richt turr-rrn by numbers, and mind ye don’t move till ye hear the last syllable of the worrd turr-rrn ! ”

DETAILED INSTRUCTIONS.

Another drill-instructor, who was trying to impress some recruits as to the necessity for precision in movements, astonished all his men by telling them :

“ Now then, when I ’ses ‘ Eyes Right ! ’ you must turn yer eyes in the di-rection of the right hand, and when I ’ses ‘ As you was, ’ I expect to hear yer eyeballs roll back with a click ! ”

DISCIPLINE OVERDONE.

The dear lady was very democratic and anti everything that savoured of militarism—a most unusual trait in a woman. She hated war (as ev

one else hates it) and strongly objected to the rules and regulations and customs of the Services. One day, when out on a country walk, she was passing a large camp, wherein several squads of men were having instruction in Swedish drill. At the precise moment that she passed by they were performing that well-known movement "hands on hips, body bent well forward from the waist." The dear lady was rather short-sighted and did not quite understand the movements of the men, and exclaimed angrily to her companion :

"What a shame that those men should have to bow like that before an officer !"

RESULTS.

An Englishman, whilst travelling through America, was surprised to read the following notice on the walls of the hotel reading room :

"Do not smoke. Remember the Chicago Fire."

So taking a pencil from his pocket he appended the following to the notice :

"Do not spit. Remember the Johnstown Flood."

A BUSINESS BRAIN.

A gentleman of the Hebrew race on passing a nursery thought he would like a cucumber, so he went in and inquired the price. The man in charge said :

"Here's a beauty, you can have it for eightpence."

The prospective purchaser waved his hands :

"Too dear, too dear; show me a cheaper one."

After being shown several others at the price of sixpence, he raked round the frame, and pointed to a very tiny one in a corner.

The nurseryman said :

"You can have that one for twopence," and forthwith proceeded to cut it off, but the Jew quickly stopped him, saying :

"For heaven's sake, man, don't cut it off. I will call for it in a fortnight."

THE LOITERER.

It was the last bus to Ealing, and was crowded inside and out. Among the "straphangers" was a very large lady and a dapper infantry major. The major stood just behind the lady, and every time the bus stopped the lady trod heavily on the major's toes.

After about twenty minutes of this the major let fall his eyeglass, and tapping his torturer on the shoulder said :

"Madam, I don't mind you treading on my toes, but I do object to your loitering on them."

THE SLEEPING DRAUGHT.

In a certain military hospital the night sister of a ward was called away and an orderly was

detailed to "carry on" in her absence. The day sister, before going off duty, gave the orderly detailed instructions. "Oh! and by the way," she added, "here's a sleeping draught for Captain Oakes—he sleeps very badly. The orderly took the sleeping draught and the sister bade him "go to night."

At nine o'clock in the morning the sister relieved the orderly.

"Everything all right Jones?" she asked.

"Quite all right, sister," he replied.

"Did you give Captain Oakes his sleeping draught?"

"I did that," he replied, "and a devil of a job I had too—it took me nigh on ten minutes to wake him up."

THE PARSEE'S HOLIDAY.

In a little town behind the lines in Flanders it was raining as usual, and a crowd of Tommies out "resting" were seated in an estaminet cursing the weather fluently. Outside a tall turbaned figure went by.

"What's that," gasped a Tommy.

"Oh, him!—he's a Parsee."

"A what?"

"A Parsee."

"What's a Parsee?"

"Garn! Don't you know what a Parsee is? He's one of them Indian blokes that worships the sun."

“Worships the sun, does he?” growled the first voice. “Blimey! I bet he’s come over here for a holiday!”

AN UNLUCKY HORSE.

In Egypt a very tired Irishman came into camp on a dilapidated horse. The adjutant, who was standing by, grinned humorously.

“Pat,” he said, “that’s a rotten horse you’ve got.”

“Indade, sorr,” said Pat, “it’s a foine animal, but powerful onlucky, sorr—powerful onlucky.”

“How’s that, Pat?”

“Well, you see, sorr, I toss him ivery mornin’ to see whether he has his fodder or me a mite o’ whisky before shartin’ off, and begorrah, sorr, he’s lost three toimes runnin’.”

FIVE POUNDS A HEAD.

A newly formed battalion of an Irish Regiment went into the trenches for the first time, and in order to keep enthusiasm at full pitch the commanding officer promised five pounds for every German killed.

For a long time nothing happened, and then after ten minutes bombardment by Fritz, Murphy and his chum squinted over the top, and saw a whole host of the enemy coming over.

“Glory be!” cried Murphy, with delight. “Foive thousand of the divils at least. Terrance, me bhoy, git your rifle, our fortunes are made.”

THE ONLY WAY.

The major arrived at dead of night and found the sentry stolidly barring the way of entry. Then began an altercation.

“It’s no use,” said the sentry, “I can’t let you pass without the password.”

“But I tell you I have forgotten it.”

“I’m sorry——”

“But, my good man, are you aware I am your commanding officer?”

“Orders are, no one is to pass without the password.”

“Yes, yes, I know—but I have forgotten it, and can’t stand here all night.”

“Orders is orders, sir.”

“Oh, confound it, don’t you realize——”

A sleepy voice from the guard-room growled:

“Don’t argue the point with him, sonny. If he won’t give the password bayonet the blighter.”

A DYING WISH.

A young private lay dying in a trench, and the padre was at hand endeavouring to brighten his last moments.

"My boy," he said solemnly, "I am afraid you haven't long to live on this earth. Is there anything you desire?"

The boy shook his head, then suddenly an idea seemed to come to him.

"Yes," he said softly, "I should like to have the quartermaster and the paymaster here."

The padre looked surprised but sent for the two men in question.

When they arrived the boy motioned one of them to stand on his right side and the other on his left.

For a time silence reigned.

"My boy," said the padre hastily, "if you've anything to say you must be quick. Time, alas! is very very short."

The boy looked up with a smile on his lips. "I don't want to say anything," he muttered. "I thought it would be lovely to die as our Lord died—you know, one of them on either side."

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

The Tomnies were eating their mid-day meal in a dug-out when all of a sudden two huge rats ran from a corner, right across their knees. The younger boy—a very nervous youth—gave a little exclamation of terror, and at the same moment a 5.9 hit the place with a fearful crash.

It took twenty minutes to dig out the younger boy from the mass of earth that covered him.

He came to view with shaking hands and staring eyes.

"Have they gone?" he asked.

"Have who gone?" queried the other.

"Why, those damned rats. You don't mean to say you didn't see them. Why, one was as long as my arm. Ugh, the ugly brutes!"

TAKING "STEPS."

At Lydd a class of young officers were being lectured to by a very fussy staff officer. They were just about to be posted to batteries for service in France, and the lecturer was keen to impress on them the importance of their task.

"It is," he concluded, "most essential that no guns fall into the enemy's hands in a servicable condition. We will take an example. Your battery is close up to the infantry. By a surprise attack, the enemy storms the trenches and breaks through. Your guns are in imminent danger of being captured. What would you do?"

He looked round the class but nobody ventured a solution. All of a sudden an officer at the back who had served abroad in the ranks laughed softly.

"Well, Mr. Turner," said the lecturer spitefully, "what steps would *you* take?"

Turner's reply was instantaneous:

"Damned long ones," he said emphatically.

LOST PROPERTY.

The wounded soldier was wheeled from the operating-room and placed in his bed. For a time he lay quite still, and then a satisfied smile came over his face.

"Thank God that's all over!" he muttered.

"Don't be too sure," said one of his neighbours. "When I had my arm opened the surgeon left a little sponge inside it."

The latest victim shuddered.

"Yes," said the man on the other side of him: "and when I had my leg operated upon, a little pair of tweezers was left in the wound."

The listener gave a deeper shudder.

Then the surgeon came in and looked around the room.

"Has anyone seen my walking stick?" he asked.

The poor soldier promptly fainted.

LOW DIET.

Corporal Harry Young came to hospital with a nasty head wound, but nastier still was the terrific thirst and appetite which possessed him. He had expected sumptuous repasts, but to his amazement his meal consisted of half a glass of milk and a biscuit. After a few days of this drastic treatment Young began to lose his equable temper.

"Look here, doctor," he said, "this is awful.

You'll starve me to death if you don't give me a decent meal."

"Now don't get excited," said the doctor. "Nothing could be more injurious than over-eating. For some time yet you must be content to take everything in very small quantities; that's the only way to make you fit again."

"Very well," grunted the sufferer. "Nurse, would you mind giving me a postage stamp; I want to read."

THE USUAL TYPE.

Two sapper officers were having a dispute about the classification of a certain tree. While one was certain that it was coniferous, the other was equally sure it was deciduous. Unable to agree upon the point they decided to ask Private Wills, who was considered an expert.

Wills came up and was questioned.

He looked up and down the tree for a moment or two, then took out a huge clasp knife and began to slash at the bark.

"What on earth are you doing?" asked one of the officers.

He made no reply but continued cutting away until a deep gash had been made. Then he looked at it and nodded his head with an air of satisfaction.

"It's all right, sir," he said. "It's a wooden one."

MAKING THINGS EASIER.

Jock was sick of operations. Four times they had opened his leg to search for the Hun bullet, and four times they had failed. Again the doctor came in, and looked at him sympathetically.

"Jock! my man, I am afraid we shall have to try again to remove that bullet."

"Aw, well," said Jock, "do what ye think best; but, mon, if ye no find the bullet dinna sew up the wound again—just put on a few wee buttons; it'll save ye a deal of trouble next time."

A GOOD VIEW.

The slacker was doing his best to get exempted.

"It's my eyes, doctor," he moaned. "I can't see a thing unless it's put very close to me."

"Oh! that'll be all right," said the doctor cheerily. "We've got a special trench made for your sort—right up close to the Bosche; you'll get a splendid view."

ASK THE HORSE.

At Exeter some R.F.A. cadets were doing riding practice in a field behind the barracks. One of the men had never been on a horse before in his life, and was in a state of extreme nervousness.

After about ten minutes of prancing, the horse,

which was a spirited animal, took the bit between his teeth and bolted.

Half way across the field the major met the flying steed and its rider.

“Where are you going?” yelled the major.

“I don’t know, sir,” shouted the rider, “ask the horse.”

A TRIFLE.

Cadet (just leaving cadet school): “Well, good-bye, sir. I am most grateful to you for the pains you have taken. You’ve taught me all I know.”

Instructor: “Oh! that’s all right—there’s no need to mention such a trifle.”

A QUESTION OF DESTINATION.

The padre was very keen to see the enemy’s front line, and a young sub. was delighted to escort him to a place where he would have a fine view. They went along several trenches till they came to a dug-out on the side of a hill.

“There,” said the sub. “If you’ll look through that slit you’ll see Fritz quite plainly.”

The padre looked long, and was gratified by a splendid view of “No Man’s Land,” with Fritz’s line of defence in the distance.

Just as they were leaving, a 5·9 dropped near the dug-out and smashed the roof in. They scrambled out of the débris scared but unharmed.

“By Jove, sir!” said the subaltern with a grin, “we both of us nearly went to hell that time, didn’t we?”

CARELESS.

A soldier got a late pass one night to celebrate his sister’s wedding in a proper way. Coming along the lane back to camp he ran into a comrade, who, seeing his rather “merry” condition, went to a lot of trouble in getting him back before his pass expired and tucking him safely between the blankets.

The “merry” one awoke next morning with a terrific headache and a puzzled look on his face.

“I say,” he cried, “who brought me home last night?”

“I did,” said a voice from the end of the hut.

“And you put me to bed?”

“I did that.”

“Well you’re a fine sort of chap,” came the grumbling reply. “You forgot to wind up my watch.”

THE BETTER THING.

“Pat,” said the officer jocularly, “I believe you’re incorrigible as regards drink. Is there

anything you like better than a whisky and soda ? ”

“ There is, sorr ! ”

“ And what is that ? ”

“ Two whiskies and sodas, sorr ! ”

A LESSON.

A colonel of the Royal Artillery was accompanying the general on a tour of inspection. One of the observation posts which the general was anxious to see was situated in a very advanced position and was exposed to snipers' fire. On the way to the place they were sniped at three times, but all the shots missed. Going through a traverse they found one of our own snipers doing nothing, and severely reprimanded him. On the way back they were sniped at again three times, all of which missed. Coming across our own sniper again, the colonel was amazed to find him still idly smoking. He poured out the vials of his wrath on the man and went on his way.

The next day they went up to the observation post again, and curious to see if the sniper was still idling, crept softly to where he was posted. They found him with his rifle to his shoulder and his finger on the trigger. After taking a long breath he fired. Then he wiped his brow, addressing his dead opponent across the way:

“ Take that, you blighter ! That'll teach you to miss the old general six times. ”

THE SPORTING CHAPLAIN.

The army chaplain had got to about the middle of a drumhead service when a fearful hubbub arose. He cast his eyes in the direction of the pandemonium and saw that the cause of the distraction was a dogfight. Vainly he appealed to the boys to pay attention to the service, but seeing that the scrap was a far greater attraction, he accepted the inevitable, remarking dryly :

“As your entire interests seem to have been transferred to the fight, we will postpone the service until the afternoon, but if anybody wants a bet I’m willing to give two to one in half-crowns on the black and tan.”

PRECAUTIONS.

M.O. : “Now, sergeant, I am very concerned as to the quality of the drinking water. What precautions do you take against infection?”

Sergeant : “Well, sir, first we boil it——”

M.O. : “Good!”

Sergeant : “Then we filter it——”

M.O. : “Excellent.”

Sergeant : “And then we drink beer.”

“SOME” BAND.

Officer (to guest who is a little deaf) : “What do you think of our band?”

Guest : " I beg your pardon."

Officer (much louder) : I was asking your opinion of our band—the one that's playing now."

Guest : " Sorry, do you mind repeating that."

Officer : " I was saying——"

Guest : " It's no use ; I can't hear a word you say for that damned band outside."

NOT TO BE BOUGHT.

A dapper cadet had selected a nice shady nook down a secluded lane where he could bid an affectionate farewell to his " girl." He had just begun to whisper " sweet nothings " when he noticed, to his disgust, a small boy loitering just behind him.

" Here's a penny," he said to the urchin, " go and get some sweets."

" I don't want any sweets," said the boy.

" Well here's a shilling—run away."

" I don't want a shilling."

" Then here's a half-crown."

" I don't want a half-crown."

" Good heavens ! " groaned the lover, " what on earth do you want ? "

" I want to listen," said the boy sweetly.

DRIPPING !

During the battle of Arras a 9·2 British battery was having a lively time. For days they had had no rest and it was as much as they could do to keep

the guns in action. The telephone lines were being broken every few minutes, and telephonists were working themselves to skeletons in order to keep communications established.

One morning a message came from headquarters. The telephonists got the words "Report at once," when the line broke again. Linesmen went scurrying out to find the break. It took an hour to locate, and was in one of the buried sections, which meant a considerable amount of digging.

At last the operator in the battery got through to headquarters.

"Can you hear me?" he yelled.

"Yes."

"Repeat your message of 10.20 a.m."

The message came.

"Report at once amount of dripping you will have for collection to-morrow morning!"

And the battery had lived on bully beef and biscuits for the last ten days!

WAGNER.

There was nothing much doing in a certain sector on the Western front, and both sides were doing their best to relieve the monotony. Mouth organs were the order of the day, and every evening a fine impromptu concert was in progress, each side doing its best to drown the other, for at that point the Bosche trench was only sixty yards from the British.

One evening after an hour's silence there came from the German trench the most awful noise imaginable. It seemed as though a dozen street organs were combining to inflict torture upon some one or other. After putting up with the funeral march from "Gotterdammerung" and the procession of the masters from "Die Meistersinger," a Tommy yelled out :

"What the blazes are you playing over there?"
The music stopped.

"What you say?" came in a guttural voice.

"What's that hellish noise you're making?"

"It's Wagner!"

"Oh, is it?" snorted Tommy. "Then I don't wonder that we're fighting you about it."

SAY NOTHING.

An officer who was rather unpopular with his men, coming to camp one evening, was almost drowned in a river swollen by recent heavy rains. He was rescued by a private in his own regiment. The officer, in order to show his gratitude, asked his preserver how he could reward him.

"The best way, sir," said the soldier, "is to say nothing about it."

"But why?" asked the astonished officer.

"Because, sir," was the reply, "if the other fellows knew I'd pulled you out they'd chuck me in."

HEARD IN WHITEHALL.

A young officer after undergoing a terrible time in France was at last rewarded by receiving ten days' leave. Having to attend to certain urgent domestic and financial matters he was anxious to secure a few days' extension, and made up his mind to tackle the War Office.

He arrived there early in the morning, and after waiting for three solid hours he was eventually shown into the office of a dapper little captain, who had obviously never been out of England at all.

He put forward his case respectfully enough, but the staff captain only stared at him rudely and ejaculated:

"Don't you know there's a war on?"

"Really!" came the ready retort; "those damned Mexicans again, I suppose!"

VERY CONFIDENTIAL.

Pat, who was "somewhere in France," had just received a letter from home. Being unable to read, he called in the aid of the chaplain, who readily agreed to decipher it for him.

The chaplain commenced to read the letter, which was from Pat's fiancée and proved to be very intimate in style. When he reached a particularly affectionate passage he felt a tug at his sleeve and heard Pat whisper:

"I hope it's not angry ye'll be, sorr, but as the

matter is of a very private nature, do you moind puttin' your fingers in your ears, sorr, whilst you are reading it out?"

THE ONLY WAY.

The army examiner was getting somewhat out of patience with the dull candidate before him. But he controlled his temper, and gave him a last chance to distinguish himself.

"Let it be supposed, sir," he said, "that you were a captain in command of infantry; that in your rear was an impassable abyss; that on both sides of you there rose perpendicular rocks of tremendous height; that in front of you lay the enemy, outnumbering you ten to one. What, sir, in such an emergency would you do?"

"What would I do?" responded the applicant for military distinction. "I should resign!"

THE LAST THING.

There had, it appears, been an explosion at a big munitions factory, and the manager, who was snatching a brief holiday at the time, hurried home to investigate.

"How in the world did it happen?" he asked the foreman as he gazed at the ruins of the beautiful new building. "Who was to blame?"

"Well, you see, sir," was the reply, "it was like this. Bill went into the mixing-room, probably

thinking of something else, and struck a match in mistake. He——”

“Struck a match!” exclaimed the manager in amazement. “I should have thought it would have been the last thing on earth he’d do.”

“It was, sir,” was the rejoinder.

PUNCTUALITY.

“Now then,” roared the sergeant-major as he dismissed the parade, “you will parade again on this spot at 2 o’clock precisely, and when I say 2 o’clock, I don’t mean five past—I mean five-to.”

THE WAYS OF TELEPHONISTS.

A telephonist—who was rather deaf and shouldn’t have been a telephonist at all—was doing duty at headquarters. An urgent message came through from the line, and after lots of “What’s that?” and “Eh?” he got it down. The original message was “Send reinforcements—I am going to advance.” It reached headquarters as “Send three and fourpence—I am going to a dance.”

FRENCH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

The French tongue was the order of the day in a certain infantry regiment in France. It was *Très bon* and *S’il vous plait* from morning to night;

every new word commandeered was immediately passed on until the regiment's vocabulary began to get quite lengthy.

One night a private came home in a more or less intoxicated state, and was told to attend orderly-room the next morning. He arrived before the C.O.

C.O. : "Am I to understand that you came into camp an hour late last night, and that you were drunk?"

Prisoner, (with a sigh) : "Ah, oui."

C.O. (sternly) : "I asked if you were drunk last night."

Prisoner (fed up) : "Ah, oui!"

C.O. (patience exhausted) : "Take 28 days F.P."

The private walked away very dejected and sorry for himself. Just as he reached the door the colonel called him back.

"*Compris?*" he asked pleasantly.

A HEATED ARGUMENT.

The two retired majors were sitting by the fire at the club, fed-up, as only retired majors can be. There was nothing doing on the Western Front, and therefore little matter for discussion and criticism. For two hours they had sat gazing into the fire in moody silence.

Suddenly a powerful car rushed by the window. One of them inclined his ear towards the sound of the throbbing engine, and muttered "Daimler."

A few minutes passed and another car flew by.

"Napier," murmured the other.

For half an hour they sat on in silence, but not another car came by. The first major suddenly got up with a grunt.

"Where are you going?" asked his companion.

"Home."

"What for?"

"Oh! I can't stand these damned arguments," was the reply.

A QUID PRO QUO.

The disposition of the enemy's troops is a matter of considerable value to the Intelligence Dept., and just before a push takes place raids are the order of the day.

Near Vimy the Canadians made a most successful raid, and brought home the prisoners they wanted, leaving a note behind them to explain their visit. The note was as follows:

"Dear Fritz,—It is with great reluctance that we have to do this, but we have no other means of getting information. We are only going to take two prisoners, and to compensate you for the loss of so much valuable fat we are leaving herewith two tins of Maypole margarine."

IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH.

1st. Tommy: "The Kaiser's a blooming philanthropist!"

2nd Tommy : " What's he up to now ? "

1st Tommy : " He's distributing 50,000,000 tooth-picks, free of charge, inscribed " From Wilhelm, conqueror of the world. "

2nd Tommy : " What's the idea ? "

1st Tommy : " He wants his name to be in everybody's mouth ! "

VERY CONSIDERATE.

A young private in the yeomanry was told off for sentry duty on the squadron stables. At about 11 p.m. the sergeant of the guard thought he would look round to see that everything was in order. When he arrived at the place where the sentry should have been, he found nobody there. He walked along the stables calling " Guard ! Guard ! " and after a minute or two observed a very sleepy looking figure peep from behind a bundle of straw.

" Here's a fine thing," he roared ; " why aren't you on duty ? "

" I am on duty," retorted the private.

" On duty indeed ! And what do you suppose you are doing now ? "

" Marching round. "

" Marching round, eh !—and with your boots off ! "

" Well, I took 'em off so that I shouldn't wake the horses," was the reply.

DRIVER SCREW, R.E.

It all arose through the system that the War Office employs to name a thing. The army doesn't know what a rip saw is, but it knows what a "saw, ripping," is, just as it knows what "Mugs, enamel, blue, officers for the use of," are like.

The ordnance officer arrived at his office to find an urgent message from H.Q. awaiting him. It was to the effect that a certain Driver Screw, R.E., was missing, and that he was to make enquiries at once. He turned up the register to find if he had a driver of that name, but in vain. Together he and the A.P.M. set inquiries afoot to locate the mysterious Driver Screw, but late in the evening they abandoned the task as hopeless. He was about to ring up H.Q. to inform them of the fact when the telephone bell rang.

"Hullo!" he yelled.

"We're H.Q.," came the reply; "you needn't worry, we've found it."

"Found what?" he asked.

"Why, the screwdriver we asked you about this morning."

A FINE SIGHT.

The sergeant was running over a few details of musketry behind the lines, and the squad was very much fed-up with it, for the day was hot and dry throats the order of the day. After "carrying on" for about an hour he began to ask questions.

"Now then, Private Jones," he said to a perspiring, tired looking man, "can you explain what a fine sight is?"

"Yes, I can," said Private Jones, "the open door of an estaminet."

A TRUE CONSOLER.

Private Brown had got a day off, and with true Christian-like spirit resolved to visit his sick chum in hospital. He walked six miles along a dusty road, and ultimately found the place.

"Good heavens!" he gasped on seeing his friend. "How rotten you look. Why you're nothing but a skeleton. Glad I dropped in—you want echeering up. If anything should happen, old ehap, I'll try and get a day off for the funeral." Then he looked through the door towards the staircase beyond. "Good Lord!" he ejaculated, "what an awful job it will be getting the coffin down those narrow stairs."

OPEN AT TWELVE.

With a certain infantry regiment stationed far away from any church it was the custom to hold Sunday morning Divine Service in the open.

One morning, just as the service was about to commence, it began to rain hard, and no other place being large enough the troops were marched

into the regimental canteen, where it was resolved to hold the service.

The place was thronged from end to end, and the men at the back sat on the bar counter. Most of them were frightfully bored, for the service seemed much longer than usual. Towards the end of the sermon one of the men seated on the counter turned round to the bar attendant, who was present, and said :

“ Say, what’s the time ? ”

“ Five past twelve,” replied the attendant in a whisper.

“ Well give me a pint of beer.”

“ Talk sense,” said the attendant ; “ the sermon ain’t finished yet.”

“ I don’t care twopence ; this ’ere canteen is open at twelve—it says so on the door—and I want a drink.”

He pushed over a heap of coppers, and the bar attendant, fearful of the law, handed him the beverage.

MAC TO THE RESCUE.

In a little estaminet on the borders of Belgium a British soldier was having an argument with the French girl behind the bar on the question of change. His vocabulary was limited to about six words, and even these the girl didn’t understand.

Just when there seemed to be no possible chance

of clearing up the matter, a Scotsman came to the rescue.

“Parlez vous Française, mademoiselle ?” he asked.

“Oui, monsieur,” said the girl eagerly.

“Then why the hell dinna ye gie the mon his change !” said Jock wrathfully.

THE VALUE OF MEDALS.

“And phat’s the good of all these bits of tin, anyway,” said Pat. “Shure medals is nothin’. Oi have a brother who has more medals thin the gineral himself, an’ he’s niver seen the colour of a tunic.”

“Very likely,” said his friend ; “perhaps he’s an athlete.”

“It’s a liar you are,” said Pat, “he’s a pawnbroker.”

TOO MANY SERGEANTS.

After a parade the drill-sergeant called a recruit aside, in order to give him a little fatherly advice. All the afternoon the recruit had given him trouble, and he meant to make the man feel ashamed of himself.

“Now, look here,” he said, “you are about the awkwardest handful I’ve ever had to lick into shape. You must have had a rotten up-bringing,

or else you are doing it on purpose. I don't like to think its the latter—you look as if you can't help it, as though you were born like it. Tell me, what were you in civilian life ? ”

“ I was a packer in a factory, where they made toy soldiers, until I got the sack,” replied the recruit.

“ Oh! you were, were you? And what exactly did they sack you for ? ”

“ They sacked me for a very good reason,” said the recruit placidly—“ I put too many sergeants into the boxes.”

THE UNDERLYING MEANING.

A sergeant was so much given to using bad language on the parade ground that some of the men complained, and the C.O. interviewed him, and told him not to let it happen again.

The following morning the sergeant was in charge of a very ragged squad, and after keeping silence for a considerable time he eventually burst out with :

“ *Bless you, my pretty dears: you know what I mean.* ”

TOO GOOD TO LAST.

The kindhearted district visitor was “ doing ” her district, and handing out comforting words and good advice wholesale. That such was not always needed or appreciated mattered little to her

contented mind. She had just finished with Mrs. Smith, whose husband had lately displayed great affection for his wife by gently admonishing her with the frying pan, and was on her way to sympathize with Mrs. Jones. Mr. Jones was now Corporal Jones, of the Blankshires, on active service.

The district visitor walked into the tiny room with a brisk "good afternoon."

Mrs. Jones replied with a return of the compliment.

The District Visitor : "Cheer up Mrs. Jones ; they say the war will be over in three months' time."

Mrs. Jones looked up and heaved a great sigh. "Ah, me ! that's just my luck—twenty-seven and six a week, and me 'ole man away. I always said it was too good to last.

BREAKING THE NEWS.

The colonel had returned home after a long sojourn in France. As he had been shifted about from place to place during the past twelve months, very few letters had reached him, and he was anxious to find how things were at his home. At the station his faithful old manservant met him with a trap.

"Well, John," said the officer cheerily, "anything happened whilst I've been away ?"

"Noa, sir," said John, "nothin' at all—er, that is to say, nothin' much, but I'm sorry to tell ye, sir, that the old dog has gone and died."

"Dear me," said the colonel, much upset, "that's bad. But how did it happen?"

"Well, nubbody seems to know, but some do say as how he died from eatin' charred wood."

"Charred wood!" exclaimed the colonel. "But where could he get charred wood from?"

"From the stable mebbe," said John. "It was burnt down, sir."

"Burnt?—dear me, that's bad luck. How did it catch fire, John?"

"The mansion sir—the flames must have spread——"

"Flames! You don't mean that the mansion is burnt down?"

"I do, sir. They do say it must have happened through the candle at the side of the corpse falling over——"

"Corpse! This is terrible. What corpse?"

"Your aunt, sir—she died from shoek."

"Shoek! What kind of shoek could she have?"

"Well, sir, they do say as it was the shock of hearing that your wife had run away with the captain up at the manor."

On hearing this, the colonel's nerves broke down, and he let his head fall into his hands.

"Good God!" he moaned, "then I've nothing left, nothing in the world left."

"Well, well, sir," said John tenderly, "I shouldn't go so far as that. You'll be glad to hear I've had the old dog stuffed!"

THE GREATEST LIE.

A captured German officer, who seemed to have an idea that the British shoot all their prisoners, offered a fine gold watch to his captors, if they would spare him. The captors—two jolly Irishmen—took the watch, but as they could not decide who should have it they decided that the man who could tell the biggest lie should keep it. Proud of their skill at story-telling, they told the Bosche that if he could beat them he could have the watch back.

The first man spun a terrific fabrication, and the second man did so well that it looked like a tie. Then the Bosche commenced :

“There was once a Prussian gentleman——”

“That’ll do,” said one of the Irishmen, “you’ve won; here’s your watch!”

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

Two Tommies were digging a small dug-out at the back line. One of them was a giant of about six feet three, and the other somewhere in the region of five feet four. During the morning, a sergeant strolled round to see how the job was progressing, and after watching the two men for a few minutes he saw the small man was doing considerably more work than the big one.

Desirous of making the big man feel ashamed he said in a withering voice :

“Look at you—big as a cart horse, and yet you

allow that little chap to beat you hands down. He's done twice as much work as you have."

"And didn't he ought to?" was the reply; "ain't he nearer to it?"

THE COLONEL'S BAGGAGE.

"Jones," said the colonel to his batman, "have you seen my baggage?"

"Yes, sir," said Jones promptly. "She's just round the corner talking to the captain."

COOL UNDER FIRE.

The major of a British battery—a soldier of the regular army—whilst on leave in London, met the wife of one of his subalterns. She was very keen to know how her dear boy was getting on, and particularly how he had shaped in the big push.

"Tell me, major," she said, "was Percy quite calm under fire?—was he perfectly cool?"

"Cool!" echoed the major. "He was just splendid. Cool isn't the word for it. He was simply Arctic. At times I thought he would shiver."

THE SOONER THE BETTER.

The Peace Crank was gathering quite a big audience by reason of his extraordinary lung power. He was tremendous and waved his umbrella to punctuate his sentences.

“Unity is strength!” he yelled. “We keepers of the dove of peace must all hang together——”

“Yes and the sooner the better,” murmured a wounded Tommy at the rear.

THE FAMILY CREST.

Things were quiet in the trench that night, evidently Fritz was having a rest. It was a swagger infantry regiment that was holding this part of the line, and one of the men, a pre-war “knut” was holding forth on the antiquity of his family name and estate. The subject was not very popular, and his listeners were fearfully bored, so the “knut” made a last despairing effort to arrest the attention of his comrades. With a flourish of his hand, he said:

“We’ve a topping family crest, you know—er—two peacocks rampant on a field of azure blue.”

The others could stand it no longer, so one of them broke in quickly:

“Oh! that’s nothing to ours—two sergeant-majors rampant on a field of as-you-were.”

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.

The steamer had just arrived and had cast anchor outside a well-known port. The captain gave orders to the watch to allow no one to come on board. After a while a pinnace came near, and a voice shouted out:

"Hullo there, lower your ladder."

The watch replied :

"You can't come aboard to night, sir."

The voice from the small boat said :

"I'm the Admiralty Pilot, you silly ass."

"Can't help it ; I don't care a rap if you're Pontius Pilate, I've got my orders."

MURPHY SCORES.

The sergeant instructor of musketry was really at a loss to know what to do with Murphy. Five times running he had hit the wrong target—he couldn't hold the rifle correctly and it was doubtful whether he saw the target at all.

His sixth shot was a bull's eye.

"Look here, Murphy," said the instructor, "what target did you aim at ?"

"Number seven, sorr."

"Yes, and you've got a bull on number eight. It'll never do Pat. What on earth am I to do with you? You'd be a danger at the Front."

"A danger, sorr," said Pat. "Shure an' I moight be the salvation of the regiment—I moight aim at a privit and hit a general !"

How NOT to BOIL EGGS.

The corporal had been lucky enough to commandeer four eggs from a Belgian farm on his

way up the line, and on arriving at the trenches he handed them over to a private to cook.

"Now," he said, "ever cooked an egg?"

"No," was the reply.

"Oh! it's easy enough—you borrow a "Primus" stove, put some water in a canteen, wait till it boils, then put the eggs in."

"But how long do I leave 'em there?"

"Three minutes each exactly. Got a watch?"

"Yes."

"Right-o—carry on."

A little later the eggs were brought to him as hard as lead.

"Great Scot!" he roared, "how long did you boil 'em?"

"Twelve minutes."

"Twelve minutes! I told you three minutes."

"Well," said the private, "there were four of them, and you said three minutes each!"

A COOL CUSTOMER.

During the repulsing of an enemy counter-attack, a British soldier was wounded rather badly in the leg. His relatives received the usual telegram from the War Office, and instantly wrote to him to know if the wound was serious. He replied stating that it was only a scratch. After a lapse of several weeks, during which the wounded one was kept in hospital, his relatives began to get anxious.

They wrote: "Why are you still in hospital?"

We think you are making light of your wound, and that it is more serious than you led us to suppose. Do write at once and tell us the truth."

There was no reply for ten days, and then the following letter was received from another hospital:

"Dear mother,—I interviewed the surgeon this morning. You will be interested to hear that in future my expenditure on foot-gear will be halved."

THE MORNING AFTER.

The battalion was out of the line, and in fairly comfortable billets. Several farm-houses had been commandeered to accommodate the men, and on the first evening in this comparative paradise a sergeant and one or two "bloods" had a night out.

The sergeant dined not wisely but too well, and his companions had considerable difficulty in getting him home. Arrived at the farm-house he refused to go inside, and insisted on making his bed in the centre of a heap of straw in the courtyard.

Realizing that it was impossible to shift him his companions left him in his primitive nest. He awoke in the morning still feeling dazed and extremely bad tempered. He looked round, endeavouring to remember what had happened, and suddenly looked up and saw the grinning face of a corporal gazing at him from the top window of the building. He shivered in the keen morning air, and shouted to the figure at the window:

"Shut that damned window. Do you want me to catch my death of cold!"

A FREE GIFT.

The patient was attending his fifth medical board and was very sick of the business, particularly as he was diagnosed for something he felt he hadn't got. He appeared before the M.O., and the latter stared at him.

M.O. : "What's the matter with you, my man?"

Patient : "Valvular disease of the heart, sir."

M.O. : "V.H.D. eh? and how on earth did you get that?"

Patient : "It was given to me by the last medical board, sir."

A BAD WOUND.

Vicar : "They tell me that your heroic son was wounded in the last campaign, Mrs. Briggs."

Mrs. B. : "Quite likely, sir. I knew it was somewhere round about the stummick, but they never do give you any details."

DISCRETION.

General Joffre's chauffeur was chatting with a group of soldiers who were hopeful of extracting anything in the way of "news" from him.

"I suppose the general talks to you a good deal," said one of them.

"No," said the chauffeur, "he doesn't say much."

"But at times——"

"Well, yes," said the chauffeur; "the other day, for instance, when getting into the car he said: 'How are things, Pierre?'"

"But surely," said another soldier, "there are times when he speaks openly to you?"

"Yes, I remember on one occasion he said: 'You have a very pleasing appearance, Pierre.' Of course I was——"

"But," interrupted the first speaker, "does he never speak about the war?"

"Not often," replied Pierre; "the other day he did mention it;" he said to me: 'Ah, my brave Pierre! and when is this war going to end?'"

THOSE REGULATIONS.

A sergeant was instructing a squad of men on the component parts of the rifle. They were really a smart lot of recruits, but the sergeant was fed-up and wanted his dinner.

"Now then," he said, "can any of you tell me what kind of wood the butt end is made from?"

"Walnut," volunteered a soldier.

"Quite right, and why is walnut used for the purpose in preference to any other kind of wood?"

"Because it has more resistance."

"Wrong!"

"Because it is more elastic."

"Wrong again!"

"Perhaps it is because it looks nicer than any other kind," volunteered a man timidly.

"Don't be an ass," snapped the sergeant. "If you want to know why walnut wood is used, it's simply because it was laid down in the Regulations."

HE GOT IT.

This amusing story comes from Egypt. In the fighting against the Senussi on Christmas Day, a British monitor was on hand and kept a running fire on the agile Arabs. After the scrap a New Zealand non-com. was struck with an inspiration. There was no tobacco in camp, and he thought it would be a pretty good notion to hold up the quartermaster on the gunboat for some plug and cigarettes for his platoon. He was on his way thither when he was confronted by a stern British officer, who halted him, desiring to be informed as to his mission.

"I am going aboard to get some tobacco for my platoon," replied the youngster.

"You are a New Zealander, aren't you?" questioned the officer.

"Yes, sir," responded the man.

"Well, it's like your damned impudence. You

New Zealanders are more trouble to us than the whole British Army ! ”

“ That’s what the Senussi say, sir, ” was the prompt reply of the Maorilander.

GOOD SHOOTING.

The following dialogue on “ sharp-shooting ” took place between an Australian and a Canadian picket :

“ I say, can you fellows shoot ? ”

“ Well, I reckon we can, some. ”

“ In our country we can knock a bumble-bee off a thistle-blow at three hundred yards. ”

“ Oh, that ain’t nothing to the way we shoot up in our village ! I belonged to a company there, and we went out for practice every week. The captain draws us up in single file and sets a barrel rolling downhill, and each man takes his shot at the bung-hole as it turns up. It is afterwards examined, and if there is a shot that didn’t go into the bung-hole, the member who missed it is expelled. I have belonged to the company ten years, and there ain’t been nobody expelled yet. ”

NOT HAVING ANY.

One morning, in Simla, the Viceroy of India wanted to speak to the commander-in-chief of the Indian Army before the latter started work for the day, so he set off unattended to pay an early call.

When he arrived at the commander-in-chief's official residence he found his way barred by a sentry, who apparently did not recognize the visitor. Lord Minto explained that he wanted to see the commander-in-chief, but the sentry declined to allow him to pass.

"But I am the Viceroy!" protested his lordship. The sentry looked at him with a pitying smile.

"Ah!" he said thoughtfully, "we gets all sorts 'ere. Last week we 'ad a cove wot kidded 'isself 'e was Queen Victoriar's grandfather. We 'ad to put 'im in a strait-waistcoat, so you'd better push off!"

THE GERMAN WAY.

"Field-Marshal," fumed the All Highest, "the number of prisoners taken in that last engagement turns out to be only half the number you reported."

And before Hindenburg had time to sort out a non-committal explanation, the Head Hun bellowed:

"Ach! You should count your prisoners before drinks, not after!"

OVERHEARD ON THE SOMME.

"It's a nice day."

"Yes, the clerks of the weather are kind to us lately."

"By the way, who are the clerks of the weather?"

"Oh, those barometer fellows, Spagetti and Zambuk!"

A BRILLIANT IDEA.

A young officer home from France ran into a friend who was in the Intelligence Department. To his surprise the latter was out buying birds.

"What on earth are you going to do with those?" he asked.

"G-ssh!" replied his friend. "It's a secret."

"Rot! Anyhow secrets are made to be given away—I'll keep it quiet."

"Well," said the bird buyer, "it's a great idea; we're endeavouring to cross-breed carrier pigeons with parrots so that we shall be able to send verbal messages!"

THE BARRISTER RANKER.

A rather well-spoken private was brought up before the C.O. on a charge of insubordination. The C.O., who was extremely busy, wanted to get the case over and was very abrupt in his manner.

"Were you insubordinate?" he asked.

"Well, sir, the fact is——"

"I don't want to hold a debate on the matter—I want a plain 'yes' or 'no,'" interrupted the C.O.

"But, sir," pleaded the man, "there are some questions that cannot be answered by a plain 'yes' or 'no.'"

"Nonsense!" retorted the C.O.

"I beg to differ, sir," said the private, boldly.

"Oh, you do, do you!" said the C.O. "Then

just put a question to me that cannot be answered by the plain negative or affirmative."

To his surprise the private said in strident tones:

"Have you ceased to ill-treat your wife?"

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRITTEN.

The following goes to prove how the war has influenced literature. The budding Pepys is writing to a fellow-soldier:

"Dear —, —This in respectability will prove to you the diligances of your faithful undersignation he although across the seas still thinks of the old section, and wish that you will look after the troops not forgetting to gorge them in plentiness. Sd. J——."

VERY BAD WEATHER.

A German spy was sentenced to be shot, and a sergeant and a corporal escorted him for the purpose through the mud and the rain. The party was singularly merry and the "Hun" didn't appear to realize what was going to happen to him. On the way the sergeant offered the corporal some remark on the weather.

"Ja," said the German, understanding English, "that is so. It is ver' bad weather indeed."

"You be quiet," ordered the sergeant. "It's nothing to do with you, 'as it? You haven't got to walk back through it."

BOTH BEARING ARMS.

The war-working wife of the Tommy at the front was very terse with the "nosey" lady representing some committee or other.

"Oh! you needn't worry yourself," she said; "we're both doing our bit. He's bearing arms, and I'm baring mine!"

A MILITARY MOTIVE.

The colonel of a certain regiment which was out on rest ordered the regimental band to play rag-time in the market-place of the town in order to divert their minds from the horrors of war.

As soon as the band commenced to play the mayor of the town came round and complained tearfully to the colonel that the music was not quite in keeping with the dreadful crisis taking place.

"My dear mayor," said the colonel, "I am not doing this for amusement but for a purely military motive. The German hates rag-time music and he'll send his airmen here to bomb the place. That'll leave our airmen free to play hell with the German depots."

The poor mayor went away even more tearful than he came.

A FORM OF GRACE.

He was a very, very modest sub., and to his great horror was called upon to say grace at his

first dinner at the old-fashioned country house party.

He quavered, shut his eyes fiercely, conjured up his nursery reminiscences, and just managed it:

“For what we’re about to receive—er—thanks awf’lly.”

OBVIOUS !

Two sergeants were discussing the batch of new recruits.

“I bet you anything,” said one, “that that tall fellow Williams was only a clerk before he joined, in spite of all his swank.”

“What makes you think that?” asked the other.

“Well, every time I say ‘Stand at case!’ he tries to put his rifle behind his ear!”

DREAMS.

For days the company had lived on bully and biscuits, and the thoughts of more varied food haunted them in their dreams.

“I say,” said a Tommy to his companion, “think you could eat an egg?”

“Ra-ther!”

“Could you eat two eggs?”

“Two eggs!” meditated the hungry one.

“Blimey, I could eat fourteen eggs and the blinking bird wot made ’em!”

OVERHEARD AT ALDERSHOT :

Tommy : " Does yer love me ? "

Girl : " Blowed if I know. "

A pause.

Tommy : " Giss a kiss, gal. "

Girl : " Help yerself, you lazy lout ! "

Then he helped himself.

A FAUX PAS.

She was an ultra-patriotic American, and had come across the Atlantic to be near the brave " Sammies. " England pleased her, and France charmed her so much that she began to learn French.

" Yes, " she said to a male friend one night, " I think England and France are perfectly ripping. I'm all for the *enceinte cordiale* all the time. "

THE WONDERFUL HUN.

The All Highest was inspecting the elaborate dug-outs in which his Huns were snugly lodged, and, voicing his approval to the officer in charge, said :

" Ach ! Here my gallant fellows will be as a wall of steel to hurl back the foe. They fight like lions. "

" Yah, " assented the officer, none too felicitously, " and burrow like rabbits ! "

And that was how he missed the Iron Cross.

AN OVERSIGHT.

In a section of trench near Lens some Canadians having captured twenty-five half-starved Pomeranians in a night raid sent them back the following day with a polite note :

“ Dear Fritz,—Herewith we return prisoners. In the circumstances they are hardly worth keeping. We would remind you that they usually bring their rations with them ; would you kindly put right the oversight ? ”

A COMPANION.

An American war correspondent was on a trip to the front line trench to see how war really looked first hand. Just as he got there, the Hun started a raid but was repulsed by a terrific barrage put up by the British gunners. The noise was terrific and the sight terrifying to one unused to such things.

“ Well, gov'nor, wot do you fink of it ? ” asked a Tommy with a grin.

“ Snakes ! ” said the American, “ it's just like Hell.”

“ Blimey,” said a voice behind him, “ 'ow these Yankee blokes do travel ! ”

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