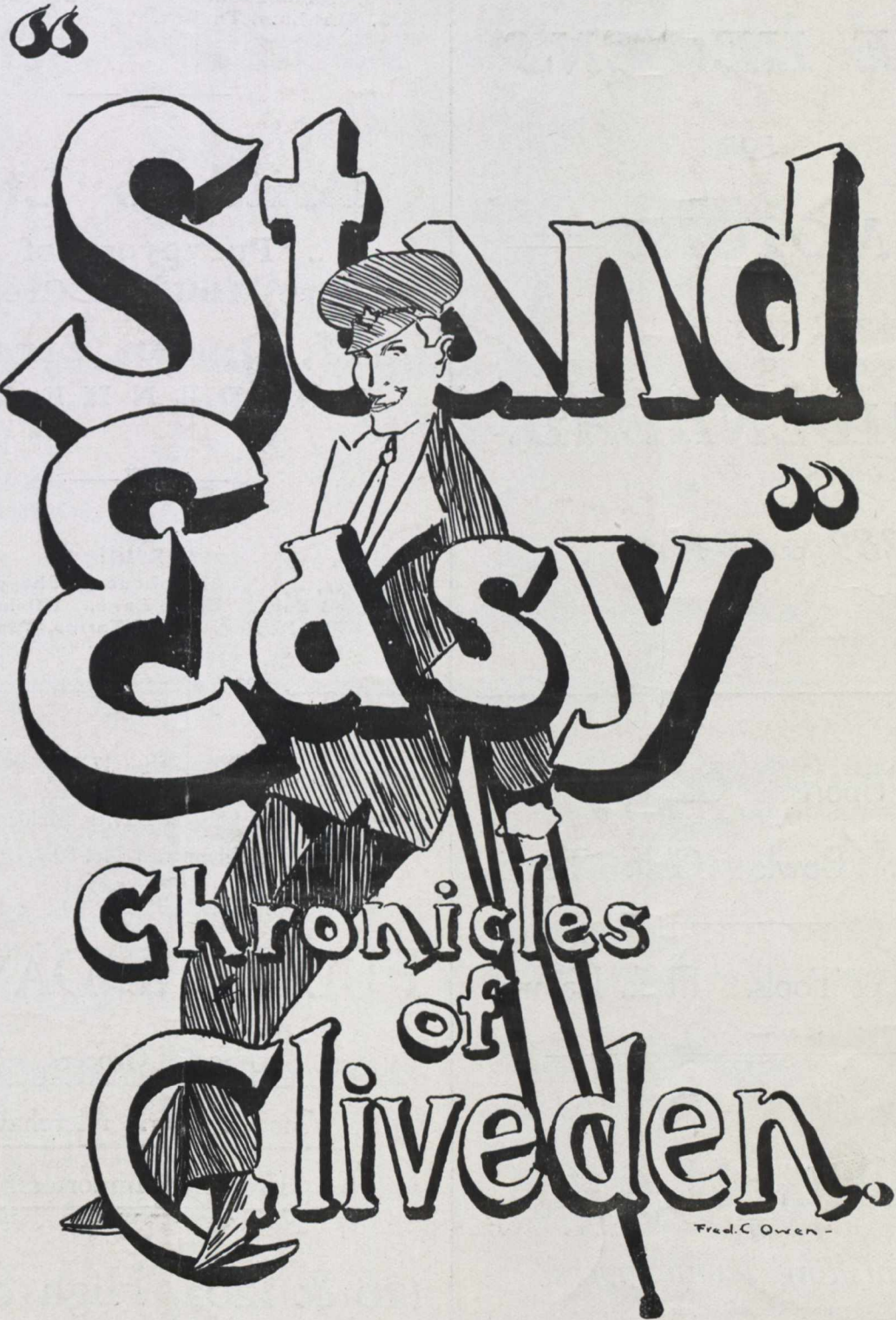


VOL. I., No. 18. FEBRUARY 23RD, 1918.

“
Stand
Easy”
Chronicles
of
Cliveden.
Fred. C. Owen -



THREEPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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RICHARD HOPE,

THE Smokers' Specialist, :: Maidenhead.

Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 18.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23RD, 1918.

THREEPENCE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ... MAJOR J. D. MORGAN.

EDITORIAL STAFF ... (PTR. W. C. PIKE.
GNER. A. S. BARTLETT.
A./SERGT. BAKER.

SOME years ago a fictitious tale appeared in a magazine, describing how a great nation at war was reduced to helplessness through the enemy gaining, in some mysterious manner, the control of every source of electrical energy in the country. Having accomplished this, the supply of electricity was cut off, and practically everything brought to a standstill.

The story was written with the object of calling the readers attention to the enormous extent to which electricity enters into our everyday life. Yet how surprisingly indifferent we are in recognising this fact, nor do we stop to realize what it would mean to us if the multitudinous methods in which we have grown accustomed to using electrical energy were suddenly rendered useless. We would at once drop back in the scale of human progress two hundred years. Fortunately for us such a thing cannot happen, but it is a theme which may well give us food for thought.

Consider, for example, the extent to which electricity is employed in overcoming the transport problems of to-day—the trams, boats, automobiles, luggage trucks, and so on, which are propelled by electricity. Think how many factories depend on electricity for their driving power, and, in fact, how few trades there are but employ it in some manner or another. What would happen in London, and still more in New York, if electric lighting was suddenly rendered impossible? Remember the increasing use we make of the telephone and the telegraph, particularly in its “wireless” form. Think also to what extent science, in all its branches, is indebted to electricity. As an example, what a difference it would make in our modern hospitals were it not available as an aid in the treatment of the sick and wounded.

Is it not astonishing, therefore, that with all this intimate association with the manifestations of electrical energy so few of us know anything about it?

Is it not strange that most of us can go on

day after day, witnessing the marvels of electricity everywhere about us, without becoming possessed of an overpowering curiosity to know something of their origin? Mystery and superstition have always surrounded every department of electrical science.

How many millions there are who nightly “turn on the electric light,” accepting as a matter of course the brilliant illumination which follows this simple act, nor giving a passing thought to the whys and wherefores of this marvel of modern science!

How few there are who, although times innumerable they use the electric bell at someone’s doorway, have the remotest idea as to why the bell rings when they press the button! They merely accept it as a matter of fact, and give it no second thought. Fortunately for the world “and all that dwell therein,” there are exceptions to this general rule. There are the scientists, who make it their life-work to probe the mysteries of Nature which surround them. Bitter disappointment is often their only reward, and yet, to succeed, they must persevere. “If at first you don’t succeed, try, try again” must be the slogan of all who would attain success in scientific research.

Now and again patience “has its own reward,” and some new truth is added to our slow accumulation of knowledge.

Only thus can science continue to progress.

Dodging round the lamp-posts,

Slipping off the kerb,

Taking home the Basses,

Smoking of the herb,

Nodding to a pillar-box—

Thinking it a pall—

Using of the darkness

Stronger words than dal.”

Scraping round the keyhole,

Stumbling on the mat,

Knocking down the hat-stand,

Sitting on the cat.

Some, who hear the noises,

Cry “A Zeppelin’s here,”

The neighbours think it’s Germans—

The household knows it’s beer.

Pinkie decides.

"And so, Pinkie, dear, I should seriously consider the matter," Mrs. Blake said finally. Pinkie rested her head on her hand half wearily.

"You like him?" pursued her mother.

"Oh, yes, I like him."

"And respect him?"

"Yes."

"What more do you want?" triumphantly bringing her argument to a close.

"Love," said Pinkie quietly.

"You're not hankering after Julien McDermott, I hope," enquired Mrs. Blake anxiously—"a thief."

"He was not proved a thief," the girl flared.

"Nevertheless, he left this country, dear, under suspicion, and is lost in the backwoods somewhere. He will never come back to you—he knows that would be impossible; so why think of him. You cannot remain a single woman for ever, and Basil Brooke has everything to offer you. Think twice, Pinkie, before you reject him," pleaded her mother. "You know," she continued, "his being billeted on us will render it an especially difficult situation if you refuse him definitely. Such a thing would never have happened outside a six-shilling novel," the mother grumbled, "and now this; I suppose he wants to be here on a decisive footing, and of course it would be better," she meandered on discursively, "especially as there is some other young officer coming, too, as well as Major Dear. Where does Basil join his new regiment, here or at Worcester?"

"Here," answered Pinkie, without enthusiasm. "Mother," she said suddenly, "did it ever occur to you that Julien was shielding someone?"

"Oh, dear," answered Mrs. Blake, "I do wish you'd keep your mind to the subject in hand."

"All right, mother," Pinkie answered sweetly, "I'll do my best, don't you worry, dear, we'll see how much I like Basil when I see him again; I must wait till then. When do they come?"

"Any time to-morrow—I must go and see about their rooms."

"What is the third man's name?" asked Pinkie.

"They didn't say; we shall soon find out I suppose. By the way, weren't Basil and Julien friends at one time?"

"Yes, they knew each other quite well, I believe, but Basil will never speak of Julien; says he doesn't like kicking a man when he's down—he never knew we were practically engaged."

"Of course you won't tell him, will you?" said Mrs. Blake.

"Why not? I shall not marry Basil without telling him," answered Pinkie quickly, "I'm not ashamed of Julien."

"Just as you think, dear," sighed her mother, "but the money did disappear, and Julien left the country because it was too hot for him, and Basil might not like your having been in anyway connected with him."

* * * * *

Pinkie slipped into one of her prettiest frocks; the guests were in the house although she had not seen them. They had arrived while she and her mother were dressing. She'd heard the distant sound of men's voices, but had not distinguished Basil's, she supposed he was there too, but perhaps he'd not arrived yet. She hoped he would not come until the next day, when she might have arrived at some decision concerning her answer to him.

Downstairs everything was in order, but she still wanted to take a vase of flowers into the boudoir. As she went into the dimly lit room, holding the vase in front of her, she became aware of a khaki figure standing with his back to her.

"Oh, how do you do?" she said. "Excuse me, I must put this here first," and she turned and placed the vase on the piano.

"You are," she continued, turning.

"I am just one."

"Julien, you! I—I can't bear it."

"You shan't have to, dear, that's why I sent for you."

"I—I received no notice—that it was you."

"It's me all right, but don't you worry, I'm going to clear right out; of course, you've got a new maid, and she didn't know me."

"We've had many new ones since you were here, Julien."

"Of course you have, dear. Oh, I am sorry, I am not supposed to call you that, am I?" whimsically, "I'm a thief."

"No, of course not, and I won't have you saying it, either."

"I won't then, you—dear."

"Who are you shielding, Julien?"

"Oh, I don't know—a blighter who's not

worth it, I suppose."

"He's a mean beast, whoever he is, to let you," said Pinkie scornfully.

"Yes, but so long as you don't believe it, it's all right. By the way, you haven't shaken hands with me yet. What is it especially you couldn't bear, dear, two moments since?"

"Oh," winced Pinkie as he seized her hand.

"Shall I go away again? I'm in the Imperials, and have only just won my commission, but nothing shall hurt you."

"Let one think, oh! let me think!"

"I can't do that, dear—the others will be down in a moment, we must decide. Shall I desert?" He drew her into his arms. "Then at least let me say good-bye properly this time." He sought her lips.

"I lost you once, I lost you once," she cried piteously.

"Hush, dear, hush, the Major might hear you; he knows about me, Pinkie, and—it's only fair to tell you he knows who did it; he's been my pal all through; I had to be vindicated before one man, so showed him the proofs of my honesty, and he knows the reason why I couldn't tell the world. Will you believe me, dear, when I tell that to have told the truth then would have killed a human soul, and it was not worth it—but she is dead now, and died believing in the one thing that made life worth living for her—she was very good to me."—Julien's voice trailed off as he heard the sound of men's voices. He loosened Pinkie—surely that voice, those accents—. Much stirred, he strode across the room and flung open the door. In the hall his eyes met those of Basil Brooke.

"What are you doing here?" said Julien haughtily.

"I might ask what are you doing here?" countered Brooke, trying to read Julien's attitude for his future guidance, "but I wot, I'll merely say I've been billeted here under Major Dear," jauntily. "You are Major Dear, are you not?" Turning, he said, "I'm Brooke, Basil Brooke."

The Major started now he understood. "Oh," he said quietly, "so you're the cur that has let our friend here remain under the stigma of crime for three years? Because you couldn't pay your debts you let the world think McDermott a thief, and to save your mother's life he bore the brunt. You could have owned up six months ago, but you didn't; curs like you

wouldn't. Now—get out of this before Mrs. Blake comes down. I'll apologise for you," he added sarcastically. "This can remain a secret between us four—that's what you wish, eh, McDermott? You will get billeted elsewhere, and bear yourself decently; McDermott has won his spurs, he doesn't need any help or explanation—now."

Brooke, who had faced the Major, turned slowly round, his livid face, with hunted eyes, sought McDermott's, only to see him standing coldly aloof, while one arm was flung protectingly around Pinkie.

K. HITCHCOCK.

The War Lord's Rest.

I wonder if the Kaiser's sleep is sound,

Or if, in dreams that startle him awake,
He hears dead voices issue from the ground,

And sees the ghosts of fallen heroes shake
Their grisly fists before his staring eyes;

I wonder if about the Imperial bed,
He does not feel a force malignant rise—
The living curses of the murdered dead!

I wonder if the Kaiser's sleep is sound,

Or if, in eerie stretches of the night,
He faces God in terrible affright,

The God he has blasphemed, [crowned
With Prussian bays, for Prussian deeds of hate!

I wonder if he finds true rest in sleep,
While little children moan and women weep,
Because his lust for Empire waxed too great!
He drew the sword and drenched the world in
blood;

He plunged mankind in agony profound;
I wonder if, amid the crimson flood,
The Kaiser' sleep is sound.

R. H. POOLE.

A RAID INCIDENT.

Two special constables met on Maidenhead Bridge on the night of an air raid alarm. They were to patrol the banks of the river. After exchanging a few words, one started on his beat, but was soon recalled by the vigorous whistle-blast of his mate. "Bomb!" cried the latter. "Where?" asked the returning special. "Saw it shining in the shadow there—quite hot—threw it in the river," excitedly replied No. 2. "Good heavens! That's my wife's vacuum flask, full of tea, you've got rid of!" gasped the other.

Ward Notes.

A., B., C., and D.

An old-timer has left in "civies." Best of luck, "Yorkie." Our friend and linguist, P—e, has gone to G.2. Anyone wishing to become efficient in any of his nine languages, please refer to him there.

A CRY FOR HELP.

The U-boat commander stood on the submarine deck, Grasping a British baby by the scruff of the neck. "So you defied our sea supremacy," cried he, But the babe only cried, "E, e, e, e."

At the terrible sound the commander turned white, And out of the sea a periscope came in sight, And the next thing he knew, he'd been torpedoed through By His Majesty's submarine, E.22.

We've lost another Sister. Gosh! it's as bad as the front-line trenches. That makes our third in three weeks.

Lockeritis is prevalent and virulent.

There is still a surplus of "Put a sock in it." I wish someone would invent another.

Thanks are due to our Sisters for the nice lay-out on Thursday, the 14th. Some feed, believe us.

Things we wish to know—

Who is the D. ward Gunner who is so much in love that he forgets to put the sheets in his bed?

What is the newly-found interest in golf? or is it a camouflage?

Why our new step-dancer is so much in love with the English lassies?

Where the young man in bed 19 got his recipe for cakebread?

Why his bed-partner appreciates this recipe so much?

Why it feels so cold in the washroom these days? Is it because our hot-air radiator has gone?

Who is the Gunner who has a speciality in grass widows? Is there "method in his madness?"

Who is the A ward man who offered to help him out of his embarrassment?

Who is this Sister who suggested that the picture cover of "Canada in Khaki," No. 2, would be alright if it only were an officer?

Who is our youthful golf instructor? Where did he learn the game?

G.1.

Our best shell imitator has returned from his ten days' leave. Wherever he has been we do not know. Though he stretched it to about 20 days, yet we wonder why he returned so early.

Since Xmas our ward has developed a mania for tin whistle artists, under the leadership of (Bandmaster) Spence. Now we have an expert from the C.F.C., who, no doubt, will give lessons to admiring friends—fees not yet fixed.

Things we want to know—

What does the dentist think of G.1 as a whole? (Not much bon! eh?)

Why certain patients delight in smoking out of hours?

If one of the patients will shortly become an expert sniper?

What happens at the extreme end of the ward when the lights are low? S'hush!

If Sister-in-charge will bring us any rock back when she returns from her leave?

If N.C.O.'s are not in charge of the ward in the absence of the Sister, and, if that is so, do they not appreciate their responsibility? Also where is the good example?

G.2.

We wonder why our fellow sufferers across the way have not summarily executed the gentleman who daily tortures our

frail nerves with awful renderings upon a bugle? We would recommend Pte. M— either to learn to play the instrument, or to consign it to the depths of Father Thames, otherwise we shall be compelled to take further steps in the matter. This is not a threat—but a promise!

We have a man in this ward with an Irish name, who says he is a Scotchman. His father was Irish, his mother was Scotch, he was born on a Norwegian Steam Packet, commanded by a Welshman, in Chinese waters. Anybody solving the riddle of his nationality will be rewarded.

Things we should like to know—

What "Rasperry" said when the small boy was heard to remark: "That's 'im, Bill, 'e takes my sister aht, an' all"?

Are bacon rinds and sausage skins essential ingredients of breakfast pudding?

J.1.

These are the notes from Ward J.1, Written in jingle to provide some fun.

We have stuck so long to simple prose,

Why we should rhyme the Lord only knows,

Some have left and some have come,

And Rookies' work is never done.

He's on the quest from morn till night,

And puts them all in order quite.

Dawson now has gone to stay

In his home of sunshine, far away.

He had the kitchen job down pat;

They put him there to make him fat.

He never worked; we are sure he is leaner;

For the chances are he is on a steamer.

We still have Alex Cuthbert, who lately got his blues;

If the Q.M. heard his accent, he'd have kilts instead of trews.

And Joek, his trusty crony, has to isolation gone,

We miss him, so does Cuthbert, for these two were as one.

And then old Daddy Robertson, the songster of the morn;

They are going to squash his diet sheet, and feed him on plain corn.

Our Sisters still go once a week to see a show in London,

The bombs and things that Fritzie flings, they never seem to mind them.

K.2.

Who is it that passes his leisure moments in the childish pastime of making French beds for his companions? Rumour hath it that our "Flying Probe Merchant" could elucidate the mystery.

"Frank," our "Flying Waiter," is becoming a trifle more proficient with the violin. But do take it out into the bush, "Frank."

Our old friend, "Black Jack," has now become a study in black and white. He is getting quite a handsome fellow in these days.

Who is the fellow who wished to know what a London Cockney's nationality was? Did he think it was "Long Island"?

ALEX. 1.

Still going strong in this ward! There have been no changes in the staff (thank heaven) except that we have lost one of our orderlies, one Stewart by name. He was a good old scout, chiefly noted for his cheerfulness, and we shall miss him.

Sister McD—'s latest joke is "whether we would rather have a knock on the head or a 'waac' on the knee?" "Waacs" all the time say we!

We are anxious to know—

Who is the small dog with the long tail?

If Sgt. Brown is not the most patriotic man in the ward when his stomach rebels against Turkish delight?

What makes Scottie think it a cowardly act to take a young lady's shoe off in a train? Scottie has had an 'op lately, but still keeps smiling.

Whether the only way for Dowling to get a mug of tea is to ask for a dose of salts?

ALEX. 2.

We are greatly pleased with the transformation that has taken place in the ward since the advent of our new Sister-in-Charge and her colleagues. If you can find a better staff (we should worry).

THOUGHTS.

We have five nice Sisters,
Each one of the best,
Who are making this ward
Quite a haven of rest.

ECONOMISE.

Don't use your crutches, Jock, old boy,
When you travel round about,
Just keep them by for souvenirs,
Or you'll wear the rubbers out.

Our farmyard has increased one (Gobbler).

Things we would like to know—

If a submarine can submerge 30 feet in one minute, how long will it take the night orderly to get from the kitchen to a bed-patient?

When will that Lancashire midget cease his rattle?

ONTARIO 1.

More fate to Ontario 1. We have lost our Jew-el—and some quids, too.

Well, Barney, the news has reached us to the effect that some artistic artist, while in the presence of the inseparable six, not far from Taplow, undertook to paint your observers. We would like to know if it is a real fact that the Provost Sergeant's wheel back-fired while hastening to the scene of decorations? A little more oil, Sergeant!

This ward has become noted for its unpleasant reminders of the front line, as our esteemed night orderly is an expert at imitations. Directly after lights-out we hear a thundering noise, not unlike the approach of a column of Tanks on a Belgian road, but on awakening we find it's only Steve walking about in his heavies, endeavouring to see that all windows are open!

Why does our genial Corporal dash off to London in the morning, only to return at lights-out?

Are the seven Sisters causing this unrest? Why seven?

Why did the Mulligan Battery don kilts?

ONTARIO 2.

Who was it who amused themselves by opening the windows the other night? We think the culprit must have been accustomed to the conditions prevalent at Long Island. Did the Sister worry? Not a mite, by heck!

Will the other wards kindly note that we have a k(nut) to spare. We can recommend him as being particularly harmless, his chief amusement being to play the giddy goat with the bed quilt.

Who was the patient from Ontario 1 who was responsible for taking our appetites away the other morning? He should be careful, as rumour hath it that the coffee actually stood on its dignity, and refused to work.

Why does our night orderly place a blanket over the ward window? Does he imagine that anybody is going to get out of bed in the wee sma' hours to wake him up? Sleep on, my child?

CORRECT!

Things were very quiet in the "supports," and two or three men were comparing notes on well-known proverbs. Amongst others under consideration came "A wish is as good as a nod to a blind horse." Private Thompson thought he would try his hand at improving this sentence, with the following result:—"A spasmodic movement of the optic is as adequate as a slight inclination of the cranium to an equine quadruped devoid of its visionary capacities."

Dead silence for three minutes!

OUR SISTER.

She's a darling, she's an angel, in the ward supreme she reigns. With her nimble little fingers she cures your aches and pains. Her hand it always feels so cool, when she strokes your burning head;

She's "great" at fixing pillows and at tidying up your bed; But in spite of all these qualities, she's one fault—can you guess?

Well I'll tell you—she's a demon, when your locker's in a mess.
H.J.B., K.2.

A Remedy.

Said Bill to me, in a dug-out one day,
"Do you suffer from Chats very much, by the way?"
I replied with a sad, sad smile, "Too true,
I've got three varieties—red, black, and blue."
Said Bill, "I've a cure, and I'm open to tell,
But to do the thing sure you must find a deep well,
Then take off your shirt, and spread on the brink,
The beggars are bound to come out for a drink;
Lie low till the last one has jumped down the well,
Then grab your shirt, man, and track it like —."
"CHURCHWARDEN," V.A.D., High Wycombe.

Old Cambrai.

To the east of Villers Guislain, in a camouflaged O.P.,
There's a little Boche a-sitting, and he's waiting there for me;
For the wind is round at danger, and I think I hear him say:
"Come ye back, you British soldier, on the road to old Cambrai."

On the road to old Cambrai,
Where old Hindy's army lay,
And they rum-jarred us like blazes
Every night and every day.
On the road to old Cambrai,
Where dear Jerry earned his pay,
When we gave him hell, and Tommy,
Out of Frimley, 'cross the way.

Oh, his cap was blue and scarlet, and his face was down and glum,
And he tightened up his waistbelt, for his rations hadn't come.
When I first set eyes upon him, he was shooting good and free,
And a-wasting Christian bullets on a shattered stump of tree.
On the road to old Cambrai, etc.

Blessed bit of shell-strafted tree, which the blighter thought was me—
Precious lot he thought of tree stumps, when I plugged him cheerfully.
But we've left him to his sniping, and he's very far away,
For there aint no buses running from Beaumetz to old Cambrai.
On the road to old Cambrai, etc.

But the Verey lights are flashing, and its there that I would be,
Plugging S.A.A. at Jerry in a camouflaged O.P.
Ship me somewhere east of Villers, where the duck-board's deep in mud,
And there aint no wine and women, only noise, and bones, and blood.
On the road to old Cambrai, etc.

Though I'm in a cosy billet, with a bed that has its charms,
And the only Boches near me are a-working on the farms.
Working slow-like on the farms, with a sentry sloping arms
They've forgotten what they went through in the midst of war's alarms.
On the road to old Cambrai, etc.

Jack Canuck.

ADAM had his faults, but he was never sued for breach of promise.

Billy Sunday.

EPIGRAMS FROM A RECENT SPEECH.

Billy Sunday, the great American Evangelist and ex-baseball player, is reputed to have made more money than anyone else in the world by his preaching.

He commands huge audiences wherever he speaks, and the following epigrams, excerpted from one of his recent speeches, would seem to indicate that he is as strong for patriotism as he is for religion:

"The Kaiser says God and he are partners. Not so! The Kaiser has the devil backed off the boards and fanning for air."

"The hell the Kaiser has raised on earth makes the hell below look like a sideshow."

"As for lying, the Kaiser has Ananias out-distanced so far you can't see the dust."

"As I have said before, turn hell upside down, and you'll find 'Made in Germany' on the bottom."

"No man can be true to his God who is not true to his country. Patriotism and religion are twin brothers."

"If you pour sunshine into a rat-hole you destroy it as a home for the rat. Let's uncover sedition where it may lurk."

"We've got some croakers, but God has no use for a man who slanders his country, and no battle was ever won with the flag at half-mast."

"When Germany turned from Jesus Christ to Krupp, she lost out."

"If you enjoy the nation's blessings you've got to share her sorrows."

"Pacifism and indifference now are evidence of treason. A pacifist is a Judas Iscariot."

"And this cursed Hohenzollern gang, we'll dig its grave so deep they won't hear the toot of Gabriel's horn."

"Man is like a chicken—he's no good with no sand in his craw."

Staff Notes.

We would like to know why the troops are cutting the fringe off their towels? Has it any connection with the order that all towels shall be hung with the fringe inside.

The youthful Sergeant is in hopes of getting his ticket before the next Medical Board, as he had a very narrow escape of being detained

while escorting a mental case the other day. According to his own story, upon entering the A.S.Y.L.U.M., the Medical Officer mistook him for the patient, and if it had not been for the police escort accompanying him, we fear he would have had a hard time convincing the Officer of his identity.

We heartily congratulate our esteemed comrade, Sergeant Trew, on his promotion, but regret that the feast provided in the Sergeants' Mess, upon his entry, included Soup a-la-soap (a large piece of carbolic soap having been found at the bottom of the pot). One very young Sergeant enjoyed two or three helpings. We sincerely hope it did not prove to be a "Wash Out."

While on the subject of "eats," we might remark that individual rations of bread will soon be quite in order, if one of the newly attached section of R.E.'s cannot voluntarily do with less than *nine* slices for breakfast! This sort of thing would soon win the war for Kaiser Bill, and the gentleman with the funny name surely needs checking!

It is rumoured that one of the members of the Maple Leaf Club, at one of their recent dances, found it much more to his taste to administer first aid to the lady's ankle than to engage in the dancing. 'Twas ever thus! Just one more instance of the "moth and candle" story! That's all!!

They tell us that one of the personnel is always on hand when the 6.30 p.m. train arrives at Bourne End. "Alas, poor Yorick," he rideth for a fall. The lady is a butterfly trifle!

On the Parade Ground.—

After the muster parade, Pte. Richards stepped up to answer the question, "Medical or Surgical?" for Board classification. "What is your disability?" queried the adjutant. "Infantry, sir," promptly replied the private. The question in abeyance is, did he mean it?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hardup—You cannot get a new bootlace unless a special Board of Enquiry has condemned your old one.

Hut Orderly wants to know "if it is true that soap is to be issued every Saturday morning?" We "soapose" it is.

"Patient"—Yes, the "Contractor Sgt." is in charge of the Fire Brigade, we understand.

All About Love.

By LIEUT. LEOPOLD SPERO.

"Can you tell me, Horace," inquired Private Enery Ball, "when and by what signs a feller can tell as he's in love?"

Private Horace Winbolt, late of London University, pondered a moment. "I would like to help you, Enery," he said, "but you must understand that you have posed me a very difficult question, and one that is not easily answered on the spur of the moment. Fortunately, we have the records of literature, ancient and modern, to guide us——"

"I know, old sport," interrupted Private Ball, with a certain impatience. "But I didn't want to put you to a lot of trouble. You needn't bother about the frills. All I want is a pointer, something I can get 'old of."

Private Horace Winbolt shifted his legs around and tucked some straw into the hollow of his knees. Then he leaned back in luxurious meditation against the wall of the stable which was his billet and puffed thoughtfully at a ration cigarette.

"A pointer," he repeated.

"That's it," said Private Ball. "Just so's I can get a line on it, so to speak."

"May I inquire if you believe yourself to be in the romantic condition of which we are speaking?" asked Private Winbolt.

"Now, what a question, expostulated the other. "Aint I asking *you*?"

"But you must tell me something about your symptoms."

"I won't do that."

"Why not?"

"Because I want you to tell me the kind of symptoms I ought to 'ave. Then I can tell if I've got 'em. If I 'ave, I may call on you for more advice as to 'ow to get rid of them."

"You may not want to get rid of them, Enery. Some people have liked being in love. There was Hero and Leander——"

"I'm fed up with 'eroes."

"This one was a lady."

"Then w'y not call her a *neroine*, which is proper?"

Private Winbolt clicked his teeth. "You can't expect me to help you if you will keep on interrupting."

"I won't say a thing," said Private Ball, penitently, "except what you ask me. Go on, boy, and I'll give you your 'ead."

"Well," said Private Winbolt, "if you are in love, first of all you should experience a warm glow."

"Wot! in this weather?"

"Yes, whenever you hear from or see the beloved object. Do you feel that way at all?"

"Maybe I do," said Private Ball, judiciously, "and maybe I don't. Go on!"

"After that," pursued Private Winbolt, "there should be a certain conflict between your judgment and your emotions."

"Look 'ere!" urged the seeker after truth, "don't come it like that on a feller. Draw it mild. Wot are you gettin' at, boy?"

"I will explain." Private Winbolt adopted a tone of great condescension. "Let us suppose you are interested in a certain girl."

"Carry on," said Private Ball.

"Well, let us say that after you have known her a week you see that she is rather good-looking, not bad company, smartly dressed, and shows up well in a crowd of other girls. Then another month passes, during which you see a good deal of her; and on the last day of the month it suddenly strikes you that she is an angel without wings; that her eyes are like stars in a velvet midsummer sky; that her hair is like a golden crown on a queen; that her lips are set in the perfect shape of Cupid's bow; that her voice is music; that she walks like a——"

"Like a *nactress*," suggested Private Ball, helpfully.

"Oh, shut up!" said the panegyrist, quite carried away by the sound of his own words. "If it seems to you she must always smile and be good and kind; that she could never speak a harsh word or frown at all; and when you say to yourself, 'I cannot live without her.' . . ."

"You two for trench fatigue! 'Urry up!" It was the voice of a corporal. He stuck his head through the door of the barn and rapped out his orders as one who will not be denied. Private Ball rose and donned his equipment in haste. Private Winbolt, whose thoughts were astray, proved more deliberate, arousing bitter comment from the corporal.

"Well?" he whispered, as they trudged out into the wintry twilight. "Have I given you a leader? Do you recognise any of the symptoms?"

Pte. Ball turned upon him with a chuckle. "'S alright, boy," he grinned. "I ain't the one wot's in love."—*Evening Telegram*.

When we have an Irish Kaiser.

When the war is over, laddies, just take a tip
from me,
There'll be no German submarines diving thro'
the sea,
For in Fatherland is Kaiser Bill, the guy we're
going to lick,
We shall have a brand new Kaiser, and the same
will be a Mick.

We will change the song, "Die Wacht am
Rhine," into an Irish reel,
We'll damn the pots at Potsdam with real old
Irish zeal,
And the policemen in Berlin will be Micks from
County Clare,
When we put an Irish Kaiser in the Palace
over there.

Sure in every German parkway you'll find a
sweet colleen,
The waving field of sauerkraut we'll plant with
shamrocks green,
No liverwurst or sausage when the Dutchman
takes his suds,
For he'll get corn beef and cabbage, and good
old Irish spuds.

The heathen's guns and gas bombs, we'll throw
them all away,
And make them use shillaleghs or a brick of
Irish clay,
They'll wear no iron crosses, sure its shamrocks
they will wear,
When we put an Irish Kaiser in the Palace
over there.

WHAT A SHELL DID.

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 lost his leg.

The boy had had many similar enquiries 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."

A Reverie.

My garden, just a simple old-world garden, that is all. What memories cling round the dear old place, memories that bring a queer hint of joy, and sometimes a stifled sob.

It is just a garden of memory, just a resting place after the day has spun its allotted course, a haven where one can conjure up tender thoughts and feelings in the cool of evening, when the summer sky holds the remaining wisps of red glory, and the violet night comes creeping over the hillside yonder.

In my childhood I loved the old garden, loved the yew tree that shadows the seat by the fountain, loved every dear association which clings around it, and revelled in the quaint corners which nature gave it.

I would often seat myself in the shadowed place cast by the old yew, and let my childish fancy wander to the realms of fairyland until I imagined the quaint corners were peopled by beings who could fathom my childish desires, and bring me content. But still the years roll on all too swift.

That dear old garden has seen my bitter moments, moments in which my happiness has been shattered, and well-nigh made me lose all faith in life and its struggling associations.

It was here that I said farewell to that love I thought I understood and could cherish, and be happy in complete understanding. But, alas! it was not to be. No bitter words passed between us, no recriminations, just a few broken sentences ruled the destiny of two people who had misunderstood. Shall I ever forget that farewell? I think not. The memory is too poignant, the scene too familiar.

Shall I ever forget those few low-spoken words, those eyes so strangely tender, and mine, alas! a flood of tears, just a lingering handclasp, and he was gone out of my life, and I, a huddled sob-shaken form already trying to find comfort in my thoughts. There they found me on that little seat 'neath the shade of the yew, and night had already spread its wings, and the dear stars were cradled in the sky, needle-bright on the cheek of night.

Long years have passed since then, but the memory of my old love still remains, and will till my Maker calls me. The years have left their mark. My hair has silvered now, and life's stage passes before my dimming vision, and still in the silence of the evening I sit by

the yew, and conjure those scenes again to my vision, and bless the dear old garden that brings me such remembrances. I have never regretted. I have been trying to forget, not to blame. I wonder what he is doing, and where he is. Is he happy? Please tell me, my garden, you should know.

A.S.B.

The Philosopher.

I first met the roadmender when I was taking my morning walk after breakfast, the air had a frosty bite which made me step out briskly, but he seemed to be absolutely indifferent to it. He was sitting on a heap of stones by the roadside, his round face was beet red and covered with wrinkles, which gave to him the appearance of the wisdom of years, an overcoat, which the hand of time had tinted a dark green, was thrown loosely across his shoulders, and an old hat was placed at a rakish tilt on his head; it also showed signs of wear, and well it might be, for had he not bought it to wear at his grand-daughter's wedding, "ten years ago this here autumn." He had in one hand a large chunk of bread, on top of which was a slice of fat bacon, the sight of which almost made me feel bilious, and at intervals he would take a huge mouthful and wash it down with cold tea, which was contained in a glass bottle that stood on the ground by his side. "Good morning," I said to him. "Morning," he replied, "It be a fine morning." "Yes, but a little too cold to be sitting on the roadside eating breakfast," I said. "Oh, I be used to it," said the roadmender. "I have my appetite, an' what is more, I 'ave a breakfast for it, as our old woman sed only the day afore yesterday, sed she, 'It's not everybody as 'as a breakfast these days.' These be 'ard times, sur, for lots of people; there's Mrs. White wat 'as a son in Mesefetame, she was only saying the other day, as as she hasn't been able to get a bit of bacon for two weeks, an' look at them fine pigs in that there field," he concluded. with a wave of the hand.

"Don't you get tired of mending roads all the time?" I asked him, anxious to change the subject. "Can't say as 'ow I do, an' I've been mendin' these roads round here for years; let's see, I first started when me daughter Maggie was a babby, and now she 'as four childer, and 'er man was killed in the war only two months ago. She did take on about it when she got the telegraf from the War Office, she cried fit

to break her 'art, and then she cried agen, an' I ses to the old woman, ses I, 'let 'er cry, poor gal.' It's a way women 'ave, they sure does enjoy a good cry; an' then ther's the oldest lad, Johnnie, 'e's in the soldiers, too, an' a fine boy 'e is, too; 'is mother tells me that the Curnel thinks a pile about our Johnnie. Let 'im be, ses I, it'll make a man of 'im, an' then 'e'll cum back and take your man's place, but in me 'art I'm thinking that when he comes back he'll find a fine gal, just as is dad did; young people are like animals, they forgets their parents easy, and I often thinks as it's a pity that parents can't forget their childer just as easy, it'd save a lot of aching 'arts when the young folk go.

"Anyhow' as I was sain', I've mended roads round 'ere for years' an' many's the sights I've seen, why, I once seed a chap run over, not so very far from the spot where you are just standin', an' a nice sight he was, too; he was as dead as a doornail when we picked him up, an' I thought at the time, well, it's what we'll all cum to if we only live long enough, meanin' to say, that we'll all die sum day, when our time cums.

"You were askin' me if I ever gets tired of this 'ere roadmending' job, but I can't say as 'ow I does, sumtimes I picks an' picks, an' then shovels an' shovels, an' then I breaks a few stones, then I allus 'as the nights to luk forard to. I allus goes to the 'Black Bull,' an' we allus 'as sum interestin' talks. Ther's Joe Bradley what has a brother at the War Office—he opens the door for the 'heads'—an' the things they tell 'im 'e allus tells 'is brother Joe, an' Joe allus tells us all about it at nights, not that I allus agrees with 'em 'cos what I say is, everybody 'as a brain what they can use.

"Then ther's Bill Wood as 'as been out fur-rin', why the things as 'e tells us'd surprise yer; why, 'e was tellin' us only last night that when 'e was goin' through the Red Sea, on 'is way to Africa, that it was crowded with alligators, an' the niggers on the banks wer as busy as kud be makin' bags an' purses. 'That's all right,' ses I, 'but why aint they red?'

"Well breakfast time is up, an' I 'ave to start again." With these words he laboriously arose from the stone pile, and looking into his eyes I bade him "Good morning," and saw there the placid expression that is only seen in the eyes of those who live with simple faith and contented mind apart from the swirl and rush of the "madding crowds." J.B.M.

The Friar.

Along the deathlike cloisters,
 Was heard the sound of human tread,
 The wind howled rough and boisterous,
 Like the sound of restless dead.
 All recking of the elements,
 This man, he walked abroad,
 To visit lonely tenements,
 This Brother Jagonord.

What recked he of passing dangers,
 Of the wind and lightning blast,
 His kind word for passing strangers
 Was a memory that will last.
 On mercy's errand he was bent
 To visit sick and poorly,
 By Father Jerome he was sent,
 On errand of mercy surely.

What foes had he on his way,
 Who sought to do him wrong?
 This man who worshipped day by day
 His God, by prayer and song;
 His kindness known in homesteads far,
 His words a balm on bitter thought,
 His presence ever a guiding star
 To examples that he taught.

Can you call this a wasted life,
 For a man so hale and strong?
 A ceaseless fight with moral strife,
 A fight 'twixt right and wrong.
 His days of study, nights of prayer,
 And mercy's ceaseless plead,
 Services given and words so rare,
 To those in want and need. A.S.B.

WILD transport mules would not drag
 from me the name of the detachment or part
 of the world it came from. But when I went
 into the trenches it was provided with the usual
 basket of carrier pigeons. As no messages came
 back no more pigeons were sent. Presently a
 note came down to H.Q. asking for more birds,
 as the others were very nice. Our Allies had
 eaten them!

J.C.

A flieger who rode a fast Gotha,
 Said of Britain he'd no need to botha,
 But the Royal Flying Corps gave chase to the
 boar,
 And he quickly flew home to his motha!

A Canadian's Impression of Devonshire.

The approach of Spring recalls to mind
 many pleasant holiday memories, and one of
 the writer's most enjoyable experiences was in
 the Spring of 1917. Acting on the spirit of
 the old saying, "A change is as good as a rest,"
 what could be a greater contrast to trench
 warfare than a little cycling tour in much-
 talked-of Devonshire? A fast railway trip
 from London soon took me to my objective, and
 then followed a week of almost continuous
 sight-seeing.

I had a look over the fine parish church at
 Ottery St. Mary, and, after a short stay there,
 pushed on to Exeter to view and admire its
 magnificent cathedral. My next stopping-
 points were Totnes and Torquay, the latter
 being a charming seaside resort, and, following
 some needed refreshment, I crossed along the
 South to Dartmouth—a very beautiful town.
 Looking from Dartmouth Castle to God-my-
 Rock (pronounced "Go'mrock") Castle, and also
 in a Southerly direction over the mouth of the
 River Dart, some glorious views are to be had,
 and it was with a feeling of real regret that I
 left this town for points further north. How-
 ever, time was limited, and there remained
 quite a lot to do to complete my schedule. A
 visit to a lovely gorge and cascade at Lydford
 proved a rare tit-bit. Next came the twin
 towns of Lynton and Lynmouth, where my
 first thought was for a refreshing swim. The
 Valley of Rocks and Watersmeet—two charming
 spots—well repaid the time spent in visiting
 them, the latter being a very pretty meeting-
 place of two streams. In this district the
 countryside is delightful, well worth travelling
 a long distance to see.

My machine ran well, the roads were
 splendid, and punctures few. Coming after the
 very different (though potent) charm of Sas-
 katchewan prairie districts, the scenery on all
 hands makes a most pleasing contrast, and the
 writer registered a mental vow, if all goes well,
 to repeat the trip—with more time and a more
 thorough exploration of small towns and
 byways on the next occasion. "CYCLIST."

HOWEVER unpleasant a food shortage will
 be for most of us, there will always be some
 bone of contention to feed the lawyers.

Sports, Amusements, &c.

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

Very hearty thanks to the following ladies and gentlemen is tendered for the generous hospitality extended to the patients during the past two weeks: Mr. Gude (Maidenhead Skating Rink), the proprietors (Maidenhead Picture Palace), Mr. Spindler, Mrs. Dykes, Hon. Mrs. Waldorf Astor, Maidenhead Girls' School, Mrs. Skimming, Mrs. Archie Baker, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Howard Vyse, Mrs. Foster, Miss Barry, Mr. Cunliffe Owen (Bray), Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Collins (Drury Lane Theatre Party), Miss Roberts, Lady Vansittart Neale, Mrs. Oppenheimer, Mrs. Griffin (Marlow), Mr. Wagg, Mrs. Crocker Rees and Mrs. Bird, Capt. Jno. McNeel, and Mrs. Macdona.

CONCERTS, &c.

The appreciation of everyone is due to the following ladies and gentlemen who have provided such high-class entertainment during the past two weeks: The Oscar Asche Dramatic Society, Mr. Allen Wacker (lecture), Professional Classes War Relief Concert Party, "Madcaps" Concert Party, Will Owen, (artist and lecturer), "Some" Concert Party, American Band, Canadian Record Office Concert Party (under the management of Major Brown), Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Morley Peel Dramatic Society, Maidenhead Chess Club, Slough Female Munition Workers (Football Match, 23rd inst.)

V.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

We much regret the serious illness of Mrs. Priestley (one of our Quarter-Masters), but are thankful that the latest report is a decided improvement. We trust it may be maintained.

Miss Affleck, Commandant of the 52nd detachment, was decorated by the King with the M.B.E. order on Wednesday, Feb. 13th. Mrs. Gubbins' ceremony takes place the end of this month.

Our Commandant was much complimented at our monthly board for the way she grappled



with food statistics and returns—vital questions in these days.

We were pleased the "Dancer" and Sergeant called in to see us again—to hear news of some old friends.

Our "nightingale" delights the boys with some songs most evenings. He has a most wonderful voice.

Our thanks to the following: Mr. Brocklehurst and party, and Mr. Lanham (songs, illustrated by lantern); Gr. Harding and Gr. Davis, Misses Bayly, Stevenson and Fenick (Sunday evening music); Soldiers' Club, Crendon Street (concert); Mrs. Broom and Mrs. Gardner (whist drive prizes).

We regret to lose Gr. Stace, our M.C., who has so successfully run the whist drives for so long. Our best thanks to him.

Wanted.—A few more members for our Debating Society. Every subject imaginable discussed. Those desirous of joining kindly apply to our morning nurse and tea-leaf manipulator.

"Good morning, Nursey." We hear this remarkable greeting at 5.45 a.m., prompt, every morning. A quick change is preferred to this.

Things we would like to know—

Why is it a certain patient in No. 5 ward suddenly had a desire to be a bed-patient again, after returning from on late pass the night previous? What was the cause of it all? Hush! Nuff said!

Why does Pussy sleep with the board at his head?

Who is it who has contracted the habit of wearing two pairs of socks? Is he afraid of developing trench-feet?

Why does not Puss smoke his churchwarden these days? Perhaps his chum has run out of tobacco.

Who proceeded half-way across the lounge, and then returned for his stick?

When the long-wanted pair of steps will be available for the benefit of some of our beloved nurses?

Why is it we do not hear "Birdy" singing these days?

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


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