

THEY TALKED OF HITLER.

"To think that any man should sink solo," said a cardplayer.

"His actions are not cricket," said the man in flannels, "but we'll stump him yet. we'll bowl him out, all right; we'll hit him to leg."

"That must be our goal," said the man in the guernsey.

"We'll slam him to blazes," breathed the bridge-player fiercely.

"Domino him!" briefly grunted the man who played on the pub bar.

"Too right, we'll euchre him," was the contribution of the third card-player.

"We'll put him in a huff," said the draughts-player.

"Checkmate him," put in the chess-player.

"Put the curb on him, and when he looks for a run on the rails we'll stiffen him," said the horsey man.

"We'll beat him by hook or by crook, make his ships sinkers, break his lines and give him the rod," declared the fisherman.

"He got on his bike about things, but he'll soon be tired," said the cyclist.

"He'll never beat our aces; and when he attacks our placements he'll find he's lost his advantage," quoth the man with the racquet.

"And he'll be beaten by our cannons. We'll put him on the spot and run him into a pocket," observed the billiardist.

"Put' him through the hoops," was the croquet-player's remark.

"He ought to be shot," said the publican.

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VISUAL.

Many a girl who goes to a King's Cross party looking a perfect vision, comes away looking a perfect sight.

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ENVIRONMENT.

Then there was the guest in Surry Hills who, when asked for a nut-cracker passed a bottle of beer.

THE KISS.

The small car skidded round the corner, jumped into the air, knocked down a lamp-post, smacked four cars, ran over a dog, into a fence, and then stopped. A blonde climbed out of the wreck. "Darling," she exclaimed, "that's what I call a kiss."

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'Gosh! Some high dive, mate!
But I can't say your swimming's
up to much!'

"Daily Mirror"

TINNY.

During the Great War a dainty nurse asked the canteen sergeant to give her a quantity of meat tins and jam tins, which he agreed to do, and had them sent down to the nurses' quarters.

A few days later nurse came along and said to the sergeant: "Do you remember those tins you let me have?"

"Yes," said the sarge, "were they what you wanted?"

Nurse: "Oh, yes; but I made some terrible bloomers with them."

Sarge: "Cripes, Nurse, no wonder you rattle as you walk."

THE ORDEAL.

He opened his eyes and lay there gazing at the ceiling. He had hardly slept a wink, but he didn't care about that—he had a sick feeling in the stomach, the kind of feeling that you get when you know a horrible ordeal is in store for you.

There was a knocking at the door.

"I'm ready," he said.

Heavy footsteps did not raise his hopes any. In fact, the very monotony of their dull tread filled him with horror and dread of what was coming to him.

A door was opened for him and he stepped inside. His eyes dilated in terror as he looked across the room; his mouth gaped open as he realised that the time had come.

His arms were gripped from behind and a dessertspoonful of castor-oil was tipped into his mouth.

"You'll feel better for it, son," said the M.O.

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Private Brown was grumbling about the five very fat pieces of meat on his plate compared with the one very tiny piece of juicy meat, when in walked the orderly officer.

"Any complaints?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; this meat is all fat," said Private Brown.

The officer picked up a fork, deftly pinned the one juicy piece of lean and ate it.

"Tastes good to me," he said, and walked off amid the laughter of the company at Private Brown's face as he surveyed the remaining pieces of fat.

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The Germans are now broadcasting propaganda in Gaelic. Even Scots ought to see something funny in that.

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According to one writer, "the war has taken the divine spark out of motoring." Well, the spirit, anyway.