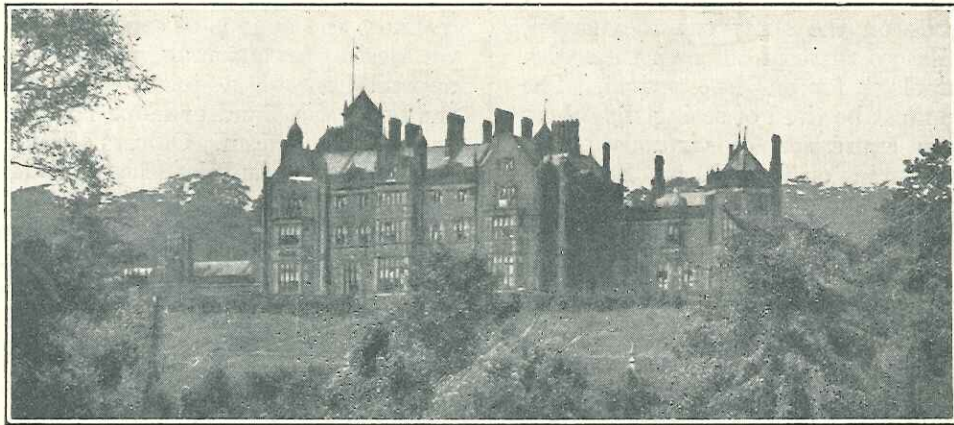


# THE WORSLEY WAIL

UNREGISTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

Being the Unofficial Chronicle of the Worsley Red Cross Hospital, Lancashire.



WORSLEY HALL.

Photo C.E.S.

Graciously lent to the East Lancashire Red Cross by the Earl of Ellesmere.

Vol. 1. No. 2.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1916.

Price 6d.

*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

THE "WORSLEY WAIL" is an accomplished fact. As our ink-begrimed and palsied fingers fumbled feverishly with the rough copy for our first issue, we confess that we had misgivings—not as to the quality—dear us, No!—but rather as to the appreciative capacity of our numerous readers. One man's jokes are another man's piffle, and the sense of humour is not a constant factor of the human composition. If it were, there would be no war, *ergo* no *Worsley Wail*.

It is hard to write without emotion of the reception our paper has been given, in a more widespread fashion than we dared to hope. We have read the opinions of the people and papers which matter, and we do not deny that we are flattered. We did *not* write these reviews ourselves, as some cynic suggested. They are spontaneous and genuine. Moreover, no one has written to say that "your paper supplies a long-felt want," or any such tosh.

The circulation of the first number justifies the *Wail's* continuance. The Red Cross has not suffered, and what is of almost equal importance, the Elusive Editors have not had to wire to Cox & Co. for an overdraft to meet the printers' bill. Parenthetically, it would not have *mattered* much if they had.

Everything now points to the fact that the *Worsley Wail* has come to stay; and the usual question arises: "How far shall we go with it?" Offers of advertisements have already come along; suggestions for its more extensive distribution have been made, and so forth. We, the Elusive Editors, however, are of the opinion that to accept advertisements would be fatal; it would destroy the very individuality of the journal.

As to its distribution, the nature of the *Wail* precludes *universal* interest in the contents thereof. Many of the quips and much of the general matter are to the outside public as so much "shop," and we can accordingly only hope to retain a sufficient circulation amongst the various members of the local hospital fraternity and their friends and relatives.

Within these limits, however, we are emphatic in coveting the *maximum* patronage. We wish to give every possible penny to the Red Cross Society, and we wish to keep the journal alive in its present character. With this end in view we shall increase the points of distribution to four, viz: the Hall Orderly at Worsley Hall, the Lodge-keeper at the Main Entrance (opposite the Church door), the book-stall at Worsley Station, and the Hall Porter at the Midland Hotel, Manchester.



A passing commentary on the keynote of this journal: Optimism. It is our Religion. Optimism has been variously defined. We consider it to be a capacity for recognising that Evil and Sorrow exist inevitably; that they are essential factors in the Scheme of Things, and none the less welcome because they enable us the more easily to realise and enjoy Beauty and Gladness in the foreground of the picture we call "Life."

Ay, *Optimism* is our Religion. Vigilance Societies, Gloomy Deans, Mrs. Grundys, and the rest of them—they may be on the short cut to Heaven, but we would rather go there in our own time with a smile and an apology for our late arrival. The Angel at the Gate must be tired of seeing the others gallop up with an expression of virtuous gloom beneath the eternal smirk on their faces. But good luck to 'em! They *mean* well!

Meanwhile, Optimism is *our* Religion, and we still believe that, given enough money, good health, food, fresh air and exercise, and a bath a day, we could break most of the Commandments without turning a remorseful hair.

So, being confirmed Optimists, it follows as night follows day that we stand for Efficiency, Courage, Unselfishness, Honesty, and all the attendant Virtues. We firmly believe in the adage that a thing worth doing is worth doing well, and in this our first dual editorial effort we have endeavoured to live up to our principles.

Efficiency stands for the Big Things in Life. The War has proved to the hilt—if proof indeed were needed—the value of Efficiency: it is up to us, and such as us, to see that the national standard is maintained and improved, and we can do that only by keeping our own standard at the highest level. See to it, then, ye men and officers of His Majesty's Army, that ye cultivate the virtues; realise the responsibilities of your positions, and remember that if you are individually but infinitesimal units in the Great Scheme, collectively you are the most important body of men in the world to-day; the power of your example is the Nation's help. *Verb. sap.*

\* \* \* \*

In conclusion, having made our principles clear, please allow us a few plain words as to general policy. It should hardly be necessary for us to mention that in bringing out this journal our main aims were (and are) to help to brighten the monotony of hospital life; to relieve the tedium of what must inevitably under the circumstances be a somewhat humdrum existence; to give offence to none, while enjoying a quiet joke at the expense of all and sundry; to provide opportunity for others to contribute to a lively little journal of mutual interest; to give honour where it is due, and criticism at times where deserved, without fear or favour; to help the staff of the Hospital in their duties as far as

humanly possible by precept, suggestion and example; to encourage humour and the spirit of cheerfulness which we verily believe is one of the greatest aids to cure and convalescence; and at present in a small, but we trust in time more substantial, way to augment the funds of the British Red Cross.

We should be sorry to think that in the conduct of this journal we might unconsciously offend the susceptibilities of anybody. Nothing is further from our ambitions. We do not intend to overstep the bounds of decorum; at the same time we desire to encourage originality and the full appreciation of a joke. We do not aspire to the level of a Band of Hope Magazine; we are not writing for children. Officers of His Majesty's Army are gentlemen, and the Elusive Editors of this *Wail* are not the men to forget that. They do not forget, either, that H.M. the King is a patron of the *Worsley Wail*, and we can say with His Majesty—

*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*



#### WHO IS HE ?

**T**HE Elusive Editor—who is he ?

*Is he on E or F or D ?*

*He certainly was with the B.E.F. ;*

*I wonder if he is dumb and deaf ?*

*I search for him everywhere, e'en in the lift ;*

*This mystery I'm determined to sift ;*

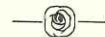
*In the wards and the woods, by the famed Western Gate—*

*Though I never get there till turned half-past eight.*  
*Does he live in the grotto—on the island fair ?*

*I forget though—it's " editors," and they work " au pair."*

*However, I'll leave you a wee while at rest,*

*May you stay here in " Blighty "—you're one of the best.*  
A " PRO."



#### TELEGRAMS.

[COPY.]

From Col. McC., — Barracks, Belfast, to his son, Lieut. C. McC., just arrived at Worsley Hospital, invalided from France :—

*" Delighted you are safely in England. Would you like us to come over ?—DAD."*

COPY OF REPLY (as sent from Worsley) :—

*" Quite at home here ; thanks awfully all the same.—CECIL."*

COPY OF REPLY (as received in Belfast) :—

*" Wife got home here ; thanks awfully all the same.—CECIL."*

[Beyond stating that the above wires were transmitted and received exactly as set out above, and explaining that telegrams from the hospital are usually 'phoned to the P.O. by the Orderly on duty, we have nothing to add save that the Colonel's first letter to his son, received the following day, was couched in the strongest terms of inquiry as to what the lad had been doing. It should further be mentioned perhaps that the young sub. is well under twenty, and that before he left for France his father had strictly enjoined him to be careful not to get into any trouble and not to bring home a French wife! Can you imagine the consternation at — Barracks? The young sub's mother came over on Wednesday—just to make sure.—ED. W.W.]



THINGS WE'D HATE TO KNOW.

Who is Bored Bertha ?

\* \* \* \*

What's she bored about ?

\* \* \* \*

Has it anything to do with Beach Thomas' brother ?

\* \* \* \*

The name of the Second-Lieutenant who was visited by his grandson on Thursday, and if they're both in the same famous regiment ?

\* \* \* \*

What the Sister and Night-Nurse on X were laughing so heartily about the other night ?

\* \* \* \*

How many officers have taken the first paragraph of this feature in our last number to refer to themselves ?

\* \* \* \*

Where is Bored Bertha ?

\* \* \*

Why hairpins and button-hooks are in such demand by the officers at Worsley ?

\* \* \*

Is it true that the beauty-prize, offered by the Night Staff, has been won by a certain gallant officer on E A ?

\* \* \*

Who are the Fresh Air Fiends who live, move, and have their being in F, and whose phrases become "frightfully phosphorescent," particularly on Saturdays, when the later and ever later visits of the Doctor shorten their hours of fresh air and freedom ?

\* \* \*

Why the gentle masseuse was discovered on the brink of tears when a certain patient in D 10 was transferred for leave ?

\* \* \* \*

Is it a fact that one of the Orderlies is betraying symptoms of Bright's disease ?

\* \* \* \*

If it is a fact that when one impatient officer asked for the cruet the other evening at dinner a full-blooded young officer, who thought his name was called, was immediately handed over the table ?

\* \* \* \*

If it is true that Captain C. objects to mushrooms being served so frequently at breakfast ?

\* \* \* \*

Whether it is true that the Eastern gate threatens to outrival the Western after dinner, and what the attraction can be ?

\* \* \* \*

How many postcards the young Afrikander receives in a week, and if they are all from his fair friends ?

Who is the gentleman who was seen absent-mindedly standing in the clothes cupboard on E floor pressing the lock in a vain attempt to reach the next floor ? Is it a case of shell shock ?

\* \* \* \*

If the young Sub. who talks so well in his sleep finds it a relief to give vent to his candid opinion of other patients in this manner ?

\* \* \* \*

Who was the party who went off in a taxi which had been previously booked, and whether the original party were not seriously inconvenienced thereby ? This is not done in the best circles.

\* \* \* \*

If the Officer who left a suspicious-looking parcel at Worsley Station in care of the station master would call for the same ? It is becoming restless.

\* \* \* \*

Whether it is true that the gentleman with whom Captain Harper, of the R.W.F.'s, held animated discourse on Thursday last at the Hall door was a representative of Antipon ?

\* \* \*

Whether the patient from Yorkshire has told the stories to his friend as promised—and were they appreciated ?

\* \* \*

Why Papa refused to have the electric battery on Monday, and if he prefers the Ward shampoo ?

\* \* \*

Whether Backus has any attendant Ganymedes ?

\* \* \*

Whether "Brer Rabbit" is improving his French ; and if the dear little lady is so perfectly dazingly beautiful as pictured ?

\* \* \* \*

Why so many temperatures had to be taken on F Floor on Monday night, and if the M.O.'s late return by the Western Gate had anything to do with it ?

\* \* \* \*

Who is the nurse who calls the Tower "No Man's Land ?"



ADVERTISEMENTS.

PERSONAL.

(Advertisements for this column must be accompanied by the full name and address of the sender, as well as P.O. for 2/-.)

BABY.—Oh, you delightful darling ! I cannot sleep at night. Must see you Western Gate, 6-30, Wednesday. Keep secret a little longer. People awfully well off.—PERCY.

LIEUT. J. T.—Shall we send the bill to your C.O. ? We cannot take your slacks back.—MACDUFF.

LIEUT. J. P. C.—Do write and send your address. Getting anxious.—DORIS.



Photo: R.R.

OFF FOR LEAVE.

Officers leaving Worsley Hall for their leave. J. T. Tyldesley driving.



Feuilleton.

## THE TEST OF THE TANNERS.

By the author of "Aubrey the Hero," &c., &c.

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I.

IT was in the late summer of 1920, and the grass on the croquet lawn at "The Poplars" was looking just a trifle *passée*. Robert Tanner, lounging carelessly in a deck-chair under the verandah, was regarding alternately with appreciative eyes the beauty of his trouser-creases and the dignity of the gardener's labours at lawn-mowing. Bob Tanner was bored, and boredom is the very devil. He had not long finished his lunch, and it seemed a long time to wait for dinner.

Violet Tanner, Bertha Tanner, and Millicent Tanner were engaged in argument, and Bob could fancy he saw a slightly purple tinge in Millicent's cheeks as she stood facing the other two in the rose-garden beyond. The purple tinge seemed to indicate rising petulance, he reflected, and sighed.

"What a pity," he mused, "that Millie won't make the best of it! How can I undermine Violet's authority when she's the senior?"

The girls returned, walking by way of the croquet lawn, and came into full view. Violet was leading, and making straight for the now interested Robert. Millie followed closely, throwing scornful glances over her shoulder at Bertha, who pouted prettily in return.

"It's no use, Robert! I can't do anything with her!" cried Violet as she confronted her husband. "Bertha and I have talked to her for half-an-hour. We told her that what was once Bertha's work must now be hers, at least, until she is confirmed in her rank. She says she won't take little Cecil out unless you say so. What am I to do?"

Robert regarded his three wives quizzically. "Am?—I mean Do?" he asked. "Do?"

He paused and took out his cigarette case and lighted up deliberately. There was silence for a minute and a half. At last he spoke. "Well, what are you to do? That's the question, isn't it?" His nose twitched and he slapped it. Violet frowned—a signal for Robert's enhanced animation.

"Millicent," he called, "come here. Can't offer you a seat, you girls—'tisn't as if there were only one of you, as in the old days. Now, Millicent, how long have we been married? Six months, isn't it?"

"Yes, Robert," faltered the now subdued junior wife, "but I'm not confirmed in my rank until next week." She twisted her hands nervously.

Toby, the household Persian, strolled gracefully across the lawn and passed under the centre hoop; arched his back, stretched himself and lay down, half of his sleek body fore and the other half aft of the hoop.

Robert drew himself up, hitched up his deck-chair a peg, smoothed his trousers and leaned forward, addressing the cat.

"These girls seem to think that I'm going to adopt the 'heavy harem' attitude towards them, and settle disputes, and award punishments. They're wrong! Wrong! Don't interrupt," he added, as no one said a word. "It isn't often I speak, but this time does it."

He glared savagely at his cigarette, which had expired, and lit another, his eyes fixed the while on the unresponsive Toby.

"It isn't often I speak, but we may as well have it out. I'm forty-two, a major—three years' service in the war, sound in brain and limb except for my left leg, and that's cork. I've three hundred a year of my own and two hundred and fifty pension from the Government—pension conditional on my marrying three times—otherwise forfeited. Married to Violet here before the war—present age, twenty-seven—two children, Mildred and Cecil—"

Mrs. Tanner, Mrs. Tanner and Mrs. Tanner sat down around him in silent encouragement. Sighs fluttered through the rose-scented air, and Bertha waited her turn.

Robert smoked reflectively and, for a fleeting instant, turned the corner of his eyes on Bertha's auburn tresses.

"Yes," he went on, "Mildred and Cecil. Then in 1918 comes Bertha; at present twenty-three years of age. Been gazetted two years—one olive-branch, Austin, junior—fine little chap!" Violet stirred uneasily, and Bertha stroked the back of her hand. "Ssh!" she whispered.

"M'yes," continued the voice, "fine little chap, but I like Cecil better." Bertha fluttered and hastily withdrew her hand

from the vicinity of Violet's. Violet patted Bertha's red-gold crown soothingly. "Ssh!" she whispered.

"Better," reiterated Robert. He eyed his cigarette doubtfully and returned his gaze to the somnolent animal in front. "Last of all, subject to alterations in the existing laws, comes Millie. Dear lil' Millie! Dear lil' Millie!"

Violet and Bertha winced, but twisted the wince into an indulgent smile, as Millicent faced them, with flushed cheeks and heaving bosom. "Ssh! Ssh!! Ssh!!!"

Robert hurried on: "Millie's nineteen—just—gazetted, but not confirmed. Confirmation papers to go in next week, if I'm satisfied! And, of course, as things go, I'm satisfied. M'yes!"

He crossed his knees, cork leg uppermost, folded his arms and pushed out his chin. "I been very lucky! Very lucky, as things go! Still, these girls'll never get on. Too well-bred, all of 'em, to admit any superiority in the others. Seniority's out of the question. Women don't understand. D—d if they do! Wish sometimes they hadn't declared peace! These girls"—he paused to light his fifth cigarette—"I love 'em all! Ssh! Not saying, mind you, that if the old conditions returned, I wouldn't keep Vi and Vi only. She's the first. I love Vi. Very fond of Bertha—very, very fond of Bertha; and Millicent—dear lil' Millie. She's a darling, too. M'yes!"

His peroration subsided for a moment and Toby opened one sleepy eye, looked at the master blearily, and pushed the lid over it again. For a moment Robert became really animated, and for the first time looked full at his three partners.

"Girls," he said, "d'you see that? That's the nearest gold-darned thing to a wink I've ever seen. Come on, let's get inside." So saying, he threw the pouting Millicent over his broad high shoulders, linking arms with Violet and Bertha, and conducted the *menage-a-quatre* to the drawing-room.

"A most interesting monologue, oh, my husband," commented the queenly Violet. "but for one little thing. You didn't settle who was to take Cecil out, and the poor fellow's been sleeping his little brains away!"

And Major Tanner, Mrs. Tanner, Mrs. Tanner and Mrs. Tanner sat down to tea.

\* \* \* \* \*

II.

There was great excitement in the village of Podsbury. Little knots of people stood gesticulating and discussing the news. The evening papers had arrived, and the sheets were being sold in furious fashion. On the faces of the people, no two expressions were alike. Some were ashen pale, as with an overpowering grief; others were in ecstasies of joy and *abandon*. Tears mingled with smiles; broken sobs and heartless guffaws were heard on every side.

"Truly an outpouring from Bedlam," thought Major Robert Tanner as he strode through High Street. He bought a paper eagerly—the *Podsbury Evening Times*—lit a cigarette, and turned to the centre page. And this is what he read:—

### THE RETURN OF MONOGAMY.

#### SENSATIONAL WAR OFFICE EXPOSURE.

#### GRAVE SCANDAL.

#### WILL THE PUBLIC STAND IT?

#### MIDNIGHT SESSION OF THE CABINET.

#### SIR H. G. WELLS RESIGNS IN A HURRY.

An epoch-making disclosure was made in the course of a secret session of the Cabinet last evening. It transpires that during the last battle of the great war, when Germany was finally overthrown, on June 18th, 1918, and when fifteen millions of prisoners were made by the various belligerent armies in the field, some two million British troops were interned at Westruben and other camps, in addition to the 1,500,000 officially acknowledged. It will be remembered that we captured four-and-a-half millions of Germans, all of whom have since been returned to their Fatherland. In exchange we received only 1,500,000, and the remainder of our casualties that day, amounting to a trifle over 2,000,000, were reported by our War Office as "missing, believed killed."

We can only deal with the matter briefly. It now appears that, pending the concessions which after two years of diplomatic wrangling we have at last made to Germany, this country kept these 2,000,000 prisoners as a hostage,



without letting the rest of Europe know of its scoundrelly intentions. So much for Germany.

Now for our War Office! It seems incredible, unthinkable; but the cold, hard facts are that *no official inquiry was ever held* as to the composition of our losses on the momentous occasion referred to!! Germany, satisfied in her demands, is now handing over these two million suffering souls, and the War Office are referring to the matter as "a clerical error in the computation of our losses."

We must be brief. A revolt is inevitable unless each individual resolves here and now to be Calm—Calm—Calm! We implore our readers to keep Calm! We must be Calm!!!

The Cabinet has done the obvious thing. It has promised to repeal the Trigamy Act at once. These 2,000,000 men—let us be calm!—will be restored to their womenfolk, past, present and potential. And all the girls who were called up under the same iniquitous Trigamy Act will be released. Sir H. G. Wells, Minister of Trigamy, whose abandoned morality is the Alpha and Omega of the Bill has resigned and left the country. Lloyd George Askwith has been recalled from the Rockies by cable to come and arbitrate. In the tempestuous interim before us all female victims of trigamous marriages—of whatever rank, whether on probation or confirmed—will be transferred to the Special Reserve of Women awaiting their discharge. In the meantime, we warn our readers to be Calm! The country is under martial law, and will remain so until the preliminaries are put in motion.

Tanner shuddered. He was stunned. He could not tell whether the news, for him, was good or bad. He dashed into the local club and drank off three whiskies and sodas, then 'phoned to the "Poplars," asking his family not to wait up for him. He strolled into the smoking room. Everybody was hysterically inebriated. Some were very drunk and ribald; others were lachrymose and religious. One member hiccoughed, as he swayed on his feet, glass in hand, "Gor blesh Germany." Tanner asked him: "What about H. G. Wells?" "Sshgoo Well? Sshgoo' job he'sh cleared—hic—d—him!"

\* \* \* \* \*

### III.

It was three months later. Major Robert Tanner had settled his huge frame in one of the capacious easy chairs in the dining room of the "Poplars." A fire was burning drowsily, and Toby, the Persian, was purring the morning hours away on the rug at Tanner's feet. Violet glided into the room and leaned over her husband's chair. She was good—very good—to look at. Under a crown of jet-black hair, piled high, her dark blue eyes flashed out their challenge to her husband, whom she now held in un-disputed possession.

"Bertha and Millicent are coming to see us to-morrow, Bob. They have arranged to come together and chaperone each other. Aren't you excited, husband mine?"

"M'yes—a little!" He drew her hands into his own. She rested her cheek on the thinning locks of his hair. "Bertha," he said, "might have waited a decent period, don't you think, before marrying that Anstruther fellow? Hardly a compliment to her late husband, is it?" He affected a long-drawn sigh.

"Poor old Bob!" murmured the only remaining Mrs. Tanner. "Of course, I'm very glad. Bertha's a dear girl, really, and she was engaged to him three years ago, long before he was taken prisoner. And, Bob, he's awfully fond of little Austin. Millicent will be engaged soon, to, to Captain Lushington. I'll see to that. Poor little thing, she is so embarrassed about it." She withdrew her hands and they came together, interlaced around the major's neck. She sighed. "I'm so grateful, darling, that your Violet was Number 1."

"M'yes!" he responded. "So'm I."

\* \* \* \* \*

### IV.

Major Robert Tanner had no reproaches for himself. As he stood on the platform waiting for the Podsbury express, he recounted the trigamous days gone by. He had always been kind to his wives—had ever conciliated and arbitrated to the best of his generous ability. He was a clean-limbed, clean-souled soldier of the best type. There were phases of his existence in those embarrassing days which he would sincerely regret; there were others which stirred him into the pleasantest retrospect. He was honestly thankful the days were gone, but he did not pretend that Bertha and Millicent were not very dear to him in a—fraternal—way. He sighed and swished at his cork leg.

The train rumbled in. Bertha and Millicent alighted, looking radiant and in infectious high spirits. "You are Mrs. Anstruther, are you not?" he asked, addressing the former; "and you," he added, smiling at the other, "must be Miss Millicent Mainwaring?"

"Dear old Bob!" they responded in chorus, and the major conducted them to a taxi.

\* \* \* \* \*

### V.

Violet must have had a very long heart to heart talk with the rebellious Millicent. Perhaps she drew her attention to the eminently sensible attitude of Bertha, whose marriage, immediately after her discharge from the Special Reserve of Women, had evoked the major's comments the day before. Perhaps the fact that Captain Lushington was contemplating a hasty transfer to the West African Frontier Force had something to do with it. The poor fellow had lost no time in reporting himself. He had raced to the "Poplars" on the very day the first batch of released prisoners had landed, before even he could discard his German uniform for something decent.

Whatever the reason, Millie was infinitely more amenable when, as a result of Mrs. Tanner's conspiracy, Lushington himself turned up at the "Poplars." Robert and his wife and Mrs. Anstruther found something to argue about in the garden after dinner, and they must have argued at length.

Captain Lushington faced Millie on the hearthrug and proposed for the very last time. "My papers go through to-morrow unless I write by to-night's post. Millie, for God's sake, be reasonable! You may be spoiling two lives," pleaded the captain.

"But, Reggie, are you *sure* you will always feel the same? Remember, dear, that I've been married already. I cannot be the Millie you used to know."

He used the only argument possible. He caught her in his arms. "If it comes to that, Millie, darling, I'm—not—exactly—a—novice—myself," he replied.

Toby, in the major's chair, opened one sleepy eye and pushed the lid over it again.

THE END.

[And about time, too!—EDITORS, W.W.]



## OUR LITTLE JACK HORNER.

*LITTLE Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner  
Gently pomading his chin.  
He'd shampoo'd his hair  
With meticulous care;  
And just then the nurse wandered in.*

*"What! Haven't you done?" she asked with a sob,  
As she patiently swabbed up the wet.  
"Oh, no," he replied,  
"My hair hasn't dried;  
Please hand me my manicure set."*

*He pasted and polished his digital tips,  
And frizzled and parted his hair;  
He "talcum'd" his face  
All over the place,  
And Eau de Cologne'd everywhere.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Little Jack Horner  
Still sits in a corner—  
He craves not for pudding or pie—  
He'd rather ensure  
A dandy coiffure—  
And says "What a good boy am I!"*



## IMPORTANT INTERVIEWS.

### I.—THE PROFESSOR.

SEEING that some doubt had been expressed as to the genuineness of the wonderful testimonials grateful patients had sent to the celebrated surgeons, Professor Chas. Gunboat and Captain McClavicle—which testimonials were printed in our first number—the Elusive Editors of the *Worsley Wail* were compelled to bring the matter to the attention of the world-famous specialists, this in protection of our unimpeachable record for veracity if for nothing else.

We first interviewed Dr. Gunboat on the subject. He received us with his accustomed urbanity and charm, though at the time he was in the first stages of a minor operation on Captain Chamberlain.

"This is important, sir," we commenced.

"Sit down," commanded the Doctor. "Nurse," he went on ruminatively, after one short quick glance at the Captain's hand and arm, and seeing at the same moment that we had squatted on the bed—"Nurse," he mused, "bring me a couple of scalpels from the theatre and a couple of chairs for these gentlemen—and see that they're sharp! The scalpels I mean," he added hastily, as he noticed one half of the Elusive Editors suddenly move from the bed.

The Captain looked on in amaze; the insouciance of the Professor was wonderful to behold.

"What is important, sir?" he queried, as he gazed hard at the Interrogative Editor, toying the while with a hefty pair of forceps on which the Captain had fixed a stony stare, as of anticipation.

"Why, sir, your testimonials—some person has presumed to cast doubt—"

"Doubt?" said the Professor in a still, hard voice. "So they have dared, have they," he added, "knowing that by all the rules and etiquette of the profession I am incapable of defending myself—what? Blood has been spilled for less than this, what?"

The Captain visibly quivered.

At the moment Nurse entered the room with an apron full of scalpels, saying, "I've tried some of them, sir" (her right thumb was dripping with blood as she spoke, making a long red trail a-winding on the spotless floor), "but they don't seem to be over-sharp."

The Captain again visibly quivered.

The Elusive Editors were also showing signs of the strain. "To get to the point, sir," they began.

"Ah, yes," agreed the Professor, daintily toying with a Kukri-shaped yet delicate scalpel. "There is only one thing to be done. You must see the writers of these testimonials. See them and make them speak. I am prevented from giving you proof, for, as you know, I cannot advertise. What?"

He turned to the Captain with a graceful motion. "Your hand, sir," he said, with a smile.

\* \* \* \*

The Elusive Editors, linking arm in arm, tripped gracefully from the ward. The first interview was over. As they shut the door there was a dull, sickening thud, as of something falling.

"What's that?" said Editor Number One.

"The Captain's hand, I expect."

### II.—Mlle. GABY DESLYS.

The Elusive Editor mused as he waited in the region of the Octagon Court. "I must take my chance," he said, gently.

"Beg pard'n, sir?"

It was the voice of the page boy.

"Ah, the very chance," replied the Editor.

"Will you deliver this message to—"

As he spoke a vision in black, wearing abbreviated skirts that accentuated the general effect, approached along the tessellated floor. A daintily babyish face, enwreathed as with a halo by a turbulent fringe of wildly waving hair, eyes dancing with the joy of life, cheeks pink and smoothly rounded, delicate beyond compare; with a graceful, easy, confident carriage the vision approached.

The Editor gazed in open-eyed admiration.

"'Tis she," he whispered, "and attended by Harry Pilcer, too," he added, as he saw a neatly-groomed slightly-built young man at her side. "What luck!"

\* \* \* \*

A moment later the Elusive Editor and Pilcer were engaged in active conversation as they sat side by side on a luxurious lounge in the Octagon Court.

"It can be done?" queried the Editor.

"Sure!" said Pilcer with all the *abandon* of effervescing youth. "You sit right there—I'll fix it."

Two minutes, or less, and he was back again; with him was Mlle. Gaby Deslys, radiant, smiling and charming.

"Vere is he?—ah there! I am *so* happy to see you. Tell me, were the officers—the *dear* wounded officers—so—ah!—*navrés* I appear not on Monday? You see, my contract says *pas de matineés*, so I dance not."

The Elusive Editor gave further expression to the inconsolable grief of the officers who had been disappointed at the matinee.

"But they can come to the theatre in the evening. Is it so?"

The Editor explained that wounded officers could not attend theatres in the evenings. It was an order.

"Ah! but that is a peety," gently cooed Gaby. "I do so adore the English officer—he is so strong and brave. Please give to the men at your hospital



my grief that they did not see me dance. And my partnair, too," she added gracefully, while Pilcer neatly bowed his acknowledgment.

"But what of this testimonial from me in the *Worsley Wail*?" asked Gaby. "Please let me see it."

The *Wail* was produced and read with keenness by Mlle. and Pilcer.

"Sure, that's funny!" commented Harry.

"But I see not quite the joke," interpolated Gaby. "Is it not terrible to make joke about the brave wounded?"

There was an air of genuine concern on her face.

"Non, you say the officers like the joke and the fun? It is then well? So! Tell them I, too, enjoy a leetle *plaisanterie*, and I laugh with them about my cork leg. *Felicitations* to your distinguished Professor. Tell him I give him another testimonial when I have his arms. *Adieu, adieu!*"

And interview Number Two was over.

III.—H. H. ASQUITH.

The Elusive Editors made a special journey to Downing Street by an Avro scout aeroplane which happened to be lying handy in Trafford Park.

Mr. Bonham Carter met them on the doorstep of Number 10, as the Elusive Editor gracefully eluded the "special" on duty at the corner by a steep volplane.

"Your business, sirs?"

"Is with Mr. Asquith, sir."

"Ah, I see," laughingly replied Mr. Bonham Carter, as he showed the way into the Cabinet Chamber, where Mr. Asquith sat pondering over a huge red-sealed document.

"The Elusive Editors of the *Worsley Wail*, sir," he announced and gracefully retired, shutting the door carefully behind him.

Mr. Asquith beamed beneficently.

"Regarding my testimonial to Dr. Gunboat and Capt'n Mc—what was his name now?—ah, yes, McClavicle, I remember. Yes, I have had many

letters on the subject, but I am determined and unshaken. There is no deviation whatever, and nothing to add to my letter of August 5th, 1914."

Mr. Asquith leaned back in his chair.

The momentous interview was over.

IV.—MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

He met us at the palatial door of the Ministry of Munitions, breezy and smiling, and hair blowing in festoons over his shaggy eyebrows. There was no mistaking or denying the Spirit of Animation that permeated the circumambient ether.

"Ah, good day, gentlemen! Yes, indeed, my little testimony to the skill of your celebrated Professors was given with all the weight that truth and conviction could put behind it. For their great work I am grateful—the nation is grateful, and my son is grateful. I have hopes, gentlemen, that in the R.G.A. he will get on—I mean my son. But we must all work—and hard."

He paused to run his fingers through his hair. "Yes, that's it," he said, hurriedly, as he reached for his hat. "What do you say, gentlemen to a three-ball match at Walton Heath? I have a little cottage there, as yet undisturbed by Zepps. Yes," he went on, pinning a "Back in Ten Minutes" card to the door, "we will have a little game before

lunch. I expect other callers this morning, but they will see the card."

A little later we were searching for lost balls on the golf links, and Interview IV. was over.

V.—NAPOLEON.

We must confess at once that we could not induce the Shade of the great Nap. to speak. We could, however, discern by the up and



Mlle. Gaby Deslys, hearing that many officers were sorely disappointed at her non-appearance at the Palace matinee, kindly gave the Editors of the *Worsley Wail* the above photograph in the hope that its reproduction in our columns would afford some slight solatium. The little lady further sent a message: "Good luck to them all, always," in which HARRY PILCER joined.



down movement of his right arm that the operation of supplying him with a new Elba had been an entire success.

#### VI.—MAJOR WALKLEY.

"Yes, sirs, no more operations are now necessary, I think. The voluntary enlistment of conscripts, thanks to Drs. Gunboat and McClavicle, is now an accomplished fact. Congratulations on the *Wail*," he concluded, as he waved us a cherry adieu.

[We trust, after having secured the incontestable proofs of the absolute genuinity of the testimonials as shown in the above interviews—which we venture to say no other newspaper in the world could have obtained—that the voice of Doubt regarding the *Worsley Wail* assertions will be for ever silent.—The ELUSIVE EDITORS, *W.W.*]

#### SPASMS FROM YORKSHIRE.

*Scene—A squad of Tykes putting up wire in No Man's Land, near Thiepval.*

SERGEANT: "Nah then, lads, buck up an' let's ev this 'eer wire and them their poorsts up pretty handy. If yer want any more poorsts theer's a lot ligging abaht, for aw want all t' unputupen 'uns putten up, yer naw."

"Well, missis, an' ar's yar John goin' on i' t' Army?"  
"Aw, he's alright, thank yer, Mrs. Jones, he's gotten a rise an' all. The've made him a Marshal o' sum soort, but aw doan't nor whether it's a Field Marshal or a Coart Martial's job he's gotten."

One of the wonders of Worsley Hall—a room full of nurses and silence. TYKE.

#### NOTICES.

The *Worsley Wail* will be forwarded to any address in Great Britain (or anywhere else) on receipt of 6½d. in stamps. Address: THE ELUSIVE EDITORS, Worsley Hall, Lancashire.

The *Worsley Wail* is always on sale at the Hall door, at the Main Gate (opposite the Church), at Worsley Railway Station, and at the Midland Hotel (from the Hall Porter).

LITTLE GIRL: "Auntie Mary is nursing wounded soldiers, isn't she, mummie?"

MOTHER: "Yes, dear."

"I can't nurse wounded soldiers yet, can I?"

"No, dear, not until you are older."

"No, my knees aren't big enough yet, are they?"

An officer in E 2 has expressed his anxiety to get back to the front. E, 2, is being treated as a mental case.

We are constantly reading, in our brilliant contemporary, the *Daily Mail*, about Beach Thomas' narrative. Why not have it cut short, like poor dear Fido's?

#### HOSPITAL HOT-POT.

SPEAKING to Dick Reading the other day at Worsley Hall. He tells me he's met all sorts of applicants for the "free list" of the *Wail* but was successful in choking them off. Even the members of the Press Club "kettled." That surely speaks volumes.

I have it from one of the editors that the officers at a certain hospital in the district wrote a plaintive petition to Mlle. Gaby Deslys and Mr. Harry Pilcer, begging them to come and pay a visit, since "they were not allowed out and had no chance of seeing them." True to her never-failing kindness of heart, Mlle. Gaby went along with Pilcer, only to find that not one of the legion who had signed their names to the petition was in hospital to receive them. Can this be true?

Wonder what Dick keeps in the hole in his leg? He certainly keeps cheerful. Tells me he would feel quite lost without it. Between ourselves, I suspect that he's thinking of using the cavity for smuggling diamonds through New York after the war. If you know of a better 'ole than this, tell Bairnsfather.

Had a post card from Lieutenant J. I. Simpson of the King's Own this week. He is still in Scotland, hoping for the best. Says he is already arranging for transfer here when next wounded, and is improving his bridge. Who will forget him at the green card table?

I am told that an enthusiastic body, known as the "E Floor Funftette," has been meeting in the Public Wash-house at 7 a.m. daily for the purpose of indulging in a few spasms of harmonious melody. This select body, owing to too scant a use of the soft pedal, has become a casualty. Another example of the enthusiasm that kills. It is rumoured that they are now meeting daily at the same time on the Island, where the splendid acoustic qualities of the concert hall there gives them full scope to indulge in their amazing powers.

Met Horatio Bottomley at the Midland on Friday, and he appeared to be a little distant when the *Wail* came up for discussion. I assured him, however, that the Editors had no intention of putting it on the bookstalls at present. This mollified him a little, and he became his old self again—the jovial, optimistic and magnetic Horatio.

Heard the other day from John D. Rockefeller. Said he still had an opening for Warren at Rio, and hoped the war would be over soon. Said it was making delivery of oil a difficult matter. Strongly suspect he would like to pour oil over the troubled waters. When I mentioned the matter to Warren he whistled softly.

JUNIUS JUNIOR.

OFFICER to Night Nurse (*who is carrying out orders*): "And what will you say you did in the Great War?"  
NIGHT NURSE: "Cleaned the pen-nibs in the Officers' Lounge!"



## THE LETTERS OF ADAM.

Worsley Hall,  
21/9/16.

DEAR EVA,

It seems a long time since I wrote, but then, of course, I've been awfully busy with the *Wail*. Which reminds me that I must thank you for your most flattering report. So there are some items which you don't quite understand? I'm very glad you don't, dear. Some paragraphs are intended to be elusive—like the Editors!

A lot of people are accusing Dick of being one of the aforesaid "elusive" ones. He tells me that there is nothing in the rumour, and adds, naively, that he wouldn't say so if there were. So that's that!

Doing yourself proud at Cromer, what? Do be careful, darling, how far you let your sympathies travel. Of course, one adores those wounded boys, but one has to be so careful, what with Vigilance Societies, Watch Committees and Women Police. My advice to them is, "Watch not, that ye be not watched."

Which reminds me that the Lady President of one of these institutions somewhere in England has herself been caught bending. You'll see all about it in the papers soon, I daresay. Anyway, she resigned in the deuce of a hurry—of course, *wild horses* wouldn't drag the story from me, but it happened this way: No, perhaps I better hadn't! I'll tell you when I see you.

The sisters and nurses here are "the goods." Yes! One gets positively attached to them all. They are so thoroughly in earnest about their job. No shinanniking (is that the right way to spell it?)—no nonsense. They are just dear little family girls from all over the kingdom. And when you think of all they have to put up with, when they might be playing tennis and hockey and motoring and gossiping and tea-fighting and flirtin' and things—well, one simply worships them. No, Eva, I'm not going to fall in love. There's no time for that—besides, there's a war on. They are Very Adorable Damsels all the same.

Thanks, dear, for that wonderful description of your latest costume. I understand a little, but, really, you are too technical. What are "gussets," and "yokes," and "insertions"? Anyway, they sound very well! They thrill me, and thrills and frills are the essence of existence, *n'est ce pas?*

Don't marry anyone yet awhile, Eva, darling, will you? I can't make up my mind whether to marry you myself or not. I am always thinking of you, of course; though I shouldn't like to tell you exactly *what* I think.

Dear me! I almost forgot to mention it. Gwendoline has just become engaged, and she's only nineteen.

I forget the fellow's name—some V.C. man. They are to be married in November—can't remember the date. He met her at—the name's slipped my memory. Anyway, as she's the only sister I've got, and the dearest little sister in the world, too, I hope she'll be happy.

Yes, Jimmy's gone West. We were awfully fond of him. Wasn't he *rather* smitten, Eva? Don't tell me if you'd rather not; only I found him sitting in his dug-out one day with your photo lying in front of him and a piece of paper with "Eva" scrawled all over it. He kicked his biscuit-box over when I crawled in, and said, "Oh, damn! Let's have a drink!"—and he took a very stiff one, Eva—too stiff for a boy, I thought. That was in peace-time—I mean just before the Somme show—when we could count the "crumps" that came over and when there wasn't any "over the top" business.

This letter's getting very long, isn't it? I didn't mean to keep you in the dark about my arm. Yes, it's got to come off, but I can do a lot of useful things with the other, you know. 'M'yes! 'Nuff said!

Come over again soon, old thing, and push me round the lake, will you? You look adorable in that background and I will try not to say *too* many silly things. Worst of it is there aren't any backwaters, but we've got some of the doggiest little shelters and summer-houses you ever saw. Ssh! Not a word!

Your faithful henchman,  
ADAM.

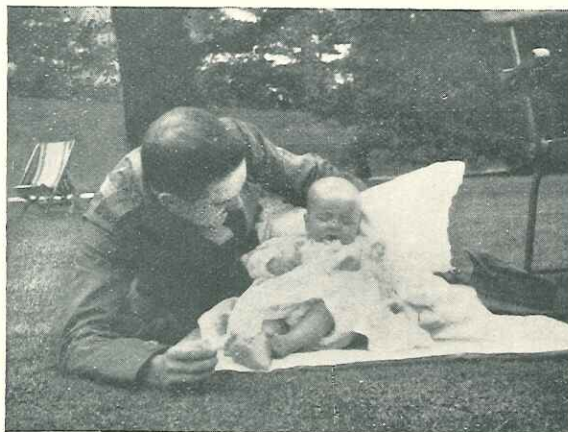


Photo: R.R.

FATHER IS PROUD.

Visiting day at the Hall. Baby comes to see father.

## ELUSIVE PERSONALITIES.

No. 1.

*WE* asked her why she loved the work  
Which other girls saw fit to shirk,  
And why she didn't seem to mind  
The happy days she'd left behind?

She shyly said: "I'm sound and strong;  
Besides, I'd think it awful wrong  
To sit about and waste my days  
When suffering seems to be the craze!"

And then she shoved the beds about,  
And shook her sleepy patients out;  
And, charging through the open door,  
She scattered tea-leaves on the floor.

L'ENVOI.

She's fair, this maid; she has a sister;  
She went on leave, and how we missed her!  
Where'er we went, men asked the quest'on:  
"Where the dickens is Nurse ———?"



## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A V.A.D.

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

- 5-30 a.m.—A—L—A—R—R—M!!!!!!  
Five seconds for meditation. Physical drill and lung exercise.
- 5-50 a.m.—Bounce! The deed is done, and once again a working day is faced. Will the hot tap respond, or is some fiend at work filling tubs elsewhere?
- 6-30 a.m.—“Brekker.”
- 6-55 a.m.—Air (W.P.)
- 7 a.m.—The day's work starts in earnest. Now one can thoroughly get the most out of the moment; no one is there to see fair play, so the floor is ours. Who, having wrought havoc amongst the mattresses and made life a joy to the slumbrous, does not appreciate the look of rapture (?) that steals over each face as we breezily make our entrance evident!
- 7-30 a.m.—Tea leaf and bristle parade.
- 8 a.m.—Food dispensed to the bed cases.
- 8-30 a.m.—Slight abatement of speed limit and a hasty snack.
- 9-30—12 noon.—A varied career regulated by the M.O.
- 12-30—1-15 p.m.—A blessed stoking of the human engines.
- 2 p.m.—Two hours of the best. (Off duty.)
- 4 p.m.—More stoking.
- 4-30 p.m.—Once again we hurl ourselves into the fray. Those under our care who cannot protect themselves are painlessly polished, while the rest slink away shouldering towels, presumably with the best intentions.
- 7 p.m.—Food dispensed to the frailest of the flock. This is a test of one's moral strength, as one's own inclinations lie in the same direction; it looks bad to be caught with one's thumb in the soup; besides, it's not done.
- 8 p.m.—At last the day is over so far as work goes. It has been a bit of a grind, but a cheery one at that if one cares to make it so. A final stoking, a little gentle exercise, and possibly a moiety of conversation.
- 10 p.m.—All indoors.
- 10-30 p.m.—Lights out. [P'raps!—Editors W.W.]



Twice nine are eighteen, but two number 9's are the very devil!

\* \* \* \*

### NEXT OF KIN.

A batch of wounded officers fresh from the Somme arrived on Sunday. They were immediately subjected to the usual routine, papers examined, names and regiments taken, and so on, the details of course being transferred to the hospital bed-tickets.

“Name?” asked the Red Cross Secretary in her nicest manner, as one shell-scarred lieutenant took his place at the desk.

“Second-Lieutenant \_\_\_\_\_”

“Regiment?”

“\_\_\_\_\_ Regiment.”

And so on till the query “Next of kin?” was put.

“Pardon,” said the officer.

“Your next of kin—nearest relative?”

“Oh, my father is in London,” came the reply, “but I've got an aunt at Timperley!”

## COGENT COMMUNIQUES.

*To Miss Boden,  
Masseuse in Extraordinary  
to the Hospital.*

DEAR MISS BODEN,

Although publicity in any form is repugnant to you, we permit ourselves hereby to address you—to offer you our sincere appreciation of your valuable work. We can think of no prettier acknowledgment of the untiring energies you have ever displayed than that of the patient who asked Professor Gunboat to amputate his right leg below the knee in order that there might be less for you to do.

May your trim and dignified figure long adorn the interior of Worsley Hall.

THE EDITORS.

\* \* \* \*

*To Quartermaster Bright,  
Worsley Hall.*

DEAR QUARTER,

Glad to see you have returned from your holidays. Your martial outlines were often missed during your absence, and we are convinced that your talents will never run in other grooves so well as in this. You may not always be merry and bright, but you are Bright, and you “get there” every time. So that's all right!

People speak of a decided improvement in your health as a result of your holidays; if they have noticed a corresponding improvement in the conduct of your department during your absence, we think they might at least keep quiet about it.

THE EDITORS.

\* \* \* \*

*To the Cook-in-Chief,  
Worsley Hall.*

DEAREST COOK,

Your efforts in the culinary art have always excited our genuine admiration, and we must not forget—*en passant*—that the way to a man's heart is *via* his tummy. You are beloved of all; *ergo*, you are a good and efficient cook. But why don't you see the authorities or the powers-that-be about the matutinal husks? They may be Quaker, Force or Provost—we do not know—but, anyway, they leave us cold. Try, dearest, and have the matter put right.

Affectionately yours,

THE EDITORS.



*With apologies to our gallant Canadian forces.*

ORDERLY OFFICER: “Any complaints?”

PRIVATE X.: “No.”

ORDERLY OFFICER (*furiously*): “No what?”

PRIVATE X.: “No complaints.”



V.H.S. AWARDS.

The following have been awarded the Order of the Very Hot Stuff:—

- Second-Lieut. W. H. MAXWELL, of the (Queen's Own) Royal West Kent Regiment—  
"For reminding the Editors of the *Worsley Wail* of the history of Bored Bertha."
- Second-Lieut. J. H. SHARP, of the West Riding Regiment—  
"For his priceless entertaining conversation in the ward during 'dressings.'"
- Second-Lieut. G. M. SMITH, of the Cheshire Regiment—  
"For a paragraph in his Hot Pot contribution to our last issue."
- Second-Lieut. MACCRAE, of the Royal Scots, and Second-Lieut. MALLALIEU, of the Cheshire Regiment—  
"For conspicuous gallantry and daring under heavy and persistent ridicule—using live razors each morning in a vain but glorious attempt to obey King's Regulations."
- Nurse YATES, of E Floor—  
"For conspicuous restraint under exceptional circumstances—upsetting a heavily-laden tray of hospital crockery in Ward E8, and merely remarking in a gentle voice, 'Oh, bother!'"
- \*Orderly NEWSHAM, of the Bright Staff—  
"For incessant attention to the minor details of his daily routine, and his phlegmatic calm under trying circumstances."

\* *Second Class of the Order.*



ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

To the Elusive Editors, "*Worsley Wail*."

DEAR SIRS,

I beg to acknowledge, with the grateful thanks of the East Lancashire Branch, British Red Cross Society, the first contribution of £1 towards our funds, being the proceeds of the publication of the first number of the *Worsley Wail*. In view of our depleted funds we are pleased to see that there is more to follow.

Kindly accept the congratulations of all at Head Office on your brilliant venture, which has shed a ray of humour and originality upon our humdrum existence here.

Yours faithfully,  
PHILIP M. OLIVER,  
*Hon. Sec.*

BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY (E.L.B.),  
Y.M.C.A. BUILDINGS,  
PETER STREET, MANCHESTER.  
18th September, 1916.

Buckingham Palace.

The Private Secretary is commanded by the King to acknowledge the receipt of the Editors of the *Worsley Wail's* letter of the 12th instant with the accompanying copy of their magazine, and to express His Majesty's thanks for the same.

15th Sept., 1916.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

- Patients admitted* . . . 303 × 2.
- Patients discharged* . . . 1916.
- Patients cautioned* . . . More than one.
- Patients ejected* . . . Still nil (Thank goodness!)
- Patience exhausted* . . . Plenty.
- Patience rewarded* . . . At the Gate.
- Average temperature* . . . 96.4°.
- Hours of rainfall* . . . (Sep. 10/25) 295 (More follows).
- Thermometers recovered* . . . 2 (badly bent).
- Shrapnel located* . . . 10 pieces.
- Operations performed* . . . 10.
- Operations postponed* . . . See Prof. Gunboat's small book.
- Eggs received* . . . 671½ pairs.
- Flowers received* . . . One dying rose.
- Fruit expected* . . . D—little!
- Hospital romances* . . . Small one developing.
- Hospital tragedies* . . . One averted.
- Hospital comedies* . . . All day long!
- Hospital breakages* . . . Nurse L—still on holiday.
- Hospital concerts* . . . Badly wanted.



THE HOSIERY.

THE cash I've spent on thee, dear heart,  
Is as a small fortune to me,  
And if we two do not soon part,  
It's bankrupt'cy! It's bankruptcy!!

Each week, new hats; each month more bills;  
A thousand a year on frocks and frills;  
We're both of us goin' the pace that kills,  
And now I'm all but broke!

Light of mine eyes, I must protest!  
I've cut out drinks; you do the rest!  
Endeavour now to wear the same frock twice  
And let me buy some socks, sweetheart—  
I want some socks!



A MOVING EPISODE.

HE was obviously expecting her; that was evident by the way in which ever and anon he turned his dark head towards the door. His lustrous dark eyes glowed with a great yearning which was further accentuated by the working of his mobile features.

A fine figure of a man was Lieutenant McPippin as he lay with his broad shoulders resting against the cushions. He was what the world is wont to call good-looking, with his finely-chiselled features and wealth of dark curly hair.

Very softly the door at the far end of the room opened—so softly that none but he noticed it.

Entering the room she sailed towards him, every inch a queen, her head erect and crowned by a mass of wavy auburn hair. Pausing when she reached his side, she lovingly bent over him, her hair lightly brushing his burning brow, whilst her wonderful deep blue eyes sought his and gazed into their dark and troubled depths.

For a moment her hand held his, which burned with a fierce, almost feverish, heat. Taking the dainty tumbler which she handed to him, he sighed heavily and drained its contents resignedly.

No word spoke he, but he appeared to be moved by some deep emotion, for his features worked expressively.

"There," she whispered, "stick your teeth into this lemon. Horrid stuff, castor oil!"

R.W.B.



## PATIENTS IN HOSPITAL.

ALLEN, K., 2nd-Lieut., 19th Manchesters.  
 ARMSTRONG, H., 2nd-Lieut., 9th Dublin Fusiliers.  
 AYLIFFE, F. W., 2nd-Lieut., 8th Gloucesters.  
 BACKUS, A. R., Capt., 8th Rifle Brigade.  
 BATY, G. G., Lieut., 10th Durham Light Infantry.  
 BEATTIE, T., Lieut., 9th Duke of Wellington.  
 BECK, W., Lieut., 1st K.R.R.  
 BIGLAND, G. W., Lieut., 1st Cheshires.  
 BOWEN, R. W., 2nd-Lieut., 7th K.O.Y.L.I.  
 BRADLEY, A. N., 2nd-Lieut., 1st West Riding R.H.A.  
 BRYCE, G. B., 2nd-Lieut., 12th Royal Scots.  
 CALLEAR, H., Capt., 9th Royal Dublin Fusiliers.  
 CAMPBELL, W. A., 2nd-Lieut., 5th Royal Irish Fusiliers.  
 CHAMBERLAIN, G. H., Capt., 1/8th King's Liverpool.  
 CHAWNER, W. H., 2nd-Lieut., 6th, attached 7th Royal Irish Rifles.  
 CONWAY, M. H., Lieut., 9th East Lancashires.  
 CORLETT, H. D., Capt., 1/16th London Regiment T.F.  
 CRUIT, K., 2nd-Lieut., 11th Yorkshires.  
 DAVIES, V. P., Lieut., 6th Leicesters, attached 91st M.G.S.  
 DIXON, D., 2nd-Lieut., 10th K.O.Y.L.I.  
 DOW, R., Capt., R.A.M.C.  
 DOWLEY, E. J., 2nd-Lieut., 13th Lancashire Fusiliers.  
 DUGDALE, G., 2nd-Lieut., 4th, attached 13th D.L.I.  
 FALKNER, H. E., 2nd-Lieut., 9th Suffolks.  
 FAWKES, R. B., 2nd-Lieut., 6th Northampton.  
 FIRTH, E. N., Lieut., 8th West Yorkshires.  
 FRASER, C. G., 2nd-Lieut., 2nd Leicesters.  
 FRANK, R. A., Lieut., 6th East Yorkshires.  
 FRY, F. A., Lieut., Royal Engineers, 7th Corps Sig. Coy.  
 FULLER, J. S., 2nd-Lieut., R.F.A., 177th Brigade.  
 GOULDEN, D., Lieut., 9th North Staffs.  
 GRANT, 2nd-Lieut., 2nd K.O.S.B.  
 GUTHRIE, W. S., 2nd-Lieut., 4/5th Black Watch.  
 HALL, E., 2nd-Lieut., 10th Gloucesters.  
 HALL, W. M., 2nd-Lieut., 13th Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 HARPIN, R., Capt., 4th Garrison, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.  
 HEWITT, W. J., Capt. and Q.M., 1st Gloucesters.  
 HINCHCLIFFE, J. A., 2nd-Lieut., 10th K.O.Y.L.I.  
 HORNER, A. O. G., 2nd-Lieut., 1/8th King's Liverpools.  
 HOWELLS, J. P., 2nd-Lieut., 2nd Queen's R.W. Surreys.  
 HUGHES, G., Lieut., 1/6th King's Liverpools.  
 HUMBLE, G. M. A., Lieut., 13th Sherwood Foresters.  
 HUMBLE, J. N., 2nd-Lieut., 9th Black Watch.  
 INGHAM, H., 2nd-Lieut., 1st West Yorkshires.  
 JONES, G. M., 2nd-Lieut., 13th Royal Welsh Fusiliers.  
 LEVITT, R. H., 2nd-Lieut., 16th Welsh Regiment.  
 MCCAMMOND, C. R. W., 2nd-Lieut., 3rd Royal Irish Rifles.  
 MCILROY, W. E. C., Lieut., 6th Ox. and Bucks.  
 MCKEGNEY, E. W., 2nd-Lieut., 8th R. Innis. Fusiliers.  
 MALLALIEU, J., 2nd-Lieut., 9th Cheshires.  
 MARTIN, J., Capt., 6th Connaught Rangers.  
 MAULE, W. P., Lieut., A.S.C. (M.T.).  
 MIDDLETON, F. G., 2nd-Lieut., R.F.A.  
 MILLIGAN, T. A., 2nd-Lieut., 16th Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 MILLS, G. H., 2nd-Lieut., 6th Welsh Regiment.  
 MOORE, N. A., Lieut., R.G.A., 92nd Siege.  
 MOORE, N. A., 2nd-Lieut., 3rd, attached 6th Connaught Rangers.  
 MORSON, P. A., 2nd-Lieut., 11th Royal Warwicks.  
 MOUNSEY, J. J., 2nd-Lieut., 1/2nd Lovat Scouts.  
 MUIR, A., Lieut., R.A.M.C. (T.C.).  
 MURPHY, P., 2nd-Lieut., 1/8th Manchesters.  
 NEILSON, S. M., Lieut., 1st Devons.  
 NICKOLSON, C. B., 2nd-Lieut., 12th Durham Light Infantry.  
 PALMER, N. G., 2nd-Lieut., 3/7th London Regiment.  
 PALMER, R. S., Lieut., 19th Welsh.  
 PHILLIPS, T. B., Capt., 15th Welsh.  
 PICKARD, B., Lieut., 3rd Connaught Rangers, 1st Royal Irish.  
 PLUMPTON, L. A. V., 2nd-Lieut., 10th Lancashire Fusiliers.  
 POLLOCK, R. E., 2nd Lt., 1/6th Argyle & Sutherland Highlanders.  
 POWELL, C. N., 2nd-Lieut., 9th Royal Dublin Fusiliers.  
 PRIMROSE, L. B., Lieut., R.E. (G.Q. Cable Section).  
 READING, R., Chevalier, late Armée Belge.  
 REWCASTLE, G. L. D., Lieut., R.G.A.  
 ROBERTS, S. C., 2nd-Lieut., 8th K.O.R.L.  
 ROBERTSON, H. B., 2nd-Lieut., 5th Scottish Rifles.  
 ROCHE, J. A., Capt., 1/8th King's Liverpool.  
 RYLEY, H. S. A., 2nd-Lieut., 24th Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 SANDERSON, H., Capt., R.F.A., D 158.  
 SAUNDERS, G. H. V., 2nd-Lieut., 10th Yorks.  
 SHARP, J. H., 2nd-Lieut., 6th West Riding.  
 SHEPHERD, W. W., 2nd-Lieut., 9th K.O.Y.L.I.

## PATIENTS IN HOSPITAL—Continued.

SHEPPARD, N. M., 2nd-Lieut., 14th Royal Warwicks.  
 SIMPSON, S. R., 2nd-Lieut., R.F.A., 277th Brigade.  
 SMITH, J. F., 2nd-Lieut., 1/8th King's Liverpools.  
 TAYLOR, H. N., 2nd-Lieut., 18th H.L.I.  
 THOMAS, O. K., 2nd-Lieut., 1/6th Welsh Regiment T.F.  
 THORNLEY, B., 2nd-Lieut., R.F.A.  
 TITTLE, D. R., Lieut., 2nd, attached 8th ———  
 TRAVIS, A. E., Lieut., 10th K.O.R.L.  
 WALL, E. J., 2nd-Lieut., 8th East Yorks.  
 WARREN, F. H., 2nd-Lieut., 3rd Cheshires.  
 WHARTON, G., 2nd-Lieut., 13th Durham Light Infantry.  
 WHITTAM, B., Lieut., A.V.C.  
 WILLIAMS, C. C., Lieut., 7th K.O.S.B.  
 WRAY, A., 2nd-Lieut., 4th Seaforths.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. RIDING.—Thanks. Chestnuts are squelched on sight; so was your yarn about the hogs.  
 SHELL-SHOCK.—Of course you can put up a gold stripe.  
 X.Y.Z.—So your description of a Herbert Green was a "Spoonermism," was it? We fail to see the necessity for explanation. By the way, have you heard the story of the maid who missed the post?  
 HORACE.—Never read such piffle in our lives! We do not doubt that you wrote it yourself. Try again!  
 M.R.S.—Remember, it's a promise and must be fulfilled.  
 NEMO.—It found sanctuary in the W.P.B. A little later saw one of the orderlies trying to discover what it was about and left him at it.  
 CYNICAL SUB.—Don't believe it. We can't!  
 M.C.C.—It is not advisable to trump your partner's trick under the circumstances. See Fraser, as to the other point you raise.  
 SEAFORTH.—Lost your cap badge, have you? Well, why not take down one of the stag's heads that decorate the hall and put that up?  
 BLUE HUSSAR.—Your "story" burnt the edges of the envelope. You may not believe it, but decent people *do* read this magazine.  
 NURSE J.—It's your own fault. You should have booked in advance.  
 B.—The peaches and melon were delicious. Especially the melon! Thanks so much!  
 PYJAMAS.—Apply to the Linen room. We have had other complaints regarding misfits, but yours seems a case for investigation.  
 NURSE J.—Glad to know the finger is better. Anything to report?  
 SISTER X.—A promise must be kept.  
 NURSE B.—Any incidents worth recording? You must have had a nice time.  
 WOULD-BE-NURSE.—So you would like to nurse wounded officers, would you? Read "A Day in the Life of a V.A.D." in this issue, and remember—"the half has not been told." Seriously, though, do you really think we could do anything for you?  
 JUGGLING G.—We regret we cannot tell you how to remove a strawberry mark from your nose. Try drinking water at lunch and dinner.  
 WORRIED.—We cannot advise you how to dress smartly. Maybe it is your face that makes your clothes look shabby?  
 MOORE.—Thinking of your big gun, are you? So are the Germans!  
 SOX.—You've lost your sox, have you? Well, we are officially informed that many handkerchiefs and sox are lying unclaimed in the Linen Room. Make application there at once, and you will get your pick.  
 E.A. AND E.B.—Really, we should advise you *not* to practice your glees and part songs to a marching and stamping accompaniment *before* 8 a.m. Remember there are others.  
 SMITH.—Squelched by Censor. Sorry.  
 M. (of the Cheshires).—Do try again.  
 CLOTHIER.—You say you "hope to come over and see the hospital on a motor bike." No, laddie, no; the building still stands on the hill. . . . Wilde gone on leave to Blackpool. . . Photos no good! . . . Chamberlain perky. . . Horner more so. . . No news of Loup. Cheer-oh!  
 POETASTER.—We can spare the space—but only for so much:—  
 The blood poured from his gaping wounds,  
 A ghastly sight to see—  
 A little of this goes a deuce of a long way. We should not advise you to give up the Army for Poetry.

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