

FOR SURGICAL USE

J. J. Hill, the railway magnate, was attending a banquet, when stories were called for. Mr. Hill responded with a railway yarn.

"When sleeping cars first came in," he said, "the bed-clothes in the berths were very scanty. On one of these early cars one night, after everybody had turned in and the lights were low, a loud voice called from one of the upper berths:

" 'Porter, get a corkscrew?'

" 'The porter came hurrying along.

" 'Boss,' he said in a scandalized tone, 'we don't allow no drinking in the berth. Against the rules.'

" 'O, it ain't that porter,' the voice answered. 'I just want to dig out a pillow that's sort of worked its way into my ear.' "

ON THE FIELD OF HONOR

The French paper Cri de Paris relates the following pathetic and yet amusing war anecdote. In a field in the department of the Aisne, where the English were beaten in September, 1914, some of the French soldiers discovered two isolated mounds covered over with grass and surmounted by wooden crosses, one of which bore the word "Tin" and the other the word "Rubbish."

Greatly affected, the soldiers gathered flowers, of which they made bouquets, which they piously placed upon the mounds, supposing them to be graves. Then, with a trembling hand, they wrote on the crosses this inscription: "Dead on the Field of Honor!" There the inscriptions remained until one day, when an officer, who understood English had the sod broken open and discovered in one of the mounds many empty cans and in the other a lot of worn-out clothing and other refuse.