

NUTS WILL BE NUTS

By Arthur Robinson, O. T. C.

"We're getting out a Nut Number," said the editor of THE GAS ATTACK, "and it's about time you wrote something for us."

"Oh, yes!" I said, with sarcastic significance. Not even an editor can fool me.

A moment or two of thought and silence followed.

"But what shall I write?" I asked.

"Oh! Anything at all will do, so long as it's nutty," he answered.

"I got you, Kernel," I replied, just like that—and straightway I sat down to a typewriter.

I placed my fingers upon the keyboard and simulated thought. No ideas erupted.

"Something," I said, "is the matter with this typewriter. It won't work. A nut is loose, or something."

"So I have noticed," said the editor.

But I said nothing, and continued to think. Finally I hit it. I recalled a true nut story about three soldiers who had been bayoneted by Lucifer J. Cupid and had, consequently, gone out of their minds. My friend, Frank, told me the story last Summer at Brighton Beach.

Women to Blame.

Frank had made the statement that women are the cause of most of the trouble in this little old world, and a little lady in the party resented it.

"At ease," said Frank, "give me your attention."

"A few years ago," he began, "I had occasion to inspect an insane asylum with a famous alienist. In the course of my inspection I encountered an inmate who spoke rationally, thought logically and, altogether, conducted himself in a military manner. Despite this I thought he was sane and told Dr. Whoozis so.

"Ask him a question," said the doctor. And I did. I asked him how long he had been in the National Guard. He told me. There was nothing in this to indicate that his service in the N. G. had affected his mind, even though he had been made a corporal several months before he was confined to the asylum.

"Have you ever written sports for a New York paper?" I asked him. He answered in the negative.

"Have you ever had any sudden sorrow?—a sorrow which might affect your mind?"

"No, never," he replied. "I'm sane."

"I asked him if he had ever suffered an overwhelming financial reversal; I asked him

a number of other questions, and to each of these he answered logically.

"Here," I thought, "is a bird who really is sane." I could think of but one more question and I put it to him.

"Have you ever been in love?" I asked. "WOW! WOW! WOOF! WOOF! And the inmate rose on his haunches and barked like a mad dog.

"I walked away, satisfied that Dr. Whoozis was right.

"We paused before another padded cell, further on. In it was an old private of the regular army who had seen service in the Philippines.

"There," said Dr. Whoozis, "is a sad case. That man was engaged to a girl whom he had known since childhood. On the day set for their marriage the girl eloped and married a supply sergeant."

"There was something appealing and pathetic in the man's helplessness. It was hard to look upon him, so we walked away.

"We came to another cell, at the end of the tier. In it was another army man. He lay flat on his back, on a mattress in the center of the cell. Steel chains were tied to his ankles and wrists so that he could not move in any direction. His face was livid with madness and the muscles of his neck bulged.

"What," I asked Dr. Whoozis, "is the story attached to that man?"

"Oh, that man?—THAT MAN IS THE SUPPLY SERGEANT WHO MARRIED THE GIRL THE FELLOW DOWN THE LINE WAS TO HAVE MARRIED."

BLAZE IN BLIGHTY VILLA.

"Blighty Villa," in the lair of the Headquarters Troop, where the British N. C. O.'s reside, was the scene of a brisk blaze last week. The Britishers had been under fire, before, however, so they were not much flustered. Sergeant-Major Tector roared out an alarm. Sergeant Gray, in lieu of water, hurled buckets of snow on the blaze. The fire was finally extinguished with the aid of Private Thornhill's silk pajamas, which were damaged in the operation.

CAPTAIN STOCKBRIDGE LOSES PETE.

The Pioneers have lost Pete. Rather, Capt. Morton Stockbridge, adjutant of the 53d Pioneer Infantry, has lost him. Pete was a 54-inch bull snake, captured by the Pioneers in the wilds of Virginia, when they were on guard up there. The Carolina climate was too much for Pete. He contracted a bad case of eppizooty, which tied him in bow-knots. Capt. Stockbridge found Pete bent into a pretzel-shape, and quite defunct. Pete was buried with military honors.

EIGHT LITTLE SOLDIERS.

Eight little soldiers
Living in a tent;
They all went away from here,
And this is how they went:

Eight little soldiers,
Good enough for Heaven.
One sassed the captain,
And that left seven.

Seven little soldiers,
Very nicely fixed.
One got some liquor,
And that left six.

Six little soldiers,
Very much alive.
One slept at reveille,
And that left five.

Five little soldiers,
Made the Sibley roar.
One of 'em froze to death,
And that left four.

Four little soldiers,
Out upon a spree.
The M. P.'s got one,
And that left three.

Three little soldiers,
Feeling very blue.
One went to ward 15,
And that left two.

Two little soldiers,
Wishing for some fun.
One took seconds on the stew,
And that left one.

One little soldier,
Living all alone.
He took the P. and N.—
And that left none.

A. F. SMITH,
Med. Det. Base Hospital.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS HERE.

Assistant Secretary of War and Chief of
Staff of U. S. Army at Camp
Wadsworth.

Camp Wadsworth was honored by a visit from Hon. Benedict Crowell, Assistant Secretary of War, and Major General John Biddle, acting chief of staff of the United States Army, January 16th. They were shown about the camp by Major General John F. O'Ryan. In the morning they reviewed the 107th Infantry, which made a splendid showing.