

**TRENCH GAS: A
BUNCH OF MANY
CLEVER CHESTNUTS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649226306

Trench Gas: A Bunch of Many Clever Chestnuts by Bert Milton

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

BERT MILTON

**TRENCH GAS: A
BUNCH OF MANY
CLEVER CHESTNUTS**

Trench Gas

a bunch
of many
clever
chestnuts



Five 10th

TRENCH GAS

A Bunch of many
Clever Chestnuts

Collected by
Bert Milton Am. M. & Pm.

Author of
HOW to BEHAVE at a BANQUET



The A. M. Davis Co.
Publishers
Boston, Mass.

1918

AL 479.07.11

✓



Thompson & Co. Boston

**COPYRIGHT, 1918,
BY A. M. DAVIS**

TRENCH GAS

Two of a Kind

A PRIVATE in the regulars went to the Colonel of his regiment and asked for a two weeks' leave of absence. The Colonel was a severe disciplinarian, who did not believe in extending too many privileges to his men, and did not hesitate to use a subterfuge in evading the granting of one.

"Well," said the Colonel, "what do you want a two weeks' furlough for?"

Patrick answered:

"Me woife is very sick and the children are not well, and, if ye didn't moind, she would loike to have me home fer a few weeks to give her a bit of assistance."

The Colonel eyed him for a few minutes and said:

"Patrick, I might grant your request, but I got a letter from your wife this morning saying she didn't want you home; that you were a nuisance whenever you were there. She hopes I won't let you have any more furloughs."

"That settles it! Oi suppose Oi can't get the furlough, then?" said Pat.

"No, I'm afraid not, Patrick."

It was Patrick's turn now to eye the Colonel as he started for the door. Stopping suddenly, he said:

"Colonel, can I say somethin' to yez?"

"Certainly, Patrick; what is it?"

"You won't get mad, Colonel, if Oi say it?"

"Certainly not, Patrick. What is it?"

"Oi want to say there are two splendid liars in this room. Oi'm one and ye're another. Oi was never married in me loife."

Appreciation

IT was just after a rainstorm and two soldiers were walking down the street behind a young woman who was holding her skirt rather high. After an argument as to the merits of the case, one of the soldiers stepped forward and said: "Pardon me, miss, but aren't you holding your skirt rather high?"

"Haven't I a perfect right?" she snapped.

"You certainly have, Miss, and a peach of a left," he replied.

He Wished to Read

"**NURSE**," moaned the convalescent British Tommy, "can't I have something to eat? I'm starving."

"Yes, the doctor said you could start taking solids to-day; but you must begin slowly," she said. Then she held out a teaspoonful of tapioca. "We must only advance by degrees," she added.

He sucked the spoon dry and felt more tantalizingly hungry than ever. He begged for a second spoonful, but she shook her head, saying that until he was stronger everything must be given in small quantities.

Presently he summoned her again to his bedside. "Nurse," he said, "bring me a postage stamp; I want to read."

No Lack of Strength

BILL (to sick friend, who, with lots of others, was suffering from nausea on a battleship): "What's the matter? Weak stomach?"

SICK FRIEND (Indignantly): "What makes you think I've got a weak stomach? Ain't I throwing it as far as anybody?"

The Stinger Stung

AN Irishman recently went before a recruiting sergeant who tried to "kid" him.

"Have you read the Declaration of Independence?" the sergeant asked.

"I hov not," said Pat.

"Have you read the Constitution of the United States?"

"I hov not, sir."

The sergeant looked sternly at the applicant, and asked:

"What have you read?"

Patrick hesitated but the fraction of a second before replying:

"I hov red hairs on me neck."

Doing His Best

GEN. GORDON, of Georgia, relates that in the midst of a great battle of the Civil War he saw a man running from a very close situation.

"What are you running for?" demanded the disgusted general in a stern voice.

"Golly, General," said the fleeing man, "I'm running because I can't fly!"

Pretty Bad, This

A WOMAN came into the hospital the other day and she was so cross-eyed that the tears ran down her back."

"You couldn't do anything for her, could you?"

"Yes, indeed; we treated her for bacteria."

Politeness

IT was Christmas, and the military restrictions in the war zone in France were somewhat relaxed in honor of the day. The mayor of a little town near the front was making out a passport for a well-dressed lady who had obtained permission to visit her husband in a field hospital near the trenches. In spite of a certain disfigurement the lady was vain of her appearance, and the mayor's politeness prompted him to gloss over the defect. After a moment's reflection he wrote: "Eyes: dark, beautiful, tender, expressive, but one of them missing."

The Feminine View

JANE WILLIS: Why did the recruiting officer turn Charlie down?

MARIE GILLIS: On account of his eyes.

JANE WILLIS: Why, I think he has beautiful eyes, don't you?

'Twas Worth the Money

A SOLDIER, wearing a ragged German uniform, was seated on an old soap box in front of an internment camp in France playing upon a wheezy accordion. He truly presented a sorry spectacle. His legs were both missing below the knees, one hand was gone and he was short an eye and part of an ear. A well dressed American correspondent stepped up and dropped a ten franc note in the fellow's lap.

Surprised at the donation, the young soldier said gratefully, "You must be a kamarad." "No," replied the correspondent. "I'm an American, and you're the first German that I've seen that was done up to suit me."