

Fun from the Front—continued.

DIPLOMACY.

"Yes," said the Town Major, "this job calls for a certain amount of tact. For instance, every once in a while two of the old ladies in my village have a falling-out. Result—they decide to lay their grievances before the Town Major and have him arbitrate. They enter my office, chairs are brought, and they proceed to pour out

their troubles in a flood of voluble French, every syllable of which is utterly unintelligible to me. But I have a sure remedy: I call for my batman and have him bring in a bottle of red wine and three glasses. After the second glass their differences are healed; the two old ladies embrace one another lovingly on the doorstep, and go home thoroughly satisfied that the Town Major's decision is the only one possible."



Private Lewis Gunn is fully convinced that for nerve-racking torture a trip to the Field Ambulance has got all the horrors he ever experienced in a bombing attack beaten to a frazzle.