

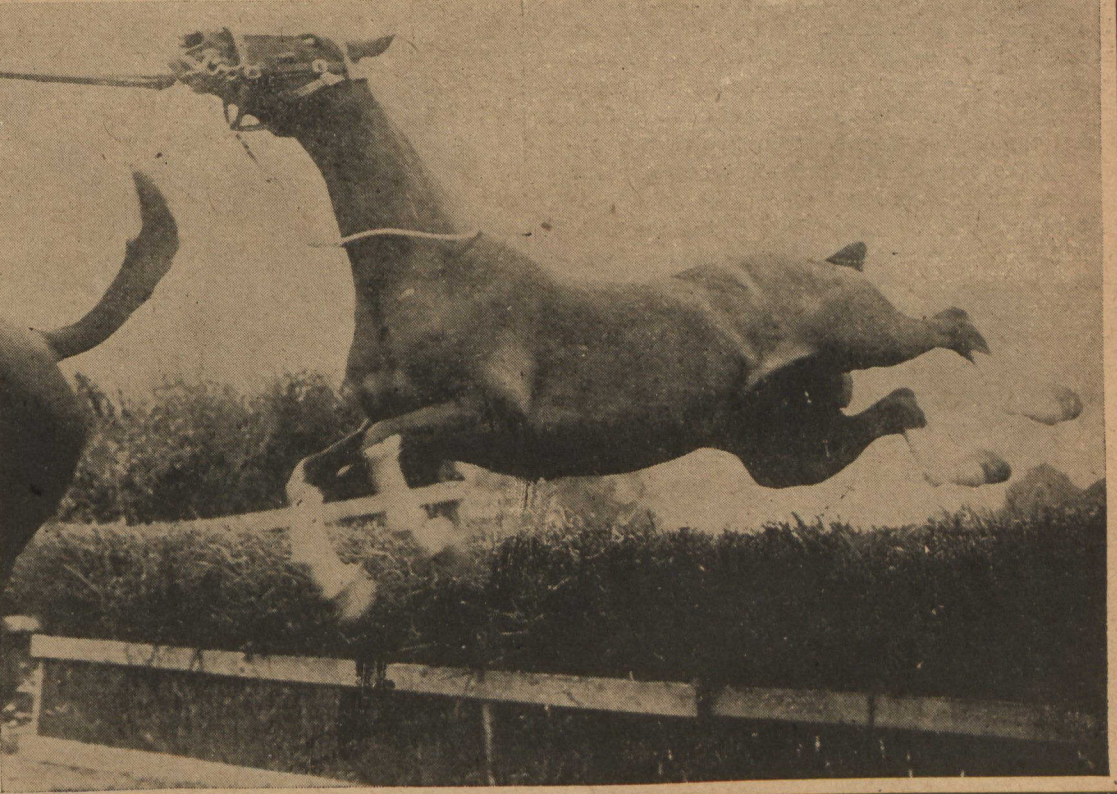


It's Not All Fighting At The Front



THE pair of captured spectacles worn by the Irish officer above, much to the merriment of all his fighting Irish comrades, never before saw the world as so merry a place. It takes the Irish to make a joke and see it, too.

The English, on the other hand, make jokes enough at the front; but you never could tell by looking at these Tommies occupying the Leicester Lounge, in a dug-out, that there was anything funny about it whatever. Of course they know it's funny, but—oh, well, even so, the Scotch never see even one of their own jokes till it's four days old.



"RISE, Sir Arthur!" said the King when he knighted the Canadian G. O. C., Sir Arthur Currie, practically on the battlefield; a reminder of the good old days when a knight had to win his spurs without reference to spondulix. This is the only picture of a real knighthood ceremony ever published in this paper.

A SHORT while ago there was a British horse show behind the lines. The horse bringing up the rear at the end of a rope in the steeplechase had been wondering for six months if anything was ever going to happen to interest a real horse with four lucky white feet. But he got it, as the camera shows.