

FUN FROM THE FRONT.

IT was in the Vosges mountains, and the Americans were being trained in the arts of subduing Frightful Fritz. First-class Private G. Wizz, erstwhile resident of Michigan, proved to be a very apt scholar, following the explanations of the interpreter with the utmost eagerness, and the poilu was only too pleased to explain the intricacies of trench warfare to anyone so keen.

"Say, bo'," said the American, "does Friedrich toss many of these kitchen ranges over here?"

"I'm afraid I do not quite understand," replied the poilu.

"Minenwerfer's the handle you give 'em, ain't it?"

"Oh, yes, about four an hour," replied the interpreter.

At that moment there was a bright flash over in the German lines, followed by a faint boom, and then a whining noise overhead. Eager for instruction, the Yank turned to his companion and was astonished to see him emerging guiltily from a dug-out entrance near by.

"I was just getting my great-coat," explained the poilu.

"What was that noise?" asked the Sammy.

"That," said the interpreter, "was the report of a

high-velocity shell leaving the gun. Owing to the position of these trenches in the mountains, sound travels very distinctly."

At that moment the American heard a noise like a train roaring through the air, and was just about to turn to his companion for enlightenment when the trench fell in on top of him, and he knew no more.

The interpreter emerged carefully from his dug-out, ears at the alert for booms encore, and hastily dug him out from the débris of the parapet, unconscious, but unhurt.

As the American opened his eyes, the poilu bent over him and asked, "Didn't you hear that noise—that boom?"

"No," answered Michigan with a faint grin; "but I guess I caught the echo."

Extract from 1st B.C. Routine Orders, 30/4/18:—
APPOINTMENTS.—To be Senior Blacksmith, Capt. and Junior Blacksmith A. G.— vice Capt. and Senior Blacksmith F. W. L.— to bomb-proof.



THAT BLANKY BLANCO!

Sam: "D'ye know what the guy who found the blanco mud got?"

Ginger (eagerly): "Napooed, I hope."

Sam: "No, fourteen days leave and twenty pounds."

Ginger: "Gawd!"