

Fun from the Front—continued.

IN these mining towns behind the front, laid out mathematically and duly numbered, one street is confusingly like another, especially to troops accustomed to the ordinary French village where highways and by-ways wander at will, crooked as a cow's horn. This fact led to an amusing mistake with a painful sequel for one of the parties involved.

After the fateful hour when Madame says, "Napoo—fini!" and Lucienne extends the gladsome mitt to the favoured few, two of the boys, who had only got properly started, decided to continue their celebration, and so groped their way up town to the more residential district.

"I know a joint where we can get a couple of bottles of vin blink," said one to the other. "Down this street—second house—just tap at the window."

The other did as he was told, but to his horror the window opened revealing an interior view of H.Q. Mess and an irate officer who objected to being addressed as "Madame" and told to "kick through with two of vin blink, toute suite." Certainly not. Instead of the pallid nectar for which the thirsty one craved, he got a full issue of F.P. number one, which will probably teach him to be more careful in future.



Last Draft: "They oughter dig this trench three feet back—he's got the range."
His Pal: "No, if they dug three feet down that would fool him."