



Here we have a picture of a very waggish French postman. The other persons are merely Sammies *International.*



This looks like the real thing, and it is the real thing, only the scene is laid somewhere in America, and not in the first line trenches. This is a telephone dugout accurately fitted up for training purposes. *Gilliams Service.*



The Canadians have the system. When it's a question of ice cream they noisily lick their spoons, as a hint that there's room for more. *Gilliams Service.*



"I'm a stranger in these parts," sezze. So the British Intelligence sergeant squints sharply at the passport. *British Official, Underwood & Underwood.*

Clean-up day on the Belgian front. It isn't very exciting, but all war and no work would be bad for morale. *Underwood & Underwood.*



The photographer wrote on the back of this picture that the French poilu is teaching the Balkan burro how to say "Bonjour." But it's our private opinion the lesson has to do with the Kaiser, and that part of it might not be printable. *French Pictorial.*



This is the way they repair telephone wires in the delightful old city of Bagdad. The precise utility of the protecting rope isn't quite plain to Anglo-Saxon intelligence. *British Official, Western News Union.*