"L'Indiscret" Has All Sorts of Intimate Items of Every-Day Life Among French Troops.

WHEN the soldiers in the European war are not fighting they try their hands at journalism. Not long ago a picture appeared of a printing office and by German troops in Northern France, where a daily newspaper is issued for those fighting in the German trenches. And now a copy has come to America of a paper issued by French soldiers in the French trenches for the delectation of their comrades during “off” hours.

This one, though, is not printed. The modest resources of its publishers do not allow of anything better than mimeographing. It is called L'Indiscret and makes a brave showing with its bold purple ink “news,” written in long-hand, and a number of pen and ink sketches.

The cover of L'Indiscret informs us that it is the “only daily weekly” of the Ninth Battery of Artillery, below which announcement is a picture of a very business-like looking cannon, presumably of the brand used by the battalion.

The copy which has found its way to America also has quite a spirited ballade, celebrating the prowess of the “polish” of the Ninth Battery. This states, among other things, that the Crown Prince of Germany is in the habit of trembling at the approach of the said Ninth. Another item runs thus:

Real-minded persons have circulated the report that L'Indiscret had gone into bankruptcy. This is a base calumny. The editors of the paper have been cosmopolitan in the choice of its page. Hence to the slanderers:

“We note with sorrow,” says another item, “the little interest shown by civilians of R—— in attending the funeral of General of our poor comrades killed in defense of their country.”

Somewhat more cheerful is this:

INHERITANCE—Our friend R—— having just come into some money, and having been promoted, offers a supper to all his friends on L’Indiscret. Evening clothes, bring your own platter and drinking cup.

A cartoon shows Germany and Austria seated at a table and inviting Italy to share their repast, only to be told, to the accompaniment of disrespectful gestures, “No! I won’t eat!” The influence of England is seen in another item, headed “Football,” telling of a victory of a team from the Ninth Battery over one from the Thirteenth Artillery Regiment.

“This match,” we learn, “was umpired with much impartiality by Cousin, editor of The Aero.”

On the last page of L’Indiscret is a highly uncomplimentary tirade against the food served in the particular trench or trenches occupied by the gallant Ninth Battery. It purports to be an advertisement of the “Great Provision Firm” supplying the soldiers with eatables and sings the praises of “green and frozen meats, old rancid lard, remnants of old candles for frying, Japanese tea received by an indirect route,” etc. The advertisement includes a drawing showing some of these tempting delicacies.

We are told that a concert was held somewhere near the front, at which a “violinist of great talent” was warmly applauded for his rendition of the “Medley” from “Thais.” The issue concludes with this little item:

We learn of the founding of a Don’t Weep Club. An evening spent with its members enabled us to state that the club is well named.

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