

MUD, BOOTS *and* FACES

BE it understood, this is not a nice, comfy Greek shoe-shine shop with red plush lounge, mirrors on the walls and a cash register. This is an army-boot laundry. Boots are not dry-cleaned and polished here. When they come in truck-loads from the French lines they are encased in coats of mud that plugs up the eye-holes and makes the uppers as hard as iron. They are just plain laundered with hot water, scrubbed, scoured and sent back. And if they are too far gone they are—thrown away? Oh, no, not in 1917. They are sent to the factories and made over.



THE story of how legless Lance-Corporal Jack Waddell, of the 1st Battalion, 1st Brigade, 1st Division, C. E. F., was also first over the top in Toronto to sign an application for a Victory Bond, is told on the cover of this issue. In the great drive for as many times \$150,000,000 as possible, the name Jack Waddell will go down in the financial and patriotic history of Canada. It was the first trench he ever took that he had to be carried both ways. But he was got by the movie operator as well as by the camera. His next public appearance will be on the screen.

MRS. ANNA COLEMAN TODD, of Boston, has devised a way to make over men's faces. A soldier whose face has been wounded out of recognition can be restored to its original outlines by the use of a mask moulded by the sculptor. This humane and very skilful invention has been approved by the War Department at Washington, and is another of the numerous contributions made by artists of all sorts, painters, writers, musicians, and sculptors to the strange art of mending the world from the ravages of war.

WHEN in doubt as to what a "drive" is, gaze on this Sea of Mud. These teamsters with the six-horse supply waggons are having a drive. This is what an aviator might call real mud. Somebody said that Flanders mud is plum duff. This looks more like porridge. It's the sort of mud that Canadian boys have been taking to bunk with them lately; boys who at home never carried mud on to mother's clean floors. It's the mud of the muskeg, the clay belt, the Manitoba trail and Bunyan's Slough of Despond all churned up by the wheels and the hoofs of plunging war.

CAMERA men at the front are expected to take everything but trenches. There was a time when the camera men were kept on the lines of Safety First. Now they wear steel helmets, much like the soldiers do, except that they look more like oil funnels than helmets. They come down further over the eyes and are a good protection against any bullet that may be trying to hit a camera lens.

