

You must be brief.

You must be snappy.

You must tell the truth, but tell it lightly and gently—as if you love it, but don't take it too seriously.

You must have a "punch"; start off with a telling and arresting sentence, and then start a new paragraph.

Have another arresting phrase about the middle, and finish up with a definite fact.

Never use one superfluous word: repetition is not emphasis.

Don't be too humorous about matrimony—because some of us are married.

Don't write about Mother-in-law, because we don't like to have it rubbed in.

And don't write controversial matter about military or disciplinary affairs, because we won't print it.

If you keep your eye on these few points you will find that military life is capable of providing you with an unlimited amount of copy—you can write about anything from the Sergeant-Major's boots to the brass on the General's hat, provided you do it in the right spirit.



## Pickled Fillums.

### "Beans" (in Five Particles).

[We suggest that it is not the Film that is pickled but the Author.]

#### PART I.

Scene: Somewhere in Canada.

Kate, daughter of a Jerusalem pork packer who was pushed out of his job when the Jews left the Holy Land, is in love with Percy. She is pursued by the loathsome attentions of Dashman, a wealthy and unprincipled Sergeant in the Home (Railway) Guards.

Percy enlists, marries Kate, and goes off to the Front—(after taking a month's seedling leave to put his crops in). Moonlight farewell to soft music, Kate says, "I will always be true—even if you are away years."

#### PART II.

A year elapses.

Percy, now in the Engineers, somewhere in France, seated on side of trench, pulls out a fat wad of feminine photos, selects that of his wife, kisses it and sighs. He then picks out a smaller one and sighs again. "My dear little son," he says, "some day I shall see you."

(In the meantime)

The wicked, wealthy Sergeant pursues the young mother with his attentions in the absence of Percy—but she says very terse things to him, and he goes out grinding his Army teeth. The mother goes in and hears the little boy say his prayers, gives him his daddy's picture to kiss, and tucks him up.

Midnight: Very slow music, the window opens and the Sergeant sneaks in, rolls the screaming child in a blanket, and beats it with a loud "Ha ha!" of triumph.

#### PART III.

(Caught in the act of following immediately.)

Percy—by some mischance—actually gets into a strafe and gets hit on the bean with a potato-masher

handle, loses his memory, and gets taken prisoner and shoved into Professor Kuhschat's laboratory as a batman. He is fed on a new food—gas the Professor invented owing to the growing scarcity of solid food. It has the faculty of preserving the features and person for years in the same shape.

Kate refuses to give up hope, and takes in THE CANADIAN SAPPER in the hopes of hearing something of him—but the SAPPER is now only a quarter its old size because of the scarcity of paper, and no illustrations are allowed.

Ten years pass.

Then seven more.

#### PART IV.

Young Percy, now grown up, is at the Front—in his daddy's old Field Company. We don't see much of him because he got a good education and stays underground.

(In the meantime)

Professor Kuhschat invents a new substitute for paper to be made out of the beans soldiers don't eat and the richer portions of frozen fish. Percy, who still forgets who he is, steals the formula and shoots it over to the Canadian Corps with a catapult.

A factory is built and paper made in larger quantities than ever.

The CANADIAN SAPPER blossoms out again to three times its original size, and is filled with pictures of exchanged prisoners.

Young Percy sees them and recognises his father from the old picture he kissed when he was a boy. He gets leave and goes to find the old man.

They meet. Percy embraces son and regains his memory; gets marked E 179, and beats it for Canada, taking the boy with him on compassionate grounds.

#### PART V.

In a lonely shack Kate takes in washing, because her separation allowance is stopped. And the Sergeant still pursues her.

"You wait till my Percy comes home, he won't half tell you off, he won't, I give you my word."

Percy and the boy rush in, the baffled Sergeant recoils. "Ha," says Percy, "eighteen long years you have guarded bridges, now, ha ha, you are going to France, to France, I say, villain."

"Never," says the Sergeant, and falls dead. "And to think," says Percy, "that it was all done by those bean rations and a picture in the SAPPER."

#### THE END.

Next week: "How to become a Bombardier without polishing brass."

[No, sir; once is enough.—EDITOR.]



Two soldiers were walking down the street behind a young woman who was holding her skirt rather high. After an argument as to the merits of the case, one of the soldiers stepped forward and said, "Pardon me, miss, but aren't you holding your skirt rather high?"

"Haven't I a perfect right?" she snapped.

"You certainly have, and a peach of a left, miss," he replied.