

Rag-time in the Trenches.

Tommy Atkins is no grumbling, pessimistic individual. Even in the trenches his irrepressible love of fun manifests itself. "Roll up, rally up!" is one of the favorite songs in the billets, sung often, "accompanied by a rumbling syncope obligingly furnished by H. M.'s. and S. M.'s. artillery:

Roll up, rally up!
Stroll up, sally up!
Take a tupp'ny ticket out, and help to tote the tally up!
Come and see the Ragers in their "Mud and Slush" revoo.
(Haven't got no money? Well, a cigaret 'll do).
Come and hear O'Leary in his great tin-whistle stunt;
See our beauty chorus with the Sergeant in the front;
Come and hear our gagers
In their "Lonely Tommy" song;
Come and see the Ragers,
We're the bongest of the bong.

Roll up, rally up!
Stroll up, sally up!
Show is just commencing and we've got to ring the ballet up.
Hear our swell orchestra keeping all the fun alive.
Tooting on his whistle while they dance the Dugout Dive.
Come and see Spud Murphy with his double-ration smile,
('Tisn't much for beauty, but it's Phyllis Dare for style);
Come and see our scena,
"How the section got C. B.,"
Bring a concertina
And we'll let you come in free.

Roll up, rally up!
Stroll up, sally up!
First and last performance. If you want to see it, allez up!
Come and sit where "Archibalds" won't get you in the neck
(If it's getting sultry you can take a pass-out check).
Come and hear the Corporal recite his only joke;
See the leading lady slipping out to have a smoke;
Sappers, cooks, flag-waggers
Dhooly-wallahs too;
Come and hear the Ragers
In their "Mud and Slush" revoo.

The Movies.

Upon the occasion of every spectacular parade or other unusual event there may be seen somewhere, as a rule, a solitary individual, standing in a wagon perhaps, industriously turning the crank of an apparatus that stands up as slender and inconspicuous as a periscope. He is a moving-picture photographer, and the effect of the crank that he turns is to take an endless number of pictures on endless yards of film. These when manipulated by the moving-picture machine in a theater or elsewhere, produce the well-known "movies."—Who is there who has not seen the movies?—and yet the inventor's memory might be as extinct as the dodo for all the majority of people know of him.

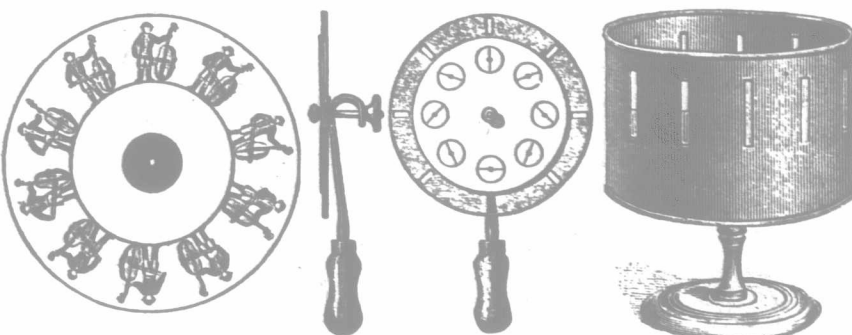
Of course, as with other things, the movies, in their present, wonderful perfection, grew from a very crude beginning, the outcome of an idea in the brain of some unknown inventor, who would have been astounded indeed, if he had been able to foresee the development to which his first odd toy would reach. This toy, first seen in Great Britain in 1833, was called the "wheel of life," and was described as "a hollow cylinder turning on a vertical axis, and having its surface pierced with a number of slots. Around the interior was arranged a

series of pictures representing parts of the figure intended to be seen in motion, and when the cylinder was rotated the observer, looking through the slots, experienced the illusion of seeing the object in motion." The first made represented a galloping horse.

Fifty-two years later, Mr. Friese-Greene of London, Eng., who may be looked upon, perhaps, as the real inventor of the moving-picture machine, was busy with his experiments, and before long gave exhibits on a screen, the first of which was shown at Bath. It represented a girl moving her eyes from side to side, and we are told that

found their way to the front and are duly appreciated by our "boys."

"The Pathoscope machines received from the Canadian War Contingent Association have proven a real help and enabled our Secretaries to add very much to their usefulness. I have used the one which was sent to me for the various small units, such as Division Train companies, Ammunition Columns, etc. in this way men who are living in almost inaccessible parts of the country, away from villages, and living under hard conditions, have been cheered and helped by an evening's entertainment once a week. The Government has con-



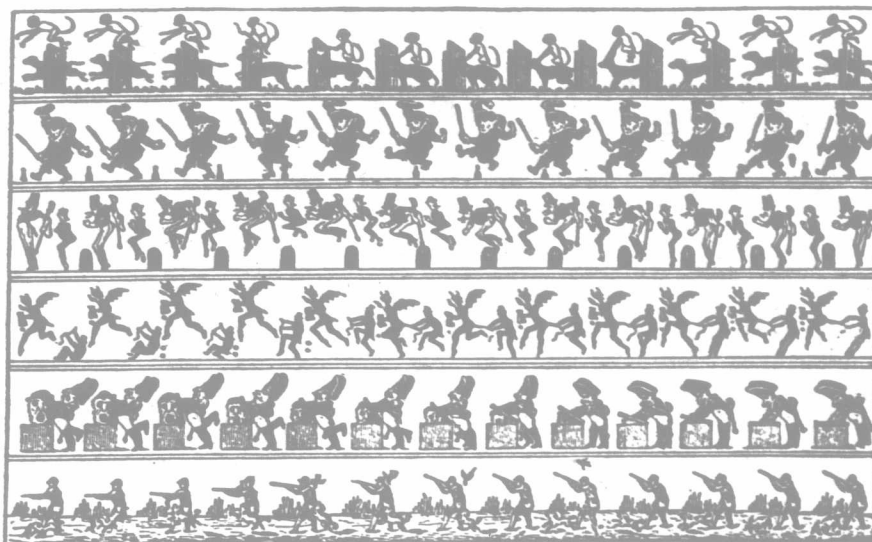
The Germ of the Moving Picture.

A mechanical toy called the "wheel of life." It gave the effect by an optical illusion.

one lady in the room insisted on going up to the front and touching the eyes, to satisfy herself that they did not belong to some confederate behind the canvas.

By 1889 Mr. Friese-Greene was so sure of ultimate success that he had bought two cameras at £50 each and spent about £1,000 in the promotion of his machine, which by this time could produce an animated picture somewhat resembling a modern film. But it was the invention of the celluloid roll film for photography by Marcy, in 1890 that made the movy, as we know it, possible. Mr. Friese-Greene was quick to seize upon its possibilities, and before long able to present a picture of traffic passing Hyde Park Corner, with

structed in many places 20 x 40 huts to be used as recreation centres, and these provide a great opportunity for us. The officers, whose men use these centres, send in regularly for supplies of writing paper, envelopes, pencils, games, etc., and such things as we can supply free, and in this way our constituency is much enlarged. This work is also developing in the Second Division. Recently a Colonel sent in a request for a night's entertainment for his men, but added that it might be wise to send someone in advance to view his accommodation, as all he had was an old barn. Of course, we did not send an advance agent, but gave him an evening at the first opportunity. We found the officers and all the men as



Twenty Inches of Pictures Made the First Cinematograph.

about twenty feet of film, a feat that created quite a sensation.

It was not for Mr. Friese-Greene, however, to bring his invention to perfection. "The Americans and the Germans," he says, "particularly the Germans, seized upon my invention, and working on it for all they were worth, soon left me with little but the satisfaction of knowing that I had discovered something which marked an epoch."

Movies at the Front.

The following, taken from "Canadian Manhood," shows that the movies have

sembled in the old barn, and, although without heat or light, we had a merry evening. The piles of last year's straw served as desirable seats for a large number, the loft made a serviceable gallery, while the upper heavy beams were crowded with those who wanted uninterrupted views. The curtain was suspended among the cobwebs and the machine mounted on a couple of bully beef boxes, while the gramophone was honored with a small table borrowed from a farmhouse. No audience at a famous theatre could have enjoyed the evening better than those chaps. When

the phonograph played pieces they knew they all joined in, and several times during the evening they enlivened the old barn with selections that were not known when the First Division left Canada. Eight rolls of films were shown, and when at the close of the evening the Colonel called for cheers for the Y. M. C. A. they made the rafters ring, and an officer from the column who accompanied me said: "The 'Y' sure has a place in the hearts of those men!" Five nights a week are spent in this way, and so far the column have loaned me a car so that these places can be reached. They average about eight miles from this Central 'Y'. Recently I asked an officer from an Ontario town to accompany me on one of these trips and operate the machine, which he gladly did, and at the close of the evening said: "Do you know, the last time I was in a 'Y' they put me out for using bad language, and there I've run through six films and haven't sworn once." At the close of a meeting last Sunday evening an officer from the West said: "We used to think out our way that the Y. M. C. A. was a very expensive luxury, but now we have come to the conclusion that we could never carry on without it."

The British Associations have sent over a large picture machine, showing regular size films and Charley Chaplin reels, and we have an opportunity occasionally of having these pictures in our larger places, such as Armour's and the Neuve Eglise Tent.

As the time goes on many new opportunities open up whereby our services are multiplied. There are times when, under the long hours and never-ending strain, our Secretaries become discouraged but each day brings its new duties and a hundred blessings follow each hard task."—Canadian Manhood.

Smiles.

A friendly American who has just arrived in London brings a nice story of Edison. The great inventor was present at a dinner in New York to which Count Bernstoff had found his way. The Count spoke of the number of new ships which Germany had built since the war began. He was listened to respectfully enough although a little coldly, because the sympathies of the party were not with him or Germany. When he had stopped, Edison looked up and said in a still, small voice and with a serious face: "Must not the Kiel Canal be very crowded, Your Excellency."—Glasgow Herald.

There is a certain dear old lady who owns a little farm and takes a few boarders in summer.

Recently an anxious young mother, who has been industriously delving into medical literature of late, inquired of the old lady whether or not the milk served at her table was Pasteurized.

"Of course!" was the old lady's indignant reply. "Don't we keep all the cows we've got in the pasture all summer long?"

For an hour the teacher had dwelt with painful iteration on the part played by carbohydrates, proteins and fats, respectively, in the upkeep of the human body. At the end of the lesson the usual test questions were put, among them:

"Can any girl tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?" There was silence till one maiden held up her hand and replied, "Yer breakfast, yer dinner and yer supper."