

# HOW CANADA IS DOING HER PART IN THE WAR



Infantry ready for business.

## Furnishing Half a Million Fighters, Dominion Is Recruiting Them at the Rate of a Thousand a Day.

By Frank Veigh.

CANADA is at war. An army of half a million men is being enlisted and trained as her human contribution to the cause in which she believes.

The Dominion is one vast training camp, from the citadel fortress of Halifax to the Pacific-bordered Vancouver on the west. Tented cities have arisen as in a night on plain and prairie and mountain valley; the streets of almost every city and town echo the tread of marching men and the challenge of the bugle; everywhere the soldier is as familiar a figure as the civilian.

He who travels through Canada will find at every turn evidences of a country at war. I chanced to be in Prince Edward Island when war was declared. Driving over a country road of this most rural of provinces, miles away from even the little narrow gauge railway, a Sabbath stillness enwrapped the landscape until the eye caught sight in the distance of a group of men gathered on a farmer's lawn. The first recruiting meeting it proved to be, after the church hour, where sturdy sons of the soil listened to the appeal of the local colonel—the colonel who had known only peace times. Not many days after a shipload of brawny island lads sailed from Charlottetown to guard the wireless stations and shore towns of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton.

A few weeks later a great camp suddenly sprang into life at Valcartier, a few miles from Quebec, where, among the foothills of the Laurentians, the first Canadian contingent of 35,000 men foregathered from every part of the country. At historic Kingston and Niagara—each redolent of early Canadian history, of the French regime and the British conquest—other thousands came for drilling and training, men who during the present winter are billeted in many cities and towns, occupying armories, exhibition buildings, halls, schools and even churches and homes. Toronto is once more a

military city, as it was in the '60's, when the old-line British regiments added a note of gay life to the town. Parks, university campus and avenues are being used as drilling grounds, and the strident and imperative voice of Sergeant Whats-his-name is heard above the roar of the street traffic. So in Montreal and Winnipeg, so in every city from Sydney to Victoria, so in the far-flung outpost towns of the West.

### SOLDIERS ARE EVERYWHERE.

One observes the man in khaki at every railway bridge and tunnel, at every canal lock, at every elevator with its stock of precious food, at every industrial plant where the twenty million shells are being made. Port Arthur has its training camp at the head of Lake Superior; Manitoba has its 11,000 men encamped on the plains; Alberta at the Sarcee Camp, near Calgary, where Cree and Blackfeet once warred and roamed the prairies unchecked. In the mountains, too, the soldiers of the empire are found, and as one reached Canada's baby city of Prince Rupert, within sight of the Alaskan boundary, a youthful sentinel, rifle over his shoulder, was doing his sentry-go and helping to guard the wharves and the new two million-dollar shipbuilding plant.

Truly Canada is at war. From many remote corners of this empire-dominion are the fighters coming. A battalion is being raised in the Peace River district, hundreds of miles north of Edmonton; "the last great West" it is called. But recruits have emerged from far more distant points. Prospectors have "mushed" their wearisome way from Yukon and Mackenzie and Hudson's Bay. Poet Service is driving an ambulance car at the western front, and his is the tale of many a sour-dough of whom he wrote in more peaceful days. Many a man has travelled from five to six thousand miles to reach the firing line for his king.

An English girl drove seventy-five miles to the Edmonton market. "Are you alone in your

## Women Organize to Do Work of Men Who Want to Be Soldiers, Collect Funds and Help Stir Up Patriotism.

Peace River shack?" she was asked. "I am now," was the reply. "My brothers have gone to the war. My sister is a nurse, and so I'm staying by the stuff." And she is the kind of stuff Canada possesses in her people.

If any one had foretold in July of 1914 that by January 1, 1916, Canada would have 275,000 men in uniform and a total of 500,000 called for by the government he would have been put down for a fool prophet. This rapid growth in the military strength of a peace loving and living people reads like a romance. Within six weeks after the declaration of war the first contingent of 32,000 men sailed from old Quebec for the training camp in England and the new cockpit of Europe. The force represented a larger number than had ever crossed any ocean to any war in the world's history; represented, too, a greater force than Wellington had of British troops at Waterloo. It was numerically greater than the entire British force in North America that met Washington in the Revolutionary War. The thirty transports made a remarkable marine procession. As to how many are left, let the casualty lists make reply.

To-day 60,000 Canadian troops are in France, as many more in England and 150,000

is "Recruits Wanted!" Billboards and streamers flaunt the message; war pictures fill the papers and windows, battalions advertise in the daily press, a page at a time, for additions to their ranks, as they send their brothers over seas—Princess Patricia's Pals, battalions that belong to a certain city or county, regiments from the west, from the east. Many have characteristic nicknames, such as the "Little Black Devils of Winnipeg" and the "West," whose glory at Ypres shall not soon fade.

An American battalion is in process of formation in Toronto, the members of which are taking the oath of allegiance for the duration of the war. It is interesting to recall that 48,000 Canadians enlisted in the American Civil War, among whom there were 18,000 casualties.

### WAR COSTS MONEY.

War, like some other luxuries, comes high, and war is costing Canada many millions. The government's war expenditure had nearly reached the \$150,000,000 mark at the opening of 1916, and it may cost two hundred million a year while it lasts. The national debt increase during 1915 represented nearly \$139,000,000, while the total stands at the tidy sum of half a billion.



A road making lesson in camp.

## Members of American Battalion, Enlisting at Toronto, Take Oath of Allegiance for Duration of War.

postcards, railway tickets, proprietary medicines, checks and drafts and through scores of other channels, with satisfactory results in swelling the revenues. Not only is there national taxation of a special character but provincial and municipal war assessments are being made.

The large munition orders coming to Canada, not only from Great Britain but the Allies, totalling, it is estimated, half a billion dollars, are helping the country to finance itself. Nearly four hundred manufacturing establishments are busy on shell and other orders, with the result that the national trade figures are swelling to unusual proportions.

Soon after the outbreak of war each of the nine provinces sent many shiploads of food supplies. Since then comparatively huge war gifts have been raised. During the first year of the war the Dominion raised \$5,000,000 for what is known as the Patriotic Fund, for dependent wives and children of enlisted men, and in January, 1916, an additional \$8,000,000 was raised. This is in addition to the government's pay to the men, a separation allowance to the families and a pension system. Already,

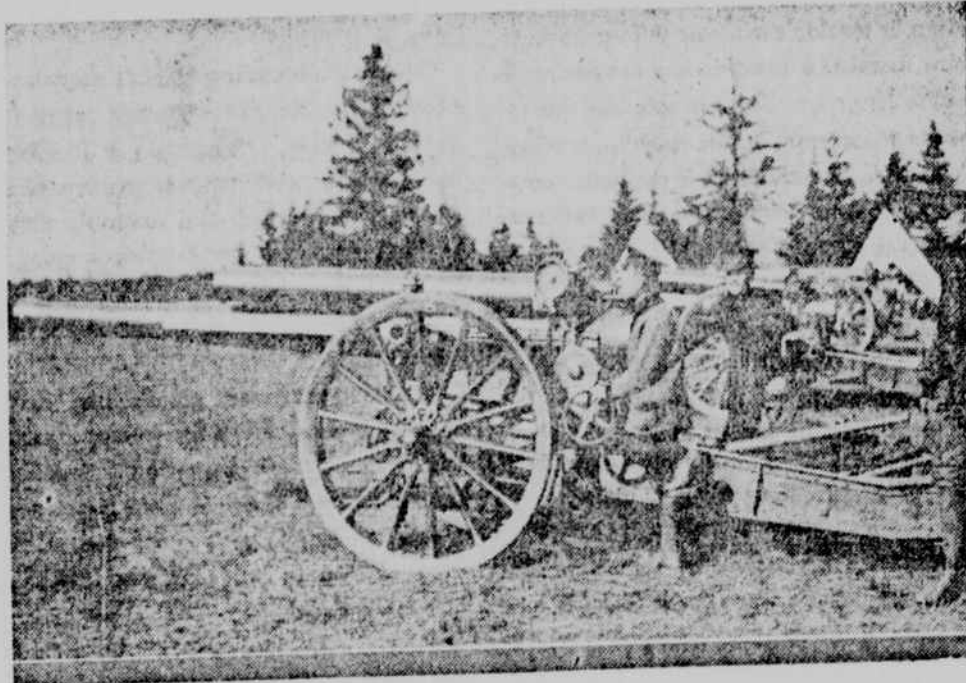
under this Patriotic Fund, 25,000 families are being cared for, and the numbers may increase to as many more within a year.

### VARIED SERVICE OFFERED.

The Canadian Army Transport Service, of necessity, called into being with extraordinary rapidity, and it is able to boast that the first 100,000 troops were sent overseas without the loss of a single life. The Dominion, through governmental and private aid, was supporting, late in the fall of 1915, 10,000 beds in sixteen hospitals in England, France, Italy and the Dardanelles, and since then the Ontario government has opened a 1,000-bed hospital in England. Some of the great Canadian universities, such as McGill, Toronto and Queens, are supporting and manning base hospitals, which are credited with being of the highest grade. Already Canada has sent over two thousand of her doctors and several hundred nurses as one of the national contributions.

In Canada itself internment camps are a corollary of the contest. Thousands of members of the enemy lands, who are under suspicion, are corralled in large encampments, some of them being situated in the wilds of Quebec and Ontario, where the men are building roads and clearing land. The men of an internment camp in the Rocky Mountains are constructing a mountain road from Calgary to Vancouver.

The sacrificial spirit marks the women of Canada, as might be supposed. Their practical activities are legion. Women's patriotic leagues, Red Cross auxiliaries, Daughters of the Empire, Women's Canadian clubs, church organizations and women's political clubs are working to the one end. A popular Canadian song is entitled "Knitting" and it is sung to the music of millions of needles. Women have tag days, collecting bands for war funds and even recruiting leagues, and now they are organizing to release qualified fighting men from certain occupations and to replace them by women workers. The women of Canada are at war as well as the men.



Canadian artillerymen grooming a big gun.

in training in Canada. Sixty-five thousand married men are in the ranks, and recruits are coming in at an average of a thousand a day. Half a million from an eight-million population is Canada's contribution. It is estimated that the maximum fighting force of the Dominion, of men who are between eighteen and forty-five, would number 750,000; others make the estimate a million. The industrial, commercial and agricultural interests need men as well, and already plans are being made for the release of fighters by workers who cannot fight.

But, in the meantime, the universal slogan

This represents a heavy strain on an eight-million country, and yet it is being successfully and cheerfully met. When the Finance Minister floated a 5 per cent \$50,000,000 war loan it was over-subscribed to twice that sum in ten days' time, and the other fifty millions were retained to assist the Imperial Government in financing its purchases of war supplies in Canada. Fortunately, the national revenue is growing while the outlay is lessening, the government thus setting a national example of economy.

The country is experiencing the new sensation of war taxes on certain imports, on letters,



The Minister of Militia, Sir Sam Hughes, bidding nurses goodbye.

# What Is the Matter with American Light Opera?

## Nothing Much, Answers Hungarian Author of "Sybil," Except That Our Composers Devote More Energy to Medleys than to Stories Set to Music.

AMERICAN composers must stop turning out medleys and begin putting stories to music. They must reverse the eye-ear-brain order, setting for themselves a more dignified pace. They must go about their work more seriously, more slowly. They must become "infatuated" before they set down a single note. They must abandon their cherished "numbers," making it impossible for scores to be interchanged.

That is the way—though perhaps more mildly and with more chivalrous reservation—that Victor Jacobi sums up the situation. And Victor Jacobi, who is responsible for "Sybil," one of the musical comedy successes of the season, ought to be qualified to judge, since he comes straight from Hungary, where some of the best music of the day is produced.

"Your composers over here," he said, "pay almost no attention to the story. This constitutes the real difference between American light opera and European light opera. With us—or with those of us who labor toward the production of something more artistic—the story is very important. It and the music must be wedded. There must be constant accord between them. When song breaks dialogue there must be a distinct reason for it. The music, in other words, must simply carry on the story. It must never be interpolated, according to the European point of view.

"But with the majority of the American musical shows (and, by the way, I find them generally quite charming) the relationship between book and lyrics is the slenderest possible. Instead of a score there is generally a set of 'numbers,' one, two, three, four, five—perhaps up to twenty. These numbers, while calculated to catch the popular fancy, might be juggled with quite at the producer's will. The musical 'numbers' of one light opera might even be transferred bodily in many cases to almost any other light opera without affecting the plot to any appreciable extent. What with us is genuine score becomes, in the

hands of most of your popular composers, a mere string of songs."

"But why is it," Mr. Jacobi was asked, "that America, with her passion for music, doesn't produce artists of the calibre of the European artists?"

The composer erased with a gesture all the opprobrium suggested by the question.

"I am not sufficiently familiar with your composers," he said, "to comment on the light opera they produce in other than a most general way. I find much of your popular music charming. I enjoy a native Broadway show immensely. And American popular music always meets with a cordial reception abroad, especially in Budapest, where the songs of popular American composers, like Irving Berlin for instance, are quite familiar to the public.

"I don't think there is any great fault to be found with the brand of musical comedy manufactured here. It serves its purpose and its day. That should be sufficient. And you have one glowing exception, you know—Victor Herbert. I could talk for hours and hours about Victor Herbert."

Mr. Jacobi still refused to say anything derogatory, but, thus pressed, consented to elaborate his idea of the underlying differences. He stoutly maintained that he was enthusiastic over the American school of musical comedy, but he also answered the vexing questions.

"I think," he went on, "that the matter of economics enters into the equation. In Europe, as in America, the consideration is to please the public. No producer, however ardent a patron of art, would care to stage a piece for the nightly benefit of empty seats. The public must be pleased. To this extent the conditions abroad and here in America are identical. But methods differ.

"American producers delight in equipping musical comedy in the most gorgeous manner they can devise. Money is not spared. The



Victor Jacobi, the Hungarian Composer, a Good-Natured Critic of Our Light Opera.

more lavish a production the better, as a general thing, appear its chances of success. Dazzling the eye is the first consideration in America. The productions in your theatres are simply wonderful. They go beyond anything attempted abroad, unless in London.

"The next thing is to please the ear. For this purpose the music must be tuneful and

swinging. Also the piece must abound in fun. Unless it is a laughing hit it is hardly a hit at all. Last of all, the intelligence of the audience must (it is not certain but he said "may") be appealed to. The people are not supposed to waste any time thinking. The plot must be simple and as slight as possible. This leaves the attention free to revel optically and orally.

## Victor Jacobi Finds Most of Broadway's Musical Plays Quite Delightful, Though Designed to Dazzle the Eye Rather than Charm the Ear.

"In Europe the order is reversed. We are more economical than you. We do not sink huge sums in the production itself, but depend first of all upon the appeal of the story. This represents a tremendous saving in dollars and cents. An operetta of the better or more representative sort must be capable of standing quite on its own feet. So with us the first appeal is to the brain.

"Of course, within the last few years we have developed beautiful staging for light opera. The European settings are far from being gauche and unlovely. They are esteemed highly important, though not of supreme importance. While American producers rely largely upon an indulgence in the spectacular, we have three sources from which to obtain effect—the brain, the ear, the eye. In one word, it is our constant effort to gain the interest of the audience. We believe that for the first night success of a light opera the story is almost a deciding factor. But the music has its vital influence. It deepens the impression of the story, and, if good, will preserve an initial success, keeping a play fresh and young."

Mr. Jacobi explained that the European type of musical comedy naturally required more time and thought on the part of the composer than the type we are accustomed to look upon as distinctly American. A good operetta could not, he said, be slapped together any way. It could not be arbitrarily manufactured to fit the demands of this or that star and delivered almost with a moment's notice. Good light opera is art, just as good grand opera is art. It must be lived with. It must be evolved in a thorough, musicianly manner.

He searched for a word—the word which should exactly express the composer's attitude toward his work. Quite a bit of unintelligible Hungarian was aired, and while the interviewer was himself groping about in his own mind the fugitive word sprang to Mr. Jacobi's lips. He spoke it with a ring of triumph:

"Infatuation! That is it. A composer must be infatuated with his subject. It is not enough to turn out so many pages of manuscript. The story must be absorbed, carried about with one constantly—and loved. Of course, many stories possessing dramatic possibilities would not lend themselves to musical treatment. The most suitable story must first be decided upon. Then it must remain uppermost in the mind of the composer all the time he is at work upon his operetta. He must never set it aside, never let it become of secondary importance.

"This method necessarily involves a long period of concentrated work, and it is not possible for European composers to turn out the quantity of material which the American composer can. For my part, I have been producing a musical comedy on an average of one every two years. Some require less than this, but few, I am sure, would find it possible to complete a piece in less than six or eight months.

"Of course, with the American type of musical comedy no such degree of close study and elaboration is required. A show composed of comedy 'musical numbers' and just enough plot to hold the performance together can be turned out in a very short time. It is not designed to conform to rules of art, and, making no pretensions to be what it isn't, cannot be said to fall short of any ideal. Naturally such types of musical comedy, depending as they do upon superficial estimation, cannot hope to achieve artistic successes. They amuse and often charm. They do not create any definite atmosphere, nor have they within themselves any germs of permanence."

And so, in his own way, without calling any names or assuming a suggestion of high mightiness, Mr. Jacobi answered the questions: Why must we go abroad for our best musical comedy? and Why do the imported pieces enjoy the longest runs?