

The Return of the Native

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He thieved and lied with us at first. Do you wonder at it?

"No, but as I was s'yin'—"

"It was only here that he began to find out that life was not all kicks and starvation. His whole outlook on life was bitter; and do you wonder that he turned Socialist when his mind began to expand, and hated the system he had been bred under, and would sooner have changed his country than gone back if I hadn't called him a coward?"

"I'd a gone back myself willin', miss, fer a thousand times worse than I'd ever 'ad before, if I 'ad the chance."

"You—!" She burst into tears. "And one thing he said to me," she resumed when she was calmer, "I shall never forget. He said: 'I've never had much joy in my life till I came here, and I'm a fatalist'. When I asked him what he meant, he said, 'Why, I've always been an underdog, sis, and though I've been so happy lately, I'm so scared it can't last.'"

The corp'ral scratched his head. "If yer arsk me, 'e got to be rather fond of the sound of 'is own voice."

"Do you really think that? Really?"

"Well—p'raps that's rather a 'arsh w'y to put it, miss, but 'e seemed to 'ave got very 'ard an' set in 'is views, an' they always seemed to be direc'ly opposite to everybody else's views, an' 'e 'ad to fyce a lot of hopposition amongst the boys. I should s'y," he concluded, "that 'e was almost a hatheist."

"Perhaps" she hazarded, "he didn't believe there could be another hell."

"That may be, but I didn't ferget what they taught us at the 'Ome. No, sir! I 'eard an ol' lydy s'y the other d'y that one good thing about the war was that it would deepen the religious life of the soldiers. Almost inclined to agree with 'er, only bullets 'ave a 'abit of comin' so unexpected . . . You probably know what I'm a-drivin' at . . . But it don't myke a feller feel

religious to git sent back 'ere, miss, an' leave London and heverythink else. I'm goin' 'ome fer good, miss, soon's I git my discharge. Bet your life!"

Fifth Avenue Enlists

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by our failures, and only as a result of a long campaign of preparedness have they been able to accomplish what seems like prodigies of organization since the comparatively recent declaration of war. This is largely owing to the fact that the enormous British population in the States has been at work for the past three years—working for the Russians, the French, the Belgians, and now these various committees have received new impetus from the entry of the United States into the war, while the majority of American women have plunged with enthusiasm into work for their own soldiers. One of the busiest places in Fifth Avenue is the headquarters of the Woman's Section of the Navy League, where numbers of women supply information, receive and ship donations for soldiers' comforts and superintend the manifold activities of the League in a most business-like manner. A recent demand for sleeveless sweaters brought

forth the large number asked for in an incredibly short space of time, which goes to show that throughout the country for years past women have been becoming more skilful with their knitting-needles, and though some may be seen laboriously and painfully watching each stitch, people no longer ask her if she is making tennis socks? At the Navy League also, women are registering for work on the land, and in co-operation with the State School of Agriculture at Farmingdale, Long Island, they are conducting a three months' course to fit women to take charge of farms, or give instruction in the various courses concerning farm work. This is but one of the large organizations of women who are devoting themselves to Production, and a motoring trip in the vicinity of New York on Sunday reveals the fact that hosts of women are devoting their weekly holiday to work in the fields. The tremendous organization of women's war work accomplished after two months of war makes us think with shame of the little we have accomplished after three years. They are going into the work with fresh energy, new vigour; we are tired, desperately tired, of it all, but the war will not be won by resting; we must gain a new impetus from their example and work on to the end.

MUSIC

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drove him into a cellar, a more tragic situation than he had ever helped to create in any of his big dramatic roles on the stage. The great basso—he sang in Canada fourteen years ago—almost starving to death in a cellar, when he had won by hard work and glorious art a position of opulence and honour among world artists—what scene from *La Boheme* or *Faust* was ever as tragically big?

De Reszke is mourned in blase, operated New York; most sincerely by Krehbid in the New York Tribune, who says:

The death of Edouard de Reszke will stir a wealth of warm memories hereabout. In the golden nineties, when opera on Broadway reached its apogee, the name of de Reszke led all the rest. An older and more distinguished brother came first on the programmes and first as an artist; but only because he was one of the great artists of a century—and a tenor, besides. Edouard de Reszke was a great singer and a rarely beloved one, with qualities of mind and heart that would have made him a distinguished figure in any field of work.

Is it simply because old days are best that we sigh over the news from Poland and long for the opera of other days? Not altogether. There was a greatness of stature in the group that made the old Metropolitan famous that needs no haze of time to command belief. Fashions come and go in music and in singing and, as well, in opera, which is a little of both and much of other things besides. But a giant is always a giant, and it needs no critical yardstick to know that the days of giants are not upon us now.

Other years are coming, and we shall hope, optimistically, for a new birth of opera. For that day we can ask no greater fortune than to hear again the equal of Edouard de Reszke.

Dancing and Opera.

THAT good classic dancing is possible only on a big stage was demonstrated last week on a little stage in Foresters' Hall, Toronto. Miss Norma Allewelt was engaged by Mr. Atherton

Furlong as assisting artist in his two closing pupils' recitals for the season. She is almost beautiful, she danced in perfect sympathetic rhythm a very varied, and exacting and beautiful programme, varying from the passive to the sprightly and the heroic, and she did it all with sinuosity of movement, charm of expression and fine interpretation of the music. But because her movements were restricted to a space the size of a small parlor, her work failed to "get across."

The vocal programme—heard only the first—was one of those opulent, prodigious ensembles of which Mr. Furlong has made himself the arch exploiter in this country. Eleven young ladies, some not so young, and young girls, contributed a dazzling scene of operatic arias from almost as many different operas. The style of singing was highly ornate, some of it coloraturesque in a high degree, some of it quite beautiful and simple, occasionally sad—and at odd intervals even dramatic. An attempt was made to give a simulation of the stage setting wherever possible, in some cases quite successfully. As vocalism the work exhibited all the unmistakable Furlong characteristics. No matter how young or inexperienced the singer, she went through her appointed task with almost trillbyesque infallibility. How Mr. Furlong gets some of these young people to do such big things in so dazzling a style is not for any music editor to divulge, even if he knew. The hall seemed to be dotted with pupils and ex-pupils of Furlong; girls, who before he began to teach them, knew scarcely the difference between an operatic aria and a popular ballad. Scores of these young operatic debutantes who will never reach any stage—though some of them may and perhaps will—are to be found in Toronto, the result of this man's prodigious work during the past four years. He has made a strange impression on the vocal art of this part of the country. He has brought out a number of very

promising young people, since he arrived here with Marjory Dennis five years ago. At every recital there are a few of these wonderettes in song; and some quite sincere art performers who do not rank as prodigies. Among the latter in this particular programme were Miss Laura B. Ellis, who gave a very beautiful, demure and spirited characterization of the Spinning Wheel scene and Jewel song from "Faust"; Miss Agnes Adie, who gave a fine rendering of Depui's *le Jour* from Puccini's *La Boheme* and Miss Alice Rowe in a dazzling coloratura performance of a theme and variations by Proch.

In spite of a protracted programme there was not a dull moment. The Misses Adekaid and Perle Chelew played the accompaniments to the vocal numbers and the music for the danseuse in a most capable and satisfying way. Mr. Furlong himself sang "Tosti's "Good-bye" with great expressiveness.

Owing to lack of space the Chess Column has been omitted this week. A double instalment will appear in the next issue.

AT the Columbia Country Club links at Washington, during one of the tensest days of the crisis with Germany, President Wilson came up to drive from one of the most difficult tees. Two members of the club stood aside to let the President "go through." That's a way they have at Washington. Mr. Wilson drove, and his ball shot off into precisely the place where he didn't want it to go. Experiences of that sort come, even to chief magistrates; golf is no respecter of persons. The President turned to the two, and remarked: "You see, even out here, I can't keep out of trouble."



A Good Sign

The "Traction" or "Special" mark is on every pavement and road in every portion of Canada. ¶ Either mark is the sure sign that all is well ahead.

Your Garageman Stocks
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