

are the substitute for galloping couriers and field telephones. By the click of the Morse code the operator at H. Q. gets the message flashed from the 35th, the 37th or the C. M. R. What it may be you don't know any more than you know what the shirt-sleeved chaps with the white and blue flags are flapping at to somebody you can't see in the opposite lines. But it's the same code for both the helio and the signalling corps, and it goes by letters of the alphabet. The extra men, along with the instruction operator on the platform, each with his little mirror on a swivel and its button to click for shorts and longs, are learning field language.

BUT the Hercules chaps past the next sentry-go are not worrying about language. With sleeves rolled up and eyes blinking at the sun they poke their rifles, with or without bayonets, in various directions; now advancing by the shuffle, now retreating; one command for getting the line on the invisible enemy that needs the bayonet, another for sticking it into him, the next for drawing it out, the next for advancing to stick another, and so on with various monologues from the Sergeant about how to hold their guns, feet and hands—until by actual count you have seen over a hundred intangible men bayoneted in invisible trenches, and not wishing to see any more carnage you pass along to some more peaceful moving picture.

Here comes a squad of horsemen from the C. M. R. lines, four abreast, trailing across the campus, left wheel and across to the road, on and on in a cloud of sand-swirling dust in which the horses' legs look like moving stake fences. Where they will get to when they finish is no business of the visitor, who soon becomes interested in the lines of idle horses picketed by the head and one hind leg, eating hay, taking the currycomb, lying asprawl in the sun, or wondering when they will get loose for a scurry across camp. Here a bunch of troopers are polishing and mending saddles; yonder at the camp smithy end of the lines, men walloping out red-hot horse-shoes in the open; along the alley a four-horse truck-load of fresh sand to shovel off for bedding. But it's no use to talk to the C. M. R. or to Col. Vaux Chadwick, their commander, about horses going abroad, because the steeds are not going and the men are—which is one virtue of belonging to the mounted infantry, that you may not always have your mount, especially in a war which has abolished cavalry.

WHILE you gaze at the antics of an obstreperous broncho that never wanted to enlist and doesn't believe in conscription and won't carry a man and has to be thrown with ropes, you slam into a soldier who knocks a dinge in your hat.

"I beg your pardon," he hears you say; but he never budes and says nothing. He doesn't even know you are there. He is the rock; you are the wave—but you don't come again. On into the lines of the 35th, with its hundreds of Toronto men from our regiments. On again into the beautiful dingy dell where the base hospital is in charge of Major

T. B. Richardson, and where a lot of people seem to be more or less busy looking after men who are not just playing at the game, but are really ill, one way or another.

Executing a flank movement you turn up behind the grub lines of the next battalion encampment and get a glimpse of how open-air cooking is done; where everything is handled in circus dimensions without regard to cost; soup for supper brewing by the barrel, meat pan-roasting by the cwt., potatoes pared by the bag, and the whole elongated line of cook-tents banked up with tidy little woodpiles, with water pipes and garbage incinerators across the way, as



One of the Niagara boats carrying the Eaton Battery and the Reinforcing Contingent from Niagara to Toronto, en route for Montreal and England.

perfectly as though you were in a large summer hotel—and much cleaner.

There is no haphazard about Niagara. Too many generations of soldiers have camped there. Canadian soldier machinery is too well developed now. You could plant the Niagara Camp down in any part of Europe and get it recognized as a real military institution. Around the H. Q., under Col. Mewburn, slapdash and potluck are reduced to a minimum. Military despatch is on the high click everywhere. When Col. Logie, with his arm in a sling, looking every ounce a seasoned soldier, happens round the offices, there is no need for orderlies and staff officers to buck up for inspection. He knows it.

NOT all machinery. No, there is the eternally human side; which in a place so tremendously beautiful and historic has a perfect setting. In almost any one of the thousands of bell tents that

look as much alike as peas in a pod, you may find the human individualities that link the soldier with the life he came from. It may be in a chair, a book, a musical instrument, a cushion or two, a box of cigars or a jar of tobacco, here and there a feminine token of one kind or another; each tent tells its own story and the stories will never be told. Each battalion has its own pride and its own opinion of the others. There are youths and grey-haired men, bunking together from Lights' Out till Reveille; and from 9.30 to 12 and from 2 to 4.30 working on the field again.

In a tent near the entrance, a youth of 22 sauntered up and was introduced to a civilian whose son held one of the bunks in the tent, the new Colt revolver, the officers' boots and the sword.

"Why, it's you, Bobbie," said the father. "Heavens! eighteen years ago on a Sunday evening up at Lake Simcoe, you and this boy here and a dozen others were baptized in one service. I haven't seen you since. And here you are—well, well, well!"

He thought more than he spoke. These babies of 1897 were the young warriors of 1915, come together here in the most historic part of older English Canada, togged and accoutred for a war that makes babies of us all.

BUGLES up the road; round corner the whack of drums. The young girls chinning so musically with the young officers looked out along the highway under the rows of grand old trees. In the blink of the low sun over the butter-cupped acres of the camp they saw the 36th marching in; a long, quivering, four-deep line of khaki and rifles and rolled-up sleeves. As one end swung into camp, the other snaked round the corner far down the road. The bugles stuttered still and the drums miffed into a hollow. Then came the quick, steady swish of the marching feet slicking along the oiled roadway, the rifles glistening in the sun, left hands swinging alongside; men in that battalion who a few weeks ago were slouching about town with ingrown chests and crooked shoulders, now as sinewy and elastic as young panthers; a bit footsore, perhaps, but from the first line of drums clean back to the machine-gun and tripod carried in a sling at the rear, every man looking as though he were fit for Germans, hell-fire, or anything else diabolical to-morrow. And as the bugle corps mounted the little hill the camp band rose from a hollow and struck up a tune. That lifted them as a breeze stirs the grass. The khaki-clad, bare-armed lines snaked in among the tents and was swallowed up. Some bugle stuttered for supper.

Up the river whistled a boat, and the old town was threaded with officers down to see those that came in and those who were pulling out, probably never to see those officers again till the war is done. As the boat sluiced out past the dock into the lake, the khaki figures came on down to the edge. Bouquets were waved from the top deck. Kisses blown; handkerchiefs fluttering.

"Halt!" yelled somebody on the stern topdeck. "Look out, there—you'll be stepping off the end."



THE PEOPLE AND THE MODERN PLAY

By ARTHUR FORD

ONE Sunday morning in the winter of 19—(date deleted by the censor), the congregation of the Bethel Presbyterian Church, in the Canadian town of Spotlight (fake name for press purposes) were deeply startled to hear the venerable minister, who had been with his charge thirty-seven anniversaries, give out the following announcement:

"On Thursday evening of this week, at the Town Hall, there will be a meeting to form a local branch of the Drama League of America, in this city. All parents who are careful about how they should be brought up by their children are invited to attend. The chair will be taken by Mrs. Arthur Jones, President of the — branch of the League, who will explain what a wonderful work has already been accomplished in other towns and cities all over America by this League. Your pastor expects to be present."

The most suddenly jolted person in that congregation was Eli Bingham, the sole proprietor, dictator and manager of the Opera House, famous in that section of theatregoing territory as the dirtiest, meanest, and most discouraging one-night stand house on the road. Eli built the opera house once upon a time because he happened to own the corner lot opposite the town hall and thought he could make a better revenue out of a theatre with stores below than from any other kind of building. But as Eli's regular business was running a big livery barn, he was able to spend a small fortune on his opera house

without getting much of it back. During the season the house averaged about one show a week, and as there was nobody but the circuit manager to decide what shows would draw in that kind of town, the kind of shows in Spotlight were gradually becoming worse and the theatre, badly built in the first place, was rapidly becoming worse than the shows. Nobody took any interest in the Opera House except to point it out to visitors. No self-respecting youth ever took his parents to see one of the shows. And the minister of the Bethel Church where Eli Bingham paid his dues, would have headed a committee to close the house, if Eli had not been one of the pillars of the church.

As a matter of fact, Eli was not particularly to blame. He was the only man in town who knew beans about running a theatre; and he knew the next thing to nothing. He was no judge of a show. He knew that a bad show always managed to get a full gallery, and that if he ever took a chance on Shakespeare the people who talked so hard about "rotten" shows that ruined the minds of the young, seldom or never bought tickets. So when things got started on the downward road in Spotlight, every ramshackle show that came along left the theatre and the minds of the people in a worse condition for the next one. And there was no body of public opinion or general dramatic taste behind Eli Bingham

to make things any better. He hung on to his livery stable and let the opera house go to the dickens. And the theatrical affairs of Spotlight were just about at their lowest known ebb at the time when the minister of Bethel took the bull by the horns and gave out the Drama League announcement.

Eli went to the meeting. So did a good number of the congregation—and the minister. A good deal was said by the visiting delegation to explain what was the matter with Spotlight and a hundred other places like it in this country; what the Drama League was trying to do to get the people at large to take as much serious interest in the kind of plays they saw as in the kind of sermons they heard on Sunday; what Spotlight itself might do to get in line with a circuit of good plays known to the Spotlight branch of the League and through them to the community at large to guarantee that whenever such a good play came to town, enough people would be present at least to pay the expenses.

This of course is only an extreme instance of what may yet be expected to happen when the Drama League gets hold of every town and city in Canada where there is anything that looks like a theatre. This movement began three years ago in Evanston, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. Members at that time were all Chicagoans. Now the League has extended into every State, to thirty large cities in the United States, to four cities in Canada, and England, where it is somewhat retarded by war.