

# HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

A TIDY little transportation problem is involved in the mobilizing of half a million or more troops and moving them to the eastern sea-board for embarkation on a fleet of troopships and, of course, the brunt of the burden must fall on the railways, and it is for just such a job that Uncle Sam has accepted the services of the best men on the American Railway Association. The task set these men was to co-ordinate the vast railway system of the United States with the military machine and, according to John W. Russell, who writes on the subject in the Railroad Man's Magazine, they have gone far on the way towards accomplishing that objective. "The Association has, in effect," says Mr. Russell, "become a part of the armed forces of the United States, ready, on receiving orders from Washington, to take the responsibility of carrying those orders into effect by transportation activities similar to those included in the plans of the army staffs of Continental Europe, and by providing, as far as possible, the railway units of special trained men corresponding to the railway arm of the military services abroad."

Coal and iron ore have been given the right of way in order to supply New England and the manufacturing districts; duplicate passenger services either have been, or are about to be, abolished, and the freighting facilities of the roads have been pooled.

They are prepared, so Mr. Russell declares, to mobilize 80,000 men a day at New York. In other words, they can move a field army—the highest definite unit of American army organization—from Chicago to the gangways of troopships in New York harbour within 24 hours of receiving the command. To move a field army of 80,000 troops they would require 6,229 cars made up into 366 trains, with as many locomotives, each train having 17 cars. Transportation for the soldiers requires 2,115 passenger cars, while the animals, military vehicles, guns, supplies, et cetera, are distributed among 1,899 stock-cars, 775 flat cars, 1,055 box cars, and 385 baggage-cars.

"These figures, after all," comments Mr. Russell, "represent but an insignificant fraction of Uncle Sam's railroad resources. They account for only .7 of one per cent. of the locomotives, 4.2 per cent. of the passenger-cars, and .2 of one per cent. of the freight equipment."

The field army of 80,000 taken as our hypothesis, when entrained and equipment and supplies loaded, proceeds in an assigned order in 366 trainloads. In Chicago at the station chosen, the schedule is fixed; the train-despatcher and the yardmaster see that it is kept by departing trains; the division superintendents along the route, assisted by the despatchers, maintain the rate of movement, and the trains arrive in New York on time.

Speed and the intervals between outgoing trains might depend, nevertheless, upon military and naval arrangements made in New York. If a fleet of allied transport ships, strongly convoyed, had been made ready to take the army aboard, a speed equal to that made in the transportation of European armies by rail could be attained.

Big as the American Railway Association's war-time job sounds, it shrinks into almost negligible quantities when compared with the task of handling the military masses of Europe.

During the German drive for Calais, the French railroad service sent over 3,000 trainloads of poilus in a little over a day and a half. On August 4, 1914, the day of the British declaration of war against Germany, the general manager of one railroad, on opening sealed government orders, began to send out trains which within seven days amounted to ninety in number; each train on fixed schedule, made up of the extra number of cars assigned, and



## This Week's Bill of Fare

### Rails and Moving Armies

(Railroad Magazine.)

### The Actor and His Tricks

(American Magazine.)

### 1917 Millionaires in Japan

(Munsey's.)

### Warfield's First Cue

(McClure's.)

### Opulent Negroes in Gotham

(New York Times.)

### Russia's Industrial Terror

(The Outlook.)

carrying the exact number of troops.

In eleven days the whole of the British expeditionary force of about 120,000 men was on French soil. The trains sent from London and other British cities ran at twelve-minute intervals; at Paris the intervals were probably less.

"ONE of the keenest pleasures the theatre affords," says Walter Prichard Eaton, in the American Magazine, "is to watch the players and discriminate, or try to discriminate, between what is an imaginative and unique creation in their impersonations, and what is a mere trick of acting, a conventional short cut. If more people in the playhouse made the effort thus to discriminate, there would be a much wider appreciation of the actor's art, and a better understanding. What are really the tricks in acting are those things a player does in a given situation to create a dramatic effect, to achieve illusion, to make the artificial seem natural, and which he can use in any other similar situation; which are, in short, a sort of stock in trade, or, rather, a machine-made tool employed by his head rather than his heart or his imagination. What are the true creative things in acting are those effects the actor achieves by a deep imaginative realization of the particular character he is playing, which he uses in that play and that play alone, which would fit nowhere else, and die with the part."

"In the last act of Jane Cowl's new play, 'Lilac Time,' as it was originally played, there is a good illustration of what is trickery and what is creative artistry in acting. The scene begins in a subdued and sombre key, because Miss Cowl's soldier lover has been away for a year, and his fate is uncertain. Then comes a letter from him, seized upon with happy and tearful excitement, then the news that his regiment is arriving that very morning. The excitement increases, the action grows faster, until finally, when the major of the regiment enters the room, the actress rushes to him like a young whirlwind. His face is very grave, and into this speed, this excitement, he drops the word that the lover has been killed. So far there is nothing here which isn't an ancient trick alike of acting and stage management, based, of course, on the fact that men and

women do speak louder, and faster in joy than in grief, and at the approach of some long looked-for and greatly desired event do become sometimes almost hysterical. The stage manager and actress, knowing this, 'work up' the scene accordingly. But after the sad news, which, of course, breaks her down into tragic weeping, the soldiers are heard marching by outside. Miss Cowl is supposed to be a brave French girl. She springs to the window, and mastering her sobs,

she waves to the troops and cries, "Vive la France! Vive l'Angleterre!" In that cry is the courage of the self-sacrificing patriot. In it, too, she puts her grief. In it, too, she puts a certain blind resentment against fate, a tragic defiance, almost. It is a thrilling moment, finely and imaginatively conceived, belonging to that particular character in that special situation, and to no other. It is a bit of real creative acting.

"So far as acting is a matter of calculated convention, a studied and almost systematized method of making what is artificial seem natural enough to cause illusion, it may be said to be, in the words of Mr. Arliss, 'a bag of tricks.' It becomes creative art at the point where it ceases to be systematized, where it ceases to have a method, and what the actor does or says, how he does or says it, impresses us as belonging to that one character in that one play and to no other character or play whatsoever. Here is where imagination, inspiration—call it what you will—enters in. Here is where we begin to see the difference between the great actor and the routine performer. Here is where the critic has to cease analyzing, and sits back to enjoy."

TAKE up any book, says Charles H. Thurber, in the Canadian Magazine, and you will find it offers as many as or more varieties in materials than the dinner-table. The first thing you see is the cloth on the cover, which can be followed a long way to the fields where the plant was grown, through the mills where the cloth was manufactured, and then to the special book-cloth mill where the cloths are put through a secret process. There is the dye which must have been used in colouring the cloth. There is, perhaps, gold on the cover, real gold, which leads us to consideration of the ancient art of the gold-beater. Without opening the book you see that it is composed of a great mass of paper. What is the paper made of? Rags from a Mediterranean port, or pulp, the ignoble end of some monarch of the forest? Here is a whole vast industry with all its ramifications, from the materials and chemicals used to the nations that contribute them, an enormous industry with many picturesque features.

There is glue; there are bits of cloth to hold the book into the binding; there is thread used to sew the leaves together; there is ink on the pages. How did the ink get on the pages in the form which makes an intelligible, readable document? It was put there by pressing the paper against metal—metal type, or more likely in these days, metal plates. Where did the metal come from? How many different kinds of metals are used? How are they arranged in just this particular way? There may be pictures. How did they come into being? If all the materials that go into a book were merely thrown together we should no more have a book than we should have a dinner if the materials on the dinner-table were thrown together. It is the cook who takes the materials for the dinner-table, arranges them properly, saves them from becoming a mess and makes them a dinner. So there must be some agency to perform a like function for the materials which go into a book. There must be, to carry out the figure, a book cook. That, for many years, has been my job.

Men have recorded their thoughts and achieve-

#### Rails and Moving Armies

#### What Makes a Book Anyhow?