

A DAY'S BAG AFTER HUNTING THE HUN



Two American soldiers, after taking a number of prisoners, are counting their spoils and picking out "relics" for the folks at home.—United States official photograph.

REVIVAL OF THE CHANTY SONG

United States Appoints An Official Singer

Start Again the Lusty Chorus as Work is Done Aboard Ship—The Good Old Days of "Blew a Man Down"

(J. N. H. in Rochester Post-Express.) A Yankee, one Stanton H. King, has received a unique appointment from the government. I use the overworked word "unique" advisedly, in its original sense of "only one of its kind." And Mr. King's appointment is the only one of its kind in this country at least. He has been appointed official chanty-man (take notice, ye landmen, the salt and tarry follower of Poseidon pronounces the word as if it were spelled "shanty") for the American merchant marine. His particular job it is to revive chanty singing among sailors who will join the new cargo ships. This is interesting news. Chanty singing went out of fashion when sailing ships gave way to steam. In the old days of clipper ships, when the American flag rippled to the wind in every port of the seven seas, the chanty-man was one of the most important men on board. A captain could get along without a second officer; he could do without a first mate at a pinch; but when it came to sailing his vessel down to the deep sea he could not get along without a chanty-man, for it was the chanty-man's lusty voice lifted in song that insured team work when the crew were weighing anchor or pulling on ropes. And chanty singing is to be revived because the new seamen of the merchant marine mean an increased demand for men who can "reef hand and steer." Mr. King's job is to give week-

ly entertainment in chanty singing to Jack ashore and to initiate him into the melodic mysteries of "Shenandoah," "Bound for the Rio Grande," or "Blow the Man Down." Because music is the language of tenderness and the companion of meritment, people are prone to regard it as unrelated to the humdrum occupations of daily life. But this view is wrong. Music is one of the grave concerns of life, like housekeeping, business, or the carrying out of great engineering projects. Men turn to sing in the face of death, on the battlefields, or in the depths of the water-besieged mine. If this is not so, why is it that when we are so deeply moved that words are inadequate to express what we feel, we turn to song? Why does patriotism need a "Marseillaise"? Why does the American and the British soldier chant "The Lone Trail" and "Tipperary" on the way to the trenches? Why does the French poet, just before going over the top, hum to himself the sprightly words of "Madelon"? And why, to bring the matter back to the practical issue of chanty singing, does labor so often inspire music and music ease the toil of the laborer? For, ever since man went forth into the fields to gather his bread in the sweat of his brow, he has made him a song to ease his toil. Before the widespread use of machinery music was regarded as a necessary accompaniment to industrial life. The old guilds and craft societies had their marches and their songs. Till silenced by the roar of machinery men and women sang at their tasks. The man who tends a power loom has little inducement to sing. It was different when the good wife sat at her spinning wheel and the children, seated at the spinning wheel she dreamed dreams of fairland and romance—dreams the whir of the wheel and the click of the thread turned to song. Before the gasoline engine had invaded the fields the husbandman lightened his toil by an old ballad or a love ditty. But the domestic engine was installed on shipboard, to raise and lower the anchor, the deep sea and find help and grave consolation for the boat songs of their great rivers. Where the word "chanty" originated is not known. It is not in Admiral W. H. Smyth's "Sailor's Word Book," published in 1867. It first appeared, so far as I can discover, in an article entitled "Sailors' Shanties and Sea Songs," printed in Chambers' Journal for Dec. 11, 1869, which article I have in my collection of sea songs. "I once heard," the article begins, "an old salt remark that a good shanty was the best bar in the captain's and he spoke truly." The first nautical dictionary to record the word was W. Clark Russell's "Sailors' Language," published in 1888. In a notice of a book called "Sailors' Songs, or Chanties," by Frederick J. Davis, R. N. R., and Ferris Tower, a writer in the Saturday Review for Aug. 27, 1887, page 281, said, "A 'shanty,' or as pedants call it, 'chanty,' is a song sung by sailors at their work." In her "Music of the Waters," printed in 1888, Miss Laura A. Smith has nothing to say about the origin of the word, although she uses it. Some writers claim that it is a diminutive of the English word "chant," but against this view is the argument that the earliest form of the word is "shanty." However, where etymologists fear to tread is not for a layman to rush in with theories. But if my readers are at all interested in the subject, as I am, I cordially recommend John Macfield's book, "A Sailor's Garland." In this collection of sea songs you will find out a good deal about chanties, and the words of many of the best. Certainly there is no one better qualified than John Macfield to write on this particular subject. Perhaps some day when we have passed through the grosser phases of materialism and electricity has been applied to the service of man, as Marconi prophesies it will be applied, men and women will once more sing while they work. Many of the old songs will have disappeared. But the race genius that breed new songs. The miller who watches his wheat milled by smoothly running machinery operated with electricity will not sing the same songs that his forefathers sang when the grain was crushed in the quern stone. The engineer of an electric locomotive will not hum the sort of song the old position shouted loudly to the morning.



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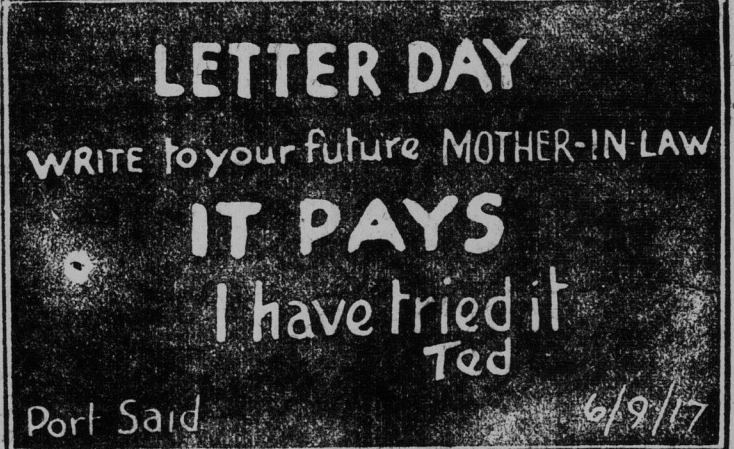


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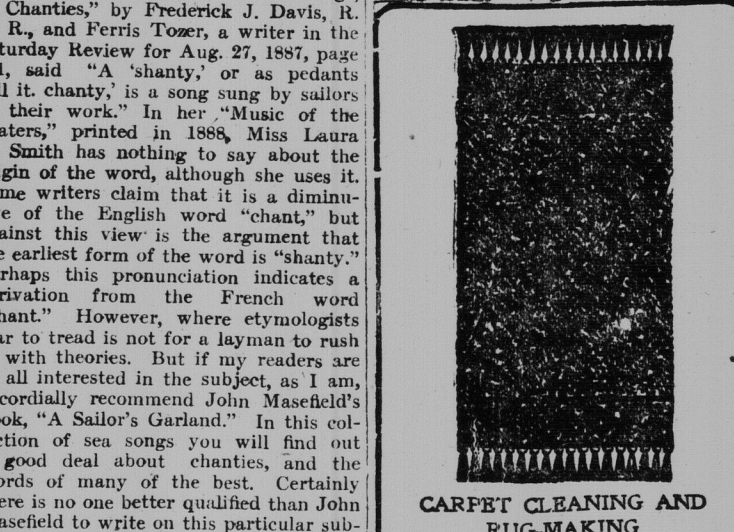


An Englishman finds plenty of time to refute the old Mother-in-law joke.

'Round the world and all, We're gypsies of the deep blue sea, And we've heard the ocean's call, We brave the fogs and rocks and reefs, We love the wind and rain, Windjammers all, we heed the call, "Take your time from the chanty-man." No men appreciate the industrial value of music better than sailors do. Nothing will enable the crew to concentrate their energies and give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether as will one of their far-sung chanties. These songs are true music of the sea. When the men are worn out from long exertion, the mate will call for a chanty, and the chanty-man rolls out lustily: We'll haul on the bowline, The bowline haul, The bowline haul. The whole crew joins in the refrain: We'll haul on the bowline, The bowline haul, The bowline haul. The pull that actually does the work is made while singing the last three words. Much the same effect is got in the song of the boatmen of the Volga, familiar to us through the playing of the Balalaika Orchestra. The sense of toil is expressed in a vein of uncomplaining melancholy. It is the music of men who eat bread in the sweat of the brow, and find help and grave consolation for the boat songs of their great rivers. Where the word "chanty" originated is not known. It is not in Admiral W. H. Smyth's "Sailor's Word Book," published in 1867. It first appeared, so far as I can discover, in an article entitled "Sailors' Shanties and Sea Songs," printed in Chambers' Journal for Dec. 11, 1869, which article I have in my collection of sea songs. "I once heard," the article begins, "an old salt remark that a good shanty was the best bar in the captain's and he spoke truly." The first nautical dictionary to record the word was W. Clark Russell's "Sailors' Language," published in 1888. In a notice of a book called "Sailors' Songs, or Chanties," by Frederick J. Davis, R. N. R., and Ferris Tower, a writer in the Saturday Review for Aug. 27, 1887, page 281, said, "A 'shanty,' or as pedants call it, 'chanty,' is a song sung by sailors at their work." In her "Music of the Waters," printed in 1888, Miss Laura A. Smith has nothing to say about the origin of the word, although she uses it. Some writers claim that it is a diminutive of the English word "chant," but against this view is the argument that the earliest form of the word is "shanty." However, where etymologists fear to tread is not for a layman to rush in with theories. But if my readers are at all interested in the subject, as I am, I cordially recommend John Macfield's book, "A Sailor's Garland." In this collection of sea songs you will find out a good deal about chanties, and the words of many of the best. Certainly there is no one better qualified than John Macfield to write on this particular subject. Perhaps some day when we have passed through the grosser phases of materialism and electricity has been applied to the service of man, as Marconi prophesies it will be applied, men and women will once more sing while they work. Many of the old songs will have disappeared. But the race genius that breed new songs. The miller who watches his wheat milled by smoothly running machinery operated with electricity will not sing the same songs that his forefathers sang when the grain was crushed in the quern stone. The engineer of an electric locomotive will not hum the sort of song the old position shouted loudly to the morning.

DOMBEY MADE OVER.

Film Producers Modernizing One of Dickens's Great Stories. (Christian Science Monitor.) That Dickens's works should become the happy hunting ground for film producers in quest of a scenario follows almost naturally from their almost inexhaustible supply of dramatic material and familiar characters. And however much Dickensians may deny the adaptability of their idiom to this form of expression, they will reason in vain with the producer who spies a reel in some well-beloved masterpiece. The latest explorer in this field, having selected "Dombey and Son" for photographic treatment, has caused an unusual flutter among devotees of the story by heralding his production with an apologia in which he announces that, wishing to make the stories "more vivid, clear and dramatic," and convinced that the thoughts in the novel are "applicable to any period," he has decided that the characters shall be presented in modern garb, further justifying his innovation by pointing out the absence of any chronological references in the text itself. The announcement has occasioned



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WITH MILLIONS MORE MEN TO ASSURE A GREAT VICTORY THE NEED OF MORE ARMY HUTS IS IMPERATIVE SO IT IS THAT THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS ARE EXTENDING THEIR EFFORTS IN ERECTING AND MAINTAINING

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THE NEED FOR ALL THE HUTS IT IS POSSIBLE TO FURNISH IS MOST PRESSING. Canadian and British Generals say so also American Commanders and even Generalissimo Foch himself. They all urge upon non-combatants at home the necessity of employing money and effort without stint to back up the fighting men with relaxing comforts. This is what Army Huts are built for; this is one of the great secrets of Allied spirit and fitness.

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wide attention. Defenders of the author's rights and of his characters' clothes have assailed the undaunted producer with evidence that the attempt must be a burlesque and a travesty speech, and social conditions drawn by calculated to warp the imagination of perhaps millions of film connoisseurs. Whichever is right, the producer, who is evidently sincere in his reasoning, or his literary critics, the issue is significant, partly because the producer, who films for millions, is a man of influence, and partly because producers are still "feeling out" for the main line of future development in their art, and there is no certainty where their final decision will lie. The matter affects not only Dickens, who will, nevertheless, always repose in his original form in the library and home, immune from modern influence, but also the millions of the-atregoers, who are open to persuasion. The truth is that the thought, dress, and social conditions drawn by Dickens form one living portrait of England in 1846, and whatever it is permanently true is true in relation to those particular surroundings and those surroundings only. Remove one attribute and all the values change. So the film producer, grasping at the plot, but constrained by his camera to sacrifice one after another of the elements of the novel, finds the real Dickens disappearing, left by last, like an article. However, many people will see this metamorphosed "Dombey and Son," and the film may have definite influence in the view of the literary and educational merit.

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