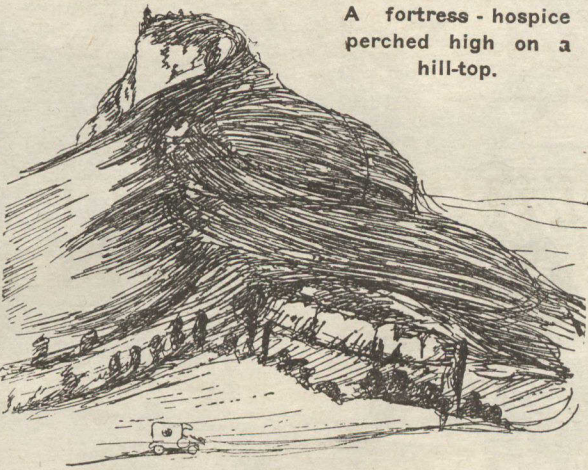


fallen into the enemy's hands. Belfort is rarely bombarded now, though a year ago great havoc was wrought. The hotel we stayed in had been badly damaged, and many of the surrounding buildings are still in ruins. I must confess to a slight disappointment at having no thrilling experiences near the front. If I had been a journalist pure and simple, I might have been escorted to the trenches as some I know have been. One lady of my acquaintance even boasts that she is suffering from a gas attack! This made me horribly envious, but being a mere chauffeuse I had to hurry on.

On the whole trip I had only one real thrill of utter terror, and that was when I saw real flames leaping through the footboard of the car, and had a vision of Percy going up with a flare and a bang! An oily rag carelessly left by the engine had caught fire, but I quickly stopped the motor, and turned off the supply of gasoline.

My other great excitement was in mounting to the fortress hospital of St. Andre. Percy, unlike one of his brother Fords in Paris, is not noted for his hill-climbing powers, and the delegate informed me that

the car she rode in previously had refused to mount the last half mile, so I trembled inwardly. Percy passed the bend where his predecessor had stalled, but refused the last hundred yards, remaining in the



A fortress - hospice
perched high on a
hill-top.

centre of a narrow road with a ditch on either side. It would be easy, I thought, to back down. It was very easy. A couple of soldiers who had been sent to my aid, saw me flying as they thought to perdition. Finding I could not control the speed, I did the only thing possible, turned sideways into a ditch. I was not as frightened as the soldiers.

"Here comes a smashed tail lamp and a crack in the back door," I said; but luck was with me, and Percy got away without a scratch! Since then mountainous scenery has lost half its charm for me unless we can keep on the well-graded roads.

Important hospitals frequently lie in remote places. Then come side roads with their deceptive turnings. We fail to arrive at a clean little town at lunch time, and have a belated and most expensive meal of black bread, sour wine and an omelette, at some tiny place where the townspeople turn out en masse to peep through the windows to see us eat. Cross and exasperated, we venture out and feel ashamed of our annoyance when we find the motor all decked out with flowers.

What Makes La Marseillaise Seem So Dull?

*The great National Anthem is almost
tame even by a French Band*

TWENTY thousand people on the Canadian National Exhibition grandstand listened to inaudible pianissimos for the past two weeks where the French band, recently touring the United States, has been giving special programmes before the stage show breaks out. No such spirituelle band has ever played at the "Ex." There were over seventy instruments; a band that could have lifted a crowd to an ecstasy, especially when they rose to play La Marseillaise. But even their own national anthem, baptized in blood and heroism and tears as it has now been for four years, failed to bring this remarkable band to a pitch of dramatic expression. Yet they played the piece better than we have ever heard it. Few bands play it at all well. In the first place, the average band arrangement taken from the vocal accompaniment is a piffling affair. Createur uses the old arrangement, and whenever the band played it at the Fair the piece fell flat for lack of sonority and breadth. The French band had a better one. They made a great deal of the lovely intricate minor modulations that gave their wood winds such a fine chance. But it remained a sort of hymn; more fiery than O, Canada, which they played with fine feeling and tonal effect, or God Save the King, which they do not seem to understand at all in comparison with British bands. The bandmaster seemed sad. No doubt he has cause to be—though most of his men seemed jovial enough. He was not thinking so much of the peace crowd at the Fair celebrating the constructive energy of civilization; more of the crowds at home, the bereaved families, the shattered cities and villages, and the ruined lives of France. Indeed, it is a marvel that any French band could play at all except sadly within the shadow of such a tragedy. It was a lovely band; in delicate tonal effects never surpassed here even by the Grenadier Guards of great memory. Some of the men had been at the war. Most of them, perhaps, invalided home. We shall never hear lovelier clarionets and oboes—like 'cellos and violas; never more beautiful and seraphic cornets; never more poetry of true expression. That band I am sure could play Debussy or Ravel and not miss much of the subtlety. But they never thundered or screamed. And they were never equal to the tonal demands of all out of doors, with 20,000 people chattering and rattling behind the conductor. A great band must be as near orchestra standard as possible; but it must remain a band.

Which is King—Piano, Violin or 'Cello?

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

FOR the first time, in modern history at least, a 'cellist is regarded by some authoritative people, as the greatest living musical interpreter. Pablo Casals is the artist picked by Mr. Huneker, Fritz Kreisler and Karleton Hackett for this unique distinction. Kreisler, himself some claimant to that eminence, is generous. The others are enthusiastic. Mr. Casals played in Canada two seasons ago with Harold Bauer; a most classic and beautiful programme. But he impressed nobody then that he had the key to the world's greatest emotions in that startling 'cello that talked like a great orator and sometimes sang like a woman. He has been mentioned as a possible conductor for the Boston Symphony. In every way Mr. Casals' stock is booming. Why? No doubt he is a very great artist; in most respects as great an artist as any alive. But he has not yet made his impression on the public. He has impressed—artists.

And there is some novelty, too, in taking the 'cello as the king of instruments in the hands of a big enough exponent. The piano and the violin have been on the pedestal by turns. To this day nobody knows whether he is moved more by one or the other. The contest has become almost discouragingly exciting. So much depends upon the man who draws the bow or fingers the keys. So in its distraction criticism turns to the comparatively unexploited 'cello. Here, perhaps, is some new note. The instrument of the indigo tones that sometimes come to almost a golden glow may give us some new sensations of an emotional sort. Here is what Hackett says in the Chicago Evening Post:

The instant he draws his bow across the strings he is a man transfigured, and the music he makes is the very essence of art. It is not merely the exquisite quality of his tone, with its almost infinite variety of colors, but the spirit back of it that animates his every phrase. It seems like hearing the very creation of music from the void, as though the thing itself but came into being at the moment. Not an art, far less a skill, but the music brought to us from the dwelling-places of light through the peculiar sensibility of this marvellous instrument.

We object—that this is not at all obvious. It takes far too much penetration of mind to realize this sovereignty of the 'cello. Some day, when the 'cello has become really popular, the claim of that instrument to pre-eminence may be considered. But by that time Pablo Casals with all his artistry may be retired.

Louis XIV. Decorations and Modern Music

*Hambourg late Summer Programme^s
Open the Canadian Season*

LOUIS XIV. must have hated music. This has never seemed obvious or important to the writer until listening to one of the Hambourg series of Soirees Musicales in the Louis XIV. room at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, week before last. Six beautiful programmes were miffed by the low ceiling and the rococo decorations. No instrument and no voice got more than a sporting chance. It was like racing a horse in the sand.

The absolutely new note about these soirees was the appearance of Senor Alberto Guerrero as solo and ensemble pianist. He is a Chilean; Spanish by extraction, Chilean by birth—and an artist. The piano he used was a Canadian-made medium-sized concert grand. It sounded like a Steinway. Again—that may have been partly due to the piano. Senor Guerrero has come to the position on the Hambourg Conservatory staff originally made vacant by the death of Prof. Michael Hambourg, and subsequently by Mr. Austin Conradi, who is now conducting an American army band in France. He plays as a fine woman talks. Of rather massive build in himself, he makes the piano a very tender, sensuous thing. His legato—smooth playing—is remarkably fine. Yet he can produce dynamics—rather Hoffmannesque, and tremendously insistent; crisp, clear and thunderous without any of the turbulent din that sometimes makes the bass part of a piano sound like the unloading of a box car. Indeed, one suspects that it is Senor Guerrero's strength and consequent power of restraint along with his clean-cut definition of phraseology that makes his legato so beautiful. When he plays Debussy you are conscious of another element; that seductive colourfulness that no mere mechanism or technical virtuosity can achieve.

Jan Hambourg is back to his old form in both solo and ensemble, with perhaps a degree more restraint than he had when he was here last. He takes control of the Hambourg Conservatory and reassumes his old position as head of the violin faculty which he established so successfully seven years ago.

Boris Hambourg, whose 'cello came near giving the coup de grace to the Louis XIV. decorations is evidently in the best of form for his four-months' tour on the West beginning next week.

Signor Carboni's Canadian Trio and some of his solo artists sustained the golden reputations already made on other occasions, and helped to make this first musical event of the Canadian season the artistic and popular success which it undoubtedly was.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

BE without fear, women of France. For you we will fight to our last gasp, we will shed our last drop of blood. Know that if for months we have held our heads below the level of the muddy trench and offered our breasts to death, it is that you may be freed from the wild beasts that have burst forth from the German forests. For your sakes our homes are not in ruins and our towns are not vassals to the enemy. It is all for you, so that when we shall return you need not throw your arms around conquered necks. Our country, women of France, is made up of our homes, our churches, and our

fields, and of your beloved faces. Throughout the tragic periods of its history, our country has always been incarnated in your faces, whether they called themselves St. Genevieve or Jeanne d'Arc.

In our trenches our country appears to us in those visions wherein are mingled your faces. We shall believe that our country has been well served only when, on your beloved faces, we shall have caused a smile to appear because the palms we have placed at your feet are the palms of victory.

From "Fighting France," by Stephanie Lauzanne.