

Literature Music Art

THE OLD ORDER AND THE NEW

It will be remembered that a short time ago an ancient visitor from the old country in the course of an address delivered in various places in British Columbia, took occasion to remark upon what he termed the very bad manners of Canadian children, western children in particular, drawing a very unflattering parallel between them and children of English parents. Not a few of us, while we recognized some excuse for this condition, taking everything into consideration, thought it for the most part unjust and unmerited; because the very fact that the speaker was an Englishman and accustomed only to the children of his own country gave him only one standard whereby he could measure the children of any nation or race, and disqualifying him from rendering an unprejudiced opinion.

There is apparently a very great difference in the outward behaviour of the children in a country of a thousand years civilization, and the children who have been born and brought up in a land that 25, 50 or 100 years ago was a wilderness. But the outward behaviour is only a thin cloak worn by the former class of little people to hide just the same instincts and impulses which are frankly displayed by the class. Children are all the same the world over, at heart, loyal and loving, quick to be naughty, and eager to atone, sensitive to ridicule, and yet ready with forgiveness, and most of them with an inborn and unswerving admiration for fair-play. The conventionality of children does not amount to very much as a rule, it is simply a matter of environment.

But speaking of conventionality it is amusing to watch the difference even in the play of some children and others. Down on a beach on a sunny afternoon one gets a good example. Coming along the sand well above high-water mark you may see a group of lovely little boys and girls advancing in the tow of a prim, neatly uniformed nurse. Each little maid, and each little lad has a nice little wooden spade in the right hand, and a nice little brightly painted tin pail in the left. The little girls are dressed in smocked frocks probably, and wide sailor hats, and the little boys in Holland tunics and knickers and sailor hats, and the legs of all the children are clad precisely the same in short socks and ankle-strap slippers, and each little round face has exactly the same expression of innocence and mischief and assumed gravity. Under the shade of the bank the little group stops, and each little boy and each little girl immediately begins to dig with his or her little spade, and deposits sand in their little pails, directly under the nurse's eye.

It is as pretty a sight as one would care to see, quite as pretty and apparently just as well rehearsed as anything one might watch upon the stage. Coming down the beach from the other direction is another group of lovely boys and girls. But they are not walking quite so circumspectly as the first named little lads and lasses, in spite of the constant reminders of the nurse, or the aunt or the mother, whoever happens to be in charge of them. The sand above high-water mark has no attraction for them. Girls and boys alike they prefer to gambol as close to the incoming waves as possible, and if a miscalculated step gives them wet feet, so much the better. They may be garbed with uniformity and they may not, at all events they don't very closely resemble one another for some reason or other. As for nice little spades and bright little pails, each little boy and girl had a pair of them not a week ago, but they did not use them for digging sand! They were employed in playing "house" or "choo-choo train" and only half a spade and a much-dented pail remains today to be taken to the beach. Therefore, when at last this little group is brought to a stop it is only for an instant. Spade and pail are dropped indifferently at once, "sand-castles" that nice, harmless, conventional beach play, was long ago tabooed as only fit for "grown-ups," and little boys and girls alike, with many a shout and laugh of joy, and abandonment seek the water's edge again, to throw stones as far as the small strength permits, to venture out on a partly-submerged log, or to take off their stockings and shoes and wade. By and bye, after a ceremonial interval, and if their nurse's opinions regarding exclusiveness are not too strong you will see the first group of boys and girls join the more venturesome little ones, and henceforth there is no difference in their play.

As regards the attitude of Canadian children toward their elders, we must admit that in many cases it leaves much to be desired, and speaking of this phase of the subject an English novelist recently wrote:

"The English nursery system as to be recommended thus far, that it ensures the tranquility of the parents, but at the same time it gives a child a kingdom of his own, where, like all young rulers, he often abuses his power and independence. In France the child living with the parents has to submit his tastes, his little conveniences, to those around him. He has to subdue his mischievous instincts and his fondness for too noisy pastimes. This in itself teaches him gentleness and self-control, while his close contact with his parents enables them to know the child better than by the accounts from the governess or the nurse, and to adapt

their methods of education accordingly. An English mother who sees her child for an hour a day when he is brought to her in a clean pinafore and best behaviour, may be blissfully ignorant that the same little angel was ten minutes before kicking his nurse's shins, or hiding the housekeeper's Sunday bonnet in the coal scuttle.

And there are chances that the nurse should value her situation more than her shins, or that the housekeeper should prefer to sacrifice her best bonnet rather than a comfortable living. So Master Teddy's or Miss Dolly's peccadilloes seldom reach the ears of the fond mother. She will not know that Teddy's pale face after tea was to be more justly attributed to a corner in buns than to growing pains, or that Dolly's cold was caught through dancing in her nightgown in the cold nursery, while Fraulein was penning sentimental variations on the "Vergiss mein Nicht" theme to a distant Fritz.

The English child is perfectly aware that he is surrounded by people paid to serve him, and towards whom consideration from him is not expected. There is no one in the nursery to check his tyrannical instincts, and it is no wonder that too often he grows up selfish, rough and self-assertive; while, having mixed very little with grown-ups or refined people in childhood, the English boy of 20, or the English girl of 17 is painfully awkward and self-conscious when emerging from the chrysalis stage.

It remains to be seen what the next generation of Canadian boys and girls will make of themselves. We have no very grave fears for the outcome. They have a natural inheritance, and all the natural surroundings conducive to nobility of mind and perfection of physical strength.

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Whatever qualifications Miss Watts has as a novelist, and she has many, and varied ones, the heroines of her stories do not come up to the standard of her men. She gives us admirable pictures of womanhood, brave, loyal, self-sacrificing, devoted, but not lovable. Her women lack the one quality necessary to make them live in the pages of her books. We are interested, we follow their careers with some eagerness, but it is always with the undefined hope that perhaps in the next chapter or the next, or the next, they are going to display the one trait that will awaken something besides mere interest, namely, that sympathy which when one has reached the end of a book makes one regretfully turn back through the pages sorry the story is done.

We do not think that *The Legacy* can be compared with *Nathan Burke* as a study of character. Nathan Burke, in spite of his faults made us his unswerving friends, but Letty Brown in spite of her almost perfection leaves us cold.

As a story, however, the book is full of interest, and more than repays reading, for Miss Watts is more than a mere raconteur, she is an admirable writer with plenty of versatility and originality, and a quiet wit that subtly but surely stirs our risibilities.

Letty Brown is the one child in a household of grownups. Her mother, possessing rare and ennobling characteristics, is so hypersensitive and self-sacrificing that she holds herself aloof from everyone until upon her death-bed she displays her real character to her daughter. The family of Brown is one of decayed fortunes, but undecaying gentility. True there are one or two skeletons in their cupboard, the hiding of which causes a great deal of anxiety to the Browns, and an abundance of amusement to the reader. When Letty is quite a little girl she secretly makes the acquaintance of a very undesirable small boy, Jim Hatfield, an acquaintance, which because Letty is not allowed intercourse with any children, soon ripens into friendship.

Changes of fortune, however, soon take Letty away from her old home, and unworthy James, and so far as the young lady is concerned, brings about forgetfulness. Letty, from a very unattractive little girl develops into a charming and beautiful young woman, and meets a Jack Dodsby, a young man of irreproachable antecedents and small means, she marries him, because he is in love with her, and the sensation to her is very novel and pleasing, though she is not in the least in love with him.

Her husband's employer, a very rich, very much sought after and rather blase man of the world, meeting his clerk's wife, is fascinated by her unusual beauty of face and manner. There is a distant family connection between them, and Gates makes the most of it. It is only a question of time when fascination changes to passion, a passion that does not find Letty unresponsive: What might have happened, never happens, for Letty's devoted husband Jack falls a victim to a terrible accident, which cripples him in mind and body. Then Letty displays her mother's characteristics of self-sacrificing loyalty and courage and strength of will. And the tragedy rouses Gates himself to a realization of his own depravity.

Much more follows and at the last Jim Hatfield, the old undesirable Jim, now a multi-millionaire, comes on the scene. Just what happens it will repay a reader to find out. Macmillan & Co., Toronto, Canada.

"The girl in the other seat" by Henry Kitchell Webster is the love-story of a very nice young man who races motor-cars successfully. He is equally successful in his love affairs. And the book makes pleasant reading for an idle summer day. Copp Clark, Toronto, Canada.

"Uncanny Tales," by Marion Crawford. To those who have a love for the weird and mysterious and ghostly, these stories will strongly appeal. They are told with all the author's vividness of description, and do not fail to produce "creepiness." It is ironical, it is not, that the book should be published posthumously and it makes the tales all the more uncanny. Macmillan & Co., Toronto.

"The Sovereign Power," by Mark Lee Luther. Is it possible for an American to write a story where any of his titled European characters live a normal life, and come to the normal end of being "married and living happily ever after"? We doubt it; we know it is not possible for them to introduce an American into a bevy of Europeans and not have that American get the best of everything from girls to dollars. That makes all very nice reading for the author's fellow countrymen and it is the natural, way, presumably for any author to write, though it isn't always to the taste of those who are not his compatriots. But when a writer draws the character of a Prince and makes it infinitely superior to that of his American rival we fail to see where he is justified in making the poor titled gentleman receive nothing but hard knocks and rebuffs from the world, and finally his quietus by falling from a flying machine. However, as we have hinted before there are plenty of Americans the world over, who would call "The Sovereign Power" a rattling good story. Macmillan & Co., Toronto, Canada.

THE STORY OF THE TULIP

Not for many years have tulip lovers had so good a season as the present; too often early May is the most detestable part of the year, when "black-thorn winter" extends its reign until it joins the time of the "three cold saints." Of course, there are tulips and tulips and it is the late varieties that depend upon the May weather, not the bedding sorts, the "Van Thols" and "Pottelbakkers" which make the parks brilliant in late April. These early tulips are excellent in their way, so adapted to forcing, so cheaply bought, and so certain in the display they yield; but they possess neither the variety nor the splendour of the later flowers, and have never been beloved of the fancier's heart. But the late tulip has been a sacred cult for nearly four centuries now—nay, longer, for it came to us ready-made from the east, and Turkish manuscripts tell us that named varieties existed and their points were appreciated like our own in Baghdad in the 14th century. From the 16th century onwards the passion has been general throughout Western Europe; it is popularly associated with Holland, partly because the Dutch have been the great purveyors of flower roots, and still more through the historic gambling mania, when for a time bulbs became stock exchange counters, much like rubber shares today. But tulips were grown in Flanders and the north of France—indeed, the noble strain which we nowadays call "Darwin tulips" is supposed to have been originated in a monastery in French Flanders. France seems to have been the great home of the florist's tulip until, with many other lovely things, it was swept away by the Revolution; the fancier still grows one or two sorts, of which the records carry us back to the closing years of the 18th century—"Comte de Vergennes," "Louis XVI," "Triomphe Royale," whose names, indeed, mark the date and place of their origin.

From that time the English growers took charge of the tulip. There have been practically no new varieties of Dutch or French origin since the close of the 18th century, but in the early years of the 19th century the London fanciers, who had their gardens in Camberwell and City Road and maintained a show at the Horns Tavern in Kennington up to the fifties, set about the improvement of the tulip. Several of the London-raised varieties still survive, but from about 1840 onwards the work of raising seedlings was mainly carried on by the working men growers of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midlands. A generation ago tulip shows were still a regular feature in the public houses on the outskirts of the manufacturing towns, a string of copper kettles for prizes being hung on a pole from a front window; but, alas! the working man florist is almost extinct. The last public house show came to an end about ten years ago, and today there only survives the show of the Wakefield Paxton society, as well as the two shows of the National society, one in London in connection with the Temple show, and the other at Middleton. The English "florist" tulip is thus the inheritor of a long tradition, and though many amateurs quarrel with the rigour of the laws by which it is judged, these canons do represent the deliberate opinion of many generations of those who knew the flower best.

The florist tulip possesses one peculiarity which is shared by no other flower. When first raised from seed the blooms are self-

colored, of any shade from the palest pink to scarlet—"Roses," lavender to dark purple—"Bybloemens," or, on the other hand, ranging through the whole gamut of browns—"Bizarres." In this state they are known as breeders; they throw off-seeds freely, which are exactly similar in all respects to the parent stock, and they may persist unchanged for many years. Then suddenly, and for no known reason, a change appears; the uniform ground color gives place to well-defined markings on the edges, or down the centre of the petals, the rest of which shows either a pure white ground when the marking colors are pink or purple, or a yellow ground when the marking colors are scarlet and brown. The change is known as "breaking," and the broken flowers reproduce themselves from offsets without further change for an indefinite number of years. Nor do all the breeders break at once, so that they often possess the same flower both in its original breeder and in its broken state.

The original or cause of this breaking is quite unknown. It existed in the flowers of which we possess the early Turkish records, and as the parentage of the strain is completely lost and no similar process takes place among the wild species, it is difficult to guess how it came into existence. The ground color of a tulip, which may be either white or yellow, is located in the inner cells of the petal, and the marking color, which is of all shades of pink and purple, resides only in the skin. While the flower is a breeder its marking color is uniformly diffused, but on breaking it segregates into particular cells forming a stripe or a feather, leaving elsewhere the ground color of the petal showing through the transparent skin. In the early Dutch pictures, as, for instance, in Van Huysum's flower paintings, we see these markings distributed in casual stripes and patches, and the work of the florist has been to gather them in a regular feathering along the edge of the petals, with or without an equally regular branching beam up the centre.

It is this regularity of marking, with decision and vigour in the coloring, which forms the chief criterion by which the florist tulip is judged; but it must also possess a perfect cup shape, showing neither the pointed nor the reflexed petals which characterize so many otherwise very charming flowers. A further distinguishing feature of the English tulip is the clear circle of white or yellow at the base of the cup, and it was over this quality that the southern fanciers nailed their colors to the mast in the early years of the last century.

MUSICAL NOTES

Part of Madam Melba's address at the Guildhall School of Music, to which she has recently presented a scholarship to the annual value of one hundred and fifty dollars.

I should like to use this occasion to give expression to a few thoughts on the art of singing. The subject is as inexhaustible as it is fascinating, and it occurred to me, when I was honored with the request to address you today, that I should be more likely to be of interest and possible guidance to you if I confined the few remarks I can make on an occasion like this to one only of the many aspects of the art we all love. Every art is made up of a family of contributory arts. The art of singing, for example, includes many others in its composition—the arts of musical and temperamental expression; of the judicious employment of sensibility, and dramatic and poetic feeling; of tone color, of phrasing, and of diction. Of these, in England at least, the art of diction is the Cinderella of the family, and so, with your permission, I will employ the brief time at our disposal in considering the somewhat neglected art of English diction in singing.

English Diction in Singing. In France, Germany and Italy there are certain more or less hard and fast rules governing the expression of each language. The right way to speak the words has been thought out, and formulated. It has been confirmed by tradition, and in case of dispute or misapprehension, reference can be made to irrefutable authorities, and the point at issue placed beyond doubt. In England, as far as I know, such felicitous conditions do not exist. (Hear, hear.) No two singers employ the same form, and it is doubtful if any two responsible teachers agree in regard to the pronunciation of every English word in song.

To whom, then, is the young singer, anxious for the right way and eager to excel, to refer on a nice point in diction; or even in respect to any of the most obvious stumbling blocks the language presents? Echo answers "To whom?"

The opinion is held largely that English is not a musical language, or at least not a language which lends itself felicitously to expression in music. I rather think that, for a time, I held that opinion myself. My mature judgment and experience tell me that I was wrong, and although the English language lends itself to expression in music less readily than the Italian, it is, in that respect, at least, equal to the French, and certainly superior to the German, and that the reason why I held that opinion for a time—and why others hold it still—is that the art of English

diction, whatever it may have been in other days, of which we have no direct knowledge, has been during our own time in a very uncultivated condition. It is true that there are exceptional instances to the contrary, and that occasionally we hear our native language spoken in song with distinction and clearness but it is, alas! equally true that our ears are tortured too frequently by mispronunciation and verbal obscurities, and at times to such an extent that it is difficult to decide in which particular language the singer is delivering his message.

Silver-Voiced Messengers

After all, what are we singers but the silver-voiced messengers of the poet and the musician? That is our call, that is our mission; and it would be well for us to keep it constantly and earnestly in our minds. What we should strive for is to attain as nearly to perfection as possible in the delivery of that message—sacrificing neither the musician for the poet nor the poet for the musician. If we sing a false note or mispronounce one word we are apt to awaken the critical faculty which, consciously or unconsciously, exists in every audience; to create a spirit of unrest, and destroy the burden of our message. A similar disastrous effect, of course, may be made by a miscalculation of breathing power, an inappropriate facial expression, or by many another inartistic happening on the singer's part. As, however, these reflections would lead us into wider considerations than those we are prepared for today, let us return to the subject of English diction.

Ideal to be Aimed At

I think it will be generally admitted as an ideal that the English language should be sung as it should be spoken, with just sufficient added distinctness, or one might even use the word "exaggeration," to counteract the obscuring effect of the singer's voice and the piano or other musical accompaniment. You have observed that I have said "as the English language should be spoken"—and I am sure that the thought has occurred to you that the majority of people, singers and non-singers, do not habitually speak the language with justice, distinction, and grace. How many persons do you know who could read aloud a verse of poetry, or of fine prose, in a manner to include the qualities mentioned? Not many, I fear. And yet I have a strong feeling that that is what the singer should be able to do before he or she enters seriously into the training of the singing voice. In a word, if verbal diction were early acquired, vocal diction would not be so serious a stumbling-block to our singers.

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love."

Those words of Wordsworth are very simple, very beautiful, and surely very singable; and yet, I suppose, I am not the only person present today who has heard them sadly mutilated in song. (Hear, hear.) I have heard the word "Dove" given as Doive—the word "whom" as "oom," and the word "love"—a particularly long-suffering word in song, by the way—given as "loive." Suppose that a man—I am particularly addressing the lady students at the moment—suppose that a man, anxious to communicate to you the condition of his sentiments, were to say to you, "I love you"—he would surely excite either your ridicule or your distrust. In any case, the exhilarating message would be dreadfully discounted by its preposterous delivery. Perhaps, if singers knew that audiences unconsciously made that discount every time the beautiful old Saxon word is mishandled in song, they would make some effort to sing the word as it is spoken.

For another example: Would any man, with the possible exception of an Irishman, address you as "darrling," or draw your fugitive attention to the emotions of his "heart," as do singers in your concert rooms daily? In speaking "darrling" or "heart" your tongue never curls up to touch the "r"; then why should it in song? Consider for a moment the word "garden." Speak it aloud to yourself. It is a simple word of two syllables; in the pronunciation of which the tongue is practically unemployed. It is too simple a word, apparently, for a great many singers—a determined attack must be made on the unoffending "r," and the result is the unoffending "r," and the result is the unoffending "r," which sounds anything but English. The "r" in garden is the third letter in a six-lettered word. It occupies the same position in the word "forest"; but if you will speak the word "forest" to yourself you will find that your tongue comes into active employment. I think, then, that it logically follows that when you sing "garden" the "r" should be passive, and that when you sing "forest" the "r" should be active; and I feel sure that in this, and in all that is implied in the passing examples I have ventured to give you, I shall have the approval of the eminent professors of elocution and singing who add so much lustre and efficiency to this splendid school of music.

The Importance of Ambition

If you wish to sing beautifully—and you all do—you must love music, and the nearer you get to music the more you will love it. If you wish to sing your native language

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