



Land and Water

ALBERTA is briskly engaged in recruiting for the British navy. Alberta is cut off from one ocean by some of the highest mountains in the world and from another by over 3,000 miles of dry land. It seems odd that there should be any great enthusiasm in Alberta over the navy. It seems equally curious that there should seem to be so much more enthusiasm for the army than the navy in the Maritime Provinces. We should expect just a reverse in each case. But the unexpected is what makes life worth living. Apply the same test to England and we should find that most of the great mariners of history hailed from seaport towns. We all know the swanking lot of great naval characters that swung out of Devon who has never wearied with the rest of England sounding their praises forevermore. But that's a different case. England is a country where men do the thing that their fathers did or that circumstances make them. In England you may inherit seamanship as you would tailoring or cow herding from either your parents or your environment. In Canada men learn early in life to get as far as possible from the thing their fathers do, and in many cases as possible from the part of the country their fathers were born in. Alberta, as a matter of fact, has a lot of maritimers born along the Atlantic. Perhaps these same adventurous souls, having fared so far from home and heath in the first place, are glad to get to sea in order to have another fling at adventure.

Into the Garden Maud

GARDENS are unblushingly beginning to show their naked lines through the last modest draperies of the snow. We are constantly amazed at the candours of nature who seems to have very few concealments. When a back yard shuffles off its winter underclothes and genially asks you to go out and turn it over with a spade or a potato-fork, you may as well be a nature-loving sport and go at it. The last week in March is precisely the time when father and mother and all concerned should make an inventory of what they intend to do with that back yard or corner lot this summer. Of course, the garden puts it entirely up to the gardener except in cases where some previous occupant has planted a lot of shrubs and perennials. 1917, of course, puts in a strong bid for vegetables. We are implored by the agricultural authorities and the high price of all eatables to produce edibles. So we shall. But we shall not forget that the admirable immodesty of the garden would just as soon clothe itself with a pack of weeds if we leave it alone. And there is no reason why we should not give the garden a chance to decorate itself on the borders at least with floral designs. No garden is complete without at least a few flowers, no matter how prolific it may be of carrots and potatoes.

Edison's Birthplace

TWO correspondents have written to ask our authority for stating in an inscription under a picture that Thomas Edison was born in the same country that gave rise to James J. Hill. We have to admit that there is no authority. The only reason for saying so is that any good progressive Canadian would surely put the greatest inventor in a class with the world's first great poet.

"Seven cities claimed old Homer dead,
Thro' which he wandered begging bread,"

said an old couplet regarding the greatest man of letters in Greece. Homer probably holds the record, although Beethoven seems to have had about three native cities and at least two native countries. Almost any great man is likely to be endowed with more than one native country. The mere fact that

Edison was said to be a Canadian has really nothing to do with the recorded fact that he was actually born in Milan, O. To have said so was merely a case of poetic license based upon legend. Every great man is the unconscious author of legends. The fiction about Edison's birthplace really grew out of a conversation the writer had years ago with a rather celebrated old character in Windsor, Ont., who recalled the days when he saw Edison newsboy on a train somewhere in the neighborhood of Sarnia. Of course, they may have had no newsboys at that time—55 years ago. But that makes no difference. The old man remembered Tom Edison as a lad on a train, doing something. In point of fact he was engaged in the telegraph business. That he was not born in Canada is an unfortunate oversight on his part. No doubt if Edison had it all to do over again he would admit that it was his place to join the galaxy of the great and the near great who have crossed the border from Canada to make their names worth while in order to balance up the number of eminent men who migrated from the United States here.

G.B.S. the Mascot

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has been at the front; not as a soldier, although he wore a few soldier's togs. He went to get copy, we suppose. He was in the danger zone and acted as though he enjoyed it. As he remarked it would be a case of ingratitude for any German shell to blow his head off. No well-behaved German shell would explode if it knew that the head of G. B. S. was anywhere within percussion distance. In fact, the best thing the War Office can do is to give George a roving commission all over the lines, keeping it absolutely secret from the German command at what part of the line he may be at any given time. His transport could easily be arranged in a Shaw aeroplane. Knowing that the great international ridiculist was likely to be blown to smithereens unless they were careful, the German command would very likely order a general retirement from France and Belgium back to the Rhine in order to save so great and scoffing a soul to the world that must have humour to divert us from the devilments of war—or we die.

Music and the State

WHETHER the State should control musical education is a disputed point. In his talk to the members of the Mendelssohn Choir, last week, on the occasion of the dinner given by him to the Choir in honour of Dr. Vogt's retirement from the conductor's desk, Sir Edmund Walker, C.V.O., intimated that the State should do this. At any other time and place this kind of statement would be let in one ear and out the other. But it happens that Sir Edmund is Chairman of the Board of Governors of Toronto University; three weeks ago he was made President of the Toronto Conservatory of Music; the dinner was held in the Conservatory; it was in honour of a man who for three years now has been musical director of that Conservatory. So multiplying these together, it looks as though something is to be done. And—what? Two years ago the writer first heard this scheme mooted. He was not then at liberty to mention it in print.

In time, Dr. A. S. Vogt, founder of the Mendelssohn Choir, is to become dean of Canadian music. How? By making him a university professor. But not in the ordinary way. Merely to make Dr. Vogt Professor of Music in the University of Toronto would not fill the bill. Dr. Vogt cannot be spared from the Conservatory. If he becomes a University professor of music the Conservatory must follow him, because it contains the men and the machinery and the tradi-

tions for which his position and personality in music stand. So the only way to make use of Dr. Vogt in this new capacity must be to incorporate the Conservatory as a college of the University on the same basis that McGill Conservatorium in Montreal is a federated college of McGill. We are given no official statement as to this, but can only surmise this interpretation of Sir Edmund's remarks on the question—Should the State control musical education? As to whether such control is a good thing or not there may be difference of opinion. There are many advantages. But there is also the other side—the fact that music is a free form of culture which can be dispensed completely by no one institution in a community, no matter how efficient and powerful it may be. To give one institution a bonus of university federation may look like a discrimination against other musical institutions. And of course the State may reply that it has no interest in a diversity of colleges and conservatories; only in standardizing the musical profession along academic lines. All this remains to be discussed when the time comes. For the present, Dr. A. S. Vogt, freed from the Mendelssohn Choir, is able to contemplate an enlarged sphere of usefulness in standardized Canadian music and as the assistant creator of a first-class symphony orchestra in connection with the Mendelssohn Choir.

We Insist Upon Two

WE have been sent a marked copy of The Christian Science containing an appreciation of Lord—whoever he may decide to be—Sir Hugh Graham. While we are not disagreeing with the compliments tendered to the noble lord in this article, we must dissent from the statement originally made by a New York writer that Sir Hugh Graham is the first accession to the peerage who was born in Canada. Just what conspiracy there may be on foot to deprive Lord Beaverbrook of his title to having been born at Maple Ont., four miles from Richmond Hill, north of Toronto, we do not know. But we hasten to reassert Lord Beaverbrook's right to this distinction. No man who is grabbed by the fates to enter the House of Lords can afford to disclaim his Canadian birthplace if he has one. Among such a galaxy of titled hyper-men a noble lord's prospects are none too rosy of recognition if he is deprived of his birthright in his own birthplace. So far as Canada is concerned it makes no difference; though we should prefer to keep our lords in this country so as not to have them quite spoiled by their titles. It is a matter for congratulation that Sir Hugh Graham is not likely to pull up stakes from Montreal just because he has a title.

King William to Wilhelm

CANADIAN Orangemen have sent 40,000 men to the front. This fact quite entitles the great Protestant order to put in a memorial to the Government on the further prosecution of the war—which it has very forcibly and eloquently done. The memorial is a long one and traverses very ably the efforts already made by this country, the work that remains to be done and the best means of doing it. While we may not implicitly agree with all the details in this memorandum, no sane patriotic Canadian, even in Ottawa, can be blind to the general high character of the manifesto, and its value to a country which is supposed to be putting forth its last ounce of united effort in the biggest contract the country ever had. Of course, we all know that Canada is doing no such thing. And of all men the Orangeman thinks he knows just where our national claim to united patriotism is the weakest.