

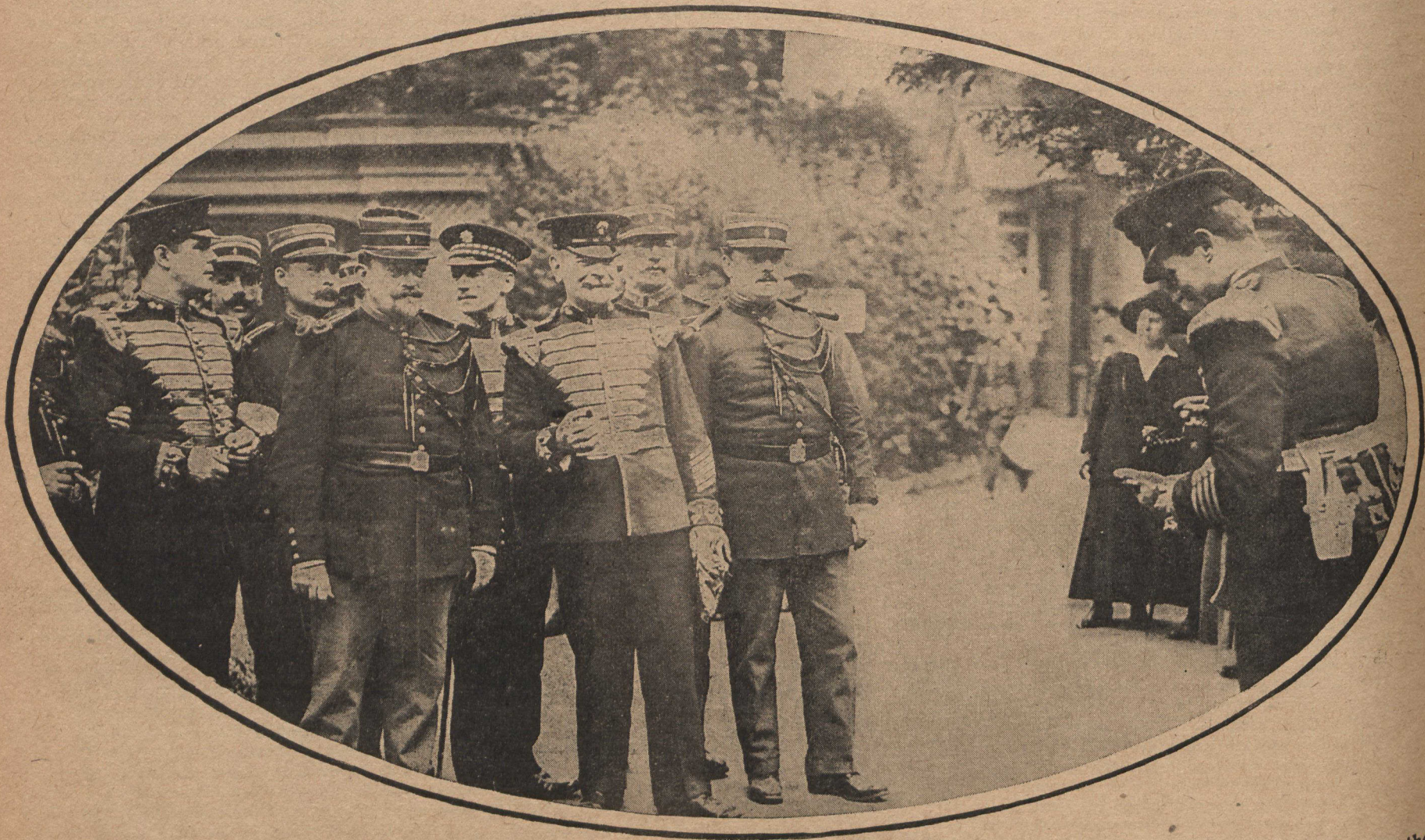
feasts. Even the Welsh Eisteddfods, that have been held in Toronto and the West are foreign to the French idea.

In the matter of music schools, also, Anglo-Canada is far and away in the lead. In this respect there is now no chance that Quebec will ever catch up. The conservatory and the college in Anglo-Canada are a commercial art institution capable of being advertised and pushed like any other business. In Quebec they are very largely departments of the church schools, which do excellent work, but not by open competition, as in non-French Canada. Here,

again, the McGill Conservatory is an exception—and largely Anglo-Canadian.

Evangelically, Anglo-Canada has occupied new territories with musicians, societies, ideas and musical instruments as Quebec has never attempted to do. French-Canada, we may now repeat, has staked off for itself as much of Quebec as it might for its own racial preserve. In that preserve the French-Canadian genius for popular music has done a big work; a work which, on racial lines, has been achieved in no other part of Canada. And as a purely Canadian achievement it is in a class by itself. How far that

racial and patriotic movement in music can be made useful in modern Canada is a problem yet to be solved. Personally, we incline to the belief that a better exchange of ideas and a more mutual musical effort will be a step in advance, and to the prediction that when the era of really cosmopolitan and world-wide music in this country sets in the genius of the French-Canadian for most of the humanizing forms of music will be one of our most valuable assets in art. As part of that movement the fraternizing of Montreal and Toronto will be necessary and inevitable.



The celebrated band of Le Garde Republicaine recently played in the parks of London. We assume that they played Rule Britannia as an encore to La Marseillaise. Some of the bandmen are here being snap-

shotted by a British Guardsman. Over ten years ago, thanks to the enterprise of French-Canadian musicians, including Prof. Guillaume Conturo, this band played in Montreal on its way back from St. Louis.

# WHAT THE AUTOMOBILE OWES TO THE PIANO

NOBODY will ever compute what the automobile owes to the piano any more than it is possible to reckon what the airship owes to the motor-car. On the face of it the motor-booster says, of course,

"Ridiculous! What's a motor-car got to do with a piano, anyhow?"

As the poet Cowper said, so pregnantly, "Much."

A piano, to be sure, has no wheels, no carbureter, no magneto, no exhaust, no spark-plug—though it has transmission gear. Mechanically you could not get two instruments more unlike than the piano and the car, except a wheel-barrow and a Taube.

But we are not speaking of mechanics. First of economics; second of expression.

Observe—that the piano was the first high-class expensive thing that the whole family united to buy on the concession line, the town street or the city avenue. The sensation in Hamer Jenkins' household and community when his three girls conspired to seduce him into getting the first piano in the settlement were probably profounder and more lasting than those conferred by the buying of a family's first motor-car. This, of course, will be denied by the motor fan. But it stands.

That \$400 piano stood for a bigger outlay of capital according to visible supply than almost any motor-car ever bought. It took Jenkins 4.5 years to pay for it. But the paying for it wasn't the chief thing.

Observe the first effect. Everybody within three farms went over to Jenkins' the very first evening

## By THE EDITOR

to hear and see the new piano. And for most of a year afterwards the Jenkins home was the centre of the community.

I know that never happened when the first motor-car was bought in that same settlement thirty years later—by the son of Hamar Jenkins. Two or three fellows dropped over to have a look; but they had been on speaking terms with bigger cars than that long ago, and were rather cynical. One or two of them got in for a twirl up the road. After the first week, John Jenkins' motor-car was no more novelty than anybody else's; and in fact before Jenkins learned to drive it somebody else got one a mile up the road.

Furthermore, the car took the family away from home; off to the lake or some other place where other people were leaving home. Maybe that's one of the good things about a car. It's the best home-buster in the world. The piano is just the opposite. It pulls the home together. It was the first thing that ever made Jenkins' rather elaborate front parlour become a regular rendezvous. And it was the first thing the family ever got that united them all in something suggestive of a bigger world beyond them. The motor-car, of course, takes people a

hundred miles or so in a day. In a single evening the piano, played as so many young folk can play it nowadays with modern teaching, is capable of transporting a whole roomful of people to worlds invisible.

But that's the romance of the piano. And I only wanted to point out a few ways in which the motor-car, the present-day admitted necessity for half the people, owes a big debt to the instrument that became the first need of a community outside its own everyday affairs. In the development of recent civilization these two have been among the most humanizing agents, and they have followed similar courses in evolution—with this main difference:

**THE** motor car began with the big car—like the self-binder. The piano began with the harpsichord and developed into the present-day concert grand with all its variations into parlour, boudoir and baby grands, and from the old square into the upright. The piano was a steady evolution. The motor car flew before it learned to walk, with the result that the old cumbersome juggernaut that used to scare horses and paralyze people fifteen years ago had to be discarded in favour of more practical machines capable of meeting the diversified needs of a great variety of people.

It was in the main the people who had been educated to spend money for pianos that were afterwards educated into doing it for motor-cars. Spending money for luxuries that afterwards become

(Concluded on page 30.)