

# Literature Music Art

## PRIDE OF RACE

A small group of women were talking together, and one of them mentioned the fact that a number of negroes were coming to Canada to homestead land, adding that she thought it was a pity that this should be allowed, that heretofore we had had no trouble from an influx of the black race and she would not like to see a condition of affairs in any part of Canada approaching the condition in some of the Southern States. Another woman immediately and sharply replied: "What difference does it make if the negroes do come, we have the Chinese and the Japanese and the Hindus, let them all come in. There'll be no trouble from them in our lifetime, and they'll do our house-work cheaply."

It is surprising what a lot of women take the same narrow sordid selfish view of things as the one last named and who do not hesitate to declare such a shameful indifference. But in all justice to this class we may conclude that their views are usually due to thoughtlessness, and in ignorance of the very first tenets of social, moral and political economy.

Such thoughtlessness, however, is little short of criminal. No woman living in the midst of our enlightened civilization today has any right to keep herself misinformed upon national questions. She owes a duty to her State, just as much as she owes it to her God. Nay more, her duty to her State is her duty to God, and her duty to God is her duty to her children, her husband and her neighbor. Life today brings with it an immense responsibility, but it is that responsibility which marks an advancement towards happier and better conditions than the world has ever seen. It we shrink it, then our place is not in this age at all, but behind it, and we can at best but grope along after the advancing majority, unseeing, unfeeling, unknowing things as they really are.

But while there are too many women who belong to this unenlightened minority, there is a vast and almost overwhelming multitude who, with comprehending minds wide awake to the vital issues at stake, are doing their utmost in thought, in work and in deed to further all good and noble causes, who put with womanly wisdom, which there is no gainsaying, the rights of the children first, and find that, having done so, everything else drops naturally into its own appointed place, and life runs along with that absence of friction which seems to point to a perfect arrangement of all the parts. It was a very old time philosopher, who long ago insisted on this order of things. Lycurgus, you will remember, used to say that the fate of the State rested with the children, and he saw to it that the State should not suffer through absence of care for the boys and girls. Therefore, was Sparta the greatest State in Rome for seven hundred years.

If we look into things a little we will see that Lycurgus and all other philosophers who taught before and since are no wiser than their instincts in regard to great fundamental truths. And it does not require much book-learning, nor a particular amount of mental ability to have the necessary qualifications which make for good citizen-ship. No matter what a woman's calling is in like, whether she is unmarried and an independent member of some profession, or whether she is the mother of half a dozen children, with all the domestic arrangements to superintend, she can, if she be so minded, keep herself in rapport with all current questions, whether she has time to think very much about their solving or not. Not only so doing will she increase the number of her qualifications as a good wife and mother, but she will broaden her own views of life, her outlook will become saner, more philosophic and healthy, and she will herself be a force which works for the betterment and advancement of the whole community.

We reiterate that it is essential for the development of our country that each man and woman should become a good citizen in very sense of the word. And those of us who have the instincts of loyalty most strongly developed are the ones whose ancestors began the nation building of Canada, the pioneers to whom no sacrifice was too much, no labour too great if it was for the betterment of that country they held for God and the King. A hundred years ago those men and women whose memories we reverence saw in the smoke of their fires the shadows of the great cities that should be and laboured with the incentive of their dreaming, that Canada might be what it is today, a mighty fulfilment of gracious promises. Not alone for their country did they work and plan, not alone, for our country must we work and plan today. The question is one of vaster significance. We are perpetuating the race you and I, by our interest in, and our labour for the State, whether we are married or single, parents or childless, for the bearing of children is only part of God's plan of creation. We are enacting every one of us, every day in one way or another. It remains for us then to decide, whether we shall fulfil a destiny greater than has ever been the fate of any people, or shall have the forgotten peoples of the past, allow other races to insidiously undermine the very foundations of our being, until old and high standards of ethics, religion and morals, are

gradually replaced by something a little less inspiring; until from having once been leaders, we become followers and their slaves.

## MICROBES AND BATHING

Some absurd man has been trying to convince us that taking baths is wholly unnecessary, if not injurious to the health. A writer in the London Telegraph agrees ironically to the article in which this theory is set forth: "Mr. Cyril Maude has just introduced us to a duke who cannot get a bath. Those of us who are not dukes might have found in this reason to content ourselves with our humble stations, but for the harshness of Sir Almoth Wright. For if you believe him, a bath is no particular good to you. Indeed, he seems to think it rather a rash enterprise to wash yourself. 'There is a belief,' so he is reported, 'that by washing people wash off microbes.' There is, we might add, a belief firmly held by many intelligent people that by washing they wash off dirt. But let that pass. Microbes are the point."

"We do take off a certain amount of microbes," the report continues, "but we also destroy the protective skin which is all round our bodies like the tiles on a house." If your skin bears any perceptible resemblance to tiles your attempts to remove it are at least comprehensible. But you are wrong. For, "when one has a horny hand no microbe can get near the skin." Which may be true, and yet, as an argument against washing, seems inadequate. Hands are not in the best society the only sections of the anatomy to be washed. And few of us can hope to have a complete horny armour. A horny face, for example, is, for better or worse, beyond our powers. So, even if your hardened hands repel them, the creatures may assail your cheek. "A great deal of washing," Sir Almoth declared, "increases the microbes of the skin, so I do not think cleanliness is to be recommended as a hygienic method."

It is not for the laity to dispute the dicta of the initiated upon the manners and customs of microbes. If Sir Almoth Wright says that the creatures thrive upon water and grow fat on soap, it would be an impertinence for us to argue about it. But if he proceeds from that to the conclusion that we wash ourselves not wisely but too well, we may be allowed to join issue. For we wash not as an anti-septic precaution, not with an eye on microbial armies, but because we like washing. If the microbes like it too, that, no doubt, proves that they are more human in their tastes than we had supposed. But we did not start washing to please them, and it is asking too much to expect us to stop washing to annoy them. The pleasures of a bath are worth a microbe or two.

The great fact which some genius has produced in support of the anti-bath argument, that savages do not wash, leaves us without a thrill. Savages are doubtless an admirable model for people who want to live like savages. Those who find a civilised existence more attractive will be well advised to leave savage customs alone, else they will find refuge from great unpopularity in a speedy and uncomfortable death. The methods of savagery are not adapted to drawing-rooms.

## BOOK NOTES

"Jim of the Ranges" should not be so named, not that the title is a misnomer, for Jim of the Ranges makes the book, but the name smacks of dime-novel adventure, and not of the sort of brave deeds which Jim performed. It is a good story this, wholesome reading and of warm interest. One does not meet with many characters in modern fiction to match Jim. He is a type all too rare, but his worthiness does not stand alone in this book. Betty is a fitting mate for him, and Jim's mother the only sort of mother such a son could have. The story is well written in every particular. Jim is a man all through in the performance of his duty, in his devotion to his mother and in his inimitable love-making. The scene is laid in the bush in Australia and the descriptions are written by one familiar with the life in all of its detail. Jim is member of a careless liberty-loving gang, until to the amazement of everybody he decides to serve in the Mounted Police. His adherence to duty in the face of his death for the love for his foster-brother, whom he hunts to the death for the crime of stealing gold from the dredges, is the hinge on which the story swings. It requires infinite tact and no little power to treat such a theme, but there is nothing lacking here.

The story is published by Copp Clark & Company.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

Most of us familiar with the works of the great composers would naturally suppose that the profits which they derived from their famous compositions were in proportion to their wants. This, however, was far from being the case in regard to the musical genius of a decade or so ago. We all know of the relief that came to Beethoven, on his death-bed, when, "abandoned in the hour of sickness and poverty by his own countrymen" (as a writer put it pathetically, if not with strict historic accuracy), he received a draft from our own London Philharmonic Society for the sum of

£100. Schubert sold many of the noblest Lieder which even he evolved for a mere tenpence a-piece. Sir Hubert Parry has pointed out in his "Studies of the Great Composers" that "in the whole course of Schubert's life the publishers could never be induced to give him more than the most trifling sums, even for his most attractive songs. About the highest price he ever received is said to have been £3." In this respect—but, as all will agree—in this respect only, many of our own composers have "done better business" than this. What stories we used to base of the immense royalties enjoyed by eminent singers of the popular ballads of fifteen to thirty years ago, and if the singers enjoyed these sums of money, presumably the composer benefited at least to a similar extent. The truth is that the composers whom the world calls "great" do not always "pay" their publishers. There is an old story of Brahms and the famous house of Simrock, in Berlin, who published so much of Brahms' music. Simrock used to say constantly that for a long time Bohm, the composer of the once very hackneyed song, "Still wie die Nacht," and others like him, by the immense sales of their work made the issuing of Brahms' music possible.

Mr. Kuhle mentions in his charming "Musical Recollections" that Gounod received only £40 for the English rights in "Faust." But the French composer certainly made up any leeway in this respect in the years afterwards, since at the time of the production of "The Redemption" the story was current that the English firm of publishers for whom that oratorio was written had had to pay no less than £4,000 for the copyright. Rossini sold "The Barber of Seville" for a mere £80; while Balfe's "Enrico Quarto" brought its composer the magnificent sum of 200l.—about £81.

## Some Strange Contrasts

These things, however, have always been in violent contrast. For example, the once fearfully familiar ballad, "In Old Madrid," is said to have kept up its sale of some 10,000 copies per week until over 2,000,000 copies had been disposed of; and when the equally familiar song, "For all Eternity," might reasonably have been thought to be waning in popularity, its copyright was sold for £2,000. Look, now, on the other side. Folk of middle age and beyond will remember very distinctly the enormous popularity enjoyed by many of Harry Russell's songs. Who has forgotten "Cheer, boys, cheer," and the many parades of it, or "There's a good time coming," or "The Maniac," or "The Gambler's Wife"? Heaven knows they were popular enough in their time. Yet the first brought its composer a modest £3, the second £2, and the remainder a mere sovereign apiece. Even worse was the case of the same composer's setting of "Woodman, Spare that Tree," which Russell sold to a publisher for two dollars—about eight shillings! J. L. Hatton sold his composer's rights in "Simon the Cellarer" for a £10 note.

However, modern times finds all this sort of thing changed. Prodigious prices are now paid for compositions which do not approach in meritorious qualification the masterpieces of a Schubert or a Beethoven. We quote from the London Telegraph in substantiation of this statement.

"Twelve thousand five hundred pounds! Prodigious, truly. How envious might not have been Haydn or Mozart, Schubert or Beethoven—at one time even Wagner and at most times the majority of our own composers—of a fellowright in one work, one language, and in two countries for one year could demand and obtain so large a sum of money. Truly it is prodigious. However, there the matter is. As has already been reported in The Daily Telegraph, this is the sum which Mr. Fred C. Whitney has had to pay in advance for the privileges mentioned above in connection with Strauss' latest opera, "Rosenkavalier." But it is all in accordance with the fitness of things, after all is said and done, and not even the most envious of composers will grudge their fellow-musician his good fortune in being so amply 'discovered' while he is still not only very much alive, but sufficiently young to enjoy the abundant fruits of his labours. Richard Strauss, rightly or wrongly, has long enjoyed the reputation of a good business man—truly a rara avis among great composers. And, if one such composer possess the capacity why should he not utilize it to ultimate advantage? A good deal of cant is talked about art for art's sake, and many held up their hands in pious horror at the 'artist' who is also, as it were, a purveyor of merchandise. And so, up go the hands when a musician arises who easily outstrips his contemporaries in the matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. Better he, far, than the unfortunate painter or sculptor who, after a long, dreary life of prodigious effort, comes at last to be buried by the parish, while a few years later his masterpieces are sold for sums of five figures and more, to the great advantage of a dealer or a collector, but none at all to the creator.

Of course £12,500 for a year's English-speaking rights in an opera is immense. But all other composers besides Strauss have not been without their reward. Our own Sir Arthur Sullivan had a colossal success with "H.M.S. Pinafore"—to mention but one of his works that in some degree resembled a gold mine. A few years ago a friend of mine furnished me with particulars of a curious piece

of history in connection with Sullivan's opera referred to—particulars which were duly incorporated in an article printed in The Daily Telegraph some four or five years ago. My friend had been invited by an important American impresario to see "Pinafore" and report on its fitness or otherwise for American consumption. My friend, a well-known writer for the stage, who knew America well, reported that as "Pinafore" was, as it were, written round our British navy, it would be very unlikely to attract notice in America, where there was then practically no navy, and not much interest in naval affairs. The American impresario, however, thought differently, and as the copyright laws had not at that time been straightened out, as the saying is, he "annexed" the work, and produced it with such phenomenal success that when I myself first visited New York, as many as nine performances per night were given to crowded houses in various buildings of that city. Of course this detracted in one way from the composer's profits. But, if I am not in error, the composer ultimately benefited to this extent, that largely through his efforts and those of his eminent coadjutor, Sir W. S. Gilbert, the laws of musical copyright were at last "rearranged." Moreover, though this is not strictly apropos, the British public benefited, for with the money made in America over "Pinafore" by the impresario referred to, one of the most frequented of London's homes of musical comedy—Daly's Theatre—was built.

Mr. Victor Herbert's co-called "all-American" opera, "Natoma," although received with a good deal of enthusiasm by the New York public, has brought forth no unanimity of praise from the Press of that city. "The work," observed the critic of the "Musical Courier," "does not rise to the dignity of grand opera." "Tinkling" is the word applied to one of the most effective numbers, while another is labelled "pretty and catching, with the true comic opera lilt and movement." The New York Times spoke of the composer's style as being "rather spasmodic and explosive," and added that in some sections "we are brought very near Broadway and its most approved effects in comic opera." On the other hand, the Morning Telegraph described the music as stirring, especially in the second act, "and exquisitely impressive in the church scene." If he has not been found to soar to any great heights in this work, Mr. Herbert may derive solace in the knowledge of his success as a composer of comic opera, in which capacity he has achieved considerably popularity on his side of the Atlantic. And, as most people know, there is more "money" in one successful work of this description than in a dozen or more grand operas.

Considerable interest continues to be excited by the forthcoming publication of Wagner's autobiography, which is expected to appear in the course of a month or two. There are many grounds for supposing that the book will prove one of the most interesting that have ever come from the pen of a musician. Its contents, knowledge of which was confined to the composer's most intimate circle, by reason of Wagner's very frank reference to not a few of his leading contemporaries, were penned between the years 1868 and 1873. The work's approaching publication is understood to be due to the fact that most of the persons written about in it are no longer living. Every word of the memoirs, the manuscript of which ran to some 1,200 pages, was dictated by the composer, and the task of correcting the proofs was undertaken by Nietzsche. The work will be found to contain an absorbingly interesting self-revelation of the author's hopes and disappointments, his joys, griefs, and remarkable powers of introspection, and it is not surprising to learn how keen has been the competition among publishers to secure the rights.

Glee's new opera "Konigsindes" is based on a German folk tale. In the first act, a lovely forest scene, a goosegirl is seen tending her flock beside a witch's hut. She meets a wandering prince, and they fall in love, but she cannot leave the forest with him because, though he offers her a golden crown, and even throws it at her feet, the spell of enchantment is over her. Many romantic incidents occur before the goosegirl, who happens to be a king's child, is released from the spell, and is enabled to appear before the populace with her flock of geese and the prince's golden crown on her head. A prettier story has never been set to music. In the New York production of this opera a flock of twelve geese and two ganders attended the prima donna upon the stage. In the case the prima donna was Miss Geraldine Ferrar, and the birds were so well trained that they obeyed her few commands unhesitatingly.

## THE CORONATION FLOWER

In choosing the carnation as the flower to compose the bouquet that the Worshipful Company of Gardeners are to offer in honor of the coronation, the Queen was not only consulting her own tastes, which have always favored this charming blossom, but was recognising also that it can claim hardly less than the rose itself to be typically English. For it has been grown in England certainly since the days of Chaucer, who makes reference to its ancestor the clove-gillyflower.

Spencer makes mention of it, and who does not recall the poetic license of "Paradise Lost," with its "carnations purple, azure or flecked with gold," while in Pope and the later poets it finds recognition. But we may admit that the carnation of these earlier days was a much more modest and simple flower than the magnificent floral specimens of today. Like all popular flowers, as the auricula, the tulip, the sweet pea, and even the rose itself, it has a society devoted to its special cult, which holds its own exhibitions at the Royal Horticultural Hall, and the selection of it made by her Majesty will tend to increase the favor in which it is held by the gardener, professional and amateur alike.

The ordinary individual is wont to speak vaguely of "carnations," without realizing that to their enthusiastic admirers the term covers at least six different sections, all of which have their devotees. Each of these is hoping in his or her heart that the offering to the Queen may be comprehensive enough to illustrate the distinctions between a "bizarre," with its ground splashed with two colors and a "flake" with only one; or a yellow or white ground picotee, with the "subtleties of heavy" or "light" edging. Nor do they overlook the indebtedness of all carnation-lovers to America, where a grower some years ago brought to perfection the vivid pink "Mrs. Lawson," and sold it for \$10,000. Since then others of even finer type have been evolved from it of the perpetual flowering order, but English ideals have meantime taken their own directions, and it is probable that the Queen's bouquet will include examples of the varieties that can be claimed as distinctively British, both in grace of form and delicacy of color.

## TOPICS OF THE HOUR

Somebody has thought it worth while to say that gossip is as necessary to a woman as food and drink. Why the matter of sex should be dragged in is a mystery. Everybody knows that old women belong to both sexes. The creature who simply lives for gossip is as likely to be found in breeches as petticoats. We all know men whose flow of tittle-tattle is not to be surpassed by any feminine ingenuity or industry. Such people, who make an occupation of what ought to be an amusement, are, fortunately, the exceptions to ordinary existence. But in a decent and modest way we all love gossip.

Why not? "The proper study of mankind is man"—to take the first of a dozen much-worn quotations that fly to the pen. A taste for gossip means nothing more than an interest in humanity. To like to know what other folks are doing and saying and thinking is not malicious or undignified. It is merely a proof that you are healthily alive. Of course, you can overdo it. You can be too greedy in the matter of gossip, as with other good and stimulating things. But a modest portion serves to keep you in good spirits. To live for it is as contemptible as to be a drunkard.

It has come at last, and from the respectable mouth of a bishop. Let us be grateful. Of course, it is the proper thing to gush over the thousand and one inventions which have elaborated modern life—telegraph, telephone, motor-car and all the rest. All the machinery is no doubt amazing, and no doubt it enables us to do fifty thousand things a year that we could not have done without it. Whether they are worth doing is another question. The machinery is all but omnipotent. But what of the wretched human being who has to use it? No one has been improving and multiplying the capacities of the human body.

Therefore let us be grateful to the Bishop of Stepney. For the other side of the question wanted stating. He was bold enough to declare that he found such labor-saving devices as telephones and taxi-cabs made life more strenuous, as they merely enabled a man to crowd more work into a day. "What I have seen since I began," said Mr. Kipling's Scotch engineer, "leaves me no doubt of the machine. But what about the man?" The bishop has all our sympathy. If science goes on saving labor at her present rate, she will have to invent a new kind of human being to use her inventions. The old ones will be worn out.

The birth-rate in Scotland for the last quarter of 1910 is the lowest since the record was begun in 1855. The Registrar-General's report gives the figure as at the rate of 23.9 per 1,000 per annum, which is 2.9 less than the ten years' average of that quarter. "The corresponding death rate—14.3 per 1,000—was the lowest return for the same period."

## ELECTRIC APARTMENT HOUSE

A New York apartment house, now in course of construction, will be equipped with a grill, dishwashers, ranges, washing machines, irons, and clothes dryers, garbage incinerator and refrigerating plant, all individually operated by electricity. It goes without saying that the lighting is also electric. Gas and coal are not needed at all in the apartments, and it is probable that neither will be used even for minor operations.