

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Welcoming a Hero.

ON Sunday and Monday the people of Great Britain will welcome home a hero. It is not usual to term a King a hero, that being an honour reserved for more ordinary mortals. Yet on this occasion, there are many who will strip George V. of his rank, his high estate and all that goes to make the monarch, and who will say, "There goes a man and a hero."

There may have been no special danger in his going to India. The reports of sedition and unrest may have been grossly exaggerated. There may have been little foundation for the false reports of trouble and disaster which occasionally found credence with newsboys. Yet there were many thoughtful men and women who believed His Majesty showed great rashness in going to the Delhi Durbar. Considering the dangers which are known to beset all modern crowned heads, this public belief was probably well based.

Fortunately for national peace and comfort, King George has returned in safety. He returns as the crowned King-Emperor of the greatest empire the world has ever known. But more than that, superior to that, he returns a plain hero. He went into the jaws of death unafraid. He ventured the unknown. He faced the inscrutable fates with unblanched countenance—accompanied by his noble and queenly Consort. As Field-marshal and chief Admiral of a nation's military and naval force, he has set an example to all in the service—an example which gives the phrase "Our Sailor King" a decided and abiding significance.

The Madness for Bigness.

AGAIN comes up the subject of "The Madness for Bigness," previously referred to in these columns. Then it was the mad haste to build big cities. Out in Calgary, they have laid out a city as big as Toronto or Montreal. They are selling lots from \$100 to \$500 each, that in five years will be sold for taxes. And yet Calgary is a promising city, whose growth will be steady and satisfactory. So in other places in the West—they are gambling in town lots and doing all sorts of foolish things because of this "Madness for Bigness."

But this disease takes other forms. For example, the people of Ontario, led by Sir James Whitney, have been making the University of Toronto big. They think that its greatness depends upon its bigness—a big endowment, numerous buildings, costly equipment. And yet it is a question if the University of Toronto is anything like the intellectual force it was thirty years ago. It is more like a big high school than a university. There is little contact between professor and student—consequently there is little character building.

Did you ever see a big chicken farm? There are thousands of chickens being fattened for the market. A few men go about emptying bags of grain here and there for the chickens to eat. Every chicken gets the same food; every chicken has the same destiny. So in the big university. Two hundred students troop into a big lecture-room, and an over-worked professor spills a bag of facts. Each student takes as many of the facts as he can crowd into his crop and goes away. The professor knows nothing of their individual needs. He doesn't even know them by name. He calls the roll, "Number One," "Number Two," and so on. A student may spend four years at the University of Toronto and never have a personal conversation with any professor or lecturer. Thus is the Madness for Bigness.

Similarity With Hospitals.

NOR is the Madness for Bigness confined to cities and universities. It permeates other phases of our civilization. It affects our ideas of hospital work. It is questionable if the two million dollar hospital is either the most economical or the most efficient. The larger the hospital, the higher the cost per day for public patients, and the higher the rate per week for private patients. In the new hospital now being built in Toronto, the rate for private patients will be from \$20 a week up.

It is the same with hospitals for consumptives. It is a splendid idea, the building of places to which tubercular patients may go for treatment. But

would it not be better to have small hospitals for consumptives in every county in Ontario, than two or three large hospitals at central points?

In the first place, the transportation of tubercular patients is dangerous and costly. It is dangerous—because they must travel in public railway carriages to the detriment of the general public. It cost a great deal of money to transport the patients themselves, the people who must accompany them in their travels, and the friends or relatives who desire to visit them.

In the second place, the large hospital is more expensive to manage than a number of small hospitals. There must be a number of high-salaried superintendents, head nurses, secretaries and treasurers. With small hospitals, the staff can manage themselves under supervision of a local physician and a local public-spirited board.

In the third place, the small local hospital becomes a centre of influence, teaching each locality the value of fresh air and proper food. This educational influence is of supreme importance. Every individual is a possible tubercular patient—and only avoids being such by proper attention to the ventilation and cleanliness of the individual home. The local hospital thus becomes a "preventive" as well as a "curative" influence.

All honour to those who have striven to stop the ravages of consumption. But are they not also being led astray by this peculiar characteristic of the continent, the Madness for Bigness?

In the World of Banking.

A SIMILAR mad rush for bigness is in evidence in the financial world. Few people are content to make five or six per cent. on their capital—they must have twenty or thirty or even more. Even the bankers, those generous gentlemen who allow us three per cent. on our savings accounts, insist on twenty per cent. profit. The other day, the owner of a business proudly told me that he had made two hundred per cent. on his capital in 1911. Small wonder that the cost of living is going up, up, up.

But more to the point of this discussion is the building up of big banks. Once upon a time, a banker with \$100,000 was an element of strength in the community. But the "private" banker gave way before the "chartered bank." The earliest of these were big if they had a million dollar capital. But that small, provincial idea, didn't last long. Now-a-days, a bank with less than five millions feels ashamed; while one with less than ten millions is just getting along moderately. The small bank, though well able to serve its customers and to take a personal interest in them, is being frowned down upon by the bigger banks and crowded out by them at every turn.

There was a time when a bank manager with ten thousand a year was a big man, with his ambitions fairly well satisfied. Now a bank manager who has not made a million "on the side" can scarcely hold up his head among his equals.

In the Realm of the Home.

MUCH the same state of affairs exists in the realm of the home. Our mothers got along with one servant, and a moderate sized house where hospitality and contentment permeated every room. Now, the houses are villas and the one servant has been enlarged to five or six. Buttons meet us at the door when we go to call, and no one offers us a chair to sit down upon. If we go to a dinner-party, the food comes ready-prepared from a caterer and the waitresses and the butler come with it as accessories before the fact.

No man, now-a-days, is a great man unless he is able to provide his family with this burdensome kind of home, and to assume the stilted culture and hospitality which goes with it. He must make much money and must spend it in a big way. He must be a wonderful combination of an acute business man in his office and a foolish spendthrift as soon as he steps outside.

I like to see a big house and I have no objection to seeing a man spend his money freely. At the same time, it seems foolish to judge every man by his ability to make and waste money. I know a bachelor who has made a reputation for himself in

social work in a big Canadian city and who finds that \$40 a month is quite sufficient to cover his living expenses. Yet he is doing a greater work for humanity than some of his fellow citizens whose club fees are double that amount.

Sleeping on the Naval Question.

RECALLING the history of the past two years, and especially some of the speeches made in Winnipeg and Toronto, one cannot help wondering how the British Navy is getting along. Two years ago, it was in sore straits and certain gentlemen were urging Canada to build a dreadnought or two. If memory serves well, there was no time to spare; not a moment to be wasted. The cry was "Let us act quickly." Where are these urgent people now?

Again there were an equal number of public-spirited persons who said, "Let us build a Canadian navy at once." Are these intelligent and public-spirited citizens also sleeping?

Have both sides been converted by Mr. Bourassa? Has the spell of the ultramontane lay leader won a victory over the two classes of naval advocates? or is it rather the soporific effect of the alluringly indefinite articles of the *Montreal Star*?

As for the CANADIAN COURIER, it stands firm. It was always in favour of a Canadian navy, built as far as possible in Canada, manned as far as possible by Canadians, and constructed as fast as common-sense will direct. The CANADIAN COURIER finds no comfort in the recent dilatoriness in this respect—whether it be the dilatoriness of the Laurier or of the Borden Government.

While believing in international arbitration and while hoping for the dawn of international peace, the CANADIAN COURIER regretfully urges an immediate settlement of the naval question. The policy of drift is not becoming to a people so critical of such a policy in other nations.

The Newest Absurdity.

UNDOUBTEDLY the newest absurdity is the opposition of the Ontario "Grangers" to the proposed system of trunk roads. These "Grangers," or farmers, are not numerous and not of sufficient importance to justify anger. It is merely to laugh.

They declared against good trunk roads leading into the cities because these roads would be used by automobiles. Certainly they would. But they would also be used by farmers and merchants. An automobile will do less harm to a good road when travelling over it than to a poor road.

Of course the automobile, the suburban electric railway, and the steam railway, are innovations. So is the electric transmission line. But the Grangers cannot turn back the hands of the clock. Trunk roads will reduce the inconvenience caused by the automobile in the country and will increase the value of farm lands throughout the district benefitted.

A FITTING PENALTY.



When nursemaids allow the children in their charge to drive their autos beyond the speed limit, why not punish them thus?