

## Is There a Railway Muddle?

(Concluded from page 13.)

struction. Some undue competition for the business of some fertile district. Some duplication of expenditure in securing approaches to and terminals in large cities.

At the same time we believe that much of the public complaint against the railways even in respect to extravagance and duplication does not rest upon a secure foundation. We hear complaints, for example, that the railway companies built expensive roads across the "desert" which separates Old Ontario from Manitoba. Quite seriously men have argued that the Canadian Northern and the National Transcontinental should have secured running rights along the north shore of Lake Superior from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. They also say that at least one of these transcontinentals should have stopped short at the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Indeed, we are not sure but that many will say that neither the Canadian Northern nor the

Grand Trunk Pacific should have gone to the Western coast. They nearly all complain bitterly of expensive construction through Northern Ontario and across the mountains, and point out how little traffic originates in these districts. To hear some people talk, one would be almost persuaded that the railways of Canada had been constructed in a sort of frenzy with no other object than to build as many miles as possible at the greatest possible cost per mile. Some people vision our railways as an Alice-in-Wonderland affair, where everything is topsy-turvy and bizarre.

Now, as we have said, we hope to show that a good deal of the so-called jumble is in the minds or group consciousness of a community which has accepted at par value statements which we will find, upon examination, to be misleading, generally inaccurate, and often grotesque.

In the articles to follow it is intended to answer the question: "Have we too many railways?" The articles will discuss the prevalent idea that roads have been fairly forced upon people until every

farmer of Western Canada has a transcontinental passing his front door, another running past his barn, and a third within easy hail. We propose to discuss the claim that the railway mileage that any country needs can be determined by ascertaining its population. We propose to show how this per capita standard utterly falls down when we compare a country like England, small in area and densely populated with a country like Canada with 3,000,000 square miles, 8,000,000 people, vast undeveloped resources and a crying need for more population. We will explain why the needs of Western Canada for railway construction cannot be measured by the requirements of Eastern Canada.

Following articles on various phases of the subject may startle a section of the general public by taking issue with some of their pet prejudices. They may justify some things people may have condemned and criticize others to which they attach too little importance. Although some people may question some of the conclusions, they are sure to find facts as presented accurate beyond dispute.

# PIANO PERSONIFICATIONS

Three of a Series of Musical Character Sketches for the Music Department

CANADA has more kinds of piano exponents than she has varieties of millionaires. The piano depends upon one apostle being less like another than a bagpipe is like unto a concertina. Here are three separatisms from several countries, Canada, the United States, Scotland. You might almost guess which and why.

Seitz is the most recent arrival. He arrived by coming back to the place of his birth after several years spent in the studio of Lhevinne. We are reminded of David and his harp. Seitz does a power of singing on the piano, and he has the fresh vigour of the young one that might slay Goliath if there were any such contract to perform for the Canadian piano.

Sh! There probably is. But Seitz will never say so. He has a tremendous faculty for not saying anything until he plays. Not what is called a mixer and seems not to care for popular vogue anywhere but on the stage. His recital in Toronto last week was attended by a very critical audience—though war made it six-sevenths women. And they had something to hear; something as definite from this muscular, grave-looking youth who, when he was a child, undertook to ignore his father's typewriter business for the sake of other keyboards. Canada was not crying aloud for piano apostles. No country ever does that. Piano-playing in its high dimensions is either thrust upon a people or grows unavoidably out of them. In this country we are not given to producing piano artists. We have as yet evolved none of any world stature.

In singing and violin music we have done more. Those kinds of artist seem to be easier to get. Why is this? Perhaps because piano music is more complex than either song or fiddle music. And it is. To develop a high-powered artist who can prove he knows from A to Izzard of all piano craft and literature is a bigger contract than building a transcontinental railway. No need for comparisons. We had to have the railways. We didn't and don't have to have the pianists; or at least we can grub along with a high average of mediocrity in our native talent and import all above that.

Seitz undertook to set forth that we needed a piano musician in this country who might in time become one of the elect. We might have followed custom and proved that he was "in wrong." And Seitz might have gone elsewhere. That is not to say that but for the war he would not now be on the piano faculty of the Toronto Conservatory of Music and giving a series of recitals in Canada.

CHANGE the focus. We have put Paul Wells alongside Seitz because nature moulded them so radically unlike. The photos show it. Any physiognomist could decide that the young man with the cigarette and the handkerchief in his cuff is not a natural-born Canadian. That kind of photo takes a measure of daring; and Paul Wells has it. On the market scales there is not much to him; barely turns the hundred-weight. On the musical dynamometer he rings a high bell. I don't know what heredity did to evolve that kind of character. Paul is pure American—Yankee, at that; comes of some old-settled family down east and has knocked about college a considerable time, for he has a voracity for

metaphysical lore along with his music. He studied in Berlin and was there a brilliant young American. He came back to the United States and Vogt picked him up—having met him abroad—to represent one particular angle of piano art in Canada.

Paul is doing it. The music editor of this paper has more than once alleged that Wells—no relation to H. G.—is extremely modern. He is. He does not bank heavily on just what is called Bach, Beethoven or Brahms. He goes after what he thinks B.B.B. ought to mean to modern folk. Paul is an idiomatic interpreter. In playing a

big piece he gives three parts composer and one part Wells. That kind of player is necessary, also suggested by the photo. In his studio atmosphere he is just as unconventional. His bachelor home up on Lawton Ave., in N. Toronto, is a second cousin to the Orient for colour and dim lights and mysteriously placed bouquets and lanterns glowing in long chambers of coloured gauze. I think his music room improper is draped with black in the ceiling.

There he composes. And Paul has composed—is still writing—a good deal of music all as zippy and tangish and as daring as himself. Paul is an exquisite with a high percentage of virility. He is one of the most interesting piano personages in Canada, and he sheds a good deal of rather exotic but quite exhilarating light on what used to be the somewhat drab canvas of our musical doings in this country.

SHIFT the focus again. This time the subject is a Scot—

Richard Tattersall, organist of Old St. Andrew's and teacher of piano and accompanist efficient to any good artist that strikes town on any sort of occasion whatever and with little or no preparation. "Dick," as he is called, is by birth a Presbyterian, by affinity a High Churchman. He has imbibed formula and atmosphere. For some years he was organist of St. Thomas' Church, in Toronto, which is three parts atmosphere. He liked it. At St. Andrew's he is in the cold light of a Scotch moon all the while and may organize with his fine new Casavant till the sexton drops in his tracks, but he will not produce atmosphere there.

However, mere impossibility never daunts a true Scot, and that Tattersall is. He has a great

grip of his art. In the summer he raises potatoes up on Lake Simcoe. The rest of the year he teaches organ and piano, plays both in public and keeps himself en rapport with any big thing that may be going on, no matter what kind of music it may be. Tattersall does not swear implicitly and covenantly by any one instrument. He has a fine love of choirs and of orchestras, and is a shrewd student of the singing voice. Steady as a clock, he has also no end of go and grip and what they call in good Gaelic, "elan." When you expect a big, sure support from the piano or organ for any sort of performance with voices or without—just shoot a glance in the direction of Dick. He's there—with "the goods."

Tattersall's organ recitals have done as much as the new organ to arouse Old St. Andrew's Kirk out of its customary ways. This kirk was intended years ago to preserve the ancient doctrines of Presbyterianism which originally had nothing to do with the "kist o' whistles." Under the joint influence of Casavant Freres, organ-builders, and Tattersall, organist, the congregation of St. Andrew's are now treated to a series of recitals in which one is as likely to hear Debussy, Ravel and Wagner as Bach and Beethoven. It is a tribute to the organist's art that nobody in the kirk ever dreams of making any protest against music which in itself is not religious, but which might pass as religious if the name never appeared on the programme. Appearances even in church are often deceiving. And the organist has a great deal to do with appearances. With an organ like St. Andrew's, illusions are possible.

