



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

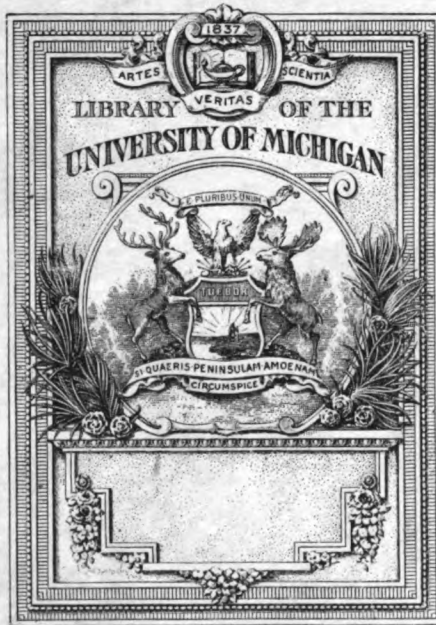
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Werner's magazine

Music Teachers National Association



Music
ML
I
.W5
v.23

CONTENTS 94941

Werner's Magazine

Volume XXIII.

MARCH-AUGUST, 1899

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

	PAGE
American Association for the Advancement of Physical Education.....	392
Art of Making-Up, The.....	30
Bodily Responsiveness. Interview with Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.....	89
Book of Job as a Reading, The.....	11
Bete Noir of the Vocalist, The. Edwin Pynchon.....	419
Boston Singing-Teacher, A. Interview with Charles A. White.....	426
Catechetical Hints on Singing. Manuel Garcia.....	110, 211
Character, the True Basis of Oratory. Charles F. Thwing.....	315
Chautauqua Convention Notes.....	511
Chautauqua Convention of Elocutionists. By Edgar S. Werner.....	497
Contemporary Drama in Germany. Kuno Francke.....	1, 114
Criticism of Recitations. Nina D. Cooper, Sara Greenleaf Frost, Frances Loring Rathbone, Carrie R. Baldwin, Daisy E. Lounsbury, Martha Elizabeth Barbour, M. Elizabeth Stace, Fanny A. Myers, Leni L. McWhorter, Virgil A. Pinkley, Mollie Tracy Weston, Evelyn Currier, and Jennie Mannheimer.....	175, 272, 468, 551
Critique on Maude Adams as Juliet, A. R. W. Wallace.....	471
"Cyrano de Bergerac." Reactionary Influences the Cause of Its Success. Edouard Rod.....	303
"Cyrano de Bergerac" as a Reading. Bertha Kunz-Baker.....	307
Duty of the Elocutionary Profession, The. Caroline B. Le Row.....	317
Editorial.....	70, 187, 289
Educational Value of Training in Public Speaking, The. Thomas C. Trueblood.....	528
Elocution and American Citizenship. Elizabeth Mansfield Irving.....	436
Elocutionary and Musical Conventions.....	293
Elocution as a Means of Teaching English Literature. Francis X. Carmody.....	309

CONTENTS WERNER'S MAGAZINE FOR VOL. XXIII.

	PAGE
Elocution in High Schools. Laura E. Aldrich.....	38
Extemporaneous Oratory. Dr. J. M. Buckley's Book Reviewed.....	100
Fundamentals of Elocution, The. Alexander Melville Bell.....	433
Future of Poetry, The. Goldwin Smith.....	393
Graduating Oration, The. Vivian M. Akers.....	372
Greek Drama, The. Minnie Swayze.....	234
How Gestures Are Regarded. Emily M. Bishop.....	339
Ida Benfeý's Interpretation of the Book of Job.....	11
Influence of Fashion on the Art of Music, The. By Sir John Stainer.....	518
Interpretation. De Keller Stamey.....	413
Lesson-Talk on Act I., Scene 1, of "Julius Cæsar," by Hermann Vezin, A Life and the Stage. Marguerite Merington.....	122
Music in the Grammar Grades of the New York Public Schools.....	94
Music in the Primary Department of the New York Public Schools.....	7
Music Teachers' National Association.....	294, 583
National Association of Elocutionists, The.....	294, 386, 497
Nationality in Vocalism. Interview with Mme. Clara Brinkerhoff.....	239
Notes from the Field. Sister M. Dolorine, M. Elizabeth Stace, Emma L. Ambler, Frances Loring Rathbone, Mrs. George H. Idle, Mabel M. Gormley, George W. Hoss, Mabel F. Mulliken, Mrs. Janet Fitzgerald, Mollie E. Jackson, Robert E. Madison, Julia B. Hathaway, Paulyne Sims	278, 490
N. Y. State Association of Elocutionists	72, 293
N. Y. State Music Teachers' Association.....	294
Ohio State Association of Elocutionists.....	72
Orotund Tone. George Lansing Raymond.....	330
Orotund Tone. George W. Hoss.....	218
Parker, Mrs. Frank Stuart, Obituary Resolutions Adopted by the Illinois Association of Elocutionists.....	388
Permanent Value of Dr. Rush's Work, The. Lily Hollingshead James...	204
Physical Education in Colleges. H. S. Anderson.....	328
Readers and Singers	87, 197, 299, 389, 492, 586
Reading of Shakespeare, The. Albert Campbell.....	332
Recitation and Declamation Chats.....	57, 172, 274, 369, 470
Relation of Psychic States to Expression, The. O. L. Lyon.....	430
School-Doings.....	86, 196, 292
Shakespeare's Songs and Dances. Lecture by H. E. Krehbiel.....	27
Should a Young Man Take Up Elocution? Symposium by Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh, Paul Muller, B. Russell Throckmorton, Elizabeth Mans- field Irving, Frank A. Reed, Virgil Alonzo Pinkley, James Young, William C. Isett, E. G. Tressel, Henry M. Soper, May Donnally Kelso, Laura J. Tisdale, Fordyce P. Cleaves, Kendall Holt, Julia Kendall Holt, Caroline B. Le Row, Marcellus R. Ely, Grand Rapids Society of Elocution, Cora Worrell Alford, Marion Willis Hertig, Ida Morey Riley.....	73, 190
"Singing for Jesus." Interview with Minnie Schnabel.....	199
Speech-Hesitation. Mrs. E. J. E. Thorpe.....	14, 133

CONTENTS WERNER'S MAGAZINE FOR VOL. XXIII.

	PAGE
Stuttering and Stammering. Interview with George R. Phillips	209
Suggestions for a Scott Program	463
Suggestions for Special Day Essays	56, 169, 268, 363, 461
Suggestive Kipling Program, A. Clara F. Randall	553
Teaching of Music in the New York Normal College, The	335
Three Evenings with Oliver Wendell Holmes. Stanley Schell	558
Use and the Abuse of Singing, The. John Towers	231
Use of the Voice in the Schoolroom, The. Annie J. Bronson	417
Various Voices	388, 491, 585
Visualizing of Stuttering, The. Edgar S. Werner	514
Wanted—Good Words for Songs. Clara Astington	228
What Can Be Done for the Drama? William Archer	402
Woman as a Public Speaker. George W. Hoss	334

Writers of Special Articles.

	PAGE
Akers, Vivian M.	372
Aldrich, Laura E.	38
Alford, Cora Worrell	191
Anderson, H. S.	328
Archer, William	402
Astington, Clara	228
Baker, Mrs. Bertha Kunz	307
Bell, Alexander Melville	433
Bishop, Emily M.	339
Bronson, Annie J.	417
Campbell, Albert	332
Carmody, Francis X.	309
Cleaves, Fordyce P.	78
Dellenbaugh, Harriet Otis	73
Ely, Marcellus R.	190
Fox, Frank S.	79
Francke, Kuno	1, 114
Garcia, Manuel	110, 211
Grand Rapids Society of Elocution	191
Hertig, Marion Willis	193
Holt, Julia Kendall	78
Holt, Kendall	78
Hoss, George W.	218, 334
Irving, Elizabeth Mansfield.	74, 436
Isett, William C.	75
James, Lily Hollingshead	204
Kelso, May Donnally	77
Le Row, Caroline B.	79, 317
Lyon, O. L.	430
Merington, Marguerite	525
Muller, Paul	73
Pinkley, Virgil Alonzo	75
Pynchon, Edwin	419
Raymond, George Lansing	330
Reed, Frank A.	74
Riley, Ida Morey	195
Rod, Edouard	303
Schell, Stanley	558
Smith, Goldwin	393
Soper, Henry M.	76
Stainer, Sir John	518
Stamey, De Keller	413
Swayze, Minnie	234
Thorpe, Mrs. E. J. E.	14, 133
Throckmorton, B. Russell	74
Thwing, Charles F.	315
Tisdale Laura J.	78
Towers, John	231
Tressell, Rev. E. G.	76
Trueblood, Thomas C.	528
Vezin, Hermann	122
Wallace, R. W.	471
Werner, Edgar S.	497, 514
Young, James	75

DEPARTMENTS.

Book Reviews:

	PAGE
Ear-Training. Arthur Heacox.....	296
Extemporaneous Oratory. Dr. James M. Buckley	100
Music and Musicians. Albert Lavignac.....	295
Music of the Modern World, The.....	296
Music Teachers' Manual, The. Julia Ettie Crane.....	296
Current Thought:	
About a Patriotic Play. William Dean Howells.....	281
Actor in Society, The	178
Advice to a Stutterer	578
American Girl's Temperament in Relation to Music, The. Henry G. Hanchett.....	477
American Musical University, An. W. S. B. Mathews	476
Arthur Wing Pinero. Gustav Kobbé.....	376
Art of Accompanying, The. Isabel McCall.....	384
Art of Resting, The.....	68
Baby's Musical Training	279
Bernhardt's "Hamlet".....	579
Body's Socket Joints, The.....	182
Boy of Promise Plays, The. John E. Bradley.....	287
Breathing-Exercises in Consumption. James Arthur Gibson and Alfred Mann.....	284
Career of an Orator, The.....	287
Care of Children's Voices, The. Lucy K. Cole.....	573
Carlyle Reads Job Aloud.....	177
Children of the Stage, The. Robert G. Ingersoll	285
Church Music. Robert S. Mac Arthur.....	66
Coins of Conversation. W. J. Morgan.....	478
College Debating Societies	376
Curious Names of Hymn-Tunes. J. G. Mason.....	482
Cyrano's Trip to the Moon.....	280
Dangers of Overexercise	476
Do Not Mix Boys' and Women's Voices.....	64
Dramatic Physical Exercise. Harriet Louise Jerome	382
Education vs. Athletics.....	582
Emotional Expression in Literature. Ernest Allen Gerrard	480
Epic Poetry and the Preacher. D. S. Gregory.....	65
Eulogy of Rag-Time, A. Rupert Hughes.....	282
Expression Distinguished from Grimace. William R. Alger.....	578
Girls Resemble the Venus de Milo.....	179
Gospel of Relaxation, The. William James ..	373
Health and Physical Education. M. Augusta Requa	66
Home Gymnastic Exercise for Women. Mary Easton	480
How Leschetizky Saves the Muscles Fatigue. Cleveland Moffett.....	60
How to Enjoy Music. H. S. Saroni.....	581
How to Train a Choir	188
Ideal Female Figure, The.....	177
Indian Sign-Language, The.....	62
King's College Chapel Choir.....	181
Kipling Reminiscence, A. John Holker.....	482
Lecturer as a Champion of Truth, The. Joseph F. Flint	285
Lorenzo Perosi. Minnie Robinson.....	381
Maudie Adams Describes Her Juliet Début....	383
Mexico's Sign-Language	381
Modern Orchestra: Its Use and Abuse, The. William J. Holding.....	576
Music and the Army. F. A. Mahan.....	384
Music in Porto Rico.....	185
Neuropathic Origin of Stuttering, The. W. Scheppegrell.....	279

	PAGE
Original "Last Hope," The. William L. Hawes.....	578
Passing of Old Time Oratory, The. Maurice Thompson.....	485
Passing of the Platform Woman, The. Edward J. Bok.....	65
Physical Culture for the People. C. E. Barton.....	64
Physical-Growth Periods and Appropriate Exercises. William O. Krohn.....	573
Proper Exercise for Women. Marc Ray Hughes.....	484
Radlophone, The.....	579
Reading Aloud in the Public Schools. S. H. Clark.....	580
Reading versus Elocution.....	479
Recipe for Oratory, The.....	281
Round-Shouldered Girls.....	377
Scotch Airs Not Scotch, The.....	286
Shakespeare and His Contemporaries in the Fine Arts. Wyke Bayliss.....	479
Singer of To-day, The. William F. Apthorp.....	483
Singing-Boy, The.....	67
Sloyd. T. A. Mott.....	61
Sounds of the Vowels, The.....	577
Spasm of the Tensors of the Vocal Cords. John Edwin Rhodes.....	283
Strong Young Volunteers. Nicholas Senn....	285
Student Is the Master, The.....	68
Theodore Thomas on Popular Music.....	177
To Cure Stage-Fright. Mme. A. Puplin.....	63
Tonality.....	481
To Train Boys' Voices. James Bates.....	379
Treatment of Hoarseness, The. F. A. Bottoms.....	60
Unmusical Czar, The.....	575
Verse of "Cyrano de Bergerac," The. Bliss Carman.....	63
Voice and Speech.....	184
Wanted: Good Diction on the Stage.....	378
What Is Fit for Church? Thomas Whitney Surette.....	475
What It Means to Be an Actress. Viola Allen.....	474
What Operatic Artists Cost New York. John C. Freund.....	286
What Singers Should Eat. F. Magee Rosster.....	382
Why Do Men Go to the Opera.....	179
Why No New Operas Here? W. S. B. Mathews.....	60
Women as Dramatists. Alice Ives.....	573
Work of W. S. Gilbert, The.....	180
Write Your Sermons. Bishop Henry C. Potter.....	484

LIST OF PERIODICALS QUOTED FROM IN CURRENT THOUGHT DEPARTMENT.

Alkaloidal Clinic.....	484
American Queen.....	480
Book Buyer.....	180
Century.....	177
Chambers's Journal.....	184
Churchman.....	64, 181
Cosmopolitan.....	178
Cosmos.....	577
Daily News (London).....	575
Daily Post (Lancashire).....	482
Dramatic Mirror.....	68
Education.....	287
Educational Review.....	580
Electricity.....	579
Etude.....	63, 477, 581
Evangelist (New York).....	475
Evening Journal (New York).....	281
Expression.....	578
Family Doctor.....	377
Forum.....	376, 573
Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.....	575
Good Health.....	64, 382
Harper's Bazar.....	68
Herald (New York).....	182, 383

CONTENTS WERNER'S MAGAZINE FOR VOL. XXIII.

	PAGE
Home Journal (New York).....	177, 381
Homiletic Review.....	65, 66
Hospital.....	476
Inland Educator.....	61
Kindergarten Review.....	382
Ladies' Home Journal.....	60, 65, 474
Laryngoscope.....	60
Literature.....	281
Mall and Express.....	287
Medical Journal (Philadelphia).....	279
Men.....	285
Modern Mexico.....	381
Music (Chicago).....	60, 476
Musical Herald (London).....	279
Musical Record.....	282, 488, 578
Musical Visitor.....	183, 481
Nineteenth Century.....	284
Posee Gymnasium Journal.....	66
Saturday Evening Post.....	485
School Journal.....	479
Scottish-American.....	287
Scribner's Magazine.....	378
Self-Culture.....	376, 478
Star (Kansas City).....	185
Sun (New York).....	378, 384, 578
Talent.....	285
Times (Kansas City).....	62
Times (New York).....	179, 579
Transcript (Boston).....	63
Tribune (New York).....	384

Entertainments (See also Recitation and Declamation Department):

American Flag March. Stanley Schell.....	256
Arbor Day Program. Stanley Schell.....	144
Bachelor's Dream, A. Stanley Schell.....	345
Bird Day Program.....	168
Box of Powders, A.....	48
Burlesque Pantomime of Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man." Pauline Phelps.....	142
Choosing Our National Flower.....	151
Choosing the State Flower. L. A. Laws.....	153
Come to the Oak-Tree.....	147
Coming of Summer, The.....	251
Commencement Day Program.....	264
Cruel, Heartless, Lying Poey. Mme. El de Louie.....	240
Cuban War Tableaux. Nina D. Cooper.....	254
Dewey Day Program.....	165
Drill with Castanets. Mrs. A. M. F. Calkins.....	344
Easter Tableaux. Stanley Schell.....	43
Evening with Sir Walter Scott, An.....	454
Flag Day Program. Stanley Schell.....	255
Flag Salute. Stanley Schell.....	261
Flowers of Shakespeare.....	140
Fourth of July Garden Party. Stanley Schell.....	359
Interlude for Memorial Day.....	262
Kitchen, The.....	557
Memorial Day Program.....	262
Pantomime of "Comin' thro' the Rye." Isabel Goodhue.....	165
Pantomime of "Old Folks at Home, or S'wanee River." Fanny A. Myers.....	445
Pantomime of "The Story of a Faithful Soul." E. Esther Owen.....	45
Patriotic Program.....	349
Picnic in the Woods, A. Stanley Schell.....	554
Planting a Tree.....	154
Poverty Party.....	457
Shakespeare Program.....	164
Shakespearean Conference, A. Pauline Phelps.....	159
Spanish Romance, A. Margaret Wood.....	556
Specimen Easter Program.....	54
Spring Flowers.....	249
Telescope March. Lillian H. Buell.....	451
Three Evenings with Oliver Wendell Holmes. Stanley Schell.....	558
Tree Match, A.....	149
Uncle Sam's New Scholars. Mrs. Royal A. Bristol.....	353

Illustrations (See also Sketches and Portraits):

	PAGE
Burial of Attala.....	Front Cover for May
Deborah's Song of Triumph.....	441
Drill with Castanets.....	Frontispiece for June
Empress Josephine. M. Prud'hon.....	Front Cover for August
Expressive N. A. E. Back, An.....	507
Fall of Babylon.....	444
Fate of Virginia, The.....	Frontispiece for May
Fifteen Poses in the Pantomime of "Old Folks at Home, or S'wanee River".....	445, 446
Gavel Presented to the N. A. E. by the New York Teachers of Oratory, The.....	569
Going on the Boat-Ride Excursion.....	504
Hotel Athenæum.....	509
Humorous Intelligence.....	443
Joan of Arc.....	Front cover for April
Job. L. Bonnat.....	Front cover for June
Lily Madonna, The.....	Front cover for March
Little Boy Blue and Little Bopeep.....	352
Make-Up Class at the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts, A.....	83
N. A. E. Convention in Session at Higgins Hall.....	496
Nashville Young Ladies in Sword Drill.....	p. xviii. May
Reading the Newspaper.....	442
Reciting of "Sandalphon" by Edwin S. Belknap.....	Frontispiece for May
Rouget de Lisle Singing "The Marsellaise".....	Front cover for July
Scene from Molière's "Tartuffe" Played at the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts.....	84
Sword Presented to Dewey by Congress.....	158
Twelve Poses in the Pantomime of "Comin' thro' the Rye".....	155
WERNER'S MAGAZINE in the New York Public Schools.....	352

Letter-Box:

American Elocutionist in Great Britain, An. George B. Williams.....	296
Commendation, A. S. Etta Young.....	298
Elocution in California. Annie F. Adams.....	298
Twelve-Year-Old Elocutionist, A. Mabel Burcham.....	288

New York Singing-Teachers:

Devine, Mme. Lena Dorla.....	220
Russell, Louis Arthur.....	320
Sweet, George.....	125
Tubbs, Frank Herbert.....	21

Obituary:

Daly, Augustin.....	489
Parker, Frances Stuart.....	297
Richardson, Locke.....	489

Poetry (See also Recitation and Declamation and Entertainment Departments):

Chambered Nautlius, The. Oliver Wendell Holmes.....	566
Human Voice, The. W. W. Story.....	234
La Marsellaise. (In French.) Rouget de Lisle.....	462
My Aunt. Oliver Wendell Holmes.....	566
Old Ironsides. Oliver Wendell Holmes.....	566
Our Yankee Girls. Oliver Wendell Holmes.....	567
Sonnet to Holmes on His Birthday. Julia C. R. Dorr.....	563
Voiceless, The. Oliver Wendell Holmes.....	567

Recitation and Declamation (See also Entertainment Department):

	PAGE
Admiral Dewey. Henry Aiken.....	163
After Vacation. Kate L. Brown.....	545
Allen-a-Dale. Sir Walter Scott.....	455
All Hall the Land! Ernest Clare.....	347
April to March. Mildred I. McNeal.....	53
At the Poet's Eating-House. Edmund Ros- land.....	457
Awake! Salute Old Glory.....	261
Baby's Bedtime. Eben E. Rexford.....	949
Because 'Twas Lent. Julia Fanshawe Brinck- erhoff.....	52
Bible Selections for Arbor Day.....	144
Bird Medley, A. Stanley Schell.....	167
Birth of St. Patrick, The. Samuel Lover.....	53
Blind Bard of Antiquity, The. Henry Arthur Letchaw.....	346
Border Ballad. Sir Walter Scott.....	455
Boy on Our Farm, The. James Whitcomb Riley.....	460
Boy's Revenge, The. Eben E. Rexford.....	542
By the Fire.....	550
Casey's Table d' Hote. Eugene Field.....	440
Cheer Your Fellow-man.....	55
Church Heroine, A.....	55
Confused.....	45
Conversation. Oliver Wendell Holmes.....	565
Coquette Conquered, A. Paul Laurence Dunbar.....	164
Courting of Dinah Shadd, The. Rudyard Kipling.....	141
Criticism of Recitations..... 175, 273, 366, 468,	551
Death of Marmon, The. Sir Walter Scott.....	428
Deaths of St. Peter and St. Paul. Henry Sienkewicz.....	537
Deceitful Dormice, The. Oliver Herford.....	264
Dewey's Coming Home. Jane Hecker.....	539
Dream, A. Julia Fanshawe Brinckerhoff.....	267
Echo, The.....	559
Effects of Influenza.....	267
Encores..... 54, 166, 266, 362, 459,	550
Engaged! E. D. Pierson.....	460
Essay on Man, An.....	440
Execution of Joan of Arc. Thomas De Quincey.....	164
Familiar Quotations from Shakespeare.....	171
Fate and Lace Work. Madeline S. Bridges...	459
Fate of Virginia, The. Thomas Babington Macaulay.....	265
Flag Day.....	255
Florida Song, A. Samuel A. Hamilton.....	460
Fourth of July Ice-Cream. Elizabeth Westyn Timlow.....	349
Friendly Hand, A.....	267
Gold Bug in a Silver Convention, A.....	166
Good Night.....	55
Grandma's Advice. Dixie Wolcott.....	260
Grant's Place in History.....	143
Grumble-Valley Grumbler, The. Virgil Alonzo Pinkley.....	47
"Hail to the Chief." Sir Walter Scott.....	456
He Loved Not Relatively.....	55
Her Gentle Hint.....	551
He Seized the Chance.....	267
His New Brother. Joe Lincoln.....	460
Hobson's Kiss. Nixon Waterman.....	362
Hullo. S. W. Foss.....	363
Hunting Song. Sir Walter Scott.....	455
"I Got to Go to School." Nixon Waterman..	45
If I Should Die To-night.....	166
Illustrated Lecture, The.....	450
In Apple-Time. Ernest Neal Lyon.....	541
In Millinery. Arthur Carmichael.....	343
In Paradise.....	51
In the Woods in May. Edith M. Thomas.....	261
It Ain't a Feller's Fault.....	266
Jimsella. Paul Laurence Dunbar.....	347
John Brown. Charles Simons.....	546
Keep A-Going. Frank L. Stanton.....	166
Ladle.....	247
Land of Pretty Soon, The. Ella Wheeler Wil- cox.....	549
Larry Kisses the Right Way. Jennie E. T. Dowe.....	587
Little Boy Bubble. Marlon Short.....	388
Little Boy's Wish, A.....	263
Liza Ann's Lament.....	267
Lyrics from Scott.....	455
Man of the Hour, The. Leon C. Marshall.....	448
Maple Leaf's Work, The. Maud L. Betts.....	147
Maple, N. Y. State Tree, The. Eugene Wood.	148
Martial Spirit, The.....	266
Monks of Bangor's March, The. Sir Walter Scott.....	456
Mother of Our Flag, The.....	268
Motto from the Catechism, A.....	269
Mourning Veil, The. J. L. Harbour.....	548
Mowers, The. Myron B. Benton.....	266
Mystified Quaker, The.....	544
Old Bell-Ringer, The.....	44
Origin and Use of Arbor Day, The. Eugene Wood.....	145
Our Heroes Are Eight. Libbie C. Baer.....	348
Pessimist, The. Benjamin F. King.....	166
Picnic Time. Eugene Field.....	363
Poet of June, The. Fanny Bunnells Poole...	344
Policy of Oliver Cromwell, The. Homer Long- fellow.....	250
Practicing Song.....	261
Protect All Birds. Theodore Roosevelt.....	169
Punctual Shad, The. Joseph Barber.....	52
Quotations for Arbor Day.....	150
Quotations for Bird Day.....	168
Quotations for Children's Sunday.....	265
Quotations for Commencement Day.....	271
Quotations for Flag Day.....	259
Quotations for Memorial Day.....	271
Quotations for Patriotic Occasions.....	265
Quotations from Oliver Wendell Holmes.....	560, 564
Quotations from Sir Walter Scott.....	466
Race of Life, The. Oliver Wendell Holmes...	565
Ragpicker, The. Henry Frank.....	544
Rain-Storm, The. Katharine Eggleston Jun- kermann.....	549
Reading from the Book of Job. Bible.....	41
Rebecca's Hymn. Sir Walter Scott.....	455
Recitation and Declamation Chats 57, 173, 274, 369.....	470
Revelation of the Scarlet Letter, The. Nathaniel Hawthorne.....	357
Rise Up Early in de Mawnin'. Paul Laurence Dunbar.....	453
Salutatory Address.....	268
Sambo's Lullaby.....	362
Sambo's Prayer. S. W. Foss.....	539
Santiago.....	54
Self-made Men. Oliver Wendell Holmes.....	565
"Sense Sallie's Been to Europe." Herbert Laight.....	461
Sharpshooter, The. Minna Irving.....	551
She Was Mad with Cause.....	55
Short and Sweet. Annie Farwell Brown.....	264
Singing in God's Acre. Eugene Field.....	266
Sleep, Soldier.....	142
Sometimes.....	166
Sonata, A. Agnes Warner McClelland.....	540
So They Say. Lucy Bostwick.....	362

CONTENTS WERNER'S MAGAZINE FOR VOL. XXIII.

	PAGE		PAGE
Spanish War Epigrams.....	365	McMillan, Gertrude.....	508
Spring Song, A. Henry Frank.....	245	Oliver, Katharine.....	505
Suggestions for Special Day Essays 56, 169, 263, 363, 461.....	463	Perry, Edward P.....	501, 502
Superfluous Questions.....	158	Peysner, Arthur, as Little Boy Blue.....	352
Suppose. William S. Lord.....	350	Phelps, Pauline.....	Frontispiece for June
Symbolic Import of Our Flag, The.....	257	Piner, Howell L.....	Frontispiece for April
Three Little Chestnuts.....	54	Pinkley, Virgil Alonzo.....	Frontispiece for March
Traits of President Jackson. Thomas Hart Benton.....	48	Riley, Mrs. Ida M.....	501, 502
Tribute to Grant, A. Henry Watterson.....	164	Ross, William T.....	500
Uncrowned Hero, The. John J. Fisher.....	53	Russell, Francis T.....	500
Unhappy Exception, An.....	55	Schermer, Frances.....	506
Use of Flowers, The. Mary Howitt.....	153	Scott, John R.....	500
Valedictory Address.....	269	Short, Marion.....	Frontispiece for June
We Want Forest Reserves. Hon. R. F. Pettigrew.....	147	Simons, Charles.....	503
When Doctors Disagree. S. E. Kiser.....	453	Somerville, Annie.....	506
When Pa Gets Sick.....	268	Soper, Henry M.....	499, 502
Who's Afraid in the Dark?.....	363	Sutherland, Edna Louise.....	505
Why? Jessie B. McClure.....	350	Tisdale, Mrs. Laura J.....	502
Why We Love the Flag. Thomas P. Westendorf.....	255	Trueblood, Thomas C.....	499, 502
"With the Shadow of Thy Wing." Mary Stewart.....	246	Werner, Edgar S.....	507

Sketches and Portraits (See also Illustrations):

Aldrich, Laura E.....	502
Baker, Mrs. Bertha Kunz.....	505, 510
Belknap, Edwin Star.....	Frontispiece for May
Bell, Alexander Melville. Frontispiece for	August 500, 507
Benfey, Ida.....	Frontispiece for March
Blow, Maude, as Little Bopeep.....	352
Bishop, Mrs. Emily M. Frontispiece for April	506
Blood, Mary A.....	506
Booth, E. M.....	508
Bruot, Marie L.....	503
Buckley, The Rev. J. M.....	105
Cady, Minee Alma.....	506
Calkins, Mrs. A. M. F.....	351
Calvin, Clementine.....	506
Clark, S. H.....	502, 503
De Vol, Mrs. Alice White.....	508
Irving, Mrs. Elizabeth Mansfield.....	501, 502
Junkermann, Katharine Eggleston.....	505
King, Gwyneth.....	506
Kleinmann, Jessie.....	506
Loomis, Harvey Worthington. Frontispiece for May	502, 503
Mackay, F. F.....	502, 503
Marshall, Leon C.....	Frontispiece for July

Story Teller.

At the King's Head. F. Frankfort Moore.....	80
Fate of a Voice, The. François Coppée.....	486

**Suggestions for Special Day Es-
says.**

All Fool's Day.....	169
Bastille, The.....	364
Bird Day.....	172
Dewey Day.....	171
Easter, the "Sunday of Joy".....	56
Grant, Ulysses S.....	171
Independence Day.....	363
Jackson, Andrew.....	56
Jefferson, Thomas.....	169
Lent.....	56
Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne.....	364
Oration, An.....	269
Origin of "The Marsellaise," The. A. De Lamartine.....	461
St. Patrick.....	56
Salutatory Address.....	268
Shakespeare, William.....	169
Suggestions for a Scott Program.....	463
Valedictory Address.....	269



For \$1.50 will be sent Critical and Elaborate Analyses of

Alfred Tennyson's "THE LADY OF SHALOTT,"
Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "THE BLESSED DAMOZEL,"
Robert Browning's "MY LAST DUCHESS,"
Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "LADY GERALDINE'S COURTSHIP,"
George Elliot's "HOW LIZA LOVED THE KING,"
Sidney Lanier's "THE MARSHES OF GLYNNE-SUNRISE,"
James Russell Lowell's "THE COURTIN',"
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's "NUREMBERG,"
John Greenleaf Whittier's "TELLING THE BEES,"
Edward Rowland Sill's "THE THRUSH,"
Austin Dobson's "SECRETS OF THE HEART."

Criticisms of these literary masterpieces appeared in *Werner's Magazine* from September, 1897, to May, 1898, and filled 317 pages (equaling over 700 ordinary-size book pages), including the following illustrations in half-tone, and printed on enameled paper :

Two portraits of Alfred Tennyson—The Lady of Shalott, by William Holman Hunt—Sir Lancelot, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti—Beata Beatrix, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti—The Blessed Damozel, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti—portrait of Dante Gabriel Rossetti—Sir Galahad, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti—Church, Ferrara, Italy—portrait of Robert Browning—Orpheus and Eurydice, by Sir Frederick Leighton—Guardian Angel, by Guercino—The Pied Piper of Hamelin Beguiling the Rats, by G. J. Penivell—Holy Family, by Andrea del Sarto—Piazza della Annunziata, with Statue of Ferdinand de Medici—Coronation of the Virgin, by Fra Filippo Lippi—Madonna di San Sisto, by Raphael—Madonna di Foligno, by Raphael—Madonna della Sedia, by Raphael—The Virgin with the Diadem, by Raphael—Cathedral, Ancona, Italy—Campo Santo, Pisa—Baptistry, Cathedral, and Leaning Tower, Pisa—two portraits of Elizabeth Barrett Browning—How Liza Loved the King, by E. Blair Leighton—Palermo Cathedral, Sicily—two portraits of George Eliot—portrait of Sidney Lanier—two Georgia marsh scenes—portrait of James Russell Lowell—Lowell's study—Lowell's home—portrait of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—Nuremberg Walls—Market Place, Nuremberg—portrait of Albrecht Dürer—Street scene in Nuremberg—Praying Hands, by Albrecht Dürer—Tomb of St. Sebaldus, Nuremberg—Head of an Old Man, by Albrecht Dürer—Bridal Portal, Nuremberg—The Pix, Nuremberg—Goose Fountain, Nuremberg—Statue of Hans Sachs, Nuremberg—two portraits of John Greenleaf Whittier—portrait of Raphael at the age of fifteen—The Miracle of St. Mark, by Tintoretto—Whittier's birthplace—Whittier's residence—Venus de Medici—two scenes from "Proverbs in Porcelain," by Bernard Partridge—Venus de Milo.

These analyses mark a new departure in the study of literature, and are of the greatest value for schools and for private study. These analytical studies are based upon the knowledge that it is useless to attempt to get at the kernel of literature by memorizing dates, names, or circumstances of family, friends and surroundings; that a poem worthy of the name of a work of art presupposes a masterwork; that a poet should be approached through his work, never through his life; that the voice in song and in speech forms the basis of music and of poetry, and that literature should be studied in connection with its oral expression,—that is, it should be read aloud.

THESE ARTICLES CONTAIN

1. Reprints and analyses of the poems.
2. Phrasing of the poems, indicated by special setting of the type.
3. The poets' art-materials.
4. Significance of these art-works in the gallery of all the fine arts—architecture, sculpture, painting, and music.
5. Extracts from the poets' other works.
6. Biographical and critical consideration of the poets.
7. References for reading.
8. Subjects with outlines as suggestions for papers by students, or members of clubs.
9. Suggestions for other similar programs.
10. Portraits of the poets and cuts of famous works of art with which the poets or their poems have special connection.
11. Bibliography, helpful for further study.

It is no exaggeration to say that never before has there been so wide reaching and thorough a consideration of these literary masterpieces. A study of these articles will widen one's intellectual horizon and will reveal in these great poems beauties and potencies hitherto unknown. Such study will prove that in all great poems there are harmony and unity that establish the brotherhood of mankind, and that in them are eternal truths, to gain a knowledge of which should engage the best efforts of men.

A careful reading of these articles will cultivate a taste for good literature, and can not be too highly recommended as a disciplining and elevating factor in the training of oneself or of those in our charge—our children and our pupils.

These 9 numbers will be sent for \$1.50, or any single number for 25 cents, post-paid; or the magazine will be sent one year for \$2.

WERNERS MAGAZINE



THE LILY MADONNA

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY-TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
EDGAR S WERNER 43 EAST 19TH ST NEW YORK 

Miss Minnie Swayze,

TEACHER,
READER
AND
LECTURER

Miss Swayze, formerly Teacher of
Elocution in Vassar College - -

GIVES INSTRUCTION IN

Elocution,
Voice-Culture,
Dramatic Recitation,
and the Delsarte System of
Expression,

AND REMEDIES

Defects of Speech.

Special classes for the Instruction of Teachers and
the Study of Shakespeare.

Address, HOTEL ALBERT, 42 East 11th Street,
between Broadway and 5th Avenue,
New York City.

Removal..

THE OFFICES OF

Werner's Magazine

AND OF

EDGAR S. WERNER

ARE NOW AT

43 E. 19th St., New York

Between Broadway and Fourth Ave.

Please mention WERNER'S MAGAZINE when you write to advertisers.

Trash or treasure? If you wish to know, send your ms. story, essay, history, poem, to the New York Bureau of Revision for skilled correction or for a letter of faithful criticism. Such work, said George William Curtis, is "done as it should be by The Easy Chair's friend and fellow-laborer in letters, TITUS M. COAN, A.B., A.M. Dr. Coan sees books through the press, suggests titles, and negotiates between author and publisher. Send for circular W, to N. Y. Bureau of Revision, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

We BUY and SELL

GRAMOPHONES
PHONOGRAPHS
GRAPHOPHONES
RECORDS, Etc.

\$25

Best Talker and Singer.

Harbach's Marvel.

PROJECTING MACHINES, FILMS, Etc. Catalogue FREE.

MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED SEND FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

HARBACH & CO., 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

Vocal Classics

\$1.00 per Volume

By Mail, Post-paid

The music is printed on good paper from the engraved plates used in printing sheet music. Bound in durable heavy paper, cloth back.

- Classic Baritone and Bass Songs 33 songs
 - Classic Vocal Gems for Soprano 31 songs
 - Classic Vocal Gems for Alto 33 songs
 - Classic Vocal Gems for Tenor 30 songs
 - Classic Vocal Gems for Bass 25 songs
 - Song Classics for High Voices, vol. I. 47 songs
 - Song Classics for High Voices, vol. II. 39 songs
 - Song Classics for Low Voices 28 songs
- Send for Catalogue Books of Music.*

THE MUSICAL RECORD

Subscription Price \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 15c. A monthly publication edited by PHILIP HALE. The musical news of the world—reviews, criticisms and articles by eminent musical writers. Sixteen-Page Supplement of New Music by celebrated composers, with each number. Send for premium lists. Agents wanted.

MUSIC REVIEW

Published monthly. Subscription Price 25c. a Year. Send 2c. stamp for sample copy, containing two pieces of music.

All Musical publications.
Send us your orders.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON
C. H. DITSON & CO., NEW YORK
J. E. DITSON & CO., PHILADELPHIA



VIRGIL ALONZO PINKLEY.

**Professor of Elocution at the College of Music of Cincinnati; Author
of "The Grumble-Valley Grumbler" (see page 47 of this issue).**



MISS IDA BENFEY.
(See page 11 of this issue.)

Transfer to
-111111
6-10-65



Vol. XXIII.

MARCH, 1899.

No. 1.

Contemporary Drama in Germany.

BY PROF. KUNO FRANCKE, *of Harvard University.*

[Address delivered before the Comparative Literature Society, New York.]

FIRST PAPER.

WE have been witnessing during the last decade a spectacle that can not but fill the student of literature with genuine satisfaction, that can not but give courage and hope to the friend of human progress. That is the beginning of a new era in the history of German literature, the birth of a new life in contemporary German drama. At no time during the last century has German dramatic literature and German literature in general been at so low an ebb as during the decade following the Franco-German war. It seemed as if military achievements and political glory had crushed the finer emotions of the German heart; as if the gigantic struggles that led to the establishment of national unity and greatness had so exhausted the productive energy of the German people that there was no strength left for the cultivation of those ideal aspirations that give to life its highest charm.

With the exception of Wagner, Germany has produced in the Bismarckian era not a single poet or

artist whose name could be even mentioned alongside that of the Iron Chancellor himself, and the very years when Bismarck's power was at its height, when the destiny of Europe was held in the hands of German diplomacy, were marked in literature by the supremacy of flimsiness and insipidity. The one fact that a person so utterly devoid both of artistic feeling and of moral dignity as Paul Lindau should in those years have been able to impose himself upon a credulous public as a critic of the Lessingian type is sufficient to show to what a depth of literary apathy the land of Schiller and Goethe had sunk. This was clearly an unnatural condition. A people that has risen to leadership in nearly all domains of higher activity, a people standing among the foremost nations of the world in politics, in science, in education, in industry, in social organization, can not in the long run remain satisfied with the second place in literature and in art. The same force that impelled it to a heightened and diversified activity in

material things and in matters concerning the intellect must in the end manifest itself in heightening and in diversifying the feeling of the imagination also. For, just as in the life of the individual there is an unbroken chain of action and reaction between the various functions of mind or body; as the exercise of one muscle inevitably brings into play a number of other muscles connected with it; as the training of one's memory is impossible without the corresponding training of one's will; so it is in the life of a nation. Whatever stimulus is given to one organ of national activity is never given to that organ alone. It is passed on to other organs, and sooner or later it pervades the whole national body. This is what is happening now in German literature. German literature is at last beginning to partake of that universal heightening of German national life of which the foundation of the new empire twenty-seven years ago was the first far-shining signal; which has made the name of Röntgen a household word over all the globe, and which has helped to build the record-breaking flyer *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*. German literature is at last beginning to reap the fruits of the seed sown on the bloody battle-fields of Metz and Sedan. Once more is literature coming to be something more than mere pastime. Once more is it coming to be a matter of national concern. Once more are writers coming forward who feel that they have a mission to fulfil, whose highest desire is to be interpreters of the longings and aspirations of the people. Once more are novels and dramas being produced that arouse popular passion and enthusiasm, because they represent in palpable and living forms the momentous problems and conflicts of the day. Our whole age is an age of unsolved problems and unsettled conflicts.

Everywhere, all the world over, there is a violent clash between the old and the new, between the classes and the masses, between capital and labor, between autocracy and freedom, between church and state, between traditional creeds and personal convictions. Nowhere, however, I think, is this conflict waged with such intensity, such deep-rooted bitterness, as in Germany. Germany is at present the classic land of moral contrasts. In nearly every domain of life the country is divided into parties bent on mutual annihilation.

Politically, the strife between church and state, which in the 70's flamed up with such a sinister glare, is at present smoldering under the ashes. But it would be a mistake to think that the passions which at that time seemed to set the whole nation on fire have spent their force. As long as there is, on the one hand, a centralized empire, claiming absolute control over the intellectual and the moral training of all its subjects; and, on the other hand, an infallible papacy, claiming super-human authority and demanding unconditional submission to its divine laws; there can be no real and enduring peace. There can be at best a temporary cessation of hostilities, and at any moment the perennial dispute between king and pontiff may break out again.

Even less veiled than this war between the powers temporal and spiritual is the second great conflict that disturbs the public peace of Germany,—the conflict between monarchy and democracy.

There can be no doubt that this is the real point at issue between the socialist labor party and the imperial government. On the surface it is a question of labor organization, of the distribution of wealth, of strikes and wages. At bottom it is a question of life and death between military

absolutism and popular autonomy. Well enough do the upholders of the monarchy know that the so-called "socialist state" of the future is a harmless Utopia, a humanitarian dream, which would vanish into air at the first real attempt to put it into practice. This is not what they fear. What they do fear and what they do resist, with the grim ardor of men attacked in the very stronghold of their innermost convictions, is the undermining of military authority, the shattering of the belief in the royalist legend, the spread of Republican ideas—real dangers to the monarchy that the socialist agitation of the last twenty-five years has conjured up. Hence, the wholesale prosecution of socialist agitators, the endless trials for *lese-majesté*; the organized efforts to suppress free thought by an approved theology, the ever-repeated attempts to curtail the political franchise—measures of despair that have no other effect than to strengthen the ranks of the opposition and to inspire them with a determined devotion to a cause that in the end is bound to win.

The same is true of the attitude of the masses in the third great struggle, which is to be fought out in the coming century: The struggle between industrialism and humanity.

Nowhere are the lines between employer and employed more sharply drawn than in Germany. Nowhere is there more of class feeling and of class hatred. But this very fact has given to the German labor movement a compactness and a solidarity superior to that of most other countries. It has imbued it with a firm belief in the final victory of right, which has something of religious fervor. It has made it a movement of an eminently educational character. I am inclined to think that the socialist workmen of Germany stand higher than the working men of most other countries in intellectual drill and political dis-

cipline and in respect for the ideal concerns of life.

These are what may be called the public contradictions of contemporary German culture; but there is still another important contradiction, which is making itself felt in the individual life of the educated German of to-day. The contradiction between the materialistic tendencies of our own predominantly scientific age and the ideal cravings bequeathed to us by a past excelling in literary and æsthetic refinement.

In no single individual has this contrast received a more striking embodiment than in that strange, paradoxical poet-philosopher, whose rhapsodic, half-inspired, half-crazy utterances have had such a dazzling, though stimulating, influence on the present generation of German writers and artists. I mean Friedrich Nietzsche.

Here we see, on the one hand, a most delicate perception of the finest operations of the mind, a penetrating analysis of the most tender instincts and longings of the human soul, a revel in artistic enjoyment, a glorification of the most sublimated culture; and, on the other hand, a savage delight in the underlying self-consciousness and brutality of all life, a ruthless exaltation of might over right, a diabolical contempt of spiritual endeavor, a hysterical apotheosis of the "blond beast" of the *Uebermensch* and of cavalier morality. No wonder that Nietzsche himself in this whirlpool of conflicting emotions should have lost his own balance; that the night of insanity should have closed in upon him and extinguished the lights of that exalted life which he loved so much. I have laid emphasis on the multitude of moral conflicts that beset contemporary Germany, not from any desire to paint gloom, but because I think that from the very conflict of those opposing tendencies there has arisen new

life in art and in literature, and especially in dramatic literature of which I spoke in the beginning.

Novalis has defined genius as "a plurality of personalities combined in one." Similarly, one might say that the German people is at present displaying dramatic genius, because it is made up of such a variety of opposing principles. Because in Wildenbruch, in Sudermann, in Hauptmann, in Halbe, these opposing principles clash together and are welded by them into something new, —into a work of art.

I doubt whether there exists in any language a poetic production that represents the perennial struggle between the powers temporal and spiritual in as striking and picturesque a manner as the first drama to which I desire to call your attention, —Wildenbruch's "King Henry."

This drama is a poetic reflex, as it were, of Bismarck's parliamentary warfare with the Roman Church, and throughout its scenes, filled as they are with the clatter of mediæval arms, we seem to hear an echo of those haughty and defiant words of the founder of German unity: "Nach Canossa gehen wir nicht!"

Wildenbruch is above all a playwright. He is fiery, passionate, brilliant, rhetorical. He has constantly the stage in mind. He knows how to make an action swell on irresistibly to a grand climax. He leaps, as it were, from catastrophe to catastrophe, leaving the imagination of his hearers to make its way after him through the dark glens and ravines that lead up to the shining mountain-peaks. All these qualities, characteristic of Wildenbruch's art, are practically characteristic of the manner in which he, in this drama, represents the historic struggle between King Henry IV. and Pope Gregory VII. as a tragic conflict between two principles, both exalted, both true, but absolutely incompatible with

each other, and therefore bent on mutual destruction.

That he should have succeeded in arousing in us, at the same time, genuinely human sympathies, in making us feel that it is after all the individual heart and the individual brain that make the destiny of nations, is saying a great deal, but not as I think, too much.

In the beginning we see Henry as a boy, —an impetuous, imperious youth smarting under the discipline of a fanatically religious mother, burning with the desire to equal the fame of his heroic father. He is thrust into the prison walls of monastic asceticism under the tutorship of Anno, archbishop of Cologne. Next he appears as king, in the acme of his power. He has subdued the rebellious Saxons; he enters triumphantly his faithful Worms. He is received by the citizens as the protector of civil freedom against princely tyranny and clerical arrogance. All Germany seems to rise in a grand ovation to their beloved leader. Intoxicated by his success, he resents deeply the paternal admonitions of Pope Gregory about the looseness of his private life, just then conveyed to him. He insists on being crowned emperor at once, and when this request is not complied with, he allows himself to be carried away by his indomitable wrath. He forces his bishops into that insulting letter by which Gregory is declared a usurper, a felon, 'a blasphemer, to be driven out from the sanctuary of the church, which he pollutes by his presence.

Now we are introduced to the other great character of the drama, to the opposite of this fiery, unmanageable young ruler, —to Gregory, the self-possessed and self-abasing priest, the man in whose soul there seems to be no room for any passion except the passion for the cause of the Church, for the triumph of the spirit over the flesh, and who harbors in his breast,

unknown to himself, the most consuming ambition and the most colossal egotism. We see him sitting *in cathedra* in the basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore. Suppliants and criminals are brought before him. A Flemish count, who has committed murder and who has fled in vain through the length and the breadth of Europe in quest of delivery from the anguish of his tormented conscience, beseeches the Pope to put an end to his wretched life. Gregory, instead, holds out to him the hope of salvation through joining a crusade. A Roman noble, who in robber-knight fashion has made an assault upon the Pope and who has been condemned to death for his crime by the clergy and the people, is pardoned by Gregory—"For he has sinned, not against the Church, the Holy One, but against Gregory, a poor, feeble mortal." A lay brother of St. Peter's, who, disguised as a priest, has taken money from foreign pilgrims for reading mass to them and who has been sentenced to a fine and exile by the clergy and the people, is ordered by Gregory to be thrown into the Tiber,—“For he has sinned against the Church; he has cheated human souls of their salvation.”

These scenes have just passed before our eyes, when the messengers of King Henry, bearing the letter of libel and vilification, are admitted. Gregory is the only one that, in the tumult following its reading, remains absolutely calm. He protects the messenger himself against the rage of the Romans. He forgives Henry the man for what he has said against Gregory the man.

“For what he has said against the Head of the Holy Church,—for that let Henry be cursed! I forbid all Christians to serve thee as a king; I release them from the oath that they have concerning thee. Thou, darkness revolting against light, return to chaos! Thou, wave revolting

against the ocean, return to naught! No bell shall be sounded in the city where Henry dwells, no church be opened, no sacrament be administered. Where Henry dwells, death shall dwell! Let all go forth and announce my message to the world!”

The climax of the whole drama is, as it should be, the Canossa catastrophe. It is here that Gregory, the victor in the political game, succumbs morally; that Henry, the vanquished, rises in his native greatness. It is here that Gregory, with all his soaring idealisms, reveals himself as an inhuman monster; that Henry, with all his faults and frailties, arouses to the full the sympathy that we can not help feeling for a bravely struggling man.

The excommunication of Henry has plunged Germany into civil war. A rival king, Rudolf of Swabia, has been proclaimed. He and the chiefs of his party have come to Canossa to obtain the papal sanction for their revolt. Gregory clearly sees that Rudolf is nothing but a figurehead, a mere tool in the hands of fanatic conspirators, totally unfit to rule an empire. He clearly feels it his duty to discountenance this revolt, to restore peace to Germany by making his peace with Henry. But the demon of ambition lurking in his breast beguiles him with the vision of world dominion; he, the servant of the servants of God, shall be the arbiter of Europe. He, the plebeian, shall see the crowns of kings roll before him in the dust. He does not discountenance Rudolf and his set; and when Henry appears before the castle, broken and humiliated, asking for absolution from the bane, Gregory remains unmoved. For three days and nights the King stands before the gate in ice and snow. For three days and nights the Pope sits in his chair, speechless, sleepless, refusing to eat and drink. At last the intercession of Henry's mother, who,

herself in the shadow of death, has come to pray for her son's salvation, softens Gregory's heart. He admits Henry to his presence. Henry appears; a king even in his misery. He bends his knees before the Pope; he confesses his guilt; he acknowledges the justice of his punishment. The reconciliation is brought about. Just then Henry's glance falls upon Rudolf and his followers standing in the background. He greets them as friends, thinking that they have come to renew their allegiance to him; but they rudely repulse him and boast of the Pope's intention to acknowledge Rudolf as king. Gregory does not contradict them. With fearful suddenness Henry sees what a shameful trick has been played with them, yet he masters himself. He makes one last appeal to whatever there is of true feeling in his companion.

"God help me against myself! Christ Savior, who wast Thyself a King among the heavenly hosts, and didst bow Thy neck under the scourge, help me against myself! [He turns abruptly toward Gregory.] Once I knelt before thee; I did it for myself. [He falls on his knees.] Here a second time I lie before thee; for Germany lie I here. Break thy silence; thy silence is the coffin in which the happiness of Germany is entombed. If thou didst know how unhappy this Germany is thou wouldst speak—speak! Thou, ordained by God to bring peace to the world, let me take peace with me on my way to Germany, not war, not howling civil war."

Gregory remains silent.

From here on to the end of the drama there is nothing but revenge, and revenge on revenge. This work of destruction does not stop until both Gregory and Henry have

breathed their last. Both men die in defeat and desolation. Both die inwardly unbroken,—Gregory trusting in the future triumph of the Church; Henry trusting in the indestructible vitality of the German people.

One could not well conceive of a more striking artistic contrast than that which exists between the sonorous, brilliant, and—one must confess it—somewhat melodramatic tragedy of Wildenbruch and a number of dramas by Sudermann, Hauptmann, and Halbe, which directly or indirectly deal with those other conflicts of modern German life of which I have spoken,—the struggle between monarchy and democracy, between society and the individual, between the Church and free thought; between industrialism and humanity, between materialism and idealism. Wildenbruch stands alone among contemporary German dramatists as a stanch advocate of the ideals of the past. His is essentially a world of chivalry; he is preeminently a believer in the reality of revealed truths, in the sacredness of existing conditions, in the beauty and the nobility of monarchical institutions, in the exalted mission of the Hohenzollern dynasty and in his own mission to proclaim it. His ideal is the blond German youth, firm and faithful, pure and pious, ready to lay down his life in the service of his king; the noble youth whom we know from the "Watch on the Rhine," and, perhaps too well, from Emperor William's speeches.

It is hard to resist the unsophisticated ardor of his aristocratic convictions; the naïve optimism of his warlike patriotism. Yet we can not help feeling that he has been too lightly touched by the wave of modern doubt and social discontent.

[To be continued.]

Music in the Primary Department of the New York Public Schools.

OUTSIDE of New York people may suppose that the metropolitan system of education is up-to-date; citizens know that it is antiquated as well as inadequate, and would have grave reason to suspect that the method of teaching music would be that of the period of the early '60's. New York is afflicted with a mayor that begrudges the money spent on anything but the three R's as wasted on mere tomfoolery. If he has not used these very words, it is because he has found others more brutal. There is a man named Frank Damrosch in the position of Supervisor of Music in the Public Schools, and although Mayor Van Wyck has said in so many words that Mr. Damrosch draws salary for doing nothing, he is a very busy man,—to what purpose a visit to the schools should show.

It is a law that every school-teacher must pass an examination at the Normal College on the rudiments of music. It is a condition *sine qua non*. No one devoid of an ear for tune can pass, be she another Froebel for pedagogic ability. But it requires a specialist to teach music and this would be too much to expect of every teacher, so there are assistant supervisors of music, who select the songs and exercises used, who direct the teaching and in their rounds give lessons, so that the regular instructors may see how to do it. In the primary grades before books are used, hektographed copies of the little songs learned by rote are given to the teachers.

WERNER'S MAGAZINE accompanied Miss V. E. Coleman, an assistant supervisor, on her visit to Public School 28 a few days before last Christmas. No. 8 is in West 40th

Street, not far from that delectable neighborhood with the delectable name of "Hell's Kitchen." As usual the name is the worst part and the people that live about are not so wicked as they are poor. The children are not well-nourished and are pale creatures, not very quick on the uptake and endowed with just the voices that might be expected in a neighborhood where the women quarrel out of the back windows, and it is so noisy that nothing but a shriek can make itself heard. No flute-like accent has a chance in West 40th Street, and if a Nordica or a de Reszké comes from there, then the age of miracles is surely not past. The schoolhouse would give modern educators the horrors. But with the present administration it is impossible to get the money for the new buildings absolutely demanded if children are to go to school at all. There is no chance of replacing this old rookery until it becomes uninhabitable. It is overcrowded and it is dark. Rooms are made by sliding partitions of ground glass, transparent to sound if not to the feeble light that trickles in. There is no playground with grass and trees and room for the young ones to run and have fun, but only a narrow paved court where they may stand around at recess. So much for the conditions and the material with which Miss Coleman has to work.

In the very beginning, the little brains are not bothered with notation. Before the sign, must come the thing signified, and when the mind is prepared for the notes, they are given. The primary grades get rote-songs, and to say that a song is learned by rote does not mean that the thing is hammered into their

heads by dint of repetition. There is first an attempt to awaken the imagination, to sense the thing that the song is about, and then to express what has been impressed. The teacher says: 'Now let us sing about it.'

First and foremost Miss Coleman—and for that matter all under Mr. Damrosch's direction—desires a beautiful tone. Said she, to the little ones: "It is only a day or two before Christmas now, and we have been singing about Santa Claus and the gifts we hope he will bring us. I want you to give me a Christmas present, and the one that would please me best of anything would be a lovely, soft, sweet tone while you are singing. I shan't see you again before Christmas comes, and I believe I will take my present right now. Will you give it to me?" And with one accord they all shouted: "Yes, ma'am!"

It is something to have given to these children the idea that there is such a thing as a beautiful tone.

There is no instrument in each room; the teachers are provided with a pitch-pipe in order that they may set the tune within the proper compass of the child-voice. In one end of the pipe is a reed in E♭. That is taken as the key-note for all the earlier songs, since its *do* is not too high, nor too low,—as great a fault as the other. For some reason or other composers of child-songs have agreed that the child-voice is a kind of contralto, if one may judge by the keys set. In the other end of the pitch pipe the reed is for C, so that the teacher may find other keys. Miss Coleman, as assistant supervisor, is provided with something that looks like a harmonica, but is really a set of reeds containing all the semitones of the octave.

Having sounded the upper E♭, Miss Coleman began the scale at the top and brought the voices down-

ward softly. She uses the tonic sol-fa names and the numbers, too. The advantage of calling the seventh *ti* instead of *si*, she explains, is that it is not mistaken later for *sol*♯. The scales were utilized as voice-builders by having the children sing *moo* to get the tone well forward and to encourage nasal resonance, and *koo* to open the throat. Interspersed with these exercises came the songs that these recruits in the army of education had learned. One was "Dear Robin in the Tree." Poor little things, they hardly see a tree, let alone a robin in it. The piece was right sweetly sung, though here and there a few earnest souls forced a little. In the class of forty or so, there were four or five "monotones," who groaned dismally on one note all through. One pitied them, as one pities a lame child, though there is compensation in life for them. No dissonance will ever torture them, and a street-piano out of tune will be to them as glorious as any other noise that is loud and has a marked rhythm. Sometimes they outgrow the defect, and one could notice that if the scale was sung slowly enough one or two of them would creep up to the pitch. It seemed as if their brains did not work quickly enough.

One of the songs was rather a surprise to one that expected all the tunes to be in the major mode. It was a minor lullaby, and the children found it easier to learn than the teacher did. But modern pedagogy is realizing that the immature human being progresses best when his feet are set in the paths that his ancestors trod, and all ancient music is in the minor mode.

Passing to the next room, Miss Coleman said: "We don't use time-names other than 'loud, soft, loud, soft,' exaggerating the dynamics. Occasionally, I mark time by tapping a pencil; but I never ask them to beat time, 'down, left, right, up,'

because children's systems are not sufficiently coordinated to attend to two such things at once. We want them to mark time and encourage them to keep the rhythm with their thumbs or some such way, but you never see singers beating time 'down, left, right, up.' We say 'two-part measure' or 'four-part measure' instead of 'two-four time' or 'four-four' time. It works better so."

In this second half of the first year—they promote twice a year in the New York schools—some little work is required on intervals. The stupendous task of going from *re* to *fa* was presented. One appreciated for the first time how long is the road that lies before the beginner in music. Bless their little hearts, the children in No. 1 B didn't know how long it was. Round woolly heads bobbed with flaxen ones in the effort to puzzle out the problem. (In the New York schools it has been discovered that the Afro American black is a fast color, warranted not to crack in any weather or come off on the white children.) There was one fair-haired little fellow, with eyes that fairly danced in his head. He has temperament, which they all talk so much about, if ever anybody has. Pretty little fellow, too. Parenthetically, it would be a good job if somebody that lives in a big lonely house and has more money than happiness could take an interest in him and see to it that he got an education worthy of his brains. It was he that first got the interval, and he was as pleased over it as if he had found a gold nugget. But he didn't catch it until Miss Coleman had said very sweetly to a sober-faced little lad: "Now, you listen for a little while." It was rather pitiful to see him sitting there in silence but moving his lips as if he was determined to learn the *do, re, mi*, even if he was not allowed to sing out loud.

Tone was brought well to the fore here, as in all the rooms visited, and in the song "Dear little bobolink, singing so merrily," expression was sought after as well as the illustration of the three-part measure with its "loud, soft, soft, loud, soft, soft," to indicate the rhythm. Somehow it seemed to be easy to teach, perhaps because the popular airs that the children hear outside of the school are in waltz time, if indeed that is not another way of saying that the primitive instinct is for the triple beat.

In the first half of the second year—the next room visited—harmony in two voices made its appearance. It was not very elaborate, as may be supposed. Miss Coleman had half the class hold one note while the other half moved as she directed, by holding up one finger for *do*, two for *re*, and so on. As earnest a worker as any in the room and one that had the proud privilege of going for the chart that here makes its first appearance was a boy that had no coat, only a very clean white outing shirt. This was Christmas time, remember.

The chart had on it very simple exercises in quarter-notes that did not get too far apart. It did more work in the next room, and with it Miss Coleman tried a new wrinkle. She made quite a game of it. She said: "Now look at this exercise. Keep your eyes open. Read it to yourselves silently. Now I cover it up. I wonder who can remember it and sing it correctly?" The room was a grove of hands. One girl was chosen. She came to sudden grief, but her pride at being called on was apparently a salve that healed the hurt. The next girl got it right, and every time it was tried somebody got it right. Depend upon it that was the first thing that mother heard about when Agnes got home to dinner. More elaborate two-voice work was taken up in this grade, and one

side of the room was pitted against the other, to see which could do the best. Sometimes one side sang the alto against the other's treble, the movement being sometimes parallel and sometimes in contrary motion. Always remember that special stress was laid on getting a light and sweet tone.

They all were girls in this room, which recalls a story that Miss Walsh, the principal, told WERNER'S MAGAZINE. She believes in seating little boys and girls together for the moral effect upon both. It makes the boys more refined and puts the girls on their dignity as the well-behaved sex. But one child's mother objected very strenuously and the little girl herself was much perturbed in spirit at the thought of having to sit in the seat with one of those dreadful boys. Miss Walsh succeeded in convincing the mother and the coeducational scheme was carried out. Some months later she saw the little girl and asked: "You don't mind sitting with a boy now, do you, Clara?" "No, ma'am, I like it," was the ingenuous answer.

Later in the year, notes outside the octave but still lying within easy reach of the child-voice are studied and something is done with rounds. In the third year, a book is introduced and other notes than the quarter-note make their appearance.

The rest is brought forward and interval work advances. In the second half of the third year, the six-eighth rhythm comes in and the trouble begins in earnest, for the sharpened fourth and the flatted seventh have to be explained.

It is the effort of the department to develop a musical taste, and the songs chosen for the little folks are not the mawkish and silly things that are sometimes inflicted on them elsewhere. First of all they have good words, not too high for their mental stature, but written by educators that know their business. Next the music is good. In these days some fine musicians have not thought it beneath them to write good tunes for children, and the little folks are not shut out from even classics. They sing Schubert's "Lullaby" and "Hark, hark the lark," and Reinecke's "Up yonder in the mountain." Some of these high-class songs the children like so well that they sing them in the playground, and their juniors in lower classes, jealous of the bigger pupils getting all the good things, asked their teacher if they couldn't learn "Hark! hark! the lark," like No. 2 B did.

Come to think of it, when the young of "Hell's Kitchen" ask for Schubert, there may some good come out of it after all.

IN the present state of general musical education a congregation can not make music; it can only succeed in making a noise, possibly a joyful one in the consciousness of those who contribute to its volume, but otherwise distressing. Congregational singing may have a wholesome reflex action upon the singers, but as a consecration of art to religious uses it is a failure and an unworthy offering. It is time we cleared our minds of cant on this subject, and recognized the fact that—to alter Milton's well-known line—"those also serve who only stand and hear." When the lips can not make melody, the heart may do so and give no offense. The example of German churches is sometimes held up to us; but can anything be more dreadful than the singing of an average German congregation?—*Joseph Bennett.*

The Book of Job as a Reading.

Miss Ida Benfey's Interpretation of "The Tragedy of Doubt."

FOR the first time in history, New York heard the Book of Job read as an entertainment, Jan. 23, 1899. In some respects, the large audience at Carnegie Lyceum must have been like a gathering of men and women, each of whom had at some time heard all of Beethoven's Heroic Symphony, but never had heard more than eight bars of it at a time, and even so small a fragment as one bar and never in sequence, who for the first time listened to it in its entirety, played on an orchestra by a musician of authority. Most of the people present had so heard Job read in church.

In reading Job, Miss Ida Benfey gave answer to the question, "Of what use is a public reader?" The ordinary person may rightly ask himself why he should pay a dollar to hear another read what he can read for himself at home; why he should be expected to attend a performance by one person in evening clothes when for the same price he can see stages crowded with costumed figures.

Miss Benfey is able to interest her auditors in what is a great piece of literature, but which would remain to them a sealed book if it were not interpreted to them by a competent reader. By her arrangement of the poem into practically three acts; by her elimination of the episode of Elihu, of the rubble of ruined speeches, and especially of the prologue and the epilogue; she has made it possible to see the stages of development of a soul. She has decided for herself that the prologue and the epilogue are unworthy of the rest of the book and were doubtless added by some pedantic but well-meaning old scholiast who thought to brighten up the beginning of the work and to make it "end right." So the reading begins with Chapter III., verse 3,

and ends with where Job answers the Lord: "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of mine ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee" (Chapter XLII., verse 5).

"I suppose there is no real answer to make to those that believe the prologue and the epilogue are true parts of the poem," said Miss Benfey to WERNER'S MAGAZINE. "If they can read it through and believe that this man's soul-conflict, this doubt of God, this development from his belief in the half-savage anthropomorphic Deity to the highest appreciation of God as the Reasonableness of the Universe, was occasioned by the loss of his sheep and his having an affection of the skin, they are welcome to do so. After a year's study of Job the prologue and the epilogue have become simply impossible. I do not think that the author of Job wrote them.

"Job has been very badly edited. In the first place, it is very unorthodox,—so unorthodox that Froude is unable to understand how it ever got into the Jewish canon at all. Probably only its sublime poetry saved it. It was evidently so iconoclastic that its editors broke up the speeches and scattered the fragments all through the book. In the year that I have put on it I have been able to restore some of the broken bits, but there are many lacunæ still left, and every day I am more conscious of them. In four years more I expect to read Job much better, and I hope ere then to discover where belongs that beautiful bit beginning: 'Man that is born of woman.'

"I got more from Carlyle and Froude and La Fontaine in my study of Job than from the standard commentators."

"La Fontaine? The man that wrote the fables?"

"Yes. He happened to pick up a

Bible in some empty church and read Job. He ran out into the street, crying that this was the greatest writer in modern France. 'Be still you fool,' they told him. 'He has been dead for thousands of years.' But La Fontaine never lost his admiration for Job.

"The commentators—the poor things—all begin with: 'Job was written to prove—.' No! Job was not 'written to prove.' No great work of literature is 'written to prove.' It is written because the author has had a great tempest of feeling in his heart, and it must come out or his bosom will burst open. He must express himself. Job had to be written. It was not 'written to prove—.'

"There are those that think Job was an Arab. It is certain he was of that Semitic race that has given birth to three great world-religions—Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. I believe he was a Jew, but he had risen above the conception of a national deity. The author of Job never speaks of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. He mentions one and only one name of other Biblical characters, Adam. Just think of it! When this man was rising to the conception of a God that is the personification of Law in the Universe, we were worshipping Thor and Woden.

"My attention was first called to the possibilities in Job when I myself was going through the same mental experiences. I was at first very orthodox, afterward very unorthodox but tormented by the longing of the soul for the faith that the intellect refused to grant. In this transition state I was very unhappy, but I came out of it able to see the higher God in all that is. In all of his misery and through his tears Job discerns that the day is coming when he shall be able to see in his lifetime that there is a reasonableness in the opera-

tions of the universe, that it is not subject to the caprices of a tyrant but to Eternal Order. That I take to be the meaning of the line, which is the climax of the second act and of the whole poem: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and * * * in my flesh shall I see God.'

"In the last act God Himself speaks to Job. 'Out of the whirlwind,' the text says, but I have chosen to use the covered tone of voice to express, if possible, the fact that it was the interior voice, God speaking to the soul. 'The kingdom of heaven is within you.' God says: 'Wilt thou disannul my judgment?' and lays before him the workings of the world only to show how incomprehensible are its simplest details. Job, who had been so desirous of meeting the Almighty and demanding an explanation, comes to realize, just as did Harriet Martineau, just as all do that seek peace and ensue it, that he doesn't ask for an explanation, that he couldn't understand it if it was given. So, from attempting to formulate a system of the moral government of the universe, he now accepts what is, in the same spirit that prompted those lines of James Whitcomb Riley:

'Someone's runnin' this concern
That's got nothin' else to learn.'

Miss Benfey paused. Her eyes shone with the appreciation of the great work she has attempted to interpret.

"It is the 'Tragedy of Doubt,'" she said; "but it is a tragedy that ends happily. One of the most beautiful things in the whole book is the manliness of Job, even in his worst estate. He doesn't grovel. Next to the Bible, the most beautiful English we have is in the Book of Common Prayer; but it simply crawls in the dust and fawns like a dog that fears a beating. But Job, no matter how low down he is,—even when in crazy despair and fretfulness he strikes out

at his friends who are making well-meant attempts to help him out of his grief—holds his head up. 'I will maintain mine integrity,' he declares. 'As a prince would I go near to Him.' In his woe he says: 'My face is misshapen with weeping.' I think that is so beautiful,—that he had enough pride in himself to notice his personal appearance.

"Yes, I remember the lines: 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him,' but that is no example of dog-like fidelity that licks the hand that smites. He is determined to present his case to God, to argue the matter out in court; he will insist upon an adjudication, though it costs him his life. It should read: 'I will wait for Him, though He slay me; but I will maintain mine own ways before Him.'"

"You did not use the King James Version throughout?"

"No. In Chapter IV., verse 6; Chapter VI., verse 13; Chapter IX., verse 24; Chapter XIII., verse 12; Chapter XIX., verses 27 and 28; I used the Revised Version, as giving more nearly the proper sense; but I wanted the measured swing of the King James translation and I used that except in these instances.

"Job is, as Carlyle says: 'A noble book. There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit.'"

"You changed it to: 'There the wicked cease from struggling and the weary be at rest.' Why?"

"It was pure inadvertence and forgetfulness. I was so wrought up. My throat and mouth were parched. I made two or three other little slips, but I would not interrupt myself to go back and correct them."

It seems strange that a reader should make these verbal errors, for Miss Benfey was a reader and not a reciter. The leaves of the book were turned visibly. She never left the

rose-ornamented lectern except for two or three situations at the climactic points. It was by no means an impersonation, for Miss Benfey made no effort to talk bass for Job, baritone for Eliphaz, tenor for Bildad, or Yankee dialect for Zophar. So much was it her own self that went into the reading that two or three times she made Job wearily push his hair from her forehead, but she promptly owned to WERNER'S MAGAZINE that it was a grave error; Job is not feminine.

"To tell the truth," she added, "I could not myself describe any of the gestures I used. I don't know, of my own knowledge, what I did. They were absolutely unstudied, unrehearsed. All that I was conscious of at the time was that I had unusual freedom in the use of my arms, and I was glad with great gladness that I was able to express myself in a way that supplemented my voice."

In truth, they were no such gestures as one sees prescribed in the books or exemplified on the stage. The hands were not curled up like a dried leaf, nor did the fingers adhere one to another. Sometimes they preceded, sometimes they followed, the words; but in every case they seemed to add a meaning that words could not express.

As to her speech, there was noticeable a slight tendency to lisp. Miss Benfey confesses to the lisp, but declares that she is almost rid of it.

In order to fill out the evening, Miss Benfey is thinking of making a reading of Jonah, which, apposed to "Job, the Tragedy of Doubt," would be: "Jonah, the Comedy of Credulity." The subtitle is one suggested by Mrs. A. B. Longstreet. There is much that is genuinely humorous in Jonah, but as to the wisdom of its presentation thus, Miss Benfey is in doubt. Meantime, she is considering the very dramatic possibilities of the story of Joseph as a reading.

Speech-Hesitation.

BY MRS. E. J. E. THORPE.

THIRD PAPER.

My own hope is a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched.

—*Robert Browning*

PRIMARY schools have been called, with truth, "breeding-places for speech hesitation." For this there may be several reasons: Many children are so nicely pivoted that only a little forceful explosion of the vowel from the throat and a little more energy placed upon the articulations are all that is necessary to destroy the slight balance and cause them to hesitate. Perhaps a child hesitates but little, and by encouragement and the right kind of instruction would overcome the slight impediment. It may be that his friends have avoided giving any attention to it, thinking that if nothing was said, he would be less conscious of the infirmity, and be better able to outgrow and overcome it. But he has discovered that he can not speak certain letters and words, and has begun to avoid them and substitute others. The teacher does not understand that no word or sound is difficult except as it is made so by the contraction; i. e., that the word is simply subject to the condition. The child receives the usual phonic drill, direct attention being given to the troublesome sounds, and when he struggles through them and repeats them after the teacher, it seems like a victory. But it is a victory that is worse than a defeat.

Reading is usually more difficult than speaking, because every word must be rendered literally, and learning reading as it is now taught is a dangerous experiment for a child inclined to hesitation. School is a very

trying place for such a child. He is sensitive, and knows that every ear in the school is on the alert to hear and to magnify every fault. He is met by anything but loving sympathy. The boys and even the girls follow him with taunts, shouting into his ear the words of which he is most afraid, and imitating his efforts. They little know their own danger. The tormenting spirit in boys is stimulated by the helplessness of the object, who knows that to undertake a word in return is to expose himself to still greater ridicule. So, as a rule, he suffers in silence.

A young man told me of a boy who pursued him more relentlessly than his other companions, and one day his courage was aroused to answer as best he could,—that his greatest hope was that he, the tormentor, would live to hesitate as badly as himself. This amused the boy so that he put greater determination than usual into his imitations. "To-day," said the young man, "he hesitates worse than I do. I can to-day count twenty who hesitate because, when boys, they imitated me. I am careful about speaking in the presence of children, because of their imitative faculty."

Teachers can do much to make or mar in this respect. Some, by their kindly helpfulness in encouraging and in screening a child from the rudeness of the other pupils, will sometimes give one who is not confirmed in the difficulty sufficient confidence to carry him along. Others.

will make him unnecessarily conspicuous and by their lack of kindly tact fix what might easily have been removed. Several have said to me : "I was made to hesitate by the severity of my teacher;" and others who, to all appearance, had no trouble in speaking were in daily fear of the teacher. Finally a day came when some unusual little severity sent the contraction with a grasp to the throat, and it never lost its hold. I have known children who would hesitate the year through under one teacher, and talk perfectly with another. A quick, short, sharp, incisive manner, however kindly, is very trying to one who hesitates.

A child who hesitates is a constant menace to all the rest. Besides those who take great pleasure in making him wretched, many who do not directly intend to imitate him do so unconsciously. Children in the primary schools, being at the imitative age, are uncontrollably attracted and fascinated by anything out of the usual course, especially if it is unnatural. A mother of several children told me that when they were in the lower school-grades, there were always some who hesitated. Her children took no pains to imitate them, but they continually caught it up. Said she : "I thought that in spite of all I could do I should have a family who could not talk; but I managed to carry them through." All are not as fortunate.

Children are sensitively and delicately organized. With many persons, the chief means of control is fear. The child so conditioned dreads from day to day meeting the teacher and the children with whom he is associated. He knows that every attempt at a recitation is an exposure to ridicule, and out of school-hours he thinks of it continually. Through the year he becomes accustomed to the teacher and one class of scholars, but through vaca-

tion his mind is constantly dwelling upon the thought of the new teacher and the new class that he must meet. The question is: "Will the teacher be patient with my infirmity, and will the pupils be more, or less, insulting than those in the old class?" Generally, the hesitation that commences and is developed in the primary school increases through the different grades, until the child can neither read nor recite.

Few contract the difficulty after reaching ten or twelve years of age, because by that time the muscular action has become fixed. For the same reason, the difficulty of changing the action after that time is increased. At the present time, prevention is one of the strong elements in all remedial work. We guard our schools carefully against every other form of infectious disease, but to this the doors are open wide, in spite of the fact that some children, by hearing another hesitate only once, may be wrecked for life.

It is an ungracious act to criticize, especially when one stands alone and aims his criticism at a practice or a belief that is generally accepted as the highest and best; but this must not deter me from saying that our phonic system needs revision, before it can be safe for any child. By the forceful practice of consonants we are helping on that great power of misapplied strength which is the bane of pupils and the discouragement of all teachers of the voice. Speech is the clothing of the thought. Is the thinker helped, either in speaking or in singing, by being reminded that a word ends with a *d*, *t* or *s*? Besides the great energy employed in making them so prominent, so much strength is drawn from the grasp at the centre. "Does she not articulate well?" asked one, of a singer. "Yes, almost too well," was the answer. And it was true, that the singer was soon unable to sing at all.

The German language abounds in consonants, which may be the reason why it is so unsafe to practice German songs. Works upon the voice usually close with a chapter giving exercises for those who hesitate, which should never even be seen by them.

Pupils who come to me, almost without exception, report that nothing so increased the hesitation as the phonic drill received by them in school; and my greatest anxiety for them is that, on returning to school, they may be exposed to it again. One with the tendency to hesitation can not with safety hear it. If such a statement as this had been made to me twenty-five years ago, I should have resented it; but now my eyes can not be closed to the truth, which is that phonics causes hesitation faster than we can by any means correct it, and where it is the most conscientiously taught, the percentage of hesitation is the highest.

Without doubt, the remote cause of hesitation is misapplied energy. When a child labors under all the contraction that can be possible and be able to speak, a slight influence may bring that contraction to a focus. A child four years old visited for a few hours one of about her age who hesitated in her speech. On her return home she imitated the child. Her friends were at first amused, but after a few repetitions it became a fixed habit and lasted through life. It is a common occurrence that the affection is communicated by a nurse who is herself under its influence. It may be explained here that it is not necessary for one actually to hesitate, in order to communicate the difficulty. A marked throat-contraction, if imitated, may be all that is needed to carry it to a child sensitive to this influence.

Twins eight years old were in school together, and a little afraid of the teacher. One day a question was

put to one of them with more than usual directness, and he could not answer. He was supposed to be obstinate. When he went home his parents thought the same, but when he tried to talk it was with the greatest difficulty that he could speak a word. In two or three days his brother went through the same experience, and neither of them was ever able to speak with any freedom. The contraction, once focused, will remain.

A boy eight years old met a man on the street, who inquired the way to some place. It was done in so imperative a manner that the boy was frightened and could not answer. This enraged the man, who thought that the boy was making fun of him. The boy went home in a state of intense excitement, and for some hours could not utter a syllable. From that time he spoke with marked hesitation. In my experience, whooping cough, diphtheria, scarlet fever—any disease that affects the throat—may be sufficient to fix the contraction. The cough that follows a common cold, laughing with effort in the throat, as so many do, or a blow on the head, is liable to produce a like result. A boy exclaimed: "Ha, ha, ha!" several times, for fun, and it ended in hesitation.

A serious misconception is the classing of these cases with those of deaf-mutes, and subjecting them to the same kind of training. Deaf-mutism is one thing; speech-hesitation is quite another. A deaf-mute must learn every particular sound; but is it necessary for one who has formed every sound in every combination until he is six, eight or ten years of age, and perhaps has spoken with unusual clearness, to learn the structure of speech, if a fright, blow, or severe illness—any abrupt shock—comes and he suddenly hesitates? This minute he talks; the next he can not. Is it because he suddenly

forgets how? I think not. The truth is that he, like most of the world, has practiced a great deal of throat-contraction, and one of these influences was the last, decisive stroke that caused a little more determined focusing of the unnatural strength, and the slight balance was lost.

"Why does anyone talk like that?" said a person to me, referring to speech-hesitation. I said: "Why do you use your throat in that way?" "I do not know," was the answer. Then I explained: "He makes that contraction a little more than you do; that is all. The result is what you see." It may be added that the questioner had pain in the throat with every slight cold.

The early part of my work was a line of experiments with different methods, with no settled opinion in regard to the cause. If cases differed in severity, the reason for the difference was not clear; and what one was able to do, it seemed reasonable to expect of another. An excess of mild cases for a time seemed to favor the impression. One to whom the process and the reasons were explained caught the principle, at once put it into execution, and was soon out of the difficulty. Another young man I saw twice, about fifteen minutes. He bravely held to the right, although it was new and strange to him, and the wrong by degrees disappeared. He spoke in a falsetto voice, which was caused by the contraction.

Just as I had taken my seat on a train one evening, for a ride of half an hour, a young man took the seat by me, and began at once telling me that he had been for some years preparing himself for a public speaker, which for evident reasons he could never be, unless his obstacle could be removed. At once the whole matter was explained to him, and he took a lesson on the train. Two years afterward I heard from him.

He had been able to use the instruction with entire success.

Another young man, who was in danger of losing his place and who, when it was most important that he should speak, could not utter a sound, took ten lessons, and was able to take up the work and carry it out for himself, until he could speak perfectly. His case, although severe, was uncomplicated; i. e., the contraction centred at the vocal cords, and had not communicated, to any appreciable extent, to other centres.

A young man who could never buy an article at a store, a ticket at the railway ticket-office, or make a call, without the greatest difficulty, was able to do all these with perfect freedom, after three weeks' instruction; and he completed the work by himself. These all were cases of simple throat-contraction. The seriousness of the case depends upon the rigidity and the extent of the contraction.

A young woman, after the first day's training, would stop instantly when she saw that she was going wrong, and she never hesitated after the third or the fourth day. It must not be understood that all tendency to hesitate was gone in the time mentioned, in any of these cases, but the persons persistently aimed at the right and refused to practice the wrong. The cases were not complicated, and the gain was steady and sure.

Two young women who were anxious for an education and who could not attend school because of their inability to talk, began school when partly relieved, grew stronger as they went on, and became teachers.

A young man in whom the contraction extended from the throat to the jaw, lips, tongue, eyes, and finally to the hands and the feet, and who could speak but very little, came to me during the winter months. He did farm work, being unable to ob-

tain other employment on account of his disability. After the second winter he found a good situation and has had no further trouble.

One case was of a young man suffering from chorea. His hands were closed, with thumbs turned in upon the palm, and he had no thought that they could be opened. It was necessary for someone to cut his food. There was a great deal of contraction in the face; the head shook and shoulders lifted. After exercising the breathing-muscles in the usual way, the young man was surprised to find his hands open upon the arms of his chair, and a general relaxation of all the muscles followed. The speech gradually became free, and the whole system was restored to a natural condition. This case confirmed the opinion that nervousness was an effect and not a cause.

A young man of nineteen came to me, directly from Scotland. When eight years old, a door was blown against his head, and from that time he was unable to speak. It was the opinion of the best physicians in Glasgow that he could never be made to speak. He communicated by writing, and the mental complication was strongly developed. Sometimes, hopeless as it was, he would attempt to speak a word, and the evident strain showed that every muscle in the system took part in the effort. In this, as in some preceding cases, the question was how to find a beginning; but the same process that had unlocked the bars in other cases opened the way in this, and soon the young man could utter words, and it was not long before he could read to me, and converse very well. He was so sensitive that he would falter if anyone passed through the room, but, being encouraged, after a time he read with the class, and at the end of ten months, when he left me, he could transact business anywhere, and was speaking at public meetings.

In several cases where speech was impossible, words and their meanings were fully recognized and understood when seen in print, but there was no mental connection between the printed and the spoken word, and it was necessary to learn it as something new and foreign. A boy six years old, knowing that he could not speak (the reason was a contraction at the glottis) refused to try. When the right way was explained to him, he put it into practice at once, and in three days was talking with perfect freedom. This went on well for a while, but he was not kept under training until strong, and the result was a relapse.

In the first place, the boy did well to keep silence. In that way communication of the difficulty to other parts of the system was avoided; but, after once talking well, he dropped back by degrees, and then he chose the struggle with the contraction rather than the silence. The contraction was very great, and became communicated to the muscles of the neck, right arm, and right leg. When he returned to me in about two years, he bent his head from side to side and lifted his right leg and right arm in his attempts to speak. His parents expected that the first experience would be repeated, and it was difficult for them at once to see that we were now dealing with a very different case; but the work was finally accomplished.

When the contraction extends to both hands and feet, the case is considerably complicated. Two young men whose symptoms compared almost exactly were receiving instruction at the same time. The feet were lifted, the hands contracted, and the winking of the eyelids was abnormally frequent, showing that the contraction extended from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. One believed in what he was doing, and

held and used every gain that was made, and so worked on perseveringly until entire freedom was gained. The other had no faith, could see no good in anything that did not bring perfection in a little time. When a gain was evident, he believed it would not last, and proceeded to prove his position by refusing to continue the practice. Of course, all work with him was a failure.

Wherever the contraction centres, the sense of weakness that follows will, like any other physical ailment, affect the mind in a degree; but it is only when the prominent symptom is speech-hesitation that the mind suffers seriously. But the mental complication is an effect and not a cause, for, in all cases that have come under my observation, the organs of speech are without fault; and besides, when the physical disability is removed, the mental affection gradually disappears. There may be some question, however, whether the great strain caused by the contraction may not in some cases affect the brain.

One who took a three weeks' course with me said that he could both hear and see better, as the contraction came under control. A marked feature of his case was that he felt a pressure in the right side of his head which, when he tried to talk, was almost a pain. The contraction in his case was centred in the throat, neck and face. His mind was clearer and he could think better when the strain was removed from the head.

A young lady made a similar report of herself. She had a very loud voice, which had been intensified by shouting, and which seemed directed to the lower jaw. She and her friends had for some time been conscious that her mind was being affected in some way. She wrote after her return home, referring to the effect of the treatment on her mental condition: "It is the differ-

ence between a cloudy day and a bright June morning."

A little girl six years of age came to me for training. Nothing had been noticeable in her speech until, when she was about four years old, being outdoors at play, a watering cart went by, and suddenly sprinkled water upon her. She was frightened and seriously shocked, and from that time she began to hesitate in speaking. The fright created no new conditions, but developed or focused those that already existed, i. e., tightened and fixed a contraction that might otherwise have been overcome. Both legs were weak; she lifted her right foot and right hand and bent her head, her face becoming very red in her efforts to speak. She was also subject to periodical attacks of nausea. The contraction in the tongue and the jaw was most marked, but no symptom was unusual. She was with me some months, and during that time the effort in the leg and the hand disappeared, and was nearly gone from the tongue. The nausea also disappeared. Considerable throat-contraction remained, but was gradually becoming less. At this stage a removal to a distant city interrupted the course of treatment. At that time she seemed to be on the road to perfect recovery, and, indeed, to the general observer she appeared well. If all influences had been favorable and if hers had been an ordinary case, she would have continued growing stronger; but when she caught a little in the throat, a boy imitated and laughed at her, and, being sensitive, it was more than she could bear. From that time she grew worse. The contraction in the tongue assumed a more violent form, and the disability in the right arm and leg returned, and so increased that both became useless. Finally, it became evident to those who understood the symptoms, that the brain

was in some way affected. She was a very interesting and intelligent child. If there was brain disease in the beginning, could the unfavorable symptoms have been removed by vocal training? The specialists who examined the child saw symptoms indicating a tumor of the brain, but he stated also that some symptoms necessary to prove it were wanting. The child died at the Massachusetts General Hospital. A post-mortem examination showed a diseased brain, but, as reported to me, there was no tumor. One of the best authorities, who examined the child before she went to the hospital, thought there might be a small chance for her recovery. Since noticing with greater care the effect of gymnastic exercises, I think that we may have lost the slight chance by encouraging her to use her limbs while they were in an abnormal condition.

The contraction may exist as an all-prevailing influence throughout the system, and never centre at any given point, unless developed by fright, fever, whooping-cough, or any other positive influence that brings it to a focus.

Children under the influence of abnormal muscular contraction dread

to be alone, and are likely to be afraid of the dark. They are commonly styled "nervous children." To spring at a child to frighten away hiccough is an unsafe thing to do, and cases of convulsions have been reported to me as caused by tossing a child in the air just for exercise or for fun. When the contraction exists in this general way, as nature is helpful, strength may be unconsciously established at the true centre, or a slight overbalance at any point may be overcome, and then the child outgrows it; or the contraction may at any time develop any conditions of which it is capable.

As a case of serious misplaced contraction develops, it may change character and show new and more aggravated symptoms. A child eight years of age had scarlet fever, which induced speech-hesitation. After a time the hesitation stopped and epilepsy followed. A young man whose physical system suffered severely from the contraction and in whom speech-hesitation was a marked symptom, met with a great disappointment, which developed epilepsy. In some serious cases of speech-hesitation it has been noticed that one of the parents was an epileptic.

[To be continued.]

WAS Wagner a musician at all? At least he was something else in a higher degree, viz., an incomparable histrio, the greatest mine, the most astonishing theatrical genius, that the Germans have had,—our scenic artist par excellence. His place is elsewhere than in the history of music, with the grand true geniuses of which he must not be confounded. Wagner and Beethoven—that is a blasphemy and in the end an injustice even to Wagner. He was also as a musician only what he was in other respects. He became a musician, he became a poet, because the tyrant in him, his stage-play genius, compelled him to it. One finds out nothing about Wagner as long as one has not found out his dominating instinct. Wagner was not a musician by instinct.—*Friedrich Nietzsche.*

New York Singing-Teachers.

An Inquiry Into Their Qualifications, Their Theories, Their Practices, and Their Results.

FIFTH ARTICLE.

[The articles, begun November, 1898, are written for the purpose of giving our readers an insight into the qualifications, methods, and results of various singing-teachers, and of enabling those in search of vocal instruction to select a teacher intelligently. Our aim is to present various nationalities and various schools. Comment by our subscribers on the articles will be welcome.—EDITOR.]

Frank Herbert Tubbs.

*"Vocal culture is the work, not of years but of a few months—
Tenors lack brains and ambition."*

OTHER people declare that the reason why we do not have good singers any more is because we are in too great haste to get them through their studies and into active life. "Ah, it takes such a long time to acquire vocal technique! Just think how many years the great singers worked and slaved just on exercises!"

"Nonsense," declares Mr. Frank Herbert Tubbs, "all that there is of vocal technique can be got by a diligent, earnest student in a few months, not to say in a few weeks. I distinguish between a vocal education and a musical education. If the pupil is really in earnest and wishes to learn all he possibly can with the minimum expenditure of time, and takes a lesson a day from a teacher that knows his business, the voice can be put into the best estate in three months' time. The work must have been so presented to the student that he can think out the process. Otherwise the lessons do not do the least bit of good. After he has thought it out, the organs will work all right and he can go fast just as well as he can go slow, without practicing exercises for velocity. The mind directs the vocal organs, and once the mind has apprehended just what it has to do, the muscles that govern voice do their work as rapidly as is desired. It is my aim

to start my pupils right so that they can work by themselves."

One of Mr. Tubbs's favorite heresies is that a college education is a good deal of a handicap in itself. The association with good people is useful, he says, but as far as the benefits derived from study go, the young man of the same age that has had to hustle for a living in the busy world is far quicker on the uptake than the university man, other things being equal. Mr. Tubbs himself was educated in the Boston public schools and had a little of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was a civil engineer to begin with, but a tenor voice got him into taking lessons of Lyman W. Wheeler, who was a pupil of Manuel Garcia. Then he studied with Manuel Garcia himself, with Shakespeare, Emil Behnke, Francesco Lamperti, San Giovanni, and then came back to Shakespeare.

"He is the best in the world," declared Mr. Tubbs. "No; there is no best. I got most from Shakespeare, though. I took lessons from him every day the last time I went to him and put my whole heart into my work. I learned more from him in thirty days than in my whole life before and that was what first convinced me that the acquisition of a vocal education is a matter of months and not of years.

"The Lamperti and Garcia schools

differ as to the fundamentals. Lamperti makes a great deal of respiration and in the practice the pupil carries the open tones to the higher notes. This allows one to see faults. It is easier, too, to sing the upper tones open. On the other hand, Garcia does not go deeply into respiration and in the practice the pupil covers the upper tones and opens the lower tones.

"The terms 'opened' and 'covered' are used to describe the action of the pharynx. When the tone is 'covered,' the hood of the pharynx is arched in such a way as to make the tone more sombre. When the tone is 'open,' the pharynx is relaxed, loose, spread open."

"What are your views on breathing?"

"I deem it of primary importance. The pupil needs to know enough of the anatomy of the respiratory organs to know what are the essentials of breath-control and how to get rid of the non-essentials. I give exercises—singing eliminated—like those the gymnast uses to toughen his biceps, until the breath-holding muscles are as tough as whip-cords. They are as the hands of a pianist.

"I don't believe in the distended chest. It must be firm but the strain should be on the back and sides. Lean slightly forward, the weight on one foot, the arms out as if holding a sheet of music. Here, take this song. A little farther from you. Don't you see how it puts the tension on the muscles of the back, important muscles for holding the breath; they tie right into the crura inside of the back-bone.

"It is a mistake to suppose that the breath is held by muscles low in the abdomen. It is thus that expiratory muscles fight with the breath-holding muscles, which are all above or on the level of the breast-bone, which means above the diaphragm."

"You oppose the high, fixed chest. But that is especially noticeable in Jean De Reszké's singing."

"Jean De Reszké is a giant, physically and vocally. He has to sing in mammoth theatres and great caverns like the Metropolitan Opera-House. Most of us musicians expect to sing in drawing-rooms and small halls. To hear him in such a place would be painful. There is little nicety in his work. It is not necessary. It would be like finishing a great fresco in the dome of a lofty cathedral. Mme. Sembrich sings in an entirely different style. There is less effort or, rather, the result is that all effort is hidden. She does not bulge out her chest.

"To be able to produce a tone with breath-control does not mean that one is able to use all the breath he has. Toward the end of the expired breath, nature demands that a fresh inhalation be taken even though the lungs are half full. This demand may be denied, but after that moment is reached the tone is worthless. The singer knows when the critical moment has arrived even if the audience does not. He feels collapsed; the tone-quality is changed. It is possible to develop the ability to hold the breath much longer and to postpone gratifying nature's demand and still feel that there is enough oxygen in the lungs to make the tone vital."

"Isn't there danger in making some people hold the breath too long?"

"The teacher must exercise judgment. As soon as the pupil complains of distress, it is well to stop awhile. The repeated inhalation of deep draughts of fresh air has a tendency to make one giddy, but this intoxication from oxygen is soon recovered from and leaves no bad results."

"What exercises do you use to enable the pupil to acquire this ability to control the breath?"

"I give physical drill in inhalation and exhalation. Deep-breathing is

necessary for that, but we sing best on partial breath; for the deeper we breathe the more we call into use the forcible expiratory muscles. I have the pupil whisper 'Hah! hah! hah!' ten or twelve times, pause and hold the breath. The breath is not to be held by the expiratory muscles but by the muscles that pull the chest open. They have to be taught to hold still. If I hold my arm out straight, at first I can not keep it that way very long without getting tired; but if I practice every day, I gain strength to make it stay still for hours together. Very few are able to hold the breath with the throat open. (By this I mean with the muscles that lift and lower the larynx relaxed.) We think we can, but the breath still leaks out. A frosty morning will show you that some escapes from the open mouth no matter how still you hold the breath-controlling muscles."

Now, if there is one pleasure keener than another, it is catching an expert in an error. Mr. Tubbs may be perfectly right in saying that nobody can hold his breath, but the frosty morning test is no proof of it. The interior of the mouth is warm and moist, and, of course, the cold air chills the cloud of vapor rising from it and makes it visible. A warm, moist dish-cloth will do the same, yet hold its breath perfectly. Mr. Tubbs continued:

"One of my exercises I do with a chair. I take in a breath, open the mouth and the throat, pick up the chair by the back, lift it slowly over my head, put it down again as slowly, and then exhale. The breath must be held all the time by the inspiratory muscles and not by shutting up the throat.

"As to the larynx and the throat, I hang out a sign marked: 'Keep off.' All that is necessary to know about it is that the fundamental tone is produced at the vocal cords and that the first resonator is in the ventricles of Morgagni. The work done at the vocal bands is so fine and delicate that no man is able to direct

action consciously. There must be no effort directed toward the throat. A good initial tone is obtained by the release of all tension in the muscles that lift and lower the larynx. The result of learning to place all the tension on the sides and the back is that in about five weeks, taking a lesson every day, from two to four tones are added to the upper voice. But it is not the extremes of the voice that I seek to cultivate, rather the region from E to E."

"What is called the 'middle register'?"

"Yes; but the subject of registers is one I practically ignore. I used to think I knew a great deal about them. I even used to deliver learned lectures about the registers of the singing-voice and had very decided views. The *Atlantic Monthly* asked me to write an article on the subject, and I thought it would be as well for me to read up what had been said. I found that there were no fewer than twenty-one good, definite, working theories held by discreet and learned authors, and I concluded that possibly it would not be the part of wisdom to dogmatize on what was capable of such a wide diversity of opinions. So I never wrote the article. To make a definition for register that will apply all round is practically to admit a register for every quality. Garcia says that there are three registers; Behnke says just as positively that there are five. I don't know how many there are. No analogy of a reed or a string explains to my mind the action of the vocal cords."

"If the vocal cords are not vibrating reeds or strings, what are they?"

"More like a drum than anything else I can think of."

"But a drum is an instrument of percussion and the larynx is a wind-instrument blown by the breath."

"The breath is never made into tone."

"No. But the column of air above the vocal cords is set into vibration and that in turn sets the air all around into vibration; that is, if we may put any faith in the deductions of Helmholtz and of Tyndall."

"The breath bears the same relation to the larynx that steam does to an engine. What escapes does not do any of the pulling."

If the interview was not to be turned into a debate, here was the place to hold one's peace; but it took moral heroism to keep from arguing that unless the steam did escape from high pressure to freedom, pushing the piston out of its way to get there, very little work would be done.

"Air does not carry the tone to the ear of the listener." (This would seem to contradict all the experiments which show that sound is propagated in air and other material bodies but not in a vacuum.) "I think the tone is carried on some kind of nervous ether, magnetism, aura,—call it what you like. I do not know what it is. But I do know that the larger voice, the merchantable voice, is obtained by the resonance, not merely in the cavities of the head where air is located, but in the entire body. The entire body should give responsive resonance to the initial tone made at the vocal bands. It is literally true that one may 'sing into his boots.' I have experimented in the matter of the power of directing the tone to any particular part of the anatomy. Wholly undraped, I am able by an effort of the will to send the tone, for example, to my elbow. The observer is able to follow up the tone and find out where I have located it, by the increased local vibration and not by any word or hint from me. Standing on a rug on the bare floor, I can send the vibrations to my knees; standing on plate glass, to my very toes. A single garment perceptibly lessens the beauty of the tone, and as more and more of the flesh is covered the resonance and the vitality of the

tone diminish. I am inclined to think that this is one reason why women prefer to sing in evening dress.

"I am a profound believer in the value of exercises to develop the strength and the agility of the organs of articulation, particularly the exercises that give freedom to the tongue. All the connecting muscles, which run from the surface of the tongue to the jaw, the chin and the neighborhood of the double chin, should be pliable, limber and supple. The tongue is so intimately connected with the larynx that a freed tongue means a freed larynx and that means a pure tone. The exercise of the articulatory organs puts the mucous membrane of the mouth and of the nasal passages into a healthful condition, and it adds the overtones that give character and vitality to the voice. I do not believe in the spoon-shaped tongue. Mark that."

"What articulation exercises do you give?"

"I have nine syllables, which put the tongue into every position it can occupy in speech. I got them from Sir Alexander J. Ellis. They are: *Tha* (*th* as in 'father'), *la, daw, va, naw, ma, za, re, ga*. The articulatory organs appear to have a vibratory power of their own, and they extend the vibrations of the vocal bands throughout the body. *Va*, for example, increases intensity at the lips."

"How young should one begin to take vocal lessons?"

"Better be old enough to be settled in one's voice. The musical education may be begun in infancy. Life is all too brief for that. But vocal culture is work for the mature mind. A woman should begin when she is about twenty-two or twenty-four years old. One of the most satisfactory pupils I ever had was a clergyman that never took a vocal lesson in his life until he was more

than forty years old, and the way his voice improved and became beautiful is almost past belief."

"But don't people acquire bad habits of vocalization unless they take lessons as soon as their voices form?"

"There aren't any bad habits."

"Don't you call a throaty voice a bad habit?"

"I can rid the singer of it in six days. I mean by a 'throaty' voice one where there is a tightness of the muscles in the double-chin neighborhood. Look here: Singing is largely a matter of feeling, temperament, intelligence. Once get the pupil to understand what hinders him from doing as he would like to do within his reasonable limitations and the hindrances disappear."

"Do you teach the pupil the anatomy and the physiology of the vocal organs?"

"I have a lot of other things to do, and experience has shown that the knowledge of anatomy and physiology does not particularly help to produce a singer. I don't think that laryngoscopy has done much for the vocal teacher; but by that do not mistake me as meaning to imply that the art of teaching vocal music has not progressed, and that we are no better equipped for our work than were the much-lauded 'old Italian masters.' The human mind has undergone an enormous development within the last hundred years, and we are able now by improved methods of instruction to impart knowledge in a much shorter time than our ancestors. We have learned within the last few years how to teach children to read in a few months what before required long years of dreary practice. Instead of giving, first, long columns of words to learn to spell, we work parallel with the child's inclinations and experiences. Training the voice nowadays is not the work of years, but of a few months.

"Let me say two things, while I think of them: There is no truth

so well established but that it may be controverted. How much more so is this the case with voice-culture, which is not an exact science but deductions based upon the observations of phenomena of the human body. It is only a little while ago that we learned the very a-b-c-d fact that the blood circulates, and how can we presume to be dogmatists on a subject of which we are so ignorant?

"Again: What is wrong for one voice may be perfectly right for another. The man that sings with a high, distended chest requires an entirely different method from the one that sings with a relaxed and easy chest.

"You speak of the vibrato. What is ordinarily intended for a vibrato is merely a case of wabbles. The true vibrato is not a matter of pitch but of quality. It doesn't oscillate in pitch, but when the tone is perfectly free in the pharynx there is put on to it in the mouth a full vibrant quality like velvet plush. But it is always a small voice. To increase its volume is to brush away the delicate bloom. It is a thing of nature, not of art, and the attempt to produce it in full voice results only in a cheap imitation."

"How is it that while America has produced sopranos of the very first rank, eminent baritones and magnificent contraltos, there are no great American tenors?"

"There are lots of good tenor voices in this country. I suppose I could put my finger on fifty tenors equal to Campanini or that would equal him, but ——"

"But what?" Mr. Tubbs shifted in his chair and laughed a little uneasily as if somewhat embarrassed, but said finally:

"I suppose I might as well out with it. You know that a voice is not all that is needed to make a singer. It seems that tenors somehow lack brains and ambition. I recall now a man with a perfectly

lovely tenor voice,—a gold mine if he could only see it. I did my utmost to awaken ambition in him, to point out what a world-famous place he might attain if he would only apply himself. I got him a church-choir position, so that he could study and still have enough left to keep him; but do you know what was the height of his ambition? To sing in a vulgar female minstrel show under an assumed name! He had that much compunction, to change his name. I got him another good place in a company on the road. He tried it for a little while and now he is back again with the minstrel show. It is the hardest thing in the world to put ambition and perseverance into a tenor."

* * * *

The writer was permitted to listen to four lessons. The pupil stands nearly always behind Mr. Tubbs, but he says: "You moved your shoulders then. You weren't quite easy with them. You moved the back of the tongue then," and seems to tell what the pupil does wrong without seeing. Before beginning an exercise, he frequently has them pant like a dog for a few moments, "to loosen up the diaphragm," as he calls it. When he takes them over a song, at the beginning he has them whisper *ah* to the tune. Then, beginning the melody on *a* as in "father," he demands that the vocalized tone cause no more sensation—bar the vibration—than the breath. He next has the pupil whisper the words, and if in the song the pupil finds it difficult to get the proper quality on a high note with a combination of consonantal sounds, he makes her speak the word several times on the same pitch that she is supposed to sing it. It is one of his mottoes: "He that speaks well sings well."

All through the exercises is the

same teaching of utter passivity as to the tongue and the throat, coupled with the direction of the thought of breath-holding to the broad of the back.

"Any singing that makes the under-chin bulge out is bad," he said. "It means that the tongue is standing on stilts and pushing at the larynx."

One of his exercises, which seemed to be a favorite, was to make the pupil pant a little, then take in a breath and sing *ah* to a given pitch, in one breath and three starts. In this way the pupil learns to attack the tone without "scooping" or sliding or doing anything but beginning the note pure and simple, without any clicks or queer noises of any kind.

Another exercise was a doleful one. The pupil began, say, on E, and portamentoed up to the octave and down again, without stopping. It sounded like ghosts and haunted houses. When it is done to suit Mr. Tubbs, this *portamento di voce* is turned into a run.

"When you run a string of beads through thumb and fingers, you move them in a straight line; but the thumb and the finger move in a little bit to mark each bead. So the larynx moves, to distinguish each note in the run."

One of the pupils, herself a teacher in a Western city, when he said to her to change the vowel to *o*, asked him how she should hold her lips to say *o*.

"Don't hold your lips any way," he answered. "Just sing *o*. Do you stop to think how you hold your lips when you cry 'Oh!' in admiration? Now, by asking that question, you have got yourself out of adjustment. We'll go back again to *e-ay-ah*."

This exercise he does, first on one note, then changes to the interval of the second, the third and the fifth, preserving the same quality of tone.

In the brief interval between the

lessons, Mr. Tubbs found opportunity to say of one pupil, who had a large and flexible voice, which at times seemed ready to be something great but the next moment soured into something thin and acid and squalling: "What that girl needs is a wider mental horizon. She comes from a little country town. She has heard nothing great. She has no lofty ideals yet. But her character will change and expand, and then she will have a lovely voice."

Many teachers attach much benefit to rapid runs, but Mr. Tubbs tells his pupils to hold on to the last note, for in that was the benefit and not in the fioriture that preceded. "That was just to get the voice all easy and devoid of strain. Now you can make a good tone on the last note."

Panofka's, Marchesi's and Concone's vocalizes he uses, but prefers Panofka's, because they are so much more musicianly.

"Who are some of your pupils?"

"Without taking the time to think, but just as their names occur to me: May Convis (Mrs. Norcross in private

life), of the Carl Rosa Opera-Company; Mrs. Hunsicker, of Philadelphia, who gets the largest salary paid to a church-choir singer in that city,—\$1,500 a year from the Second Presbyterian Church of Germantown; Mrs. Charles O. Sheridan, of Atlanta, Ga., better known than Patti to the concert-goers and music-lovers of that part of the country; Mrs. Lizzie Fenno Adler, of the Christian Science Church at Chicago and the best oratorio soprano there; May Palmer, of the Castle Square Opera-Company; John R. Cumpson, who makes his \$250 a week out west, singing in such parts as Fritz Emmett used to play; Leroy Wood and Mrs. Wood, of Dr. Judson's Memorial Church;—well, in Nickerson's last directory of church-choir singers I counted twenty-nine of my pupils. There are thirty vocal teachers in town that have been pupils of mine at one time and have taken what I gave them and worked on it for themselves, which is what I want my pupils to do. I give them certain important truths and teach them to apply them and then they can cultivate their own voices."

Shakespeare's Songs and Dances.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel's Lecture at Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, January 26, 1899.

WHAT Mr. H. E. Krehbiel had to say on "Shakespeare's Songs and Dances" at the first of Theodor Björkstén's musical lectures was not in general trend and matter very dissimilar to the lecture by Louis C. Elson reported in the December No. of *WERNER'S MAGAZINE*; but the treatment of the theme was different and the illustrations, instead of being songs given by the lecturer, were not only solos, trios, catches, and quartets, but dances to genuine Elizabethan music by costumed dancers,—not hired persons, but real gentle-folk that need

not do such things unless they chose. Mr. Krehbiel is without doubt as bad a reader of Shakespeare as goes on two feet, and hard withal to understand in his own lines; but he has such a sociable and confidential way of talking, and he giggled so infectiously in funny places, that he quite won the attention of the audience. (These are points not unworthy the attention of entertainers and lecturers generally.)

After a good-natured sneer at the German method of studying Shakespeare by microscopic examination of each word and line, as compared

with the genial, whole-souled way of getting at the great poet's meaning by finding out what manner of folk he dwelt with, Mr. Krehbiel declared that the English of that day were very like us. Shakespeare would have talked our slang,—in fact, he came near to it, as it was.

"They were somewhat rude," said Mr. Krehbiel, "as we know we are and hope we are not. They were frank and up-to-date and were marked with the qualities that fit a race to be possessors. What else is the lesson of Manila and Santiago? They were exceedingly nimble-minded. How else could they have apprehended the allusions in the plays of that day to all manner of aspects of life? There was no dread of anachronism—that 'bugbear of small minds'—in their plays. If they represented Frenchmen, classic Greeks, Romans, and Italians as singing and dancing, they made them sing and dance like 16th century Englishmen of Queen Elizabeth's court. If we can learn how they danced and what they sang, we are by so much nearer the heart of the poet. The lesson that we may draw is the universality and the immortality of human nature; what was, is; what is, was; and what is and was, shall be *in secula seculorum*."

After recounting the hundreds of musical allusions in Shakespeare's plays, Mr. Krehbiel prophesied that the day was coming wherein it would be proved that an accomplished musician wrote the plays and, since Shakespeare was not an accomplished musician, the real author of Shakespeare's plays would be shown to be Dr. John Bull!

"One of the very curious things about our English cousins," said Mr. Krehbiel, "is the way they have of continually depreciating their own musical abilities. This is not like them in other respects. London, next to New York,—I suppose they

would put it the other way on the other side of the water—expends more money and attention on the cultivation of music than any other city in the world. But the English won't believe that an English musician amounts to very much. Yet in the very first chapter of modern music, we must begin with English musicians,—Dr. Bull, Dr. Bird, and the rest; and after them comes Scarlatti and then Bach. The English are in at the very beginning of harmony and counterpoint and no people on the face of the earth has more assiduously cultivated music than the English. Henry VIII., as the ambassador of the Doge of Venice has informed us, composed two complete church services, played at the recorders. Everything was in plurals in those days. It was 'a chest of viols' and 'a pair of virginals;' so the flute blown at the end was 'the recorders.' Henry VIII. wrote verses and set songs and 'was free from every vice.' He was a young man then. Anne Boleyn—I use her word and not mine—'doted' on the music of Josquin de Prés and I esteem her highly for that, for Josquin de Prés was as great a man as Palestrina. Luther said of de Prés that other composers were the slaves of their notes, but he alone made the notes do what he wished them to.

"Elizabeth must have had very nimble fingers to have executed the pieces in the book sold as 'Elizabeth's Virginal Book.' Luckily for those who could not find it in their hearts to spend \$150 for a copy of this work, it has been discovered that some of the pieces in it were composed at least twenty years after her death. But in 1564, when Alexander Melville came to her court from Queen Mary's, of Scotland, she asked him how his queen dressed, what was the color of her hair, and did she play well?' Melville responded: 'Reasonably well—for a queen!' When he

told her that Queen Mary was taller than she, Elizabeth said: 'Then she's too tall, for I am just right.' As to her playing, Melville overheard her one day at the virginals and slipped into the room; but she came at him and made as if to strike him with her hand until he protested that he had been 'ravished' by the sweet music and she played much better than the Queen of Scots "

"Some years later she was seen just as privately and just as assiduously practicing dances in her room,—a much bejeweled old lady, with wrinkled face, hooked nose, red wig and black teeth. In those days sugar was a great bonbon, and poor Elizabeth ate too much of it and so ruined her teeth. What a woman she was! She could send even her favorites to the block, box the ears of her ministers, and to a hesitating bishop, troubled as to whether his conscience would let him obey orders, she shouted: 'Do as I bid you or, damn you! I'll unfrock you!' And yet she was proud of her piano playing.

"There was ten times as much musical education then as now. Why, at a dinner, they used to hand about little books in which the guests took pleasure not only in reading at sight the 'prick song' or melody pricked or noted down, but in extemporizing parts and singing in harmony from the bass marked in figures below the prick song. There was a bass viol in every drawing-room on which the guest of the house might improvise. For instance: He might play this bass [Mr. Harley at the piano gave out a bass] and then build upon it a descant or free part above, like this [Mr. Harley showed the melody and bass], and if the daughter of his host should come in, she could add to his descant her division or a series of roulades. I wonder if our present day graduates of Cornell and Harvard would not think that they did pretty well to play even the bass.

"But not only the educated classes but the common people sang, especially the weavers, for these were likely to be Protestants from the Low Countries that sung psalms at their work. Every barber-shop in those days had a lute in it whereon the customer was wont to play while waiting for his turn. Even to-day the zither is the favorite instrument in the barber-shop and many a time its tinkling notes have given me a melodious shave. There is a case recorded in the history of Elizabethan times, where an impostor that pretended to be a shoemaker was detected because he could not sing, play the trumpet or enumerate the contents of his kit in rhyme."

The rest of the lecture was lines introductory of the illustrations, which were: A catch: "Jack boy, ho, boy!" sung by a quartet; a catch: "Hold Thy Peace," sung by three men; "The Carman's Whistle;" "O Mistress Mine;" "Peg-a-Ramsey;" "Light o' Love;" "It was a lover and his lass;" "Greensleeves;" "Jog on;" "The poor soul sat sighing;" and Desdemona's Song;—all solos, done by Miss Elizabeth Dodge, Miss Eleanor Stuart Patterson, Richard Irvin, Clinton Morse, Patrick Motley, and Mr. Björkstén.

The dances were: "Pavan" (the music taken from Arbau's "Orchésographie," 1588, and sung by a mixed quartet in old French) and a "Coranto," both danced by Miss Lucie How Draper, Miss Agnes Sheffield, Roland Harvey, and Andrew Rogers. These were not so interesting or so well done as the "Canary" danced by Miss Marie Brooks and Egon Marwig. That dance is said to have given rise to the waltz, but they do not look a bit alike. An old Elizabethan, describing the dance, says: "It hath a step therein as it were the Dancer had trod upon a Spyder," and it was quite possible to recognize the allusion.

The Art of Making-Up.

As Taught with Other Things, at the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts.

THE air is heavy with the attar of roses. Though it is daytime, the windows are doubly hung with dark draperies, so that no pale and prying ray of sunlight may find its way into the room. Two rows of tables are set therein, with chairs drawn to them. On the tables are mirrors at such a slant that those who sit thereto may see their faces fully. The want of daylight is made up by two incandescent electric lamps and a candle at each mirror. The occupants of the room are engaged in painting their faces, with the greatest intensity of purpose. They are not all girls; nearly half are young men, some of them have a natural color that makes the rouge seem tawdry.

When they have adorned themselves to their liking, each one gets up and goes to the end of the room and stands full-face, turns from one side to the other to show the right and left profiles, and then says something, no matter what,—“It is a nice day,” or “He can not choose but go.” Then three men, each with a book, write down what they think about the painted one, who immediately goes back to his or her place, and smearing cold cream on the face, wipes off in a few minutes what took so much longer to put on.

But why should they rattle their faces with rouge and then rub it off again? Because they are juniors studying at the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts, and have just undergone an examination in “make-up,” to see if what they have been taught has taken hold upon their minds.

If it could be that the students could apply correctly in the very beginning what the preceptor sought to convey

to them, there would be no need of a preceptor at all. So that if a pupil had one eye bigger than another or on a different slant, or one eyebrow up and another down or shorter than its fellow; if some bloomed with rouge like animated hollyhocks; if some had noses as white as milk and lips like cleft pomegranates; if some young men primed their faces with a coat that was between the color of a raspberry ice and that of a penny Thanksgiving-day mask and so gave themselves the complexion of a steady drinker; one really ought not to laugh, no matter how much he might that way incline. It is not so easy a thing to learn, is the art of making-up.

Wilfred Buckland is the make-up instructor at the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts, of which Franklin H. Sargent is president.

Mr. Buckland's class may be taken as a sample of the way instruction is given in the Academy, not that his method is the stereotyped one, for that could not be. How should Mr. Marwig lecture on dancing or Mr. Malchien on fencing or Mr. Putnam on the voice? But the intention of the Academy is to get at the ultimate reason of things and to equip the student with the knowledge of the general principles, so that when he comes to work for himself, he may know for himself what to do and why to do it.

The lecturer had a table lighted with the electric bulbs and furnished with a candle over whose flame he might soften the grease-paint. Sheets of cardboard masked the light from the class sitting in darkness, and thus was obtained the effect of the foot-lights. In preceding lectures, he had discoursed upon the things that one

must do and must leave undone in making-up as a juvenile, but in this business, if in no other, the hardest thing comes first, and one may talk long on the juvenile and not exhaust the subject, particularly the treatment of the eyes, which is most difficult.

"The human eye by itself on a plate," said Mr. Buckland, "is not an expressive or a beautiful object; but the muscles and its movable environments give it expression and beauty. The same glare of the foot-lights, with its three and four ranks of electric lights, which blanches a brilliant natural complexion into corpse-like ghastliness, also operates to obliterate the natural shadows about the eye and to make the eyelashes and eyebrows look insignificant. In making-up for a juvenile, as well as for character parts, one must seek to preserve his personality and to accentuate it. It is your stock in trade. Make the most of what you have. For instance, your eyebrows. Comb them out carefully."

He had been applying flesh-colored grease-paint to his face to give him the semblance of a youth's healthy color, but it was noticeable that he put less rouge on than one would expect; so that when he came to speak of eyebrows, he was ready to begin working on them. On the wall were diagrams showing how the arched semicircular eyebrows—the "baby stare"—showed that the mind was interested in external things; the brows arched downward betokened the introspective mind; the inner ends elevated showed forth grief, and the outer ends elevated vitality. Mr. Buckland concluded that, generally speaking, the young person should combine introspection and vitality and thus the outer ends of the eyebrows should arch upward and the inner ends bend downward, the two curves being combined in Hogarth's line of beauty. Sometimes

the eyebrows are already too thick. In that case, a hard, sharp black line drawn through the brow possesses the power of making the broad, dark band seem narrower.

As he talked, Mr. Buckland loaded his upper lashes with pigment from the stick of black grease-paint, took a burnt match and with it drew a continuation of the line of the upper lid, and then a narrow line, beginning near the inner corner of the eye and following the row of eye-winkers along. This, when well blended, gives the effect of what is called "Irish beauty." To give the natural shadow to the eyes, it is necessary to rub on reddish-brown paint in the space between the brow and the lid, being careful to get none on the lid. The lower end of the nose should be treated similarly. This same brown paint, in conjunction with a lighter shade of flesh-color, is extremely useful in improving facial blemishes, as the lecturer illustrated in the practice class that followed the lecture. Suppose one's nose is not quite straight. Where it bends in too much, and so is in shadow, rub on the light paint; where it protrudes too much and so is in too high a light, tone it down with the flesh brown. It was interesting to see the demonstrator straighten a bent nose, Grecize a pure Hibernian snub, emphasize the median line in a lip as flat as a board, and make a beautifully rounded chin, and with these two pencils of light and brown flesh-color.

But after youth has bloomed old age creeps on apace and, from being two-and-twenty, Mr. Buckland began to take on years. On his desk was a skull. To this complexion must we come at last, and the various stages and ages are marked by the skull's showing itself through the curving lines of the cushions of fat and integument. The muscles grow with use and make themselves seen first. At the angles of the nostrils

the downward depressions at the edge of the cheek need deepening with a little brown. The corners of the mouth are strengthened in the same way and the mound of the chin is heightened with light flesh-color, while the crease just above it, which marks the termination of the under lip, is darkened sharply. As a man grows old, the perpendicular lines of thought between his brows deepen. This is indicated not only by darkening them but by lightening the ridge between. The nose seems to grow longer and this is shown by marking with lighter paint the end of the nose as it curves inward toward the lip from the highest point of projection. The light paint brought into the front plane what would naturally be a little darker. While on this topic Mr. Buckland told how to steal a little from the forehead, when the nose was too short. It is by the same methods of light and dark paints.

As the demonstrator rubbed shadows into his eyelids and under the eyes, put high lights beneath the eyebrow and on the cheek-bone, on the brim of the cup that contains the eye; as he paled his lips, strengthened the lines of the nose corners and mouth-corners by marking high lights on the raised muscles; as he indicated the sinking temples by the sharply defined shadow on the edge of the high light at the corner of the forehead; as he indicated the muscle that runs down the front of the cheek and ends near the corner of the mouth; the youth of two-and-twenty faded and a man of sixty sat there. Only in his golden hair was he still young. Then the bell rang, and the students sighed and shut their books, while the lecturer dabbed on the cold cream and rubbed his face clean with it.

There was some witchcraft about all that. The visitor felt an almost uncontrollable desire to sit down before one of those mirrors and begin dabbing at his own face. Just as

when he went far, far down in the basement to Carnegie Lyceum Theatre, a sadness came over him as he watched the young men learning ballet steps from Egon Marwig. It was not that he was too old to learn, but that there were too many other things that he wished to do, and yet—ah, if one were but ten years younger and just as foolish! He, too, would learn how to step it off just as gracefully and he, too, would feel lively and skittish in the breathing-spells and want to spar with the other fellows.

Not all were graceful and skittish. There was one there that took it very seriously and stiffly. He was most diligent, but he will never become a graceful dancer as long as he lives. What's he there for then, this "Harvard graduate," as they call him?

He wants to write plays, and he wants to know all about the technique of the stage, and he is studying it so that he will know for himself and not for another just what can and what can not be done.

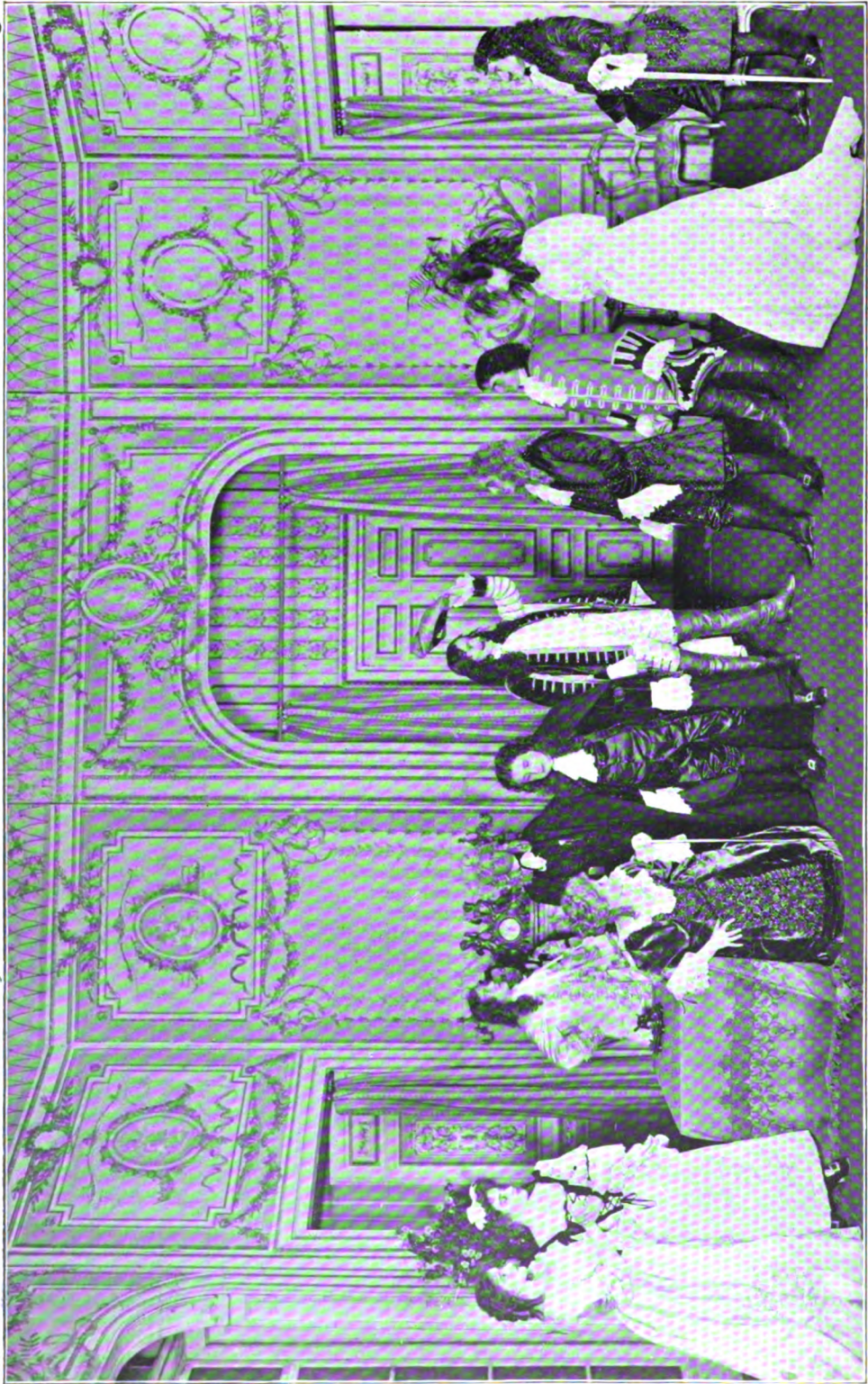
There is a department in the Academy devoted to play-writing. W. T. Price is the instructor and lecturer therein. Edward E. Rose is another man that tells the would-be dramatic author about the business.

It is Mr. Sargent's proudest boast that the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts has kept more people off the stage than any other known agency. That sounds strange, coming from the president of an institution that professes to educate people for the stage. What if the president of a theological seminary declared that he kept more young men from going into the ministry than anybody else? It is a thing that a man may meditate upon.

"Of 2,840 applications for admission less than ten per cent. passed the entrance examination," said Mr. Sargent.



A Make-Up Class at the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts.



A Scene from Molière's "Tartuffe" as Played by the Students of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts.

"What! Don't you take everyone that comes with his money in his hand?"

"No, indeed. There are sixty-nine points that each applicant is examined upon before admission, relating to his physical, personal, intellectual, pantomimic, dramatic and elocutionary qualifications. Of those that passed the examination 131 were enrolled as students of the Academy. Possibly one-third of that number will persevere to the end. Examinations are held every six weeks and the fees are payable in advance. As soon as the work begins to pall, the student is tempted to drop out. Mothers have thanked us for getting the notion out of their stage-struck daughters' heads.

"I suppose that every living person past the age of fifteen years has at some time or other felt the earnest desire to go on the stage. The impulse to live life is strong; the desire to express what is in us, to attain to higher things by portraying feeling, is tremendous. Boys find a vent for their energies in work. But the world is narrower for girls. There are fewer things for them to do and they turn to the stage as the means of expressing life as they see it and sense it. But it is not always the motions of talent that make them hanker for the life behind the footlights. Very frequently it is the desire for display that is so prominent and so natural in young people of the mating age.

"It is simply impossible to believe the very facts themselves, when it comes to the point of wanting to go on the stage. The most improbable kind of applicants are the commonest. People well along in years, who actually have never been inside a theatre in their lives, are convinced that they could succeed. One summer up in the Adirondacks, my guide learned that I had something to do with the theatrical business and he teased me to get him a

place as an actor. He was sure he would do well at it. Yet he had never seen a play in his life; he had never been in a city in his life. And yet—and yet—in obscure lives is sometimes hidden a genius that comes out if it has but a chance.

"Applicants with aptitude take delight in the drudgery of their work. Those that want to go on the stage because it will be so romantic and such a lot of fun soon get tired of doing nothing but drill, drill, and drop out. For the first two months students are not allowed to open a play-book. Mr. Putnam drills them in voice-culture,—*er-yah, o-ah*, and all that kind of thing, you know. There is physical culture, and the elements of pantomime; there is fencing and dancing. By the way, ours is the only school of the ballet in America. All the pupils must take the ballet steps, whether they are to be dancers or not. It limbers them up. It begins to be apparent that to go on the stage does not simply consist in looking pretty and saying off words got by heart, and the triflers drop away.

"After this period, the Academy begins to look more like a theatre. Plays are read and rehearsed and the situations are interpreted. What is the motive for such-and such an action? Why? Why? Why? Let us analyze this matter. The 'Life-Class' is an important feature. The pupils are required to bring to Frank Lea Short three pantomimic studies from the life, at each lesson. That makes them observers of the way we live. We aim to teach the student the technique of his business with the reasons for it, so that he shall be able to help himself when thrown upon his own resources. Then comes actual stage-work and rehearsals.

"For those that want to learn the conventions of the operatic stage, which are somewhat different, we

have engaged Tom Karl. He does not teach the rudiments of singing. He finishes for the opera. They are supposed to be able to step right on the operatic stage."

"Are the rewards of theatrical life commensurate with the expenditure of the time and the money that your Academy requires?"

"A woman gets a greater return as an actress than she could in any other way. If she is an industrious student and a person of average capacity, she is always sure of a living. She always has the chance of starring some day and drawing a salary of from \$500 to \$1,000 a week. That day may never come, but the chance is worth something, to say nothing of the present good wages."

"But how about these fine actors and actresses who starve for want of engagements?"

"There are tramps in all professions. It does not require such tremendous ability to succeed on the stage. Anyone with average talent can do well, but if he has application success is well-nigh certain.

"Twice as many girls as boys study for the stage. The exigencies of the profession are just the reverse. Boys are in great demand. In the senior year all the students have opportunities to earn anywhere from \$6 to \$20 a week as supernumeraries and in small parts. This helps to pay their way while studying and enables them to rid themselves of self-consciousness.

"One of our talented pupils, originally a shop-girl, earned \$600 in one year as supernumerary, while she was studying. At Palmer's she asked for the privilege of standing in the wings to watch the players. Seeing that she was interested in her work, they gave her a part to understudy. Her chance came one day, and she played the part better than the woman engaged for it. That got her a good position with Gillette in

'Too Much Johnson.' There she outplayed the leading woman and the next year Charles Frohman engaged her. But she is a worker. She was willing to take small parts; and, believe me, more harm is done to one's career by playing a part too great for one's present attainments than in any other way. The managers see them attempting more than they are able and get an unfavorable impression, which is very hard to remove."

"How much is ability outweighed by good looks?"

"Why, not at all. One reads a good deal about what folly it is for any girl not a beauty to try to achieve success on the stage. It is an undoubted advantage at the beginning to be beautiful. The eye is satisfied at any rate, but in the long run ability and application win. Besides, a pliant and expressive countenance is interesting even though it is not quite according to the canons of art."

"Mr. Sargent, you are not an actor. What led you into the business of preparing people for the stage? How came you to go into it?"

"Really that is hard to say. I am the son of a clergyman, and as a little fellow I had a phenomenally strong voice and a willingness to recite pieces. When I was eight or nine years old, they put me up on the stage of the Boston Music-Hall to recite one of Daniel Webster's orations and I filled the hall. I had unbounded confidence in myself. I didn't know any better. I couldn't have been very long out of dresses, when I was at school at Chauncey Hall, when I was cast as the Head Boy in 'Nicholas Nickleby.' George Riddle, who was two years my elder, was Smike.

"Well, by the time I was fifteen years old, I wanted to go on the stage. It seemed to me to be the larger life. While I was at Harvard

I did the coaching and stage-managing of plays. In my junior year, in 1876, I made my *début* at the old Boston Museum. When I first went there Fred Williams, the stage-manager, said to me: 'Now, my boy, let me teach you how to walk.' He is now the emeritus dean of our faculty. In those days, stage-managers were instructors. They taught the young member of the company, who was practically an apprentice, how to dance, how to fence, how to sing tolerably, how to act. Nowadays stage-managers are mere mechanical directors. They tell the players when to come on, and when to exit. They do not pretend to teach them to act.

"I jobbed for a while after my graduation and then went abroad to study the European theatres and their methods. I was much impressed there with the value of their 'Theaterschule.' The actor is taught, for instance, as to his costume. He knows what he should wear in a play of the period of Louis XIV. and how he should bow. He is not left to the decision of the costumer in the one case and his own guess in the other. The consequence is that the European theatre far surpasses ours in finish and delicacy of work. We have virility and strength, but it is crude.

"I returned and in 1878 began to teach elocution and did coaching. In 1879 I was called to teach elocution at Harvard. In 1881 I came to the Madison Square Theatre as dramatic director. It was my business to watch every performance for carelessness

and slipshod work and to keep the acting up to the highest standard. I came toward the last of the 'Hazel Kirke' days but not so late but that (with help, of course) I rehearsed no less than twelve companies in that play. Do I think the people would like it now? No, indeed. They have outgrown that kind of a piece. Why, 'Esmeralda,' which ran for so long and made such a hit with Annie Russell in the title role, when it was put on again at Palmer's, only lasted a week. The public taste will not endure such unreal things nowadays.

"In 1883 I opened the Lyceum Theatre School—it was the newspapers that persisted in calling it 'a school of acting;' that wasn't my name. I was full of the German 'Theaterschule' then. Steele MacKaye was associated with me,—a genius but, oh!— One long, laborious year we were together. This American Academy of the Dramatic Arts is the successor and assign of the old Lyceum Theatre School of Acting and to it has been added Frohman's Empire Theatre Dramatic School.

"I had the stage-managing and direction of the 'Œdipus Tyrannus' company, in which George Riddle played the title role in Greek, while an English-speaking company, Georgia Cayvan among them, supported him. I was also with Mary Anderson.

"I think these are all my qualifications. The alumni of the Academy—I like that name better than school—must prove by their careers whether they have had the worth of their money here."



Elocution in High Schools.

BY LAURA E. ALDRICH.

[Paper read at the Annual Meeting of the Ohio State Association of Elocutionists.]

At the meeting of the National Association of Elocutionists at Philadelphia in 1894, an entire day was devoted to "Reading in the Public Schools." Four papers were given: "Reading in the Primary School," "Reading in the Grammar School," "Reading in the High School," and "Reading in the Normal School."

If reading were taught in all schools according to the methods advocated by these Philadelphia teachers, our difficulties would be overcome. Unfortunately, as they themselves acknowledged, they had been trying for ten years to put these methods into general use and there were still many teachers with neither the ability nor the energy to carry on the work. As it is necessary to treat the subject as it is, and not as we should like it to be, I have asked three questions:

1. What is the mental and physical condition of a pupil on entrance into high school?
2. What is the object of a high school education?
3. How may elocution be made an important means of attaining this object?

In answering the first question I can only speak from the experience obtained in my own city; but from conversations that I have had with high school teachers elsewhere, I have drawn the conclusion, that the conditions are about the same in all graded schools. If a pupil enters school at six years of age, and is regularly promoted, he should be about fourteen when he comes to us. If well cared for both mentally and physically during these eight years, he should be erect, bright-eyed, eager to learn, able to use and strengthen the reasoning power which has been

developing so rapidly the last few years, and above all he should have a pure voice, clear articulation, and the power to use good English.

This is the ideal. Now comes the real.

Instead of the manly or womanly pupil of fourteen, many of our boys and girls, either from having been forced through the lower grades or because, although older in years, they are considered as babies at home, enter the high school mere children, and really expect to be treated as such. Stooped shoulders, a slouchy standing position, and a shuffling walk are common. The Swedish and Turner systems of gymnastics used in most public schools, although excellent in their way, tend to strength and rigidity, rather than to the easy and free use of the muscles with strong centres, so necessary to physical expression.

And then the voices—there is the nasal, the throaty, the shrill, the aspirate, probably owing to the pernicious habit of whispering, and one of the most noticeable—the shut-in voice that comes through closed teeth. Clear articulation is so exceptional that I call special attention to pupils that use it, and spoken English has been so neglected, not necessarily by the teacher but probably in the home training, and most frequently through careless habits, that, "I seen," "They come yesterday," "We'd went," and so on, are heard many times a day. In reading aloud, the pupil entirely loses the thought in trying to master the artificial printed form. Almost invariably if you ask a boy to tell you the meaning of two or three simple lines that he has just read orally, he will at once turn to his book and determine the thought by silent reading.

How can we get these boys and girls to glance ahead and then look off the book to express the thought; how get them to bring out ideas, not words? The remedy should not be sought in the high school, but in the primary and grammar grades, and here, good results can be accomplished only by the concerted action of the entire body of teachers. From personal experience in both divisions, I insist that one or even a dozen teachers alone can do next to nothing beyond giving the few pupils that come under their immediate care the ambition to improve themselves along these lines, and never did I realize this so clearly as when I entered upon high school work, and attempted to formulate a course of study for 900 pupils from all parts of the city.

This is our material. Now comes the second question: "What is the object of a high school education?" a question that we, as elocutionists, are apt to overlook. The lower schools are intended to give pupils a working knowledge, to give them a start in life. The college is especially fitted for those that intend to adopt one of the professions, but the high school is where the education is rounded, the pupil is taught to rely more upon himself, his outlook is broadened, and, in a large city high school where the students are of all religions, all political beliefs, all social ranks, narrow prejudices are lost sight of. When the young man that has faithfully performed the duties of a four years' course of study is graduated from this school, he enters upon the more serious duties of life and citizenship, prepared to cope with the difficulties he may find.

"How may elocution be made a means of acquiring this result?" is our third question. Before answering it, the present methods of teaching elocution in the department under discussion must be considered.

In most schools the time devoted to the art of speaking out, is one period of about forty-five minutes a week, with classes ranging from thirty to fifty. The reason for this liberal allowance of time must be owing to one of three things: The school-board thinks that oral English is sufficiently taught in the lower grades, or considers other languages and the sciences to which are given four and five periods a week, more important than spoken English; or (and this reason was given me orally by a member of a certain board) they deem it impossible for a pupil to be trained to speak well. Whatever the cause the fact remains, and it is to this lack of time that many faults may be traced; for to every pupil must be given some mark for the individual work done, and as it would be unfair to pass judgment on only one short recitation or reading, it becomes necessary that each pupil give several such selections during the term. Allowing three weeks to get once around the class (in some classes it takes even longer), you can readily see that there is small time for criticism or drill.

Now of what practical benefit are these promiscuous recitations to the average high school pupil? They do not add to his culture, for generally the selections, if self chosen, have little or no literary merit; they do not add to his business success, for the business man has neither time nor inclination for such things; they do not add to his popularity in social circles, for who can imagine a greater bore than the young man that in his own estimation is a "born recitationist?" The only merits in this system are the cultivation of the verbal memory, and, in a very slight degree, the overcoming of self-consciousness.

Then how may we make the public recognize elocution as a practical subject and one necessary to the complete high school education of

the boys and girls? A satisfactory answer to this question is yet to be found, so I offer the method I am trying in the Walnut Hills High School of Cincinnati, with the earnest request that all unite in seeking a better method.

Students of all grades answer roll-call with a short quotation from the author assigned for the day. The first-year pupils are in classes of from forty-five to fifty. To these I give alternately drill and what I call "speech work." The week we have drill I give them exercises in breathing, pure tone-placing and articulation, ending with a very short lesson in reading. On speech-week, to eight or ten pupils are assigned mythological stories, which they are to tell from the platform, without notes. Of course, many write these out and memorize them, but I am doing all I can to secure the beginning of extemporaneous discourse; if there is any time left we spend it in drill. Besides this, to each pupil has been assigned a standard short poem, from one to two minutes' duration (I use Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson, and Holmes in this grade) which is to be recited in January. In April a short written general test will be given on work covered during the year.

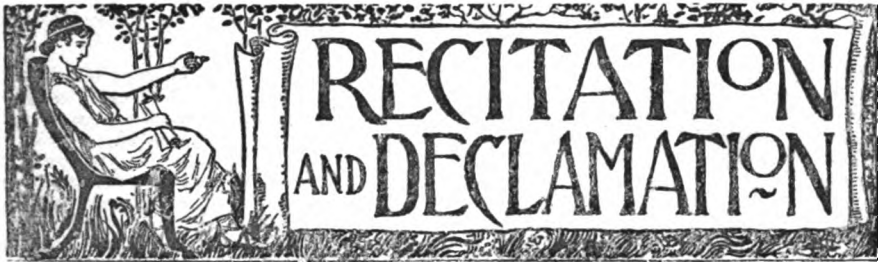
The classes of the second year are a little smaller than those of the D grade but the character of the work is about the same. The first speech-work assigned for this and the upper grades consists of a three-minute talk founded on some personal experience. When all members of the class have done this, we proceed to literature for our topics, a sample program being, "The Life of Washington Irving; The Legend of Sleepy Hollow; The Story of Rip Van Winkle; The Description of the Alhambra and The Legends of the Alhambra." The alternate weeks are devoted to technical work and reading, with a

recitation in January and written test in April as in the first year.

In B grade the speech-work is a continuation of that of the second year on broader and more literary lines. The talk takes more the form of a prepared address although limited to five minutes. The alternate weeks are spent in reading and discussing the play of "Julius Cæsar," and there is little time for drill.

These classes give from two to three minute recitations in January, selections to be taken from Tennyson, Wordsworth, Lowell or Longfellow. In addition to this, each pupil writes an essay on one of the characters in the play we are reading, and in April gives a selection from some noted oration.

The senior classes rarely number more than thirty. After the completion of the personal talk, their freedom of choice is unlimited, except that the subject must be one that can be treated oratorically. The alternate weeks are given to recitation, and any time not occupied in assigned work is spent in the open discussion of some living question usually suggested by a member of the class. The pupils of this grade give as recitations for their semiannual test, their own cuttings, four to six minutes in length, from any novel written by one of six standard novelists, and also write reviews of assigned books or portions of books on elocution and kindred subjects. The offering of an oratorical medal to the one showing the greatest proficiency in the art is a great incentive. About thirty boys of the junior and senior classes have formed a debating club which meets fortnightly after the close of school and in which they seem greatly interested. On speech-days in all grades a temporary president and secretary conduct the business for the day and thus all gain a little knowledge of parliamentary rulings.



[The pieces in this department must not be reprinted. They are for reading or reciting only. We should appreciate the favor, if our readers would, when using any of these pieces, state on their programs that they were taken from WERNER'S MAGAZINE.]

I.
 READING FROM THE BOOK
 OF JOB.

BIBLE.

THERE was a man in the land of Uz whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil.

Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. And the Lord said unto Satan, "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil?"

Then Satan answered the Lord and said, "Dost Job fear God for naught? Hast Thou not made a hedge about him, and about his house and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth Thine hand now and touch all that he hath, and he will curse Thee to Thy face."

And the Lord said unto Satan, "Behold all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not thy hand."

So Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord.

And there was a day when his sons and his daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house; and there came a messenger unto Job and said, "The oxen were ploughing, and the asses feeding beside them, and the Sabeans fell upon them and took them away. Yea, they have slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee."

While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, "The fire of God is fallen from heaven, and hath burned up the sheep and the servants, and consumed them; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee."

While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, "Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house; and behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the

house, and it fell upon the young men, and they are dead; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee."

Then Job arose, and rent his mantle and worshipped and said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Again there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. And the Lord said unto Satan, "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil? and still he holdeth fast his integrity, although thou movedst me against him, to destroy him without cause."

And Satan answered the Lord and said, "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. Put forth Thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse Thee to Thy face."

And the Lord said unto Satan, "Behold, he is in thine hand; but save his life."

So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown.

Then said his wife unto him, "Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God, and die."

But he said unto her, "What? Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

In all this did not Job sin with his lips.

Now when Job's three friends heard of all this evil that was come upon him, they came every one from his own place,—Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite; for they had made an appointment together to come to mourn with him, and to comfort him. And when they lifted up their eyes afar off, and knew him not, they lifted up their voice, and wept; and they rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads toward heaven: So they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was very great.

After this opened Job his mouth, and cursed his day. And Job spake and said:

"Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it. Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it;

let the blackness of the day terrify it. Why died I not from the womb? For now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept; then had I been at rest. There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there, and the servant is free from his master. Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul; which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures; which rejoice exceedingly and are glad when they can find the grave? Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in? For the thing which I greatly feared has come upon me."

Then Eliphaz the Temanite answered and said, "Thy words have upholden him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees. But now it has come upon thee, and thou faintest; it touchest thee, and thou art troubled. I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause. Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore, despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty."

But Job answered and said, "Oh, that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together. For the arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit; the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me. Oh, that God would grant me the thing that I long for. Even that it would please God to destroy me; that he would let loose his hand and cut me off. When I lie down I say, 'When shall I arise and the night be gone?' And I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day. My flesh is clothed with worms and clods of dust; my skin is broken and become loathsome. When I say, 'My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint,' then Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions; so that my soul chooseth strangling, and death rather than my life. I loathe it; I would not live alway. Let me alone; for my days are vanity. I have sinned; what shall I do unto Thee, O Thou preserver of men? Why hast Thou set me as a mark against Thee, so that I am a burden to myself? And why dost Thou not pardon my transgression, and take away mine iniquity?"

Then answered Bildad the Shubite and said, "Duth God pervert judgment? or doth the Almighty pervert justice? If thou wouldst seek unto God betimes, and make thy supplication to the Almighty; if thou wert pure and upright; surely now he would awake for thee, and make the habitation of thy righteousness prosperous."

Then Job answered and said, "Of a truth I know that it is so; but how can a man be just before God? If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me. If I say I am perfect, it shall also prove me perverse. Though I were perfect, yet would I not know my soul. I would despise my life. It is all one; therefore I say, 'He destroyeth the perfect and the wicked.' If the

scourge slay suddenly, He will laugh at the trial of the innocent. The earth is given into the hand of the wicked; He covereth the faces of the judges thereof. If it be not He, who then is it? My soul is weary of my life; I will give free course to my complaint. I will say unto God, Wherefore then hast thou brought me forth out of the womb? I should have been as though I had not been; I should have been carried from the womb to the grave. Are not my days few? Cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little, before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death."

Then answered Zopbar the Naamathite and said, "Should thy boastings make men hold their peace? And when thou mockest, shall no man make thee ashamed? Know, therefore, that God exacteth of thee less than thine iniquity deserveth, for He knoweth vain men; He seeth iniquity also, even though He consider it not. If thou set thine heart aright, and stretch out thine hands toward Him, if iniquity be in thine hand, put it far away, and let not unrighteousness dwell in thy tents, surely then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot."

And Job answered and said:

"No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you, but I have understanding as well as you. What ye know, the same do I know also; I am not inferior unto you. Surely I would speak to the Almighty, and I desire to reason with God. Hold your peace let me alone, that I may speak, and let come on me what will. Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him; but I will maintain mine own ways before Him. He also shall be my salvation; for a hypocrite shall not come before Him. Hear diligently my speech and my declaration with your ears. Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down. He fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not. And doth thou open thine eyes upon such a one, and bringest me into judgment with thee? My spirit is consumed, my days are extinct, the grave is ready for me. Mine eye also is dim by reason of sorrow, and all my members are as a shadow. Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me. Even to-day is my complaint rebellious; my stroke is heavier than my groaning. O that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to His seat? I would order my cause before Him, and fill my mouth with arguments. I would know the words which He would answer me, and understand what He would say unto me."

Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind and said: "Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding! Who determined the measures thereof, if thou knowest? Or who stretched the line upon it? Where is the way where light dwelleth? And as for darkness, where is the place thereof? Knowest thou it, because thou

wast then born, or because the number of thy days is great? Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth? Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, that abundance of waters may cover thee? Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are?"

Then Job answered the Lord and said, "I know that Thou canst do all things, and that no purpose of Thine can be restrained. Therefore have I uttered that which I understood not, things too wonderful for me; which I knew not. I had heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

And the Lord turned the captivity of Job, and the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before. Then came there unto him all his brethren, and all his sisters, and all they that had been of his acquaintance before, and did eat bread with him in his house; and they bemoaned him, and comforted him concerning all the evil that the Lord had brought upon him; every man also gave him a piece of money, and everyone a ring of gold. So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning. He had also seven sons and three daughters. And in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job; and their father gave them inheritance among their brethren. And after this Job lived an hundred and forty years, and saw his sons, and his sons' sons, even unto four generations. So Job died, being old and full of days.

II.

EASTER TABLEAUX.

BY STANLEY SCHELL.

CHARACTERS: Twelve girls.

COSTUMES: Pure white. Each girl carries a bunch of light green cheesecloth, having two or three Easter lilies at each end (the lilies may be real or artificial). If possible, have the girls wear soft, white sandals.

MUSIC: Soft, graceful, in waltz time.

STAGE: Decorate in green cheesecloth and Easter lilies.

DIRECTIONS: All stand in line outside left entrance to stage. Signals are given on the piano. Steps should be gliding, graceful, easy. To "pose" means that the girls at the front part of letters are to kneel and bend as low as possible; the girls immediately behind a little higher, and so on, graduating in height until the back girls are standing erect. The cheesecloth with the lilies are all joined forming the desired letter. Each letter formed slants from the front up. The letters are formed above the heads of the girls.

Music begins. Girls glide easily to back-

centre, holding cheesecloth and lilies in left hand, at side. Halt at back-centre for one second, then glide (in the shape of capital letter *E*) to positions, forming the capital letter *E*. Pose. Hold.

Signal. All stand erect, cheesecloth in left hand. Glide around stage by left side to back-centre. Halt a second. Move forward in single lines, in opposite directions, diagonally, to form capital letter *A* the last three girls stepping between to form the centre line of capital *A*. Pose. Hold.

Signal. All stand erect, cheesecloth in left hand. Left line face audience. Right and centre lines face back of stage. Left line march around by left side to back-centre followed by right line and then centre line. Halt; then glide (in shape of a capital letter *S*) to positions forming capital letter *S*. Pose. Hold.

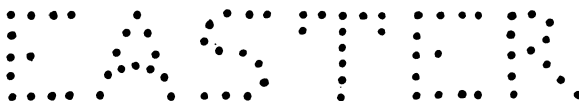
Signal. All stand erect, cheesecloth in right hand. Glide around right side of stage to back-centre. Five girls glide up stage-centre, forming stage-centre line. Then three more girls glide to the right and three more girls glide to the left, making one line across the back of stage and leaving a space behind last girl of stage centre line. Into this space steps the remaining girl, all forming capital letter *T*. Pose. Hold.

Signal. All stand erect, cheesecloth in left hand. Centre line glide around by left side to back-centre, followed by the three girls from the left side, then the three girls from the right and lastly the centre girl. Halt for a second. All glide (in the shape of the capital letter *E*) to positions forming letter *E*. Pose. Hold.

Signal. All stand erect, cheesecloth in right hand. Glide around by right side of stage to back centre. Halt for a second. Four glide up stage-centre. Halt, this line move one foot to the right. Halt. Four form an oblique line from just in front of third centre girl and ending in the direction of the left side of stage. The remaining girls form the curve of the upper part of capital letter *R*. Form capital letter *R*. Pose. Hold.

Signal. All stand erect, cheesecloth in left hand. Glide around by right side of stage.

To add to the effectiveness of this drill have the letters forming the word "Easter" cut out of cardboard and covered with gilt paper, and fastened above and behind the curtain in such a way that, at a signal, they can be let down in sight of the audience. As the tableau *E* is given, the cardboard letter is shown. After each tableau a new letter appears, until in the final one the whole word "Easter" is formed. A large gilt star may be fastened in position between the letters *S* and *T*. This star is to be dropped last, as the girls are leaving the stage, and should hang above the word "Easter."



III. THE OLD BELL-RINGER.

An Easter Tale.

IT was the night before Easter. All was silent. The Russian village slumbered.

All at once the windows of the quaint little church that stood upon a hillock in the middle of the green glowed dimly among the shadows. Then their brightness increased. Then the rickety belfry stairs began to creak. Old Micheich, the bell-ringer, was clambering aloft.

As he climbed, he pondered. It was time, indeed, he thought, that he should rest. But God would not send him death. He had seen his children buried. He had stood by the open graves of his grandchildren. He had followed the old to their last resting-place. He had followed the young there, too. But still he lived and lived.

He was ready to die—but God had brought him into the belfry once more to welcome the Easter morning.

"To the glory of God!"

His old lips repeated the oft-spoken formula, and his old eyes gazed into the deep sky above, burning with its millions upon millions of stars.

"Micheich! O Micheich!"

The voice came from below. It was the sexton, who had come from the church into the graveyard beneath the tower and was gazing upward in a vain attempt to make out the form of the bell-ringer in the darkness.

"What do you want?" answered old Micheich, bending over the railing. "I am here. Can't you see me?"

"Is it not time to ring?" cried the sexton. "What do you think?"

"No, not yet," Micheich answered. "Wait awhile. I know when."

He needed no clock. God's stars would tell him when the time had come. The earth and the sky, the fleecy clouds swimming darkly in the deep sea of blue above, the inky forest whispering unintelligible things, the black splashing creek, now invisible—all these he knew. He understood their language. They would tell him when the moment came. He felt tired. So he sat down on the bench beneath the copper bells and thought. About what? Micheich himself could hardly answer the question. Disconnected scenes from the past swarmed in his mind like bees in the hive: There was the stern visage of his father. There stood his elder brother at the old man's side, sighing deeply and crossing himself again and again. There he himself stood,—young, healthy, strong, joyful, full of expectation of a life's happiness. Where was that happiness now?

The old man's thoughts flickered up like a dying flame. Recollection illumined all the nooks and corners of his life. He saw endless, ceaseless, merciless labor—labor far beyond his strength! Sorrow, too,—much sorrow—and suffering unutterable.

There on the left, with her head humbly bent, he saw his sweetheart. She was a good woman. May the peace of God be with her soul! Oh, the pain that she had suffered! Want and work and woman's woes had withered her glowing womanhood. Her eyes had grown dim with years and with weeping. God had given them one son,—their joy, their very soul, and he was ground to his death by men's injustice.

The picture broadened and grew vivid in the old man's mind. He saw standing in his pew the rich enclav of the family, bowing his head to the very ground, glossing over in his prayers the wrongs of the widows and the orphans whose lives he had blighted. Micheich felt his heart grow hot within him now, as it had done then, while the dark faces of the holy images on the altar frowned sternly upon man's sorrows and man's injustice.

But all this was long, long passed. All this was far away in the old times. And now all the wide world for him was this dark tower, where the wind sighed gently among the swinging bell-ropes.

"Let God judge you! God will judge you!" whispered the old man, thinking of his enemy.

Silent tears ran down his cheeks.

"Micheich! Ah, Micheich! What is the matter with you? Are you asleep?"

The voice came from the churchyard without.

"Great heavens!" cried the old man, remembering the duty that awaited him. "Did I really fall asleep?"

He seized the bell-ropes and pulled them with skilful hand.

Far below the people swarmed from the village, as ants swarm from the ant hill. Golden standards reared themselves in the air of the unborn Easter morning. Forming a cross, the procession began to move around the church, amid joyful cries of "Christ has risen from the dead!"

The words went to the old bell-ringer's heart. It seemed to him the waxen candles that the people bore blazed with suddenly increased brilliance in the gray darkness, and that the awakening wind lifted up the chorus from below and turned it to the bells' brazen peals with a sweetness superhuman.

What a hymn of joy it was the dead copper pealed forth! The great bass deafened the sky with the grand cry of "Christ has risen!" And the tenors, struck to their hearts, shouted sonorously, "Christ has risen!" while the clanging sopranos chanted the glad tidings a thousand times,—"Christ has risen!"

And that sad old heart forgot its cares, its sorrows and its insults.

The gray bell-ringer heard only the brazen music, now singing, now weeping, now floating to the starry sky, now sinking to the wretched earth. It seemed to him that he was surrounded by his children and his grandchildren, and that these were their happy voices—the voices of old and young together—pouring out in one grand

chorus a hymn of joy and rapture—while below the people listened, an' said to one another that old Micheich had never rung so wonderfully before.

Suddenly the great bell hesitated,—and was still. The gray bell ringer had fallen helplessly on the bench beside the ropes, but on his still face was a smile of ineffable peace.

Send a substitute! On this Easter morning old Micheich has rung himself to heaven!

IV.

CONFUSED.

STAY home, pickaninny; don't you go to roamin' round;

You better mind yoh mammy, or she'll trounce you good an' sound.

Dis world is topsy-turvy. I's had 'casion foh to know,

'Case I's hyuhd 'em read de papers an' I's seen de minstrel show.

An' I's met my own relations puttin' on sech gogheous style

Dat it made me want to smack 'em; but I had to stop an' smile.

An' dem high toned people prances while dey sings de rag-time tune.

De niggers dey talks white talk, an' de white folks dey talks coon.

I know you's young an' growin' an' it does seem kind o' hahd,

But you s gotter shun society an' stick to dis back yahd.

I doesn't want to see you gittin' mixed up in dese ways.

You couldn't shet yoh eyes an' tell who's speakin' nowadays

De cullud people's so perlite an' proper an' so fine!

An' de missus, she recites, a-sayin' "dis" an' "dat" an' "gwine."

I's gwinter quit de country ef dey doesn't stop it soon,

Dese niggers talkin' white talk an' de white folks talkin' coon

V.

"I GOT TO GO TO SCHOOL."

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

I'D like to hunt the Injuns, 'at roam the boundless plain;

I'd like to be a pirate an' plough the ragin' main

An' capture some big island, in lordly pomp to rule;

But I just can't be nothin', 'cause I got to go to school.

Most all great men, so I have read, has been the ones 'at got

The least amount o' learnin' by a flickerin', pitch pine knot;

An' many a darin' boy like me grows up to be a fool,

An' never 'mounts to nothin', 'cause he's got to go to school.

I'd like to be a cowboy, an' rope the Texas steer!

I'd like to be a sleuth-houn' er a bloody buccaneer,

An' leave the foe to welter where their blood had made a pool;

But how kin I git famous, 'cause I got to go to school?

I don't see how my parents kin make the big mistake

O' keepin' down a boy like me 'at's got a name to make!

It ain't no wonder boys is bad an' balky as a mule;

Life ain't worth livin' if you've got to waste your time in school.

I'd like to be regarded as "the Terror o' the Plains!"

I'd like to hear my victims shriek an' clank their prison chains!

I'd like to face the enemy with gaze serene an' cool,

An' wipe 'em off the earth; but, pshaw! I got to go to school.

What good is 'rithmetic an' things, exceptin' jest fer girls,

Er them there Fauntleroy's 'at wears their hair in twisted curls?

An' if my name is never seen on hist'ry's page, why, you'll

Remember 'at it's all because I got to go to school.

VI.

PANTOMIME OF "THE STORY OF A FAITHFUL SOUL."

BY E. ESTHER OWEN.

THE reader stands at one side of the stage, behind a thin screen or in first entrance. Read:

*"The fettered spirits linger
In purgatorial pain,
With penal fires effacing
Their last faint earthly stain,
Which life's imperfect sorrow
Had tried to cleanse in vain."*

Music begins very low and soft and mournful, gradually changing toward end of verse to a more joyful strain.

*"Yet on each feast of Mary
Their sorrows find release.
For the great archangel Michael
Comes down and bids it cease;
And the name of these brief respites
Is called 'Our Lady's Peace.'*

"Yet once—so runs the legend—"

Enter at centre door spirit gowned in white robe with flowing sleeves; remains near back of stage with hands clasped and hanging in front of body, head bowed.

*"When the archangel came,
And all these holy spirits*

*Rejoiced at Mary's name,
One voice alone was wailing,
Still wailing on the same.*

"And through a great Te Deum."

Music swells louder.

*"The happy echoes woke,
This one discordant wailing
Through the sweet voices broke;
So when St. Michael questioned,
Thus the poor spirit spoke."*

Advance to front, turn slightly to left, raise head and cross hands on breast. Music very subdued.

*"I am not cold or thankless,
Although I still complain;
I prize our Lady's blessing,
Although it comes in vain
To still my bitter anguish,
Or quench my ceaseless pain."*

"On earth a heart that loved me."

Right hand out at side, palm up; left hand still on breast.

"Still lives and mourns me there."

Palm down.

"And the shadow of his anguish."

Both hands cover face.

*"Is more than I can bear;
All the torment that I suffer."*

Let head sink back, hands still covering face.

"Is the thought of his despair."

Pause, and let hands fall slowly to sides, head erect.

*"The evening of my bridal
Death took my life away.
Not all love's passionate pleading."*

Clasp hands.

*"Could gain an hour's delay;
And he I left has suffered
A whole year since that day."*

"If I could only see him—"

Hands stretched out in front in entreaty.

*"If I could only go
And speak one word of comfort
And solace.—then I know—
He would endure with patience
And strive against his woe."*

Turn slowly to right, hands down at sides.

*"Thus the archangel answered:
'Your time of pain is brief,
And soon the peace of Heaven
Will give you full relief;
Yet if his earthly comfort
So much outweighs your grief,*

*"Then through a special mercy,
I offer you this grace:
You may seek him who mourns you,
And look upon his face,
And speak to him of comfort
For one short minute's space.*

*"But when that time is ended,
Return here, and remain
A thousand years in torment,*

*A thousand years in pain.
Thus dearly must you purchase
The comfort he will gain."*

Turn to left, bow low, and turn slowly to right. Lights down, music a little stronger. Weight on forward foot. Feather movement with both arms at sides, palms down. Expression of face joyful. Pause.

*"The lime trees' shade at evening
Is spreading broad and wide;
Beneath their fragrant arches,
Pace slowly, side by side,
In low and tender converse,
A bridegroom and his bride."*

*"The night is calm and stilly;
No other sound is there
Except their happy voices.
What is that cold bleak air."*

Wave arms up over head, out in front, palms out, fingers up.

*"That passes through the lime-trees,
And stirs the bridegroom's hair?"*

"While one low cry of anguish."

Wind arms about head and bend forward.

*"Like the last dying wail
Of some dumb, hunted creature."*

Sink down on knees.

*"Is borne upon the gale.
Why does the bridegroom shudder,
And turn so deathly pale?"*

Gradually rise, repeat feather movement as before, but slowly and lifelessly. Facial expression sad.

"Near purgatory's entrance."

Lights up.

*"The radiant angels wait;
It was the great St. Michael
Who closed that gloomy gate.
When the poor wandering spirit
Came back to meet her fate."*

Let hands sink to sides, head bowed.

*"'Pass on,' thus spoke the angel;
'Heaven's joy is deep and vast.
Pass on, pass on, poor spirit.
For heaven is yours at last."*

Raise head.

*"In that one minute's anguish
Your thousand years have passed."*

Slowly exit, calm, peaceful expression on face. Music gradually dies away.

This pantomime can be given with several characters. In that case it should be given in three scenes, which can be effected by lowering the lights just before the line:

"The lime-trees' shade at evening;"

raising them a little, while the pantomime is going on; lowering again after the line:

"And turn so deathly pale;"

raising them again fully at the line:

"Near purgatory's entrance."

The first scene opens on the spirits grouped in various despondent attitudes. At the line:

"When the archangel came,"

enter the archangel Michael at centre door. He advances to left centre. Joyfully the spirits rise, except one, until the line:

"So when St. Michael questioned;"

then she rises and goes through the pantomime mentioned above, taking place at right of centre.

While the archangel is speaking, retain attitude facing left, slowly exit at right first entrance, with feather movement. The archangel and other spirits slowly exit at centre door. Enter at right upper entrance the bride and the bridegroom, who pace slowly across stage to left entrance. The Faithful Soul enters at right upper entrance, advances to centre and gives pantomime indicated above and exit at right second entrance.

The third scene is the same as the first, angels standing about St. Michael at left of centre. Enter Faithful Soul at right first entrance, walk slowly to right of centre. Archangel leads Faithful Soul up stage and exit at centre door, followed by the other angels. A tableau may be used as finale. St. Michael's right arm around shoulders of Faithful Soul, left hand holding left hand of Faithful Soul at side.

VII.

THE GRUMBLE-VALLEY
GRUMBLER.

BY VIRGIL ALONZO PINKLEY.

SEE the balmy breeze a-flirtin' with the boughs uv buddin' green!
See 'im toyin' with the flowers, thinkin' that he can't be seen!
My! the breezes en the blossoms, like a blushin' bride en groom
Is a-cooin' en caressin' in the beds o' clover bloom.
Well, I declare, it is amazin'? Spring-time allers is to me!
I kin hardly trust my vision,—doubtin' things I daily see.
Ah, the roses en the posies, en the leaves,—jess see 'em spread!
En the bull thing is a marvel! Marvel? Yes, that's what I said.
Vegetation is a-smilin,' not a cloud is flyin' by;
En the eagle in the ether is a-scrapin' uv the sky;
En the sparrer, hear 'im chatter! Hear the crow proclaim his caws;
En the cricket in the cranny's makin' music when he jaws;

En the peewit on the willer likes to waller in his wings,—
See 'im dustin' uv his feathers ez ef they wuz priceless things!
En the lambs is cuttin' capers mighty crisp on yander hill,
En the ewes en sober wethers graze ez though they'd never fill.

But the grumbler sez it's rainy, en the rye is struck with rust;
En the corn is awful yaller, en thar's nothin' he kin trust!
En he sez we're needin' showers, en he's dyin' uv the heat.
En the oats is pale en stunted, en the cheat is in the wheat,
En the apple-germs is blasted, en the frost hez killed the pears!
En he mutters, en he sputters, en he grumbles, en he swears;
Fer whatever be the weather, he is moody er he's mad,
Sez the world is topsy-turvy,—things is goin' to the bad.

Ef it's cloudy he will mutter: "Wonder ef 'twill ever shine?"
Never satisfied with nothin',—couldn't live without he'd whine!
"See the caterpillar—blame 'im!—strippin' uv the orchard trees!
En I'll wager fifty dollars, hens is scratchin' up the peas!
En the weasel in the wood-pile hesn't left a egg, I bet!"
Ah! the grumbler isn't happy, 'less you let 'im fume en fret;
Fer whatever be the weather, he is moody er he's mad,—
Séz the world is topsy turvy,—things is goin' to the bad!

Hears a bumble-bee a-buzzin' en he trembles ez with fear;
Sez he knows that bee is steerin' straight to stab 'im in the ear.
"En that hornet thar," he mutters, "shouldn't wonder ef he'd try,
Ef he kin, to up en hit me in the region uv the eye."
He is bitten by muskeeters, en his woes will craze hiz brain!
Nothin' in the wurd kin suit 'im,—can't much longer stand the strain!
Fer whatever be the weather, he is moody er he's mad,—
Sez the world is topsy-turvy,—things is goin' to the bad!

Sez the spring is mighty back'ard, en the corn'll never sprout;
Ef it does the cut worm, certain ez is fate, will clean it out!
Ev'rything is out uv kelter with the grumbler all the while.
Couldn't please 'im ef you'd try to! No, sir, grumblin' is his style.
Ef you're funny he is fretful, ef you're merry he will moan,
Fer he's never half so happy ez when nussin' uv a groan.
Fer whatever be the weather, he is moody er he's mad,—

Sez the world is topsy-turvy,—things is goin' to the bad!

He'd do well to larn a lesson from the animals he sees,—

Not a single one among 'em is one-half so hard to please.

Is the chicken-hawk a-grievin' ez he's swoopin' near the ground

With his breakfast in the barn yard a-cluckin' all erround?

Don't the squirrel show his keepin' by the curlin' uv hiz tail?

Is the peacock over 'umble? Ain't he flyin' all hiz sail?

Did you ever see a rabbit feel too orful bad to run,

When you shot,—but barely missed 'im— with your double-barrel gun?

Is the turkey-gobbler droopin'? Don't he git hiz daily food?

Ort we be the only grumblers en not show no gratitood?

Does the prairie-chicken murmur ez you hear 'im whizzin' by?

Only man en mules is kickin'; kin you tell the reason why?

Wuz the honey-bee, my neighbor, ever known to lose hiz way

When he wandered off fer nectar on a sunny April day?

Don't the snappin'-turtle allers keep a rigid upper lip?

Don't the flea keep up his hoppin'? Hez the grizzly lost hiz grip?

Well, then, let us be good-natured, whatever may betide.

We're gittin' all we're needin', en a little bit-beside.

More uv sunshine than uv shadder, ef you'll notice, day by day,—

Will be found along the journey lightin' up the trav'ler's way.

We should never fear ner falter. With a hand above to steer,

We should do the best within us, have a heart that's full uv cheer;

Fer the Lord in lovin' kindness leads them willin' to be led.

May his blessin's rest ferever on the uncomplainin' head.

VIII.

TRAITS OF PRESIDENT JACKSON.

By THOMAS HART BENTON.

THE ruling passions of President Jackson were abhorrence of debt, public and private; dislike of banks and love of hard money—love of justice, and love of country; and of these traits he gave constant evidence in all the situations of his life. He was warmly attached to his friends and never gave up a friend in a doubtful case, or from policy or calculation. He was a firm believer in the goodness of a superintending Providence and in the eventual

right judgment and justice of the people. The character of his mind was that of judgment, with a rapid and almost intuitive perception, followed by an instant and decisive action. It was that which made him a general, and a president for the time in which he served. He had vigorous thoughts. His conversation was like his writing.—a vigorous, flowing current, apparently without the trouble of thinking and always impressive. His conclusions were rapid and immovable, when he was under strong convictions, though often yielding on minor points to his friends. Every step he took was a contest, and every contest was a victory.

IX.

A BOX OF POWDERS.

CHARACTERS:

Mrs. Nelly Wemyss, a young widow.

Colonel Jack Humphreys, a family friend.

A Voice in the Hall.

SCENE: A drawing-room, window at left with curtains reaching to the floor; door at back and right; piano, chairs, table, and fireplace at left. Enter NELLY, speaking to wings as she enters.

NELLY. You understand, Mathilde? I am at home to no one but the Colonel.

VOICE. Yes, madame.

NELLY. What a frightful city this is for an unprotected woman to find herself alone in! To be young, rich, and a widow, means that one is to be tormented from morning to night. Take a protector, get married, says the Colonel. Excellent advice, Colonel, but my experience with the late Mr. Wemyss warns me not to adopt it. But I must do something, as my suitors are becoming more and more persistent and audacious. Think of the temerity of my last and most ingenious admirer, whom I met last week at the Charity Ball. I was foolish enough to tell him that my husband was living, but old and infirm. On the strength of that valuable information, he has had the effrontery to rent an apartment directly opposite my windows, and sits there all day watching my room. [*Goes to window.*] There he is now. And now for my feeble husband. [*Ruttons a dressing-gown around a chair, places a nightcap on the top of a feather duster and puts it in the collar of the gown, and moves the chair to the window.*] Now stare at him as long as you please. [*Door-bell rings.*] Someone at the door! Who can it be? [*Opens door.*]

VOICE. A letter has just been handed in for Madame.

NELLY. Let me have it. [*Closes door opens letter and reads.*]

MADAM.—Your eyes are very beautiful, but they are not as powerful as the lenses of my telescope, or they would have pierced to the heart and there read my love for you. But my lenses have enabled me to detect the fraud you have set up in your window. If you do not open the door to me, I shall

enter through the window or down the chimney. C. H. ALLISTON,

"*Ex amateur champion gymnast.*"

The villain! I will have to apply to the police for protection. [*Bell rings again.*] Ah! there is the Colonel; I shall inform him of that wretch's threat. No, he will only profit by the occasion to offer me the services of his sword and the hand at the hilt. But here he comes, and I am forgetting my husband. [*Carries chair into the next room.*]

COLONEL HUMPHREYS [*outside*]. Good morning, Mathilde. Is your mistress in the drawing room? [*Enters, with a package under his arm.*] Mrs. Wemyss, I have the honor— She is not here. Well, I am not sorry, as I shall have time to take a little peep in the mirror. [*Looks at himself in the glass.*] Now, I don't think that my face is too red this morning. Last night, she remarked: Colonel, you must know that I admire you very much; you are a handsome man; but why *will* you always have such a high color? A trifle, I replied—want of exercise and all that; I will pick up on my riding, and you will see the result. This morning I took a six-mile gallop, and when I returned I looked like—a boiled lobster. Something had to be done, and for the first time in my life I consulted a doctor. Try a leech, said he. No use, I have used a whole pond of them. Then use a foot bath. But I can not go about in society lugging a foot bath and a kettle of hot water. Then, as a final recourse, I will prescribe another remedy. Here is a box containing twelve powders. Take two, wet them and place one on each ankle. It is sure relief. I have one on each ankle, and it is about time for them to assert themselves.

NELLY [*entering the room*]. Good morning, Colonel.

COLONEL [*bowing*]. You are well this morning? Charmed to hear it. You must excuse my appearance; I came on horseback.

NELLY. No apologies, Colonel. But, do you know that your face is ruddier than usual this morning? And what news have you come to tell me? I have been so occupied that I have not had time even to glance at my papers.

COLONEL. The secretary of war has issued an order radically changing the style of boots worn by the army.

NELLY [*taking her embroidery*]. Impossible!

COLONEL. In place of shoes they must now wear boots [*Opens package and takes out a pair of military boots.*] Look at those boots. During the war we considered ourselves fortunate to have even shoes, and now they must have boots. A pack of idiots! [*Places boots on a chair near the piano.*]

NELLY. I would sympathize with you, but my skein is in a frightful tangle, and I must beg a favor of you.

COLONEL. Only too happy. [*Taps floor with right foot.*] What shall it be?

NELLY. Come sit here—on that chair. [*He taps floor with left foot.*] Take this basket of zephyr and sort it into colors.

COLONEL. I will put the reds on my right knee and the blues on my left. [*Taps floor with both feet.*]

NELLY. Place them where you please, only sort them correctly.

COLONEL. Ah! If it was as easy to disentangle [*moves nervously*] political complications. [*Aside:*] Great Cæsar! how those powders tickle. [*Aloud.*] Let us see—the reds here. [*Aside:*] It is growing worse. [*Aloud:*] And the blues—and— [*Aside:*] There goes the other foot. [*With a sudden jerk he breaks several pieces of zephyr.*]

NELLY. There, you are breaking them all.

COLONEL. Pardon me, I will learn with a little practice. [*Aside:*] Holy canons! how they sting! [*Breaks a whole skein of the reds.*]

NELLY. Now I *must* stop you, or you will destroy my entire stock of zephyr. To convince me that you are penitent, kneel on this ottoman at my feet, hold up your hands, and I will wind the skein on them.

COLONEL [*hesitatingly*]. Must I kneel?

NELLY. Of course, you must. Oh, these men! Eight days ago if I had permitted what I now command, you would have been kneeling there ever since.

COLONEL. I submit to the inevitable and here I am. [*Kneels. Aside:*] Those powders are growing hotter every moment.

NELLY [*winding the skein*]. But what is the matter, Colonel?—you are restless. Are you ill?

COLONEL. While I am at your feet? Never! [*Aside:*] That infernal doctor! [*Aloud:*] The position is a trifle unusual, Mrs. Wemyss, that is all.

NELLY. But, the faculty of conforming and submitting to any posture or surroundings is that which characterizes heroes, Colonel. Remember Mucius Scevola, who held his hand in the fire.

COLONEL [*aside*]. Yes, he held his hand there, but suppose both his ankles had been on fire—

NELLY [*finishing*]. There, that will do.

COLONEL [*rising; aside*]. Now for liberty. [*Aloud:*] Six o'clock, Mrs. Wemyss! How rapidly time passes while enjoying your society! I regret that I must go, but a prior engagement tears me away. [*Takes his hat.*]

NELLY [*aside*]. Going—and the ex-gymnast may come at any moment! [*Aloud:*] No, Colonel, you must dine with me. I accept no refusal.

COLONEL [*pacing up and down the room*]. I shall be too happy to accept, and only crave sufficient time to go to my club and return.

NELLY. No! no! You must not leave me for a second. Try a game of dominoes.

COLONEL [*aside*]. I must keep moving or I will explode. [*Aloud:*] Pray excuse me this evening, Mrs. Wemyss,—I should only bore you. [*Aside:*] If I could only change these riding boots for those loose military boots.

NELLY. Then open the piano, and I will play that *rêverie* you are so fond of.

COLONEL. A charming idea, which I was just on the point of proposing myself. [*Aside:*] I may get a chance to change my boots behind the piano.

[*NELLY goes to the piano and plays. The COLONEL stations himself behind the piano.*]

NELLY. But you must not stand there. The sound will drown the melody.

COLONEL. Yes, but I will have the sight of your charming face to console me. [*Aside:*] Heavens! will that burning never stop. [*Aloud:*] Bravo! Charming! Ravishing!

[*NELLY continues, while the COLONEL makes frantic efforts to obtain boots from the chair.*]

NELLY. What a beautiful passage that is. I hope you uphold me in my preference for the minor keys?

COLONEL. Yes, certainly—of course. What did you remark, Mrs. Wemyss?

NELLY. Colonel, you are not listening, and it was your favorite melody, too. Let us try Gounod's "Printemps." I am sure you will like that.

COLONEL. I am positive I shall. [*Succeeds in securing boots and puts them on the floor at his feet.*]

NELLY [*singing*]. "Spring time chases the wintry—"

COLONEL [*disappearing behind the piano*]. My fortune for a bootjack! At last!

NELLY. Where are you, Colonel?

COLONEL [*reappearing*]. Listening to the low notes. It strikes me that F sharp is a trifle—

NELLY. F flat, you mean? Ah! you are too stupid to day. I will return to my embroidery. [*Goes to sofa.*]

COLONEL. Because my musical ear is so exact, is it fair to call me stupid? [*Picks up boots. Aside:*] Where shall I put them? In the piano—no, they are too large. Ah! behind the curtain. [*Hides them behind the window curtains.*]

NELLY [*turning around*]. What are you doing, Colonel?

COLONEL. Nothing; only thoroughly enjoying myself.

NELLY. Appearances are decidedly against you. You hide behind the piano to criticize my low notes, and even now, instead of seating yourself at my side, you are promenading behind the sofa like a caged tiger. I really believe you are sulking.

COLONEL. Nelly—Mrs. Wemyss.

NELLY. It is a pity, too, because I was about to permit you to resume those protestations. But if you are sulky—

COLONEL. Hear me swear!

NELLY. Well, then you have my permission. Are you satisfied?

COLONEL. Am I satisfied! My rapture knows no bounds. [*Aside:*] The change of boots was useless; that devilish burning is commencing again. [*Aloud:*] Ah! Nelly! Nelly! You know how I love you.

NELLY. Yes, I know you love me; I believe you would make an excellent husband; but have you carefully weighed the responsibilities you would assume in taking me for your wife. I love society, balls, theatres, races, and—

COLONEL. But Nelly—[*Aside:*] This agony is terrible. [*Aloud:*] I will love anything you love. We will go to the theatre every day and the races every night—no, on the contrary—

NELLY. I am passionately fond of new toilets, jewelry, old lace; I am a coquette—

COLONEL [*suffering more and more*]. Heavens!

NELLY. Ah, that word startles you!

COLONEL. Startled me? I assure you I leaped with joy. If there is anything I adore, it is a coquette; it is my ideal. [*Aside:*] Will this torture never cease? [*Paces nervously up and down the room.*]

NELLY. And, Colonel—[*Looks around after him.*] Ah! there you are. You know that the theatre, toilets, jewelry, and all that, are very dear, very dear.

COLONEL. I am rich. We will ruin ourselves if necessary. [*Aside:*] Since I can not get away, I must devise some plan to get her out of the room. [*Looks about and sniffs suspiciously.*]

NELLY. What are you looking for?

COLONEL. I may be mistaken, but have you a fire anywhere in the house?

NELLY. Yes, I think there is one in my room.

COLONEL. Do you not detect an odor of smoke? Permit me to go and see if every thing is all right—

NELLY. No, no—everything is topsy turvy there. I will go myself [*Goes into her room. The COLONEL stoops behind the sofa. NELLY returns.*]

COLONEL. Foiled!

NELLY. You have been deceived, Colonel; Mathilde has put my fire out.

COLONEL [*aside*]. I must get her away. [*Aloud:*] Are you sure?

NELLY. Certainly, as the fire is completely extinguished.

COLONEL. Was that the only fire in the house?

NELLY. There may be one in the kitchen, but I think not.

COLONEL. I do not wish to startle you, but I should not be surprised if the smoke came from there. Do you not smell it?

NELLY. No.

COLONEL. Well, to be on the safe side, I will go and look.

NELLY. You go to the kitchen? What are you thinking of? To satisfy you I will go myself. [*She goes out.*]

COLONEL [*alone*]. That was hard work. [*Stoops behind the sofa.*] Sacred bayonets! those powders stick like pitch, and burning pitch at that. Ouch! Ah! At last, they are off! And now where shall I put them? I have it; the window. [*Goes to window.*] Impossible! There is a man across the way watching the window through a telescope. Someone is coming. Into my boot, you torment,—and this infernal box—into the other boot, you miserable accomplice. [*NELLY enters.*] Just in time!

NELLY. Really, my poor Colonel, fate is against you to-day. The fire has not been lighted yet. But you look pale. Are you ill?

COLONEL. Mrs. Wemyss, I will tell you

all. [*Aside.*] No, I dare not. She will laugh at me, I will be jealous of the man with the telescope.

NELLY. Well?

COLONEL. Since you insist, I will tell you. I am jealous, yes, jealous, for I love you with all the passion of an ardent heart; and when I think of others who surround you, flatter you, and lovingly gaze on you, as that young puppy with the telescope is doing at this moment, I—

NELLY. What, you have seen him?

COLONEL. Have I seen him? Oh, woman, woman, we lay bare our hearts to you, only to be asked if we have seen him. [*Aside.*] I have not the slightest idea what I am saying, but I must say something.

NELLY. Your reproach is unjust. You will apologize when you learn to what extremities I have been reduced to rid myself of that obnoxious person. For eight days have I arrayed that chair in a dressing-gown, hoping that he would take it for my husband. But, alas, I did not count on his telescope.

COLONEL. He has discovered the trick.

NELLY. Yes, this morning. And now you owe me reparation. You must put on the dressing-gown, and, tenderly leaning on my shoulder, you must come to the window with me. Then you will be punished and I revenged at the same time. Will you do it?

COLONEL. Will I do it? My head reclining on your shoulder—[*Rushes into next room after the garments.*]

NELLY [*alone*]. Now, my gallant astronomer of the wonderful telescope, we will test the boasted power of your glasses. [*Goes toward window and sees the COLONEL'S boots projecting from underneath the curtain*] Ah! too late, the wretch has carried out his threat. What shall I do? Shall I call the Colonel? No, I will give the villain one last chance to escape. [*Addressing the boots.*] If you are fully alive to the danger of your situation, you will escape at once. Go! [*Opens the door.*] He does not stir. [*The COLONEL knocks at the other door.*] You hear, sir, my husband is coming. For the love of heaven, go before he enters. [*The COLONEL knocks again.*] One moment, Colonel. You hear that, sir? He is a colonel! Now, for the last time will you go? No? Then your blood be upon your own head. [*Opens the door.*] Enter, Colonel, and avenge the honor of your wife.

COLONEL [*dressing-gown thrown over his shoulders*] What?

NELLY. A man has dared to enter my window!

COLONEL. Where is the wretch?

NELLY. Hiding behind the curtains! Look! you can see his feet!

COLONEL [*aside*]. Cæsar's ghost! She means my boots! [*Aloud.*] Nelly, I beg of you to retire to your chamber. These scenes of violence and bloodshed are unfit for the eyes of your sex.

NELLY. Colonel, let me remain; I am brave, and if you are wounded—

COLONEL. If you love me, I entreat you

to retire from the room for but a single moment.

NELLY. I obey, but be merciful. Colonel, promise me you will avoid bloodshed.

COLONEL. I solemnly swear it!

[*NELLY goes out of the room.*]

COLONEL [*goes to curtains and seizes boots; the box of powders falls unobserved by him to the floor*]. Now, you wretch, I could kill you like a dog, but I prefer to send you where you came from. [*Takes off military boots and puts on riding boots.*] Under my feet, you scoundrel, and beg for mercy! What, you dare to resist,—take that,—and that. And now [*opens the window and throws the boots out*], out of the window, coward, villain, thief—

NELLY [*opens the door and screams*]. You have killed him.

COLONEL [*barring view of the window*]. Madam, you are avenged!

NELLY. Take the hand of the woman you have rescued, and I shall have a husband to protect me. [*Stoops and picks up the box of powders.*] But what is this.

COLONEL [*aside*]. Those diabolical powders!

NELLY. The unfortunate wretch must have dropped it in the struggle. [*Opens the box.*] Why it is a box of powders!

COLONEL [*innocently*]. Gunpowder?

NELLY. No, just ordinary powders.

COLONEL. Are they hot?

NELLY. No, why do you ask?

COLONEL. Merely curiosity. After we are married I may tell you a story about them. [*Kisses her hand.*]

CURTAIN.

X.

IN PARADISE.

IT is finished! Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast breathed Thy latest sigh,
Teaching us, the sons of Adam,
How the Son of God can die.

Lifeless lies the broken body,
Hidden in its rocky bed,
Laid aside like folded garment,
Where is now the spirit fled?

In the gloomy realms of darkness
Shines a light unknown before,
For the Lord of dead and living
Enters at the open door.

See! He comes, a willing victim,
Unresisting hither led;
Passing from the cross of sorrow
To the mansions of the dead.

Lo! the heavenly light around Him
As He draws His people near.
All amazed they stand rejoicing
At the gracious words they hear.

Patriarch and priest and prophet
Gather round Him as He stands,
In adoring faith and gladness,
Hearing of the pierced hands.

Oh, the bliss to which He calls them,

Ransomed by His precious blood,
From the gloomy realm of darkness
To the paradise of God!

There in lowliest joy and wonder
Stands the robber at His side,
Reaping now the blessed promise
Spoken by the Crucified.

Jesus, Lord of dead and living,
Let Thy mercy rest on me;
Grant me, too, when life is finished,
Rest in paradise with Thee.

XI.

THE PUNCTUAL SHAD.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

AS we tire of the dainties that all winter
through
Have tickled our palates and want some-
thing new,
The shad, taught by instinct that this is his
season,
Makes shoreward express, as if gifted with
reason,
Aware seine and gill-net in harbor await
him,
That cooks will soon dish him and epicures
plate him,
With martyr like zeal, spite of natural ab-
horrence,
He comes to the gridiron, a scaly St. Law-
rence.
Devoted to man, with rare self abnegation
He hies into port to be served as a ration,
When keeping off shore would insure his
salvation.
Exactness in time is the grand moral fea-
ture
That marks his migrations—the punctual
creature!
Spring snow-drops from heaven come whirl-
ing and sweeping
What time from the flower-beds they ought
to be peeping;
The bluebirds delay, in a season of rigor,
Their advent till Jack Frost abandons his
leaguer;
Men break their engagements; firms quoted
substantial
Oft ask for extensions in matters financial;
But shad, come what may, still put in an
appearance,
And where they are now will again be a
year hence.
Benevolent fishes! they scorn to deceive
us—
When unctuous they feast us, when juice-
less they leave us;
And mark, Christian friend, for this point is
essential,
Their habits gregarious are most provi-
dential
Heaven gave them a nature convivial and
social
That we might be filled with their sub-
stance ambrosial.
They charge up our bays and our rivers in
masses,

On purpose to banquet all parties and
classes;
And all that they ask—or would ask, were
they able
To talk, like the four fishes in Araby's
fable—
Is not to be robbed of their exquisite savor
By frying in ougents of horrible flavor;
Nay, *fry not at all*—'tis a Gothism utter—
But broil, and anoint with the sweetest
fresh butter.

XII.

BECAUSE 'T WAS LENT.

BY JULIA FANSHAW BRINCKERHOFF.

BECAUSE 'twas Lent (mayhap, a little,
too,
Because in garb of penitential hue
She looked so nice—a winsome blonde was
Sue)
She doffed her worldly, gay attire, and spent
Each day, in church, "a quiet hour" or
two—
Because 'twas Lent.

Because 'twas Lent, she went through rain
and snow—
So earnestly devout was she; but oh,
Between her meditations, still did know
Of glances from dark eyes her way were
sent.
Of course, she must *return* them—they, you
know,
Could not keep Lent.

Because 'twas Lent, she, wishing to deny
Herself some pleasure, thought that she
would try
To lay her chiefest one—her novels—by.
Forgetful, once an afternoon she spent
In search of one she could not find; and
why?
Because 'twas Lent.

Because 'twas Lent, she begged her family
Put by all semblance of gaiety.
(A mite chest standing on the mantel tree
Received the money they would thus have
spent.)
E'er Eastertide, she, most complaisantly,
Took it to buy her bonnet—simply
Saying, "*'Twas Lent!*"—*Boston Ideas.*

XIII.

APRIL TO MARCH.

BY MILDRED I. McNEAL.

I WAS fond of her in April,
As she wore her Easter gown,
A dream of palest April tints,—
The daintiest in the town,
Where violets bloomed below her eyes
And matched their merry hue
With two as blue and shy as they,
The solemn service through.

I was fond of her in April,
I was fond of her in June,

In ruffled lawn and garden hat
 With roses overstrewn,
 And sister roses—harbingers
 Of happier Junes to be—
 In hiding near her dimpled cheeks,
 But deepening not for me.

In bright October still was she
 The fairest of them all,
 Gowned all in misty purple,
 The queen flower of the fall;
 And was I fond of her, you ask?
 Aye, marry, that was I;
 But many a heart hath lost its health
 When love came passing by.

I loved her in December,
 From the merry moving foot
 To the shining, saucy crown of her,
 Yet kept my loving mute;
 As who would not when her bright face
 From out its frame of furs
 Smiled quite impartial welcomings
 On twenty worshippers.

And now she sits, with rose in hair,
 A blushing rose—perchance
 To share the blushes in her face,
 Redeem her veiled glance,—
 And I am fond—more fond of her
 Than you could guess—for she
 Sits just across our tiny board
 And pours out evening tea.

XIV.

THE BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

ON the eighth day of March, it was,
 some people say,
 That St. Patrick at midnight he first saw
 the day;
 While others declare 'twas the ninth he was
 born,
 And 'twas all a mistake between midnight
 and morn;
 For mistakes will occur in a hurry and
 shock.
 And some blamed the babby—and some
 blamed the clock—
 Till with all their cross-questions, sure, no
 one could know
 If the child was too fast or the clock was too
 slow.
 Now the first faction fight in owld Ireland,
 they say,
 Was all on account of St. Patrick's birthday.
 Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth
 more would die;
 And who wouldn't see right, sure, they
 blackened his eye!
 At last both the factions so positive grew
 That each kept a birthday; so Pat then had
 two,
 Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their
 sins,
 Said, "No one could have two birthdays,
 but a *twins*."
 Says he: "Boys, don't be fightin' for eight
 or for nine.
 Don't be always dividin', but sometimes
 combine.

Combine eight with nine and seventeen is
 the mark;
 So let that be his birthday." "Amen,"
 says the clerk.
 "If he wasn't a twins, sure our history will
 show
 That, at least, he's worth any *two* saints
 that we know!"
 Then they shook hands all round, which
 completed their bliss,
 And we've kept the combine up from that
 day to this.

XV.

AN UNCROWNED HERO.

BY JOHN J. FISHER.

"HAVE you enlisted?"
 "No, not yet."
 "Hump! and are you going to, or stay
 here at home and let the other boys go to
 the war without you?"
 "I don't know."
 It was at the beginning of the recent war
 that this conversation took place between
 brother and sister. She had for some time
 previous been worrying him about whether
 he was going to become one of the brave
 who go to protect the flag, or let an insult to
 his country go by unheeded.
 "I don't like to see you creep out of going
 to the front, Tom," she resumed, aggress-
 sively.

"Now, Sophy, don't worry me about that.
 You know I was told last year by the doctor
 that a life of the least hardship would kill
 me, and now because one of your friends
 shows himself in a uniform to you, you worry
 me without mercy."

"Pshaw! I have a very brave brother,
 haven't I?" and she left the piano-stool
 where she had been seated and walked from
 the room, satisfied that she had wounded her
 brother with her merciless tongue.

Tom sat near the window and tried to
 read, but it seemed impossible; he only
 stared vacantly out into the street where the
 rain fell in torrents.

That last sentence uttered by Sophy had
 stung him to the quick and he kept repeat-
 ing, "Her brave brother."

He put the little volume back into the
 bookcase, took his hat from a closet, and
 went out into the storm.

"To get a little air," he said to himself.

He strode along the street and down to
 the water-front, where the waves rolled up
 in close proximity to the wharves and the
 vessels unloaded their cargoes from other
 ports. He stood and looked at the water,
 thinking. Suddenly he heard a chorus of
 boyish shouts, as a crowd of ragged urchins
 raced down the wharf, indulging in a game
 of "tag." Here and there they chased one
 another over barrels, boxes and piles of lum-
 ber. Tom watched them with amusement
 and interest for a while, then turned and
 studied the waters again.

Suddenly he was startled by a scream of
 fright and a splash. He turned and saw a
 child struggling in the water.

"O mister, save me!" gasped the child.

The tones went to the heart of the young man; and as he faced the waters where the head of the little fellow was submerged, he forgot even to remove his coat or his hat.

He soon had the child in his arms and holding the head above the surface, handed him up to the excited group of men waiting to receive him. Then the heart of the hero failed him and he slipped back into the icy waves and was lost to human sight.

Hours after, when the gray clouds rolled away to obscurity, boatmen found the body; and though the heart in that bosom was still, a serene look rested upon the tranquil face.

They carried him to his home,—all of him that was,—an unknown, uncrowned hero.

No tears left the eyes of that sorrowing sister, her grief was too deep for outward signs.

A plainly clad woman rang the door-bell and was shown into the room where he lay, cold and still.

"May I see him, ma'am," she asked, timidly.

"Yes," said the sister, softly.

The woman went to the coffin and kissed the bloodless cheek, and said:

"He saved my Danny an' now—"

She sobbed aloud, and taking from beneath her shawl a bunch of white lilies laid them upon the coffin; then turning at the door for a last look, through her tears, she said: "God bless him."

The sister sat there alone in her sorrow. Deep, deep in her heart she mourned the night through, and as the cold gray dawn slipped into the world, she knelt near the coffin and moaned as tears came from her eyes—"Forgive—forgive me! O Tom, forgive me!"—*Boston Ideas*.

XVI.

SPECIMEN EASTER PROGRAM

1. UNISON CHORUS: "*Have You Heard the Wondrous Story?*" Price, 10c.
2. EASTER ADDRESS.
See "Easter, 'the Sunday of Joy,'" page 56, for outline.
3. DRILL: "*Scarf Fantastics*."
A beautiful æsthetic drill for nine young ladies in Grecian costumes. Price, with twelve full-page illustrations, 25c.
4. RECITATION: "*Prince Eric's Christ-Maid*."
A romantic legend in verse. The heroine apparently dies, and is brought before Prince Eric in her casket, covered with Easter lilies, but at touch of his hand, and his impassioned words, she awakes to life and to love again. Price, with lesson talk, 15c.
5. SOPRANO SOLO, WITH VIOLIN OBLIGATO: "*O Risen Lord*." Price, 75c.
6. RECITATION: "*Easter in a Hospital Bed*."
A pathetic prose story of a dying

woman whose weary mind wanders back to an Easter of long ago, when she was young and happy. One of the most beautiful Easter recitations ever written. Price, with other recitations, 35c.

7. DRILL: "*The Myrrh Bearers*."
Pantomimed drill and poem for nine girls, closing with the Easter anthem "Christ Has Risen." Price, with other recitations, 25c.
8. DIALOGUE: "*Sackcloth and Ashes*."
A humorous Lenten conversation between two young ladies at a fashionable afternoon tea. Very amusing. Can also be given as a reading. Price, with other recitations, 30c.
9. PANTOMIME: "*Jesus, Lover of My Soul*."
Seventeen poses photographed and grouped in an original and artistic design. Words and music given. Price, 50c.
10. MIXED CHORUS: "*Twine the Easter Garland*." Price, 8c.

XVII.

ENCORES.

THREE LITTLE CHESTNUTS.

THREE little chestnuts lying on the ground,

At least, so the story's told.

The first said "Ah!" and the second said "Oh!"

And the third said, "*Eel Ain't it cold!*"

Three little chestnuts crowded in a pail,

Then thrust in a boiling pot.

The first said "Ah!" and the second said "Oh!"

And the third said, "*Eel Ain't it hot!*"

Three little chestnuts seized by naughty Sam,

Who swallowed them all for a lark.

The first said "Ah!" and the second said "Oh!"

And the third said, "*Eel Ain't it dark!*"

SANTIAGO.

OH, we heard the drum a-tapping and a-tapping,

When they took away the blue-clad boys that died—

A-calling and a-calling

Where the long black line went crawling

To the graves by a strange sea-side.

They heard the drums a-tapping and a-tapping,

Speaking truly, for the drum she wouldn't lie;

"If ye would follow after me
See your inmost soul be free,
For I lead ye where ye die."

And the drum she went a-tapping and a-tapping,

From an ocean to an ocean wide and far,
Till men spelled her dismal measure
And they turned from love and pleasure
With their eyes upon a star.

And the drum she gasped, amid the musket
rattle :

"I am Roland! I am Roland! Follow
me!"

Quick they pressed on where she cried,
And they laid them down and died,
In a strange land by the sea.

SHE WAS MAD WITH CAUSE.

"WHY, my dear, what on earth is the
matter with you? You look as if
you could bite a tenpenny nail in two," said
Mr. Day, when he came home the other
evening and found his wife, with her hat
and gloves on, standing in the vestibule of
the house.

"Don't ask me a word about it, Ralph
Day, and don't you dare laugh or I'll—I'll
leave you! I never was so mad in all the
mortal days of my life. I—I—oh, I could
swear!"

"Well, please don't do that," said Mr.
Day. "What are you standing here for?"

"What am I standing here for? Why
have I been standing here for three wretched
hours? Oh, I could fly! Haven't you any
eyes? Can't you see why I am standing
here?"

"No, I can't."

"Can't you see that the back part of my
dress is caught in these miserable inside
doors and that I can't—oh, you go to laugh-
ing and I'll use this parasol on you! I
started out to make some calls nearly three
hours ago, and while I was standing here a
draught of wind banged the door shut and
caught the back part of my dress in it, and
I just couldn't get away. It's Thursday, and
the girl's out, and there's no one in the
house, and the outside doors were shut so I
couldn't make anyone hear me from the
street. As usual, I'd forgotten my latch-
key, and here I've stood and stood and
stood, until I thought I'd die, and—Ralph
Day, if you don't stop laughing and giggling
like an idiot I'll—I'll—you hurry and open
this door and let me get away from here or
I'll never speak to you again on earth. Oh,
I'm so mad!"

A CHURCH HEROINE.

SHE sat in her pew as straight and prim
As a Puritan maiden could,
And turned the leaves with her fingers slim
As though she were really good,
But although she murmured each solemn
prayer,

And said her responses right,
There was something wrong in the sacred
air

That clouded her spirits bright.

Again she knelt by her mother's side;

Then when she rose 'twas plain
She had fought and conquered her sinful
pride

And was humble and good again.
But no one knew of the awful strife
She had conquered and quelled alone,
When she saw her rival as "big as life"
With a bonnet just like her own.

CHEER YOUR FELLOW-MAN.

IF you should see a fellow-man with
trouble's flag unfurled,
An' lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all
the world,

Go up an' slap him on the back, an' holler,
"How d'you do?"

An' grasp his hand so warm he'll know he
has a friend in you;

Then ax him what's a-burtin' him, an' laugh
his cares away,

An' tell him that the darkest night is just
before the day.

Don't talk graveyard palaver, but say it
right out loud;

That God will sprinkle sunshine in the trail
of every cloud.

HE LOVED NOT RELATIVELY.

"AND do you swear it, love?" said she,
As they were standing vis-a-vis,
Her lips as ruddy with their plea
As petals of a rose new blown.

"Swear that all conscious of the grave
Importance of the pledge you gave,

E'en though it may your life enslave,
You'll love me for myself alone?"

Gently he took her queenly head
Within his hand, the love light she
A deeper glow as soft he said :

"Yes, for yourself alone, my gem!

And if you would my blessing win
You'll call your aunts and cousins in

And, pardon me, your chosen kin
And emphasize that fact to them."

AN UNHAPPY EXCEPTION.

THE world is full of changes; there is
nothing here abiding,

All things are evanescent, fleeting, transi-
tory, gliding.

The earth, the sea, the sky, the stars,
where'er the fancy ranges,

The tooth of time forever mars, all life is
full of changes.

Like sands upon the ocean's shore, that are
forever drifting,

So all the fading scenes of earth incessantly
are shifting.

Change rules the mighty universe; there is
no power to block it;

There's change in everything, alas! except
a fellow's pocket.

GOOD NIGHT.

THE angels never say "Good night,"
For with them 'tis always light;

They say, "Good morrow."

And we shall say as angels do,

When God opens the door and we pass
through.

"Till then—" Good night."

SUGGESTIONS FOR SPECIAL DAY ESSAYS.

ANDREW JACKSON.

March 15.

ANDREW JACKSON, the seventh president of the United States, was of Scotch Irish descent, and born in North Carolina, March 15, 1767. His father died before he was born, and his mother was able to give him only a limited education. As a boy, Andrew was brave and impetuous, passionately fond of athletic sports, and not at all addicted to books. His life was crowded with excitement and adventure. He joined the American forces in their struggle for Independence in 1780, and the next year was taken prisoner by the British. Being ordered to clean the commander's boots, he refused, and was sent to prison with a severe wound on head and on arm. Here he contracted smallpox, which kept him ill for several months; and soon after his release his mother died of a ship-fever contracted while caring for the imprisoned Americans at Charleston. Left destitute, young Jackson tried various employments, but finally settled down to the law, and in 1796 was elected to Congress. He first distinguished himself as a military officer in the war of the Creek Indians, and his dashing successes in the War of 1812 completed his reputation. It was in this last campaign that the soldiers gave him the name of "Hickory," because of his toughness; this was afterward changed to "Old Hickory," and the sobriquet stuck to him through life. Jackson's nomination to the presidency was at first received in many States with ridicule, as whatever might be his military prowess, neither his temper nor his ability recommended him as a statesman. His reelection, however, proved his popular success as a president. He was thoroughly honest, intensely warm hearted, and had an instinctive horror of debt. His moral courage was as great as his physical, and his patriotism was undoubted. At the close of his second term of office Jackson withdrew from public life, and returned to his farm, "The Hermitage," near Nashville, Tenn. He, however, continued to take a lively interest in politics and especially in events pertaining to his own party until the day of his death, which occurred eight years later, in the summer of 1845.

ST. PATRICK.

March 17.

St. Patrick is the patron saint of Ireland. There is much controversy over his birth, which is said by most authorities to have occurred in the year 373, near Kilpatrick, Scotland. Of the early part of his life little is known. At the age of sixteen he was carried captive to Ireland by a band of marauders, but after six months escaped to Scotland. Carried off a second time, and again escaping, he resolved to become a missionary to the Irish, and after a long

preparation was ordained bishop. The name of Patricius was bestowed upon him in Rome by Pope Celestine, his original name having been Succath. St. Patrick's efforts at preaching the gospel were followed by such extraordinary success that, although not the first to introduce Christianity into Ireland, he has always received the credit for its general conversion. He baptized the kings of Dublin and Munster, and the seven sons of the king of Connaught, with the greater part of their subjects. The lands bestowed upon him he devoted to the foundation of churches, of cloisters for both sexes, and of numerous monastic schools, and succeeded in converting almost the whole island to the faith. He died at Down, Ulster County, in the year 493 or 495. The Roman Catholic Church keeps his festival on the day of his death, March 17.

LENT.

February 15—April 2, 1899.

What saintly George Herbert calls "the holy feast of Lent" is once more here. It is the season of forty days, Sundays not counted, that immediately precede Easter day; just as Advent, another season of fasting, precedes Christmas. Advent, except in the Oriental churches, is now hardly a time of mortification of the flesh and abstinence from foods of animal origin. But Lent, no matter how the rigors of the fast may be abated by the Roman, Anglican and Lutheran churches, will always be a time of penitence, of sober thought of inquiry into one's spiritual condition and so a time of refraining from social enjoyment that "the soul may keep her fast within."

It is noted that the forty days do not include the Sundays. Sunday is always a feast-day. It is the weekly Easter, for it commemorates the Resurrection no less than "the Queen of Festivals" that follows sombre Lent and funereal Holy Week. Mid Lent Sunday, or, as it is sometimes called, "Mothering Sunday," because mothers then sent cakes and good things to their boys away from home at school, is one day that neither looks backward to the Forty Days' Temptation in the Wilderness nor forward to the Passion of Christ, but tells of the miracle of feeding the multitude.

Little is known of the origin of Lent, but it is thought to have preceded Christianity. Perhaps the scarcity of food of all kinds, particularly animal food, in the last days of winter may explain much. It is evidently an afterthought that the Temptation in the Wilderness was made an analogue of it.

EASTER, THE "SUNDAY OF JOY."

April 2, 1899.

The Festival of Easter, among Christians the Festival of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, has been a time of rejoicing among Pagans and Christians by the most

ancient times, and both have kept the season in their own strange fashion.

At first, the celebration of Easter lasted eight days. After the 11th century, however, it was limited to three, and in later times, generally to two days. It was formerly the favorite time for performing the rite of baptism. The courts of justice were closed, and alms were dispensed to the poor and needy, who were even feasted in the churches. Slaves, also, received their freedom at this season; and as the austerities of Lent were over, the people gave themselves up to enjoyment; hence the day was called the "Sunday of Joy."

The season chosen for this festival by the Persians was at the time of the solar new year, April 14. It was just when cold winter's rule was over and the sun began to kiss our Mother Earth with greater warmth, and the trees began to put on coats of green and the buds and the grass began to peep forth out of the ground. It was the Persians' New Year.

The Jews also chose the returning of spring for their Easter festival, which they called the Passover. The Feast of the Passover occurs sometime between March 25 and April 26. This year it begins March 26. It always lasts one week.

The Pagan Saxons and Germans began their Easter festival, April 14. They rejoiced exceedingly over the return of their Goddess Ostara or Eastre, their personification of the opening of the year and the re-

turn of spring. They celebrated her coming by bonfires and by feasting. It was for them a festival of joy,—joy at the rising of the natural sun, and at the awaking of nature from the death of winter.

The Christians held their first Easter with the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. The Pagan's joy over the rising sun and the awaking of nature from the death of winter became the Christians' joy, at the rising of the Son of Righteousness,—at the Resurrection of Christ from the grave. Christ having suffered death at the hands of the Jews, the Christians decided to make their Easter festival a movable one so that it would never fall on the same day as the Jewish Passover. In spite of all their efforts, Passover and Easter did occur together in 1805 and in 1825, and will do so again in 1903, 1923, 1927, and 1981.

Many of the popular observances connected with Easter are clearly of Pagan origin. The early Saxons feasted on buns and the later ones on cross-buns. The use of eggs artificially colored was a most widely diffused custom and the most characteristic rite. People presented eggs to one another; sometimes the eggs so received were eaten and sometimes they were kept as amulets. The use of eggs at this season was originally symbolical of the revivification of nature.—the springing forth of life in spring. The Christians, however, consider the "Feast of the Eggs" emblematic of the resurrection and of a future life.

RECITATION AND DECLAMATION CHATS.

A CHANGE has come in the style of selections demanded for public reading. The passing of the old-school elocutionist, who declaimed, "Hist! What sound breaks upon my ear!" has been followed by the passing of the old-school elocutionist piece, which depended for its success, not upon plot or upon diction, but upon the opportunity afforded the reader for indulging in stage-gymnastics, misnamed "dramatic effects."

The period of exaggeration is past, and the period of true art, which takes nature for its model, is here. Readers are beginning to realize that the greater the display the less the emotion; that simplicity is the key that unlocks every heart; and that an elocutionist's talent should not be measured by facial contortions or loudness of voice.

The recent successes of so many "author-readers" may have had

something to do with this enlightenment. "It is a mistake, all a mistake," exclaims he of the old school. "In the first place, their selections are wrong—no opportunity for action and effects; and in the next place they know nothing about elocution, they don't even pretend to. They simply read." Doubtless, a great part of the author's success is owing to the fact that he has too much regard for his own writings to distract the attention of the audience from them, by stage-tricks of voice and of gesture. But something is also owing to the character of the selections. A ten-minute recitation, sans plot, sans sense, sans consistency, and so constructed as to run the whole gamut of emotion, is not the ideal piece for an elocutionist, although until recently it has ranked as such. Audiences are learning to regard the interpreter as but a medium for the selection, not the selection

as the vehicle for the interpreter; and with this change has come a demand for the best in selections. The programs of every up-to-date reader contain at least one strong selection of recognized literary value; and the most popular recitals through Lent will be those made up from a single book, the readings and the explanatory notes bringing the whole story within the limits of an evening or an afternoon entertainment. Browning, Byron, Hall Caine, J. M. Barrie, Ian Maclaren, Anthony Hope, Gilbert Parker, Mary E. Wilkins, and Rudyard Kipling are authors particularly lending themselves to this form of adaptation.

The arbitrary division of the Bible into verses and chapters often breaks continuity and misleads as to sense. Perhaps this is one reason why this greatest of all literary collections has not been more frequently utilized by elocutionists. Another reason may be the difficulty of arrangement. In condensing even a single book into an evening's reading, many passages of great beauty must of necessity be omitted; but the strength and the majesty of the work need not be lost. Miss Ida Benfey, in her reading of "The Book of Job," has scored a success, and her example will doubtless be emulated by many elocutionists.

Nixon Waterman's poem, "I Got to Go to School," published in this number, should rival as a recitation the ever popular "If I dast!" ("Limitations of Youth"); and, while entirely appropriate for the adult reader, will be especially welcome to those on the lookout for selections for boys of ten and twelve years. With these it should be uniformly successful, for the words are but a poetized version of what every boy daily says to himself, and what impersonator of boyhood, however good, can hope to rival the genuine article?

Miss E. Esther Owen's pantomimic arrangement of "The Story of a Faithful Soul" has been given with marked success, both by Miss Owen and by her pupils. In beauty and poetry of movement, as well as in the lofty theme of the poem, it ranks as

a fit companion-piece to the pantomimic recitation, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

To the lovers of "this greatest delicacy in the world" the little poem, "The Punctual Shad," will not come amiss, and can be appropriately used as an after-dinner selection. In these latitudes the "first shad of spring" usually appears about the last of March. In April and the early part of May they come up the rivers in large numbers, and "shad three times a day, and cold for lunch," accurately describes the diet of more than one fish-loving New Yorker. By the middle of May the exodus begins. With the end of the month the reign of the shad is over, and the few captured after that date are such poor, tasteless specimens that the current expression "not worth a June shad" needs but one demonstration of its *raison d'être*.

The plot of the little comedy, "A Box of Powders," is a happy variation from the hackneyed quarrel and reconciliation of lovers or young married people prevalent in most two-part sketches. Poor Col. Humphreys, endeavoring to keep up his reputation for gallantry while suffering agonies from the drawing powders on his feet, gives a splendid chance for distinctive character work; and the widow is a light and dainty bit of comedy. "A Box of Powders" should appear prominently on many programs before the end of the season.

In response to numerous requests a specimen program for Easter is presented. While this will prove a pleasing entertainment, it is intended more as an aid to teachers in the arrangement of similar programs than as a literal guide. The thing to be remembered in arranging entertainments of this sort is the value of contrast. The emotions can not suffer too great a strain of one kind upon them. A strongly dramatic piece should be followed by something quiet and soothing in effect—a pretty drill or pantomime. After a humorous dialect recitation, a bit of description, or a light, dainty love-story is most effective.

The recitation department of the April No. will contain a full Shakespearian program, a Shakespearian farce, and a number of Shakespearian exercises arranged especially for WERNER'S MAGAZINE. There will also be a full Arbor Day program and a full Bird Day program. In addition, there will be the usual number of readings, encores, etc., and a pantomime of "Comin' thro' the Rye," with twelve illustrations.

It is our intention to give in each month's magazine a list of the important days or anniversaries occurring within that month, together with the reason for their observance, and one or two appropriate recitations. The anniversaries or especial seasons that take place during March and the early part of April, with the recitations given or suggested, are:

ANDREW JACKSON'S DAY.

"Traits of President Jackson." See page .
 "America's Patriotic Recitation Book." 35 cents.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

"The Birth of St. Patrick." See page 53.
 "St. Patrick's Martyrs." 30 cents.
 "St. Patrick and the Imposter." 35 cents.
 "St. Patrick's Day." 25 cents.
 "St. Valentine's and St. Patrick's Day" (in Emma Dunning Banks's Recitation Book, \$1.25).

LENT AND EASTER.

"The Old Bell-Ringer." See page 44.
 "Easter Tableaux." See page 43.
 "Because 'Twas Lent." See page 52.
 "In Paradise." See page 51.
 "Easter Program." See page 54.
 (1) Lenten Prayer;" (2) "The Message of Easter." Both 25 cents.
 (1) "The Ivory Crucifix;" (2) "The Message of the Lily." Both 35 cents.
 (1) "Mary's Story of the Crucifixion;" (2) "The Crucifixion." Both 35 cents.
 (1) "Kitty's Easter Offering;" (2) "Easter Flowers." Both 25 cents.
 "The Mother's Easter Scarf." 30 cents.
 (1) "It's Lent;" (2) "A New Lenten Catechism." Both 25 cents.
 (1) "Born, Crucified, Risen;" (2) "Saved by an Easter Egg." Both 25 cents.
 (1) "Where the Easter Lilies Grow;" (2) "The Death of Claudia." Both 25 cents.
 (1) "An Easter Sermon;" (2) "A Legend of the Lily;" (3) "A True Lent." All three 25 cents.
 "The Easter Altar-Cloth." 25 cents.

The short articles entitled "Andrew Jackson," "St. Patrick,"

"Lent," and "Easter, the 'Sunday of Joy,'" that appear in this department, may be read by pupil or teacher as reasons why these days are celebrated. The effectiveness of a program is greatly enhanced by such explanations.

Readers of this department can aid us greatly by calling our attention to unpublished recitations, whether in old or in current publications; by sending pantomimes, drills, special day exercises; or by suggesting unique features of an artistic, instructive and entertaining program for school or for parlor. Some of our readers have recitations and original entertainments that they no longer care to use and that are new to other readers. By sending them for publication this department can be made a medium of exchange, to the good of all parties. We hope to have a prompt and cordial response to this invitation.

Our new offices, 43 and 45 East 19th St. (between Broadway and Fourth Avenue), are very easily reached and are much pleasanter and more spacious than the old ones. Greater facilities are afforded, and every attention is shown to patrons, who can find here any published recitation, and who are almost sure to get ideas for the bettering of their teaching or of their programs. Between 12 and 1 and 3 and 4 o'clock the editor-in-chief will be pleased to meet any of his subscribers who wish an interview. A personal interchange of news and ideas oftentimes results in mutual good, and we shall be glad to meet the active workers in the vocal and elocutionary fields.

This is Headquarters:
 EDGAR S. WERNER
 43 E. 19th St., New York

"The February number of WERNER'S MAGAZINE was unusually good. I have recited 'Her Cuban Tea' several times, and I have had four or five inquiries as to where I get my pieces first, within the last two weeks."

—MRS. W. R. PERKINS, Chicago.



CURRENT THOUGHT.

A SUMMARY OF CONTEMPORANEOUS LITERATURE ON OUR SPECIALTIES.

WHY NO NEW OPERAS HERE?

WHY do not new operas, especially those by American composers, get a hearing in this country? W. S. B. Mathews in the January No. of *Chicago Music* gives a part explanation, thus:

"When a manager produces a new opera, what do all the critics say? Is it not always something like this: 'The new opera of (What-you-call-it) by Signor (or Herr, or Don, or Monsieur, or Mujid) Smith was produced last night for the first time in this country, the principal members of the cast being as follows In style this opera is largely influenced by Wagner (or Richard Strauss, or Rimsky-Korsakoff, according to the individual *blle noir* of the individual critic) and from the first note to the last of the long four hours there was hardly one really enjoyable and singable melody. Meanwhile, the orchestra is handled in lurid colors and passion is torn to tatters. The unfortunate singers or musical declaimers (there were no singers upon the stage last night) were drowned out by the alleged accompaniment, so that the lovely poetry of the original Russian (or Italian, or any old foreign tongue) was entirely lost upon the audience. The only saving effect of the evening was the splendid *mise en scene*, which had been elaborated at ultimate and impossible expense. The number of people upon the stage reached perhaps 200, and the stage-pictures were something worth seeing; but of musical enjoyment there was little or none.'

"This is the kind of wet blanket that the newspapers spread like a kindly pall over the manager's feelings next morning, as though emphasizing the already thunder tones of the box-office, which invariably chronicle a tearing deficit for any new production in opera, however great or celebrated. An audience has to hear a new work repeatedly before understanding it; later they find out that they like it in spots, and about the time it is getting grayheaded through age, it begins to be popular."

HOW LESCHETIZKY SAVES THE MUSCLES FATIGUE.

Cleveland Moffet has in the January No. of the *Ladies' Home Journal* a long illustrated article on Leschetizky. In spite of extremely careless and blind writing, such as: "In a brilliant trill they [Leschetizky's pupils] strike the first two notes together, which strengthens the effect in a marked degree;" and "They must see to it in all

cases, even in rapid pianissimo passages, that every note is struck clear to the bottom;" one is able to pick a crumb like this:

"Leschetizky teaches his pupils to save their bodies fatigue by devitalizing (that is the word he uses) the muscles not called into play. Let anyone support the extended arm of another and then at a given word allow the arm to drop. If it falls to the side instantly and quite limp, it is said to be devitalized, but many people will find difficulty in letting the arm go entirely in this way with all the muscles relaxed. There is a natural tendency to resist and to keep the muscles partly tense, which means that the person has not fully acquired this restful and useful art of devitalization.

"Leschetizky has pupils come to him, and there are many such, who play with their whole bodies when they should be playing only with their fingers, who squint and squirm, who twist about, who hold their breath and put forth such excessive and useless muscular effort as quite to wear themselves out. They get cramps in the fingers, or paralysis in the arms, and often break down entirely, simply because no one has ever taught them to use the muscles that are needed for piano playing, and render inert those that are not needed, but that will work in sympathy unless kept quiet. Of course, there are times when a player needs all the strength of his body for a sudden and concentrated effort, but that effort over, the body should be allowed to rest while the strong fingers go on playing. To accomplish at will this act of devitalization is regarded in the Leschetizky school as a matter of first importance."

THE TREATMENT OF HOARSENESS.

The treatment of hoarseness is a topic of much interest to those who have to use their voices publicly. Dr. F. A. Bottome, in the London *Laryngoscope*, says:

"Singers frequently become hoarse by being constantly exposed to sudden variations of temperature in going back and forth between the dressing-room and the stage. In treating these cases, it is not desirable to employ local treatment in the early stage. To relieve the congestion, the patient should take a hot mustard foot-bath and go to bed. After a dose of ten grains of calomel, aconite should be given up to the physiological effect, and cold should be applied externally. The throat may be sprayed with some soothing application, such as albolene. The patient must not utter a word, making his wants known by writing. After twenty-four hours or more

of this treatment there should be decided improvement. It is then proper to resort to the use of tonics, preferably the tincture of chloride of iron, in doses of half a drachm in glycerine and water, administered after meals. It should be continued three times daily in increasing doses for a number of days. If the larynx is still generally congested, nitrate of silver (ten grains to the ounce) may be applied as a spray. There is frequently only a narrow line of congestion visible along the edges of the cord, and then a solution of menthol (one drachm to the ounce of albolene) should be applied to the cord with a probe.

"The patient is by this time usually so much better that he is anxious to try the voice. This should be done very gradually, in the middle register alone, going up and down the scale. The patient should be infused with a large degree of hope and have as much confidence as possible at the time regular singing is resumed. It is well to make a local application between the times of singing, or see to it that the body is well rubbed down with alcohol.

"The sudden accumulation of mucus on or between the vocal cords is a common cause of hoarseness or of a sudden 'breaking' of the voice, even in singers apparently in excellent condition. The treatment consists of deep inhalation of menthol dissolved in albolene, using an inhaler, together with the use of the same solution in a hand atomizer by the patient just before singing or speaking, so as to prevent the dislodgment of the mucus from other parts and its deposition on the vocal cords at this time."

SLOYD.

Teachers generally are recognizing the instinct of play as the true guide to the path to the child's mind and are insisting upon giving to the boy and the girl the power to express themselves not only in terms of poetry and song but also in handicraft. T. A. Mott's paper on "Sloyd," read before the State Association of City Superintendents at Indianapolis and published in the *Inland Educator* for February, is here summarized:

"Manual training, as it exists in the schools to-day, has come into our system of education from two different directions, and is based upon two radically different ideas. The industrial and utilitarian spirit has, during the last fifty years, prompted the establishment, in both Europe and America, of a large number of industrial schools, trade schools and manual training schools, ranking as high schools or colleges. Their purpose has been to give students skill in the trades and the general occupations of life.

"On the other side, manual training based on a purely educational idea has forced its way into the primary and the intermediate schools. Froebel, believing in the unity of the human organism and close interdependence of body and spirit, founded

a system of manual work for the kindergarten and primary schools through and by which the education of the hand and muscles of the child should proceed on parallel lines with that of his mental activities. In Sweden there grew up early in this century, under the inspiration of certain students of Froebel, a system of manual training for elementary schools called 'sloyd' and based entirely upon the highest educational idea. It has been well defined by Larson as: 'Tool work so arranged and enjoyed as to stimulate and promote vigorous, intelligent self activity for a purpose that the child recognizes as good.' Children receive tools and material and are put to work to make useful and beautiful objects. Under this system the tool may be the rake and the material hay; the tool may be the stick and the material clay; the tool, the scissors and the material paper and paste; the tool, the saw or the plane and the material wood; the important fact being that this work be adapted to the needs of the growing child. In all this manual work for children the aim is culture, the work done with tools requires fine coordination of mental activity and muscular action, and while developing the voluntary motor energies and motor parts of the brain, it develops energy and force of character and love of work.

"A careful reading of the industrial courses of study for grammar and high schools in this country during the last ten or fifteen years will show that the true educational or culture spirit has largely predominated over the industrial. If the sloyd work or manual work in the lower grades is to have a permanent place in our educational philosophy, it must rest entirely upon the idea of its value as an agency in the deepest culture of the child.

"All recognize the fact that the man with a trained intellect and will, when sense and muscle are developed, becomes the most useful and powerful of men in the mechanical world. The man that has had the most rounded development of bodily power will in the long run prove to be the strongest in those departments of life in which the highest forms of purely intellectual effort are demanded.

"The different portions of the brain have different functions. Each sense has its own brain area developed by the exercise of that sense and in no other way. The visual area remains in rudimentary condition in children that have never had the use of their eyes. It is believed that more than one half of the brain area is composed of motor cells that generate the nerve energy that controls voluntary muscular movement. The man that performs skilled manual labor uses his brain as really as he that writes a book. These motor cells like other parts of the brain and the body can be developed only by exercise in the control of muscular action. It has been shown that motor-centres atrophy if not put to use. Where an arm or a leg has been amputated in early childhood, the brain cells that control the limb have been found by examination in quite a rudimentary condition. Imbeciles

show their brain defects quite as much through their muscular movements as in their thought. The person with a weak body is liable to have weak will power.

"Voluntary muscular activity is essential to healthy, vigorous growth of body and mind through work, play, gymnastic exercise or manual training. However, this activity to be most effective in education must be directed, must be pleasant, must call into action the higher powers of discrimination and thought, must be purposeful and be controlled by the will. Undirected play, or rude work with shovel and pickax, has little educational value. The manual training of the school requires of the child skill and effort. It puts into his hand tools with which to work that require fine coordinations between mind and muscular action, developing not only muscle but thought-power, discrimination, judgment, self-control, self direction.

"The founders of the different systems of manual education have all seen, in the instincts of play and activity implanted in the child, a guide. They have seized upon these great impulses of growing life, and have sought by this system of child work to satisfy the demand for action that exists in all life, and, at the same time, so to guide this action that the results may in the highest sense coordinate the powers of body and mind, to the end that character and power may result."

THE INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE.

Another accusation against the late raid into the Indies, East and West,—it was not big enough to call a war—is that it deferred the completion of a most valuable work on the Indian sign-language. Fortunately Major Hugh Lennox Scott, of the Seventh Cavalry, was spared and the Ethnological Bureau of the Smithsonian Institution will soon issue a book on the subject, which promises to be most illuminative, as one may judge from the following taken from the *Kansas City Times*:

"Just before the beginning of the war with Spain, Major Hugh Lennox Scott was recommended to the Smithsonian Institution by General Miles, as being the best living authority on the Indian gesture languages. He was detached from his post at Fort Sill, I. T., and was ordered to Washington. He had scarcely undertaken his new work when the war came on, and he was appointed on General Miles's staff. His sudden departure for the front interrupted the preparation of an exhaustive treatise on the sign-languages that were used by all the tribes, both modern and prehistoric. Major Scott has devoted the last twenty-three years of his life to the study of sign-languages as employed by the North American Indians. His researches among the picture-writings of Old and New Mexico and among the tribes now in existence have

placed him in a position to speak authoritatively on the subject.

"The researches among the picture-writings and hieroglyphics of the Aztecs have been most interesting. Major Scott presents details that show in a most convincing manner that the Aztecs practiced the same sign-language that is now used on the Western plains. They attained a much higher standard of civilization than the modern tribes have reached. They carried the principles much further and transformed the gestures made by the hands into written characters on stone and wood. From all indications it is evident that almost all of the picture-writings of Mexico were evolved from the gesture language.

"Some convincing examples are shown in the unfinished work, and are accompanied by reproductions of many picture-writings taken from pueblos in New Mexico and from the walls of old palaces in Yucatan. Individual words are selected, which demonstrate the theory advocated. For example the word 'rain' in the modern Indian sign-language is represented by holding the hand above the head with the fingers pointing downward. In an Aztec pictograph found by Lieutenant Simpson in New Mexico, which represents Montezuma's adjutantsounding a blast for rain, is found the figure of a hand suspended from the sky, with the fingers pointing downward. Another example is shown in the word 'cloud.' The modern Indians represent this word by bringing the index-fingers of both hands together near the face and pointing forward, then suddenly separating them to each side, and at the same time describing curves like a scallop. The same idea is illustrated in the same way in the pictographs. Scallops are found throughout the pictographs, which represent storms.

"Lightning is represented by the Indians of the present day by holding the index-finger high above the head, then bringing it rapidly downward with a sinuous motion. Some years ago W. H. Jackson photographed the wall of an estufa in the Jemoz pueblo in New Mexico, and the same idea is represented in detail in these photographs. The word 'fire' is represented by all the Indian tribes of to-day by placing both hands forward with all the fingers pointing upward. A number of photographs of the Aztec god of fire have been secured by the Smithsonian Institution, and every photograph shows without exception that this gesture represented the word 'fire,' even among the Aztecs of Yucatan and Central America.

"Major Scott declares that the Indian sign-language is the nearest approach to a universal language yet formulated. The tribes used a system of signs superior to the present international signal code used throughout the nautical world. It is not so complicated and answers every purpose. Major Scott thinks that in some instances the prehistoric tribes were able to accomplish that which has baffled modern scientists and linguists. The sign-language was used to such an extent that it answered the

purpose of an intertribal language. Of course, it did not include within its scope all the minute details of an international language, but by means of it the most distant tribes were able to communicate on any subject, although their languages may have differed as much as Greek differs from Hottentot. The Indians of to-day use a sign language so nearly perfect that all the tribes now in existence can carry on a conversation with one another, although their oral languages may be entirely different. Major Scott says that he has talked for hours with tribes in British Columbia with the same signs that he uses when conversing with the Indians of Old Mexico. While it is true that there are now in existence some tribes that do not practice the sign-language, this is because they are so isolated that they have no use for intertribal communication or else they have become familiar with either the English or the Spanish language.

"Since the cessation of hostilities Major Scott has returned to his desk in the Bureau of Ethnology, and it is hoped that the work now in course of preparation will soon be given to the world."

TO CURE STAGE-FRIGHT.

To know what will absolutely cure a cold and what will banish stage-fright are two secrets that should make the possessor rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Mme. A. Pupin holds up a glittering hope in the *Etude* for February:

"The pupils of the conservatory were very much excited. It was graduating night for the piano-class. All asserted that they were horribly nervous. One young woman was sitting in a corner—pale, cold, and silent; a young man, red and perspiring, was rushing hither and thither; a pretty young girl, a picture of despair, was biting her handkerchief to keep the tears from falling;—an epidemic of fear seemed to have seized them all.

"'Fie! fie!' exclaimed the elocution teacher, as she entered the room. 'What do you mean by all this nonsense? I have a remedy in my room that will set you right in a moment.'

"'What is it?' cried a chorus of voices.

"'I will give each of you a dose just before you are ready to play, but you must each promise not to tell the others what it is.'

"As each pupil emerged smiling from the elocution teacher's room, went on the platform, and came back saying: 'I never felt the least bit frightened,' great curiosity was expressed as to what this wonderful remedy could be.

"Now, it seems she only slapped their backs. She began by patting their backs and shoulders with the palms of her hands, alternating right and left. The slaps grew faster and harder, until the poor victim could scarcely bear it; yet as the blood went tingling through the veins there was such

an exhilarating effect that each one felt impelled to endure 'just a little more,' until the teacher sent them off laughing to the then delightful task of playing their graduating piece, which all of them did with honor to themselves and to their teachers."

THE VERSE OF "CYRANO DE BERGERAC."

It is not often that so purely a literary work of art succeeds on the stage as "Cyrano de Bergerac" has. It is, it seems fair to say, only another proof of the great resemblance of these present days to the age of Shakespeare, the literary element of whose plays it is impossible to suppose was unappreciated by his audiences. Bliss Carman has written for the Boston *Transcript* concerning Rostand's versification much interesting matter of which only a part can be printed. He says among other things:

"The great success of 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' opening up the whole question of the use of versification in dramatic writing, is another refutation of the fallacy that prose is as good as poetry. In a decade that has no commanding poet in the full exercise of his powers, influencing, stimulating, enheartening men, reestablishing their conviction and faith in his art, the croaking critic will not be silent. There will be voices enough ready to cry out that the age of poetry is past, that we are living in modern times, that verse is only an amusement for children, the rudimentary form of expression natural to the infancy of the race. We have outgrown the time for poetry, they will say, as we have outgrown the iron age. This is not so. We can only momentarily admit such false reasoning when we forget what poetry essentially is. And here is M. Rostand, a new poet, coming forward and upsetting all our accepted theories of the inefficiency of poetry, with a poetic drama whose fame walks around the world like sunshine. It ought to go far toward hastening a revival of the drama; it ought to make us all skeptical of our lack of faith in poetry. It ought to be the beginning of a new era in American letters as well as in American stage-management. If managers should come to rely a little more on the poetic sympathy of their public, writers should come to rely much more on their own inspiration and the wisdom of conviction. They would abandon the idle task of writing with both eyes on the box-office, and pay some little heed to the demands of art and beauty. They would see the fatuousness of heeding anyone's business but their own, and success, which escaped their pursuit, might visit them in the dignity of a more modest but more ambitious endeavor.

"And the matter of verse. It is safe to say that not one person in a hundred, hearing Mr. Mansfield's admirable rendering of Cyrano, guesses that the version is written in blank verse, the form of Shakespeare's plays and the English drama generally.

Yet I am sure that much of the charm of the performance would have been lost had Mr Mansfield been a less devoted artist than he is and contented himself with any prose translation. What the blank verse translation on which John Davidson is engaged may prove to be one can not say; meanwhile, Mr. Kingsbury's is easily the best. I must say I was disappointed in Miss Gertrude Hall's prose rendering. She is herself a poet of such charm, and she has given us such sympathetic verse translations from Verlaine, that I had looked forward eagerly to her version of 'Cyrano'—only to find it prose, with the savor of the poetry quite evaporated. It seems to me much too hard and literal, and I believe she could not have let the original suffer such detriment had she allowed it to retain the illusion and the glamour that verse bestows. Mr. Kingsbury, for instance, turns one of Cyrano's famous speeches in part thus:

"And what must I do?
Seek some protector stray, get me a patron,
And like some humble vine that twines a trunk,
Upheld by it, the while it strips its bark,
Climb by mere artifice, not rise by strength?
No, thank you Dedicate, as others do,
Verses to bankers? Make myself a clown
In hopes of seeing on a statesman's lips
A friendly smile appear? I thank you, no!"

"While Miss Hall has for the same passage:

"And what should a man do? Seek some grandee, take him for a patron, and like the obscure creeper clasping a tree-trunk, and licking the bark of that which props it up, attain to height by craft instead of strength? No, I thank you. Dedicate, as they all do, poems to financiers? Wear motley in the humble hope of seeing the lips of a minister distend for once in a smile not ominous of ill? No, I thank you."

"There you have the difference between verse and prose. Mr. Kingsbury's simple and conscientious use of meter has helped him to an acceptable rendering of the poetry, while Miss Hall's gift for poetry has not saved her from the stilted banality of our old schoolboy 'cribs.'"

DO NOT MIX BOYS' AND WOMEN'S VOICES.

As to the comparatively new fad in some Episcopal churches of dressing women up in something that looks like a man's cassock and cotta, the *New York Churchman* for Jan. 28 has some plain words to say:

"We believe that the admission of women into a vested choir of boys and men is distinctly a confession of weakness on the part of the choirmaster. The fact is unquestionable that if a boy's voice is properly trained, it lacks neither purity, strength, nor beauty, and far better ultimate results can be obtained from boys, with all their troublesome ways, voice breaking and the rest, than from women or girls. If adequate material and necessary funds for a good choir of boys are lacking, by all means utilize the voices of women, but do not robe them in vestments that have always been associated with male singers, and do not place them in the chancel. The presence of women in the chancel is undoubtedly a violation of eccle-

siastical propriety. In churches where their employment is necessary, they should be kept out of prominent view, and placed in such a position that they can lead the singing among the congregation.

"Canon Liddon's words on the subject admit of no misconstruction: 'It is difficult to say whether the spectacle of ladies dressed in surplices, etc., in church, is more irreverent than it is grotesque. It is greatly to be hoped that the good sense and Christian feeling of the churches will steadily discourage anything of the kind, and especially for the ladies concerned'

"Looking at the matter from a musical standpoint, we think that the introduction of women's voices into a vested choir of men and boys is a decided mistake. The voices of women singers are often of dramatic timbre, and do not blend with the flute-like quality of boys' voices. Surely this is sufficient reason why boys and women should not be placed side by side in the same chancel. Finally, we can not agree with those who say that women singers are to be preferred to boys because they can imbue their music with deeper expression and more religious feeling. Even admitting the fact, it is only of value as applied to individuals; when it comes to numbers, we say, decidedly: Give us rather the boys' pure voices without the deep expression. No one who has listened to the clear, beautiful tones of a well trained choir of boys, either in cathedral or in church, will deny that the unaffected simplicity of the singing is one of its greatest charms."

PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR THE PEOPLE.

The pure democracy of sport has often been noted, and here comes a plea for the physical education of those that do manual labor for a living. Why should they not play and exercise after hard work.

"Heretofore," says C. E. Barton in *Good Health*, "physical culture has been viewed as demanding the attention of the sedentary alone, as a science in which none but the clergy, the bar, and the commercial, non-muscular and well-to-do professions should interest themselves. The mechanic or laboring man has all along been supposed to realize all necessary exercise while pursuing his avocation, or else to be debarred by poverty or by lack of time from the means and the opportunity of improving his bodily health and vigor. But the world is beginning to understand that the mere contraction and expansion of muscle (and particularly when confined to one limb as an arm, or one portion of the body) is not the only thing required to maintain the system in energetic health; some daily exercise in the open air—exercise that will bring the whole system into play—exercise that will in a measure be stimulated by emulation or by congeniality—is requisite to make enduring, well-balanced men, who, whether they toil with the brain or the sledge-hammer, shall do their work with energy, ease, and skill.

"Are the means of sustaining or securing

these conditions to remain within the reach of only the commercial and the professional classes, of those who, however useful and necessary their avocations may be to the welfare of society, still live upon, and, in fact, are sustained by, the hands of the working man?

"Society is responsible for the condition of its laboring classes. These are the weaker brothers of the wealthy and the educated, and as such they are entitled to their sympathy and care. To what nobler purpose can the latter devote their wealth and leisure than to spreading comfort, health, and cheerfulness among the honest sons of toil? What a large field lies open here for legislative, commercial, and individual action!

"Our working classes require healthier and more convenient dwellings; they need free baths, as well as free lectures and free schools; they should be made conscious that bodily vigor is the first best capital, and they should be taught how to increase and to husband it; they should not only be encouraged by free libraries and reading-rooms, but should be provided with tennis courts, boating houses, and well-ventilated gymnasiums; through earnest appeals to their better nature, they should be led to turn these recreations to their legitimate account. Let society provide avenues like these for the 'irrepressible' energies with which a provident but inexorable nature has endowed the bodies of our robust young working men, and the desire to indulge in football or bicycle racing will be superseded by a dignified determination to show to the world that mind and muscle can inhabit the same body; that gentleness is one of the fruits of manliness, and that, if a fair field be shown to the working man, he will be able to manifest himself as being both the wise man and the gentleman.

"Hitherto, society has regarded its laboring classes much as the farmer does the uncherished berry bush of his pasture; society accepts their labor as he does its fruits, and there all interest ceases; but when society shall realize (as the farmer now begins to do) that care and culture pay, then physical culture for the laboring man, the necessary accompaniments of which are improved physical conditions and surroundings, will become popular, and all classes will encourage it, and even urge legislation in its support."

EPIC POETRY AND THE PREACHER.

D. S. Gregory, in the January No. of the *Homiletic Review*, holds that a knowledge of epic poetry is of great advantage to the orator and especially to the preacher. Says he:

"Probably no one will question the importance of the preacher's acquaintance with the great epics. They are the true world poems, known to every intelligent humanity; so that to be ignorant of the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, the *Divine Comedy*, the *Jerusalem Delivered*, or the *Paradise Lost*, at once affixes 'a blot in the scutcheon' of the man

and places him at a disadvantage. They furnish the key to problems of origin, of life and destiny, and to religion to which without them there may be no clue. Since the epic poets have been in a sense the supreme seers among men, they afford a vast fund of apt and forcible illustration of human motive and purpose and conduct and destiny, absolutely unparalleled elsewhere in literature. But to the preacher, whose business is construction, if he is at all worthy of his name, the supreme quality of epic poetry, which makes acquaintance with it of utmost moment, is the grandeur of its constructiveness. The mastery of the great epics furnishes the best discipline for the ever pressing work of the pulpit."

THE PASSING OF THE PLATFORM WOMAN.

Edward J. Bok, in the January *Ladies' Home Journal*, disapproves most strongly of "the platform woman" as a housekeeper and home-maker. Since in these days it is not an article of faith that all women have a vocation to be housekeepers and home makers, no one will be astonished at Mr. Bok's scolding. But his declaration that the platform woman's influence is on the wane will most likely be disputed. Here is his deliverance:

"The platform woman never has been a credit to, but ever a blot upon, American womanhood. I make this emphatic statement from a personal knowledge of the homes that these women leave behind, when they go to their meetings. I have seen the rooms of their homes left in wild disorder; I have seen their servants sitting in idleness, with work on every hand to do; I have seen the children neglected and left to their own devices; I have heard husbands speak in derision of the motives of their wives. God knows I am not writing fairy-tales or things that have not come under my own eye. I have traced the reason why some young men use their homes as they would a species of favorite hotel, a place in which to eat and to lodge. I have seen why some of our young girls lead what their mothers call 'full lives,' meaning an existence crammed with so many things that everything in their minds is in a disordered, undefined and undigested state. To what have these sons and daughters and husbands to come home? A mother and wife so absorbed during the evening in what has happened during the day and in her engagements of the morrow that she is like a sphinx to those who are closest to her and who have a right to and claim upon her time and attention. She has no time to listen to the voices within her home; her ears are only attuned to the 'higher duties' of her sex! Duties so high that the real demands close to her are overlooked and forgotten. No woman in a happy American home can ever afford to listen to these parasites of her sex.

"Fortunately, the platform woman's in-

fluence is steadily on the wane. She was never a power. She was never even picturesque. Her worst injury was wrought upon certain weak women whom for the time she deluded. But even with them she was soon regarded with wonder rather than with interest, with suspicion rather than with confidence. Less and less has she been able to get listeners, and it is significant that in places where she has spoken during the present season she has not been seen again. The disappearance of the platform woman is a case of a blot being blotted out."

CHURCH MUSIC.

To the housekeeper, the servant-girl problem is the greatest; the clergyman finds his riddle of the Sphinx in the choir question. The Rev. Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, in the December *Homiletic Review*, writes on this topic, of which the following is an extract:

"No pastor can excuse himself from the obligation and the privilege of directly or indirectly controlling the service of song in the church to which he ministers. It is as much the duty of a congregation to worship God in offering him praise as to worship Him in prayer and supplication. There is too little praise in our public services and private devotions. No preacher can move a congregation, as otherwise he might, if it remains silent during all the parts of worship preceding the sermon. It is often very helpful in private devotions, when the circumstances permit, to offer aloud one's secret prayers; one's heart is moved by the tones of his own voice. Whatever there is in the voice to produce emotion is required both in public and in private prayers and praises. A preacher has a dead lift who undertakes to move a congregation toward duty and God, if that congregation has remained silent and perhaps unresponsive during the devotional services. Probably these statements will not be contradicted by anyone of large experience in leading public devotions. The question now is how can we develop ability and desire on the part of congregations to join audibly in the service of song? This is the practical question; sometimes it is a question most difficult to answer. Much will depend upon the atmosphere generated in and diffused from the pulpit. The pastors of our churches may in many ways greatly help in developing the desire of the people to participate in congregational singing. Much will depend also upon the enthusiasm of the leader of the choir, or the preacher when there is no choir. If he is a man of religious feeling, of musical ability and of magnetic power, he will stir the congregation mightily to give voice to spiritual emotion in appropriate singing. The same remark will apply to a choir as a whole, large or small.

"Questions are often asked as to the kind of choir that can best develop congregational singing. Different pastors may give different answers to questions of this char-

acter. If this writer may frankly express his thought, he would say that the best choir is a quartet or a double quartet, each singer being a competent soloist, and a large trained chorus to give volume and power to the singing. There will be times when it is eminently fitting that the congregation should listen and the choir alone sing; there will be other times when the choir should lead, and all the people join audibly and heartily in offering praise. Such a choir as is now indicated will cost no small amount of money; but if the requisite sum can be secured, its investment in such a choir will add greatly to the popularity and the spirituality of public worship. Choirs of boys have their place and use; but except they are constantly trained, it is difficult to keep them in tune, as it is often extremely difficult to keep them in order. For the average church a quartet and chorus promise the best results."

HEALTH AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

Usually it is thought to be enough to say "Take exercise," and that word "exercise" has been supposed to possess a magical influence. Dr. M. Augusta Requa, supervisor of physical education in the schools of Manhattan, says some sound words in the *Posse Gymnasium Journal* of late date:

"Each child, when he enters school, should be examined so as to determine whether he needs medical or corrective exercises, or whether he may pass at once to the hygienic and educational. At present the child is examined as to his mental attainments; but physical qualifications, other than an immunity from smallpox by vaccination, are not considered. In the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx steps are already being taken to have special attention given to the dullard. Provision should also be made for the physically weak. People, as a rule, do not know the distinction between hygienic and educational exercises; therefore, there is great diversity of opinion as to the kind of exercises that should be taken, the method employed, the apparatus required, the place where the exercises should be taken, and the kind of dress that should be worn.

"Hygienic exercises and educational exercises have a different aim. The end of the hygienic is simply health. The exercises required are comparatively few, and should be practiced daily throughout life. They do not require apparatus, nor do they involve the learning of gymnastic feats. Everyone should be thoroughly instructed in them, both as to what they are and as to their value. There is frequently, on the part of those engaged in physical education, a failure to distinguish between health and strength. Health signifies a sound condition of the entire body. Strength is determined by the manifestation of physical power, and is indicative only of the condition of those muscles that are brought into action. The vital organs may be defective.

Health and strength are not synonymous, are not interchangeable terms.

"Physical education requires apparatus, space, gymnastic feats, appropriate suit or dress and in fact, what its name implies,—an education of the physical powers. Every child should be as thoroughly instructed physically as he is mentally. One aids the other; they overlap. Physical education is an education of the nervous system. Muscles are not educated; nerves are educated.

"Physical education develops physical courage, self-reliance, endurance, power, and skill. In infancy, childhood, and youth, side by side with hygienic work there should be physical education appropriate to each age. Greater harm probably is done by forcing physical education than by forcing mental education. In mental education there is a safeguard. Children, as a rule, are not liable to overdo it, and can easily shirk it; but physical education they enjoy, and hence they frequently overexert themselves to the injury of their health.

"Gymnastic plays and games, pedagogical, æsthetic, and vocal gymnastics, should be wisely conducted throughout the school and the college life of each child. But a word of caution with regard to athletics: Young men who have won renown in secondary and in preparatory schools have failed to take the lead in athletics in college. There should be no forcing. Athletics should be kept well in the background, and it is really a serious question whether they should be practiced at all before the age when young men are in college.

"Military training is for the adult man. It is a one-sided training, therefore unhygienic for children. It has been found to be, for the young, a very unsatisfactory training."

THE SINGING-BOY.

Without doubt, nice, plump choir-boys in clean surplices do please the eye. When they sing well, which is not too common an event, they please the ear as no women's voices in a church service can. This from a London exchange will tell something of the chorister's past and present:

"Ever since music became the 'hand-maid of religion,' the singing-boy has borne his part in her melodious ministrations, and in that connection he has still to be reckoned with as a powerful factor. Shielded from the vocal rivalry of the 'eternal feminine' by that dictum in which, as many aver, St. Paul imposed perpetual silence upon the female voice in the services of the church, he has maintained his place in the choir stalls through the long flight of centuries, and has been a diminutive, though not by any means an insignificant, participant in ecclesiastical functions of the most momentous and magnificent character. Has he not assisted at the coronation of kings, and helped to swell the strain of harmonious felicitation signaling princely nuptials? He has chanted the last solemn office

over the mortal remains of the great ones of the earth—prelate and soldier, statesman and monarch—and his shrill treble has lent brilliancy to the sounding phrases of the great *Te Deum*, ringing again through vast cathedral arches in exultant proclamation of some event pregnant with national rejoicing. Far back in the good old days, when life was not so short as it is now, and people had more time for sentiment and more inclination for ceremony than they have in this strenuous age, he had various little orthodox jollifications all to himself. Then did he, on occasion, awake to a brief spell of pomp and notoriety as the boy-bishop of a tiny diocese, the boundaries of which were conterminous with those of his parish or cathedral precinct, while its revenues were probably identical with the largesse bestowed by the benevolent townsfolk, as he proceeded in Lilliputian state through his little domain, robed, mitred, crosiered, and attended by a goodly retinue of chanting fellow-choristers. From St. Nicholas's day to Holy Innocents' was the brief duration of his episcopacy, and did he chance to die therein his burial was marked by all the pomp and ceremony that would attend the obsequies of prelates of a larger growth.

"He has figured on the stage, too, but his histrionic efforts do not seem to have met with the approval of the prince of dramatists, if we may judge from lines written by Shakespeare in Act II., Scene 2. of 'Hamlet,' concerning the 'aery of little children, little evases,' who were then attracting so much of the attention of theatregoers. In those halcyon days of the singing-boy even royal decrees were promulgated with especial reference to him, and under bluff King Hal and good Queen Bess he was esteemed of such value that men were empowered by warrant to impress him, wherever he might be found, for the service of the royal choir. Tusser tells us how, when he was a boy at Wallingford College,

"Thence, for my voice, I must (no choice)
Away of force, like posting horse,
For sundry men had placards then
Such child to take;
The better breast, the lesser rest, [here,
To serve the queere [choir] now there, now
For time so spent I may repent
And sorrow make."

"In later times it has been the fashion to write ballads about the singing-boy, and in these it is generally considered *de rigueur* that he shall expire somewhere about the end of the composition, the accompaniment being thereupon etherialized in a manner befitting the pathos of the situation. The ailment to which he succumbs is not usually stated explicitly, but it is presumably of an insidious and implacable nature.

"The training of the singing-boy in his professional capacity has furnished a subject for books, deeply interesting and profoundly erudite. The somewhat divergent views held concerning him have been exploited and exploded in columns of newspaper correspondence, to the complete indifference of the cherubic mite who has been the unwitting cause of all the wordy hubbub. He seems fated to be a bone of contention.

Though his chief mission is to help in the diffusion of harmony, he rarely avoids being a fruitful source of discord. Nobody will agree about him. While the general public discuss him in the abstract, his own coparishioners, who see and hear him from week to week, are divided in their opinion of him as an individual. Some can not look upon him without thinking of the 'Jackdaw of Rheims,' and the

'Six little singing-boys, dear little souls,
In nice clean faces and nice white stoles,'

who waited upon the Cardinal Lord Archbishop on a memorable occasion. To such he presents an appearance approximating to the angelic.

"There is another side to the medal, however, and there are those who affirm that within living memory he has actually been alluded to as a 'mischievous brat,' or a 'young rascal,' while even his behavior in church has been criticized. It has been whispered that sometimes he is not exactly *persona grata* to his choirmaster. Perchance he may warble 'With verdure clad the hills appear' in a most felicitous manner, but his detractors say that he will take the first subsequent opportunity of proving that, whatever may be the condition of the hills, there is no 'verdure' about him. Instances have been known of his achieving a reputation for devilment seriously at variance with the seraphic aspect he displays to the eye of the uninitiated; his conduct is sometimes more 'larkish' than his vocalization. All the while he awaits the inevitable hour when, to the disgust of the choirmaster, nature begins the reorganization of his vocal apparatus. All too soon the catastrophe precipitates itself, and 'Never again' is the epitaph of the voice that once had power to charm. If he ever had a soul for the pathos of commonplace things, it might assert itself now; but he probably has not, so he quietly resigns himself to the decree of fate, and takes his place in the long ranks of the 'old boys.'"

THE STUDENT IS THE MASTER.

"As training relates to them," says the New York *Dramatic Mirror*, for Feb. 4, "the arts of opera and drama differ remarkably. They are wider apart now than ever. The training of the actor has become more and more superficial and specialized, while the training of the singer—who also must employ dramatic methods—has become more and more scientific and general, until in him perfection is expected, and even slight imperfection subjects him to criticism.

"As a venerable actor of the old school remarked at a recent gathering of actors, these are the palmiest days the theatre has known; yet the theatre of to-day has few persons of versatile ability and fewer still of sublime power. A natural—although too often an uncultivated—talent may be found in many, and there are also many fitted by monotonous experience for certain lines of parts in which they shine with a steady, yet never with a dazzling, light. But actors of

genius are few. Is it because the training of actors is now so superficial?

"If there is anything in one of the many definitions of genius—that genius is but another name for the capacity to work purposefully and indefatigably—it may be true that the infrequency even of demonstrations of genius of minor power in the theatre is owing to the inadequacy of theatrical training and the lack of direction and inspiration to study.

"It is doubtful if among all the great players of the past there was one that was not industrious to well defined ends. Certainly there is not in the theatre to-day an artist of commanding ability that has attained eminence without endless study and painstaking. Yet the impression is almost general—it prevails in the world outside of the theatre, among members of the profession, and notably among a certain class of managers—that simple gifts of physical grace or beauty or aptitude will win a way to success on the stage. Of training, as it is practiced in preparation for other arts, too little is thought in the theatre.

"For opera, beauty is but incidental to success and voice itself is powerless, no matter how rich the gift, unless cultivated by slow process, infinite pains, and exhaustive labor, to the point of scientific expression. Beyond this dramatic instruction is necessary, the field of music must be traversed, and almost as many languages as there are artistic peoples must be mastered before the word 'artist' may be written against the name of the student.

"As to studentship, in all the fields of art the masters are students to the last."

THE ART OF RESTING.

When Adam delved and Eve span, or even at a time not so remote, the art of resting was not made much of. A man that had plowed all day or a woman that had cooked for harvest-hands needed chiefly a chance to become virtuosi in repose. But nowadays when we live mostly indoors and on our nerves, this from *Harper's Bazar* for Feb. 4 will be found useful:

"From the awkward way in which many of us play, I wonder if we play enough? To relax from conventionalities and to play is to return to youth. 'The reason I am younger than any of my family,' said a grandmother, 'is because I am so frivolous.' Perhaps she was right. Life is very intense nowadays, and we need more relaxation than we take.

"A celebrated beauty gave, as her rule for preserving youth, an hour's rest in the middle of the day. Not a lying down with a book or with others of the family about, but a retirement to a quiet room with a shut door. In this apartment she secluded herself, lay down with closed eyes, every muscle relaxed, until her maid called her at the end of an hour, which was all the time she could spare from a busy life. The very first lesson of rest should be known to all who

value health and good looks. When on the bed for an hour, or for a night, relax at once every muscle by letting go the unconscious tension. Begin at the tips of the toes and the tips of the fingers, and there will seem to follow a soothing quiet like that produced by morphine. Even the breathing will change, and become slow like that in sleep; and if the body is not in a constrained position sleep will soon come. Even if one stays awake, the rest gained during relaxation and with the eyes closed exceeds in value the nervous restlessness familiar to us all.

"Away back in nursery days we read of the little girl that wept in contemplating the bridge she did not have to cross after all; but the lesson did not go very deep, for we keep on worrying, until we have lines up and down the forehead and lines across. 'The thirty year marks,' they call them, but that is a mistake. Thirty years of worry would wrinkle a marble forehead, but thirty years of optimism would keep smooth the most delicate skin. Worry spoils the digestion and brings ill health, which in turn ruins beauty. Worry enwraps the mental faculties and prevents them from free exercise, hampering judgment and shutting out light. Even those who do it most know these things well, yet still keep on; for not to worry means a condition of spiritual strength and elevation which is only attained by gradual process, and everyone has not learned the way. The lines on the face are the expression of 'the body's guest.' They will come; but who could object to a crinkling around the eyes that make a smile the merrier, or lines about the corner of the mouth that have a kindly meaning? Such lines stamp the face with undying youth."

BRIEF MENTION.

"Christmas Customs of Shakespeare's Greenwood." George Morley. *London Knowledge* for December.

"Shakespeare and the Faust Legend." R. A. Redford. *London Gentleman's Magazine* for December.

"To Train Sound Bodies." William A. Bancroft. *Boston Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for December.

"Debating Societies at Columbia." Philip E. Brodt. *New York Columbia University Quarterly* for December.

"He are in 'Macbeth.'" Mary E. Cardwill. *Boston Poet-Lore* for December.

"The Sigfrid Stories in the Nibelungenlied and Elsewhere." Camillo von Klenze. *Boston Poet-Lore* for December.

Study Programs of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" and Browning's "Ring and the Book." Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. *Boston Poet-Lore* for December.

"Edward Lloyd." *London Musical-Times* for January. A biographical sketch of the great English tenor, now fifty-four years old and still singing beautifully, with concert-engagements to the end of the year, when he means to retire, after a career of forty-six years. His voice never changed and he never took lessons in voice-culture.

"The Début of Massenet." M. Victorin Jancieres. *Chicago Music* for January. M. Jancieres tells how he met the future composer when he was playing the timpani in an amateur orchestra in the hope of getting a religious march of his produced.

"Madame Marchesi." *London Musical Herald* for January.

"Bonizetti and the Italian Opera." Frank H. Tubbs. *Philadelphia Musician* for January.

"Ballad Concerts and Ballad Singing as a Profession." *Philadelphia Musician* for January.

"The Invasion of Vulgarity in Music." Arthur Weld. *Chicago Music* for January.

"Concerning the Letter R." *Albany Argus* for Jan. 30.

"Muscular Development." *Boston Transcript* for Jan. 28. Account of an interesting series of experiments conducted by Dr. W. G. Anderson at Yale Gymnasium.

"Architectural Hygiene." *London Builder* for Jan. 14.

"Bridie's Star." Méné M. Donie. *London Cassell's Magazine* for January. Theatrical story.

"Fiddler-Treen." James Patey. *London Chambers's Journal* for January. A musical story.

"Exercise." Adelia K. Brainerd. *New York Harper's Bazar* for Jan. 28. Advantages of hockey as a sport.

"The Writing of Wagner." *Edinburgh Review* for January.

"The Philip Faulconbridge of Shakespeare's 'King John'." Francis P. Barnard. *London Genealogical Magazine* for January.

"Dumas Redivivus." Sylvanus Urban. *London Gentleman's Magazine* for January.

"The Rationality of Modern Music." John La-farge, Jr. *Cambridge Harvard Monthly* for January.

"La Construction de l'Opera Comique." Edmond Lahens. *Paris Nouvelle Revue* for Jan. 15.

"Oratorio vs. Orchestral Music." John F. Runciman. *Boston Musical Record* for January.

"Conductors, English and German." Vernon Blackburn. *Boston Musical Record* for January.

"The Travels of Dumas." *London Quarterly Review* for January.

"An Exquisite Matinee." *London Saturday Review* for Jan. 21.

"The Illiterate Musician." *London Saturday Review* for Jan. 21.

"Concerning Musical Criticism." *London Saturday Review* for Jan. 28.

"The Marriage of Patti." Eleanor Harbord. *London Sketch* for Jan. 25. Review of the prima donna's career.

"Augustus Montague Toplady." *London Sketch* for Jan. 25. The author of "Rock of Ages."

"Musical Boxes." Cicely L'Estrange. *London Sketch* for Jan. 25.

"Mme. Melba." Percy C. Standing. *London Strand* for January. Interview with the prima donna.

"The Woes of Bandsmen." *London Truth* for Jan. 26.

"Music as an Educational Factor." Marcella Keilly. *New York Catholic World* for February.

"Behind the Scenes with Zaza." Charles H. Meltzer. *New York Criterion* for Feb. 4. Interview with Mrs. Leslie Carter.

"The New Organ." Eliza C. Hall. *Irvington Cosmopolitan* for February. Humorous musical story.

"Church Music Again." Jesse L. Hurlbut. *New York Methodist Review* for February.

"Recent Negro Melodies." William E. Barton. *Boston New England Magazine* for February.

"Forza del Destino." William Waldoif Astor. *London Pall Mall Magazine* for February. The supposed life of the character in "The Merchant of Venice" after the conclusion of Shakespeare's play.

"The Origin of the Waltz." G. Dru. *New York Parisian* for February.

"Toplady as Literature." *London Academy* for Feb. 4.

"The Home Coming." M. M. Fitzgerald. *London Belgravia* for February. Story of a tragedienne who is compelled to enact her role when she knows her only child is dying at home.

"Masters of Music." G. B. Hallock. *New York Christian Work* for Feb. 6. Sketches of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn.

"Aesthetics in Our Universities." Henry R. Marshall. *New York Scribner's Magazine* for February.

"Leonora No. III." *London Temple Bar* for February. Musical story.

"Happy Hits in Oratory." Edward Manson. *London Temple Bar* for February.

"Addie Armstrong's Piece." Frances Allen. *Boston Youth's Companion* for Feb. 2. Story of a little girl who recites on examination day.

"The Perversion of Speech." K. S. Conklin. *New York Christian Work* for Feb. 6.

"An Evening with Capoul." Charles H. Meltzer. *New York Criterion* for Feb. 18.



EDITORIAL



FIND out what a man laughs at and you find out what he is. Nothing so shows the inherent cruelty or vulgarity as the roar at another's genuine misfortune. Dr. Livingstone's negroes rolled on the ground in an ecstasy of mirth when a lion pounced on one of their party and devoured him. In Grimm's Fairy Tales, which are the collected stories that delighted our ancestors, it is the funniest thing in the world that the wicked old witch has to put on red-hot slippers and jump up and down till she dies.

We have got so now that we do not laugh fit to kill ourselves when a man comes home and finds that his little child has fallen down-stairs and will be a cripple all her days. We do not haw haw and slap our thighs with merriment because a defective fire-work explodes and destroys a man's sight, and we sometimes repress our laughter at a person born deaf.

We are becoming civilized, but before we get too conceited about it, let us take a good look at this tremendously funny thing from the *Electrical Review*:

An electrical engineer who stutters once endeavored to be cured of the habit, and for that purpose went to an institution near Boston. The manager, questioning him, asked:

"Do you stammer all the time?"

"Nun-nun-nun no, Sir; o-o-o only whu-whu-whu-when I t-t-t talk, Sir."

Isn't that clever? Isn't that bright? Supposing some devil—for no man could be cruel enough to devise and perpetuate the torture—supposing some devil were to fasten himself upon you, you that read this, and were not to trouble you except when you strove to speak and then should dig his fingers into your throat and shut your lips with his hand not once, but always, all your life long, what would you think of people that could find it funny and would mock your efforts to speak, would even provoke you to speak that they might see you fight with the dumb devil?

And yet they say we're civilized. Why, there are plenty of people that if they were dressed to match their intellects, would have nothing on but breech-clouts and rings in their noses.

* * *

THERE is a delightful fascination about any proposition that seems to present a new livelihood for women and particularly so if it promises a good living in an artistic field. So from the very first one is interested in the declaration by a writer in a musical contemporary that it is a riddle beyond solution why a woman with a voice of only moderate quality but with a thorough musical temperament should prefer to cultivate her vocal cords to learning the clarinet, oboe, or the horn, by which she could earn from \$5 to \$7 a day. He says he has positive personal knowledge of positions that would net a competent female wood-wind or brass player more in a month than the average violinist, vocalist or piano-player can get in a year, and the orchestra where these performers are needed can not secure its full complement of membership and so has to cancel many engagements.

One is inclined at first thought to agree with him. It looks to be as simple a problem as the other one: Why do girls slave in a factory for \$3 a week and board themselves when they can go out to house service and make twice as much besides their board? And like that, too, it is a very complex problem and there are more aspects of human nature in it than appear at first glance. The real reason why the factory girl prefers her poorly paid lot to that of the better paid domestic servant is that she has more hours of freedom and may live her own life, while the servant is satisfactory in proportion as she suppresses herself.

Long ago Pallas Athene took up the lyre and discarded the pipe because it puffed out her cheeks so and

spoiled her looks. Ever since then when woman has chosen an instrument she has followed the example set by the blue-eyed goddess, and the piano, the harp, or the violin has been her choice. The exception proves the rule. The question is: "How shall I look?" There are those that think a woman is never lovelier than with a violin nestling against her chin, and there are few ways of displaying a beautiful arm to a better advantage than harp-playing affords. Most girls look well at the piano, too.

This being the case, it is useless to hold up the inducements of good wages and steady employment as a clarinetist, oboist or horn-player in an orchestra. But even if this obstacle were removed, the way is by no means clear. If a woman is to appear in public, she wants to be public in her appearance and not to be tucked away in front of and below the stage or to be an unnamed member of an organization. To be sure, her evening frock will be tolerably conspicuous among the black-coated male players, but perhaps this will not be quite what she wants.

What the male players will have to say in the matter will cut very little figure. In all other fields they have made a great outcry and have babbled about a woman's place being at home rocking the cradle and mending socks and they might better have saved their breath, a point that performers on wind-instruments should not be slow to appreciate. The women have gone right ahead, for when a woman will, she will and there's an end on't.

But there is a deeper question, one that has been stated in plain language thus: Is it better to be a big toad in a little puddle or a little toad in a big puddle? Is it better to get one's name printed on the program of a concert and to stand out on the platform all alone in one's best frock, to get even mild applause for one's very own self, to be noticed, however curtly, in the next day's local paper, and never to get paid for one's appearance; or, on the other hand, to bear a part in the work of an organization like a great orchestra, not to

have one's name on the program, not to be permitted to bow in answer to the storm of plaudits, and to draw good wages for one's work? It is of no use arguing the matter out, setting on one side the advantages of one course of action and on the other side the advantages of the other course of action and choosing in cold blood the wiser. One goes by feeling in such matters and jumps at the resolve.

But we should be recreant to our trust did we admit that the question was the exchange of the use of the voice for the clarinet, oboe, or horn. It may be considered with profit by those girls that play only the piano, though with less by those that play the violin or the harp. Pallas Athene's objection that the pipe spoiled her looks was not her only one. She took up the lyre because she might sing, too, and thus better express what was in her breast. In the last analysis it is the hearts of men that musicians play upon and what they use is rightly termed an "instrument," an appliance, an agent. The singer uses an instrument more potent in its action than any that the cunningest artificer has yet devised.

* * *

THERE is an uncouth old proverb that mentions one substance out of which it is impossible to make a silk purse. The modern instance, so say the musical critics with singular unanimity, is Blanche Marchesi. All agree that she has temperament, intelligence, a fine stage-presence, charming enunciation, excellent pantomime—everything except a voice. To go a little further, all discourse fluently on the extreme difficulty of singing without a voice and hint that after all that is the main thing and that a teacher can not impart that, and so on and so on. Here is the daughter of perhaps the greatest singing teacher in the world, up to her neck in singings-lessons ever since she learned to walk, with opportunities to observe and yet she— Is it not easy to see what a beautiful text this gives those lovers of the impossible who delight

in refuting our most cherished beliefs and can cite instances in history where twice two made five and tell you of a city in Germany that has two hills without a hollow?

It is agreed that Blanche Marchesi does not sing some tones as beautifully as others. This would seem to argue that she has a bad method, for with a good method there is an "even scale." Perhaps she disobeyed what her mother told her. Perhaps her mother did not tell her. Perhaps her mother told her wrong.

In the first case, it is necessary to suppose that the daughter believed herself wiser than her dame and deliberately chose to do what she had been warned not to do. This is a little hard to conceive of. In the second case, it is necessary to suppose that the mother let the daughter go her own gait, preferring the welfare of paying pupils to that of her own child. This also taxes the credulity. In the third case, it is necessary to suppose that the mother has a world-wide reputation as a trainer of voices with no real knowledge to back it up. This is not an incredible state of affairs. If every story is to be believed, Blanche Marchesi's voice is not the only one not well trained by Madame Marchesi.

* * *

PROBABLY the press-agent in full song is the most delicately funny creature on earth when properly observed. In a contemporary he says of a certain traveling band that it "received an ovation at Derby, where a magnificent program was played amid scenes of the greatest enthusiasm." This in Derby, Connecticut, mind you, with 250 years of Yankee training and tradition behind it. The ovation was probably given by the small boys when the band marched up to the hotel from the depot, and the "scenes of the greatest enthusiasm" came after the celebrated classical number: "I Want Dem Presents Back." Connecticut doesn't get excited easily.

OHIO STATE ASSOCIATION OF ELOCUTIONISTS.

THIRD ANNUAL MEETING HELD AT CINCINNATI, DEC. 27 AND 28, 1898.

THE meeting was opened at 2 o'clock, by the president, Robert I. Fulton. An invocation was delivered by the Rev. George A. Thayer, pastor of the First Unitarian Church, and the address of welcome by Mr. E. R. Monfort, president of the Cincinnati Board of Education. The Rev. Charles F. Goss then responded to the subject "Eloquence and Oratory." Then followed the president's address. The afternoon session closed with the recitation of "The Destruction of Pompeii," by Miss Mabel Kelly, of Cincinnati.

The feature of the evening was a reception and banquet held at the Grand Hotel, at which Virgil A. Pinkley was toast-master.

The next day's session opened at 10 o'clock, with an excellent paper, "Literature and Elocution," by W. H. Venable, of Cincinnati. A spirited discussion followed, after which Miss Jennie Mannheimer, of Cincinnati, opened the Question Box. The session closed with a masterly reading of Dickens's "The Story of Little Emily," by Moses True Brown, of Sandusky.

At the afternoon session Mrs. Frances R. Hayward read a paper on "Forensic Oratory."

The following were the officers elected for 1899:

- President*—Robert I. Fulton, Delaware.
- First Vice-President*—Mrs. Frances H. Carter, Toledo.
- Second Vice-President*—Mrs. W. O. Thompson, Oxford.
- Secretary*—Miss Mary S. Neff, Cincinnati.
- Treasurer*—Mrs. Laura I. Aldrich, Cincinnati.
- Chairman Board of Directors*—John G. Scorer, Cleveland.

Ways and Means Committee—Edmund Neil, Cincinnati; Mrs. Virgil A. Pinkley, Cincinnati; Miss Lucia May Wyant, Dayton; John G. Scorer, Cleveland.

Literary Committee—Charles M. Flowers, Cincinnati; Mrs. Elizabeth Mansfield Irving, Toledo; Miss Jennie Mannheimer, Cincinnati; Mrs. Lucia Julian Martin, Toledo.

The next meeting will be held at Columbus, Ohio, in September.

N. Y. STATE ASSOCIATION OF ELOCUTIONISTS.

The second annual convention will be held at Syracuse, April 7 and 8. Assembly Hall, corner of Railroad and Warren Sts., is the place of meeting selected; and Vanderbilt Hotel will be the headquarters,—rates \$2 per day. A reception will be tendered the visiting members by the local elocutionists immediately after the first evening's program. A visit to Syracuse University will probably be a most attractive feature of the meeting.

Should a Young Man Take Up Elocution ?

Expressions of Opinion Called Out by the
Interview with Mrs. Harriet Webb, Published
in the January Number of This Magazine.

[If the views in these letters resemble those expressed by others in the February issue, it is because of harmony of opinion and not because the writers in this issue simply echo what has been said already. Most of the letters below were received before the February No. was mailed.—EDITOR.]

HARRIET OTIS DELLENBAUGH,
SHAKESPEARIAN READER.

AS I have always believed that no man's profession is too big for a woman to fill, so I correspondingly believe that no woman's profession is so small but what a man might easily creep into it—ay! and even find that there was room for two men where some woman had worked alone! all this granting that reading, teaching, elocution, are professions strictly belonging to woman,—which I do not grant. Fortunately no profession belongs to either men or women. Such division of property would make it easy work to pocket them and walk off, and the men would have the advantage, being more liberally and conveniently endowed with pockets than women. Neither do I see what “pink-teas,” “curled hair,” or “truckling to women” have to do with the profession of reading, be it for man or for woman. The profession suggests so many other occupations.

To me dramatic reading is simply a presentation of literature by the voice and by the medium of a dramatic temperament, which should disclose beauties and meanings not always apparent to the eye and to less emotional natures. It was not considered unmanly for the bards of old to recite their Iliads and Odysseys. In fact, the women would have found how truly the men claimed reciting as their prerogative, had they tried to be bards, too. *Writing* a book was long considered unfeminine;—how much more so to read aloud *from a platform* the contents of a book! But now that women are in the arena, shall they arrogantly try to turn men out to reverse history? At least, men kept their professions to themselves as long as they could, with no disparaging sentiment for the professions. Let women be careful how they decry work they find themselves professing.

There is no doubt in my mind that reading as a profession occupies an anomalous position in the amusement world and for its true value must go over to the educational

side of life. But I should never consider the success of a “merchant” greater than of one who presents Shakespeare's plays; nor does “law” or “medicine” rank higher in the culture of the race than literature. Perhaps the depreciation of the profession comes from the failure to associate it with literature. As an amusement, I grant that there are many things more amusing. As a work, no doubt a man might make more money in other lines. But as an opportunity to follow and to widen the great trends of literature, to present stimulating thought and become a valuable medium between the quiet, voiceless library and the general public—that public too hurried, worried, indifferent, or limited in time to read for itself—or the other public, which knows the great poems and literature and loves to hear them voiced; I think the position of reader, for either man or woman, is unique.

PAUL MULLER, PUBLIC READER AND
TEACHER OF ELOCUTION.

If he possesses good personal advantages a natural inclination toward the art, with a love for what is beautiful in prose and in poetry, I should say,—Yes, most emphatically yes.

Elocution, being the art of delivering a written or an extemporaneous composition with ease, propriety, and force, is an art whereby the souls of multitudes are swayed. This effect can only be termed “noble;” consequently, it can not degrade or be termed “an unmanly art.”

Elocution, Mrs. Webb exclaims, is unmanly, consequently effeminate, and that male readers are given to curling their hair and messing around at afternoon teas. Well, perhaps a few do, but that gives no one the privilege of condemning a noble art. Medical science can give the true reasons for effeminacy, the principal ones of which are nature, and early training. This also applies to masculinity in women. A masculine woman is

as offensive in the eyes of a manly man as an effeminate man is obnoxious to the womanly woman. As for elocutionists of the sterner sex curling their hair,—come, let us be charitable; for the accusation is very broad and will also apply to actors, musicians, artists, and even to our college football players, who would certainly resent the accusation of being termed "degenerates."

I believe that the platform is a higher aspiration for a man of noble thoughts and high ideals than the stage is; for, on the platform, it is your own individuality, thought and soul, that, through the medium of perfect elocution, is the means of conveying the thoughts of the author that sways the souls of audiences. When this effect is attained, who can deny that the glory of it is not greater than that gained on the stage with the aid of associates, scenery, calcium effects, which, if taken away, would place many so-called "actors" where they would have no claim as good readers?

The judgment passed upon several readers of high reputation, that, had they applied their energies to the study of law, medicine, etc., they might have achieved greater success, applies also to many of our fair readers, who would probably have had more success at millinery, dressmaking, typewriting, and kindred occupations where no conventionalities have to be overcome.

B. BUSSELL THROCKMORTON, PUBLIC READER.

My answer is, Yes, advisedly; as I would recommend a young woman to proceed similarly, although to my mind "it is a man's office."

A woman who possesses all the necessary requirements—flexibility of speech, grace of gesture, and the art of expression, together with a pleasing personality—may rightly hold forth to entertain in monologue or recitation, and, if fully capable, lend aid by teaching others whom nature has similarly endowed.

It is absolutely necessary, however, to distinguish talent from taste, as many have brought discredit upon elocution because they have positively no ability for such an art and have mistaken inclination for talent.

As to the more serious and higher branches of oratory—oratory for pulpit, bar, platform, or floor—man is preeminently adapted to it by sex and by the natural conditions of the vocal organs, and accompanying requisites. The field of study never offered better opportunities than now. The public has enjoyed so long the cultivated charm of rich and tuneful melodies of speech from such capable artists as Woollett, Roberts, Riddle,

Richardson, and Mrs. Le Moyne, that it demands a continuance of the same. Young men are needed who can maintain the standard of excellence of the art of elocution. Furthermore, a teacher of elocution has no more reason to have been an actor than a lawyer has to have been a judge or a clergyman an angel.

ELIZABETH MANSFIELD IRVING, PUBLIC READER AND TEACHER OF ELOCUTION.

If a young man's endowments are such that he can bring honor to the profession, I say, Yes. Elocution is an art that is worthy of the best thought of the best thinkers among our educated men and women, and no manly man need be ashamed to be found in the ranks of the professional elocutionist. To seek to awaken mental action, to free the avenues of thought and expression, to help men and women to be truthful interpreters of the best literature, is one of the highest callings to which a teacher can aspire. Recognizing such ability, I know of no reason why a conscientious teacher should not advise a young man to take up elocution as a profession.

FRANK A. REED, TREASURER OF THE MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION OF ELOCUTIONISTS.

I was both surprised and pained to read Mrs. Webb's views on elocution. To say the least, it is a narrow view to take and is utterly unworthy so distinguished a reader and teacher. While fully agreeing with her in what she says about "pink-tea" elocutionists, I protest against associating an art that has in all ages swayed and influenced the world, with the narrow environment of a "pink-tea" circle. As well argue that, because on a valuable violin can be played "Johnnie, Get Yer Gun" or a nocturne by Chopin, the instrument is debased.

To say that a man ceases to be manly in being an elocutionist is to disparage the winning powers of the ablest orators that ever lived: Demosthenes, Whitefield, and Phillips, who devoted much time and attention to the study and the perfection of their elocution.

I hold that elocution is a gift that is subject to cultivation, and to brand it as unmanly is to thwart nature's plan. Where such a gift is possessed, it should have every incentive bestowed to cultivate and refine it. It is the true medium of æsthetic expression and possesses the same enthralling power, whether exhibited at a national convention or a "pink tea."

Where this is a natural endowment there

can be no harm in making it a life-work or profession. With it, the man is a better lawyer, preacher or politician. Without it, he can only take his place in the multitude and admire.

I trust Mrs. Webb will revise her late deliverance.

 VIRGIL ALONZO PINKLEY, DIRECTOR
 OF THE ELOCUTION DEPARTMENT IN THE
 CINCINNATI COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

It seems to me that Mrs. Webb's answer to your question is not consistent. In responding negatively to the question, she says "it isn't manly enough for a man." But the burden of her argument goes to show that the man is not manly enough for the profession. When she finds a manly man, as for example F. F. Mackay, she thinks he may with propriety devote himself to the profession of elocution. I know of no profession more worthy of the best efforts of the broadest brains and profoundest souls of either sex than that of elocution. As the art of elocution is the vocal and visible expression of thought, there is not a calling requiring the expression of thought in speech or in gesture that does not involve the art of elocution. All such callings—school teaching, preaching, pleading at the bar, lecturing, speech in any form—would be marked with immeasurably greater success, if pursued under the impetus afforded by scientific elocutionary training.

Next to the adequate utterance of the original masterpieces of the orator, I would name him who reproduces those masterpieces in a fitting manner, or teaching others so to reproduce them. Even the "pink-tea" fellow who would persistently wrestle with the best in literature and who, through following the profession of elocution, should come into contact with other souls and minds less pink-teaish than his own, might peradventure become a manlier man.

I would not say that elocution is not manly enough for a man, but rather that there are, unfortunately, men who are not manly enough for elocution.

Give elocution in its true sense a chance to do its perfect work and there will be a larger number of manly men and womanly women.

 JAMES YOUNG, ACTOR.

If the young man is particularly gifted in this direction, I think he should not only be advised but urged to adopt elocution as a profession. No matter how much sentiment we may weave into life, it remains practical, and as this field of labor has been found

profitable by some, there is no reason why others should not adopt it. Can the young man make it pay? "That's the question." The commercial view deserves the first consideration; yet I like art for art's sake, too. To make the profession of an elocutionist profitable the young man must possess a strong individuality and abundant magnetic force, combining with innate talent a certain amount of business tact. Great success rarely follows unless the person possesses all these requirements, and that is rare, oh, so rare! Leland T. Powers is an example. He is a genius and, being blessed with these superior attainments, as a professional elocutionist he has carved for himself an enviable reputation and position. A young man of ordinary ability I should advise to adopt some other means of livelihood, because the field is a limited one and it is either success or complete failure from a purely professional view.

I have not considered the question from Mrs. Webb's standpoint: That it suggested effeminacy and, consequently, if it does it should then be an exclusively feminine field. "For my own poor part" I have always considered the art dignified, manly, and elevating. And it *is*, no matter what is said to the contrary. Elocution is ennobling. It will build up a substantial structure around a life, which will strengthen rather than waste it.

 WILLIAM C. ISETT, INSTRUCTOR OF ELOCUTION AT LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

The profession of elocution is such a worthy and attractive one that it is surprising that more of our young men do not select it as a life-work. It stands out, a bright star in the professional sky, and the merchant, the lawyer, the statesman, the logician, the linguist, the mathematician and the preacher must bow to it. The professor of mathematics or of language is able to think and to teach men to think; but the professor of elocution is able to express thought and to teach men to express it.

I should advise a young man to take up elocution as a profession because it will develop in him a manly character, than which there is no greater need to-day. He is continually learning how to control both body and mind, and is putting his learning into practice. By studying the great thoughts of great men, he is learning to think great thoughts himself, and, as in no other profession, he can express these thoughts so that they will affect other men.

The professor of elocution is able to mold the minds of his hearers as no other professor can, because he has learned human nature and by what means it is influenced. He

molds thought, and thus develops character. Is there anything more manly than to develop a manly character in ourselves and to aid its development in another?

If the field of a professional elocutionist was limited to entertaining at afternoon teas or to the reading platform, there might be some objection to a man taking it up as a profession; but the objection would be a very weak one. Is it not "worth while" to influence the women by entertaining them with the pleasing rendition of good literature? Need a man lose his manliness even if his audience is composed solely of women? How much greater, then, is the influence of the reading platform.

But an elocutionist is not limited to the foregoing. In fact, it is the only profession that has no limitations. Every year thousands of young men are thrust out into the world from our colleges and universities. What have they been learning inside of those walls? Why does a young man go to college? It is that he may learn how to think. Is that all? Suppose he does learn how to think; what good will his thinking do him or anyone else, unless he learns also how to express his thoughts? Men are needed who can teach us to express the thoughts that come crowding through our brains.

It is about time that the farce that is being enacted in nine-tenths of our schools, colleges, and universities under the name of "elocution" be ruled out, and elocution taught. Slowly, very slowly, the men who are at the head of our institutions of learning are realizing that to teach men to think is only half of what should be taught. When they awaken to the knowledge of this fact, the call comes for a man to teach the men. But the young men have not realized the field of useful service that lies open before them, and the consequence is that because those in authority can not get a man who knows how to teach elocution, the old farce is put on the boards for a few more years, or they secure someone who does not realize the greatness of the work, knows perhaps little of the art, and failure is the result, together with a disgust for elocution on the part of those who were instrumental in securing the so-called "elocutionist" and those who have been swindled out of their money to obtain instruction. But let a man who knows how to teach elocution and how to deal with young men take up the work and the change is wonderful. The man who is successful in this profession is he who has a very high ideal of manliness. He is a man dealing with men.

In no other profession are there such opportunities. Men have learned one form of

expression, and have put on paper beautiful and noble thoughts. We want to hear those thoughts coming from a heart that has been moved by them and can express them so as to move others.

Would that the young men who have ability might realize the great need there is of men of strong, manly character to put the art where it deserves to be,—above the reproach that hangs over it because of those who have not comprehended the extent of the field that lies open before them. Let young men take it up and put into it all their manly vigor, and it will repay them a hundredfold.

REV. E. G. TRESSEL, PASTOR OF GRACE
ENGLISH LUTHERAN CHURCH, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Yes, young men should be advised to take up elocution as a profession, where their gifts and inclinations point that way. It is a calling that elevates one to the highest plane in the education of self, and qualifies a young man to serve his generation as well as in any other sphere. It is not money or salary that should decide the case; yet even in that he will be on a par with other useful callings. Besides, the personal delight and enjoyment compensates for the less pecuniary advantage.

Mrs. Webb evidently misconceives the oratorical profession, overrates the other callings in their advantages, and, may be, is somewhat disappointed that she is a woman. At any rate she is not a competent adviser for young men.

HENRY M. SOPER, PRESIDENT OF THE
SOPER SCHOOL OF ORATORY.

It depends entirely upon what we are to understand by the terms "elocution" and "elocutionist."

According to the statements in Mrs. Webb's interview, it would seem that the main qualifications of the man (?) elocutionist of to-day is to be able to mingle with the fair sex at afternoon teas and receptions, curl his hair and part it in the middle, wear buttonhole bouquets, use the finest perfumes, and be capable of dealing out much chit-chat of small talk. Such a person is not an elocutionist, but merely a dude, and one of the most effeminate type.

Again, if an elocutionist is one who can recite a few stock pieces of indifferent literature—a grotesque caricature, bedecked in clownish make-ups, we would not advise a man to follow any such profession, unless he has an ambition to shine in the circus or on the vaudeville stage.

However terminologists may define "elocution," our own idea of the term is that it should be synonymous with "expression," and expression should cover the whole field of so-called "reading, reciting, oratory and dramatic art."

With this as the correct definition of elocution, we answer, most emphatically. Yes, let *any man* who has brains enough, and reasonable ability, take up the study of elocution as a profession, if he so desires.

It is important in this, as well as in every other profession, to decide first whether one has the natural qualifications for such a life-work. "Know thyself," before deciding upon any profession. Many men who have failed as doctors would have made good lawyers, and vice versa. So many of the stranded wrecks of elocutionists might have been grand successes as editors or auctioneers.

What should determine the choice of any profession? Should the object be an inordinate ambition for money, fame, publicity, etc., alone? No! for if these are gained with such sordid motives in the ascendancy, art must suffer. If the true motive actuates the individual, all these other things may be added unto him.

First, "know thyself." Be sure that you can do the one thing chosen better than anything else in the world. Next, there should be an all-absorbing desire to follow this rather than any other line of work. Last, but not least, there should be a mighty motive to help the world to a higher plane of living,—a desire to dignify and enoble human existence.

Once assured of all this, let any man go ahead at all hazards, looking neither to the right nor to the left. When the writer of this letter announced his decision to follow elocution as a profession, his friends and kindred jeered at the inconsequential nature of such a profession, and said he had "elocution on the brain." But everyone starting out in this profession must have it on the brain and in the heart, and not only keep it there but constantly put it more on the brain and in the heart.

Excepting perhaps clergymen, we believe that the true elocutionist has the grandest possibilities for doing good to the race of anyone in any line of work or profession; and be it said in passing that if the young men would first become good elocutionists, they would be infinitely better clergymen.

The belittling of the fine ideal of the elocutionist has driven many men from the profession, and it should be the mission of those still in the field so to elevate the standard of the art, that all good men and

women will respect it and grant to it the place it deserves.

The number of men in the profession, as compared with the women, is indeed small; but the tide is turning. There are many to-day, of both sexes, anxiously seeking for men as instructors, especially in certain lines of expression. Never before, in our twenty odd years of preparing pupils for teachers, have we had so large a proportion of calls for men teachers and readers. In fact, there is a great scarcity of good, available talent among men, because of the comparatively few in the field. This applies equally to the demand for teachers of elocution, oratory and dramatic art.

Finally, observe our definition: Elocution is *expression*. Every true man can not help being made better in body, mind and soul by a study of vocal and physical expression, no matter what his calling or profession may be. Anyone who thus studies can, with the aid of his unbiased judgment, together with the help of intelligent, honest friends, soon determine whether or not his natural ability in this line warrants his following the art as his life profession. What matters it if he does not happen to amass wealth? Let him remember these inspired words: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Having decided upon this profession as a life-work, the world will sooner or later recognize him as a benefactor to the age in which he lives, and he will have the satisfaction of having filled the niche intended for him by his Creator.

MAY DONNALLY KELSO, DIRECTOR OF
THE KELSO SCHOOL OF MUSICAL AND
DRAMATIC ART.

I should advise a young man to take up elocution or any other profession for which he felt a decided liking and showed marked ability.

There is no art more noble than the maligned one of elocution, none more elevating to the character and broadening to the intelligence, none more generally educative. How often have I seen a youthful mind,—at first unresponsive to the best in literature, satisfied with mere dross—gradually awaken to a realization of the true significance and beauty of lines that had appeared an unmeaning jingle until studied for the purpose of oral presentation!

The thorough analytical study required in order adequately to read a composition aloud awakens the imagination to a degree never attained, I believe, by any other method of literary study and gives a corre-

spondingly firm, realistic grasp of the entire subject and its treatment. To one looking at the matter in this light, a reader and elocution teacher of the true kind occupies an exalted and important place among the educators of the world.

There are light-minded, trivial persons with low aims and ideals in every profession, but it is absurdly narrow to class all male elocutionists with the imitators, realistic impersonators (one of these introduced a *real ghost* in his recital of "Seein' Things" recently) and "pink-tea" young persons who may be "entertainers"—oh, convenient title!—but are certainly not representative readers.

In closing, if a young man possesses talent, energy, courage, patience, and a realization that to be an interpreter of good literature requires the practice of all these virtues—and some others, let him enter the elocutionary working field and by his efforts toward perfection help to show men that his chosen art is not an ornamental appendage, but a vital necessity in every true, broad system of human education.

Laura J. TISDALE, TEACHER OF
ELOCUATION.

Yes, I should advise a young man to take up the study of elocution as a profession. Why not? There is no field that offers broader opportunities. Literature, language, or mathematics,—what can he find in any of these departments of education more honorable than in elocution. It depends upon the man. The sex line in education is out-of-date. If there is anything undignified for a man in the profession, it is equally so for a woman. The thought is absurd. I suppose we all are more or less influenced by our own experience in these matters, and I can say that among my acquaintances some of the finest and grandest men I have ever known are elocutionists.

FORDYCE P. CLEAVES, INSTRUCTOR IN
ELOCUATION AT STATE UNIVERSITY OF
COLORADO.

I must answer, No; not because I do not deem the subject an exalted and noble one; not because of its lack of educational possibilities, for, well presented, it goes to the very root of this educational matter, pointing out and remedying defects of character in a "laboratory of personality," as it were, (a work I believe to be strictly ethical); but because of the utter misapprehension on the part of the public as to the breadth and scope of the work, and the humiliation and martyrdom to be undergone. Secondly, the

futility of most young men even attaining the ability, education and exalted character needed for any real success in the work. The amount and true worth needed to make a success under present conditions would, if transmitted into commercial lines, be equivalent to \$16,000 a year at least.

KENDALL HOLT, ACTOR AND TEACHER
OF ELOCUATION.

Would I advise a young man to take up elocution as a profession? Certainly—if he has the ability. If he is better fitted to hold the plough, by all means let him follow the plough. There are a hundred qualifications necessary to the elocutionist not needed in other professions. Having discovered the bent of his genius, let the young man follow it energetically and with perseverance. Not everyone will reach the top of the ladder, any more than in other professions and trades. One in a hundred will be good; one in a thousand will be better; one in ten thousand will be great. The lesser lights will do for afternoon tea-parties and small gatherings; others may teach in the ordinary sense of the word and occupy the platform in more pretentious gatherings; the higher grades will command high salaries; teachers in the highest educational institutions of the land and be sought after on the most important occasions to delight and entertain the best classes of the public.

Woman never reaches the highest plane in this world. The best cooks are men; the best dressmakers and milliners are men; the best teachers are men; the best orators are men; the best pianists, organists and composers are men; the best lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and all other professions and trades are men; then let man take his rightful place in elocution. With woman the rule is laid down: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," but with man there is no limit set. By all means let the young man take up elocution as a profession—provided his talents run in that groove.

JULIA KENDALL HOLT, STATE SUPER-
INTENDENT OF CONTESTS IN CALIFORNIA.

I should advise a young man to take up elocution as a profession if he has a sufficient amount of gray matter, commonly called "brains," and wishes to put the aforesaid brains through a thorough course of training. This, however, does not apply to the "pink-tea" fellows. I mean those who are capable of exercising the power of mental technique and wish to make this old world of ours brighter and better because of their existence; those who are capable of becom-

ing literary interpreters in the best sense of the word; those who can forget self and will enter the elocutionary profession fully and earnestly as they should when adopting any high calling. We have had enough of "yell-o-cution" and should aim to be consistent and natural.

There is no reason why a young man should not become an elocutionary virtuoso, on the same ground that he becomes a musical virtuoso, for art is art, whether in the form of music or elocution. Ladies study the pianoforte, but this does not debar Liszt, Rubinstein, Paderewski, or Rosenthal from becoming proficient in the same art.

FRANK S. FOX, INSTRUCTOR IN ORATORY
AT WITTENBERG COLLEGE, OHIO.

Mrs. Webb certainly does not understand what elocution is. The language of her interview would indicate that she enjoyed sensationalism. Her language is certainly very unbecoming and uncalled for. I do not know who she is, but I think it would be more becoming for her to avoid such expressions as she used in her interview.

As to a young man taking up elocution as a profession, I should certainly answer, Yes. Now I mean *elocution*; I do not mean *strut-o-cution* or *scream-o-cution* or *mimic-o-cution*, as none of these are *elocution*. Elocution at one time meant something; and to the student of language means something yet. But to the persons who have such ideas concerning it as are expressed in this interview, it means nothing and justly deserves adverse criticism. Elocution is a study of the principles that underlie good speaking, clear, accurate expression of thought; which necessarily embraces a thorough and systematic study of the foundation of language and the elements of language. In short, elocution, properly understood, means a careful study of language and literature; and elocution, as a profession, then means the practice and the teaching of those principles that make up language, and literature. Who will dare to say that the life of such persons as Quintilian, Cicero, Demosthenes, Æschines, Pitt, Burke, O'Connell, Beecher, Webster, Clay, Whitney, and many others, has been a failure? All these were men who were students of elocution in some form. Indeed, every student of history knows that when Greece and Rome were at the height of their glory and power, the citizen was nothing if he was not an elocutionist, an orator; and all lawyers in the days of Demosthenes were teachers of elocution if they stood at the head of their profession. The best linguists of the country may be justly classed as elocutionists, and certainly the men who have

helped to make language what it is are not to be spoken of in the language of this woman's interview.

My advice to a young man is that if he will take up elocution in the true sense of the word, there is no higher, better or nobler calling in the realm of teaching.

CAROLINE B. LE ROW, TEACHER OF
ELOCUTION IN THE BROOKLYN GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL.

"The highest service on the face of this earth is to manifest a soul in a world of dead matter." This is the service rendered by the great readers, singers, actors, and teachers of elocution.

Elocution is "a speaking out." To "utter" is to make ourselves "outer." This is the highest form of evolution in this world, and appeals directly to the highest and best in man. It is higher than the art of the actor, who requires scenery and costumes for his effects. The elocutionist appeals not to the eye, but to the imagination, the understanding and the soul, without material aids of any kind.

To elocution is due the creation and the signing of the Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence. It has precipitated all the great reforms and revolutions of all the ages. The pen is mightier than the sword, but the voice is far mightier than the pen.

A knowledge of elocution includes universal knowledge; biology, anatomy, and physiology as the foundation upon which to develop voice and gesture; psychology, as aid in appealing to imagination, reason, perception, and memory; grammar and rhetoric for verbal forms of expression; music for time, pitch, rhythm, and melody; all languages and all literature, that the teacher and the reader may be able to express the best that men have thought and done through all the ages. This is no mean equipment, and for no mean work.

Elocution includes among its representatives Demosthenes, Cicero, St. Chrysostom, Bossuet, Chatham, Burke, Webster, Choate, and countless other illustrious names,—men whose fame was based upon "the god-like gift of oratory;" Siddons, Garrick, Macready, Talma, Cushman, Booth, Forrest, great in dramatic art; Murdoch, Monroe, and Russell, among the great teachers of the world; Kemble, Roberts, Vandenhoff, and Riddle, among its great readers.

"We have the grandest science on God's earth. If any man denies it, put him down for a heathen," exclaims one of the grandest champions for elocution,—yet "It isn't manly enough for a man!"

Then what *is*?



THE STORY TELLER

At the King's Head.

BY F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

[This story also makes a most acceptable recitation.—EDITOR.]

A POST-CHAISE drew up at the King's Head Inn on the Bath road. As the landlord assisted its occupant, a solitary lady, to alight, he had a notion that he had seen her face and smile before.

"Breakfast soon, good landlord," she said on entering the inn parlor, "and for two."

"For two, madam?"

"For two, sir. I look for my brother to arrive by coach. If he should inquire for me, just show him in here."

"Your commands shall be obeyed, madam. Will he inquire for your ladyship by name?"

"By name? Why, how else would you have him inquire, my good man? Do you fancy that he carries a description of so humble a person as myself?"

"Nay, madam, but your name is just what I haven't yet had the honor of learning."

The lady burst out laughing.

"Faith, good sir, my name is a somewhat important detail in the transaction. The gentleman will ask for Mistress Clive."

"Ah!" cried the landlord. "I could have sworn that I knew the face and the voice, but I did not connect them with our Kitty." (He checked his laughter, and bowed.) "Madam, I implore your pardon, but—oh, how I've laughed in the old days at Kitty's pranks! Nay, madam, forgive my familiarity; I am your servant. Oh, to think that it's Kitty Clive herself—our Kitty!"

After he had disappeared the lady heard his outburst of laughter once again. It grew fainter as he hurried off to (she hoped) the kitchen.

Kitty Clive laughed also as she seated herself on a settle.

"And this is real fame," she murmured. "To be 'our Kitty' to a hundred thousand men and women is my ambition—a laudable one, too, one worth struggling for—worth fighting Davy for, and Davy Garrick takes a deal of fighting. He has got more of it from Kitty Clive than he bargained for."

The recollection of her constant bickerings with David Garrick seemed to offer her a good deal of satisfaction. It is doubtful

if Garrick's recollections of the same incidents would have been equally pleasing to him; for Kitty Clive was very annoying, especially when she got the better of her manager in any matter upon which he tried to get the better of her, and those occasions were frequent.

She remained on the settle, smiling now and again, and giving a laugh at intervals as she thought of how she had worsted David, but soon she became grave.

"I should be ashamed of myself," she muttered. "David Garrick is the only one of the whole crew at the Lane that never varies. He's the only one that's always at his best. God forgive me for the way I sometimes try to spoil his scenes; only why does he keep his purse-strings so close? Ah, if he had only a pint of Irish blood in his veins."

She yawned, for her contests with Garrick did not cause her any great concern; and then she tucked up her feet upon the settle, and hummed an air from "The Beggar's Opera." Hearing the sound of wheels, she paused:

"Sure it can't be the coach with my brother yet awhile," said she. "Ah, no, it is the sound of a chaise, not a coach."

She resumed her liting of the air, but once again it was interrupted. Just outside the door of the room there was the sound of an altercation. The voice of the landlord was heard apparently remonstrating with a very self-assertive person.

"I know my rights, sir, let me tell you," this person shouted. "Lady me no ladies, sir; I have a right to enter the room—it is a public room. Zounds, sir, can not you perceive that I am a gentleman, if I am an actor?" and the door was flung open, and a tall young man wearing a traveling cloak and boots strode into the room.

"Nay, be not fluttered, fair one," he said to Mistress Clive, who had risen. "I protest that I am a gentleman."

"Oh, I breathe again," said Kitty. "A gentleman? I should never have guessed it, I fancy that I heard you assert that you were an actor—just the opposite, you know."

"So I am, madam. I am an actor. Jack Bates is my name," said he.

Sharp though Kitty's sarcasm was, it glanced off him. Kitty assumed a puzzled look. Then she pretended that his meaning had dawned on her.

"Oh, I see. You mean, sir, that you are the actor of the part of a gentleman. Faith, sir, the part might have been better cast."

"I hope that I am a gentleman first and an actor afterward, madam," said Mr. Bates, with some dignity.

"In that case I presume you were appearing in the former role before you arrived at the inn," said Kitty.

Even Mr. Bates was beginning to appreciate her last sally, when she added:

"I do not remember having seen your name in a bill of any of the London playhouses, Mr. Bates."

"I have never appeared in London, madam," said Mr. Bates; "and, so far as I can gather, I have not lost much by remaining in the country."

"Nay, but think what the playgoers of London have lost, Mr. Bates," said Kitty, solemnly.

"I do think of it," cried the man. "Yes, I swear to you that I do. When I hear of the upstarts now in vogue, I feel tempted somet mes to put my pride in my pocket and appear in London."

"Before starting in London, a person needs to have his pockets full of something besides pride," said Kitty. "There are other ways of making a fortune besides appearing on the London stage. Why should men come to London to act, when they may become highwaymen in the country—ay, or innkeepers—another branch of the same profession?"

"It is clear, madam, that you have no high opinion of the modern stage. To let you into a secret—neither have I."

Mr. Bates's voice sank to a whisper, and he gave a confidential wink or two while making this confession. Kitty was now truly surprised. Most actors of the stamp of Mr. Bates, whom she had met, had a profound belief in the art of acting, and particularly in themselves as exponents of that art.

"What, sir!" she cried, "are you not an actor on your own confession, whatever the critics may say?"

"I admit it, my dear lady; but at the same time I repeat that I have no faith in the stage. Acting is the most unconvincing of the arts. Is there ever a human being outside Bedlam who fancies that the stage-hero is in earnest?"

"I should say that the force of the illusion is largely dependent upon the actor," said Kitty.

"Nothing of the sort, I assure you," said Bates, with a pitying smile—the smile of the professor for the amateur. "The greatest of actors—nay, I myself, madam—fail to carry an audience along with me so as to make my hearers lose sight of the sham. What child would be imposed on by the sufferings of the stage hero or heroine? What school-miss would fail to detect the ring of falsehood in the romance of what authors call their plots?"

"You fancy that everyone should be capable of detecting the difference between a woman's account of her real woes and an actress's simulation of such woes?"

"That is my contention, madam. The truth has a ring about it that can not be simulated by even the best actress."

"Dear, dear!" cried Kitty, lifting up her hands. "What a wonder it is that any persons can be prevailed upon to go evening after evening to the playhouses! Why, I myself go—yes, frequently. Indeed—perhaps I should blush to confess it—I am a constant attender at Drury Lane. I do not believe I should be able to live without going to the playhouse."

"Tell the truth, madam," cried Mr. Bates, stretching out an eloquent forefinger at her as she sat on the settle, looking at her hands on her lap, "have you ever sat out an entire play?"

Kitty looked up and laughed loud and long, so that Mr. Bates felt greatly flattered. He began to believe that he had just said a very clever thing.

"Well, there I admit that you have me," said Kitty. "Sir, I admit that, as a rule, I do not remain seated during even an entire act of a play."

"Ah!" cried Mr. Bates, triumphantly, "I knew that you were a sensible woman—asking your pardon for my presumption. Your confession bears out my contention; and let me tell you that on the stage, matters, so far from improving, are steadily degenerating. I hear that that young man Garrick is now more in vogue than that fine old actor Mr. Quinn. Think of it, madam! A wine merchant, they say, this Garrick was. Have you ever seen him?"

"Oh, yes," said Kitty; "I have seen him."

"And what may he be like?"

"Mr. Garrick is like no one, and no one is like Mr. Garrick," said Kitty, warmly.

"Ah!" (Mr. Bates's lips were curled with a sneer that caused Kitty's feet to tap the floor nervously.) "Ah! A little fellow, I understand—not up to my shoulder."

"Physically, perhaps not," Kitty replied; "but the stature of Mr. Garrick varies. I have seen him tower over everyone on the

stage—over everyone in the playhouse; and again I have seen him dwindle until he was no higher than a child."

Mr. Bates looked surprised.

"How does he manage that? A stage-trick, I expect."

"I dare say it is so; merely that stage-trick—genius."

"He could not deceive me; I would take his measure," said Mr. Bates, with a shrewd smirk.

"Still I have heard that even the players beside him on the stage are sometimes carried away by the force of his acting," said Kitty.

"A paltry excuse for forgetting their lines," sneered Mr. Bates. "Ah! no actor could make a fool of me."

"Would anyone think it necessary to improve on nature's handiwork in this respect?" asked Kitty, demurely.

For a moment Mr. Bates had his doubts as to whether or not the lady meant to pass a compliment upon him. The demure look upon her face reassured him.

"You are right, madam; they could easily see what I am," he said, tapping his chest.

"They could indeed, sir," said Kitty, more demurely than ever.

"I do not doubt, mind you, that there is a certain superficial ability about this Mr. Garrick," resumed Mr. Bates, in a condescending way.

"I am sure that Mr. Garrick would feel flattered, could he but know that he had the good opinion of Mr. Bates," remarked Kitty.

"Yes, I know that I am generous," said Mr. Bates. "But this Garrick—I wonder what his Hamlet is like?"

"It is like nothing, sir; it is Hamlet," cried Kitty.

"You have seen it? What is he like when the Ghost enters? I have made that scene my own."

Kitty sprang from the settle.

"Like?" she said. "What is he like? He is like a man in the presence of a ghost at first, and then—then the ghost becomes more substantial than he. You hear a sudden cry—he stands transfixed with horror—you see that he is not breathing, and he makes you one with himself. You can not breathe. You feel that his hand is on your heart. You are in the power of his grasp. He can do what he pleases with you. If he tightens his grasp you will never breathe again in this world. There is a terrible pause—he draws his breath—he allows you to draw yours; but you feel in that long silence that you have been carried away to another world—you are in a place of ghosts—there is nothing real of all that is about

you—you have passed into a land of shadows, and you are aware of a shadow voice that can thrill a thousand men and women as though they were but one person:

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!"

Bah, what a fool I am!" cried Kitty, flinging herself excitedly upon the settle. "Imitate Mr. Garrick? Sir, he is inimitable. One may imitate an actor of Hamlet. David Garrick is not that,—he is, I repeat, Hamlet himself."

Mr. Bates was breathing hard. There was a considerable pause before he found words to say:

"Madam, for one who has had no stage-training, you display some power. You have already persuaded me to admire another actor's Hamlet—a thing unheard of on the stage. I myself play the part of the Prince of Denmark. It would gratify me to be permitted to rehearse a scene in your presence. You would then see on what points Mr. Garrick resembles me. There is the scene at the grave. I am reckoned amazing in that scene."

"Amazing? I do not doubt it."

"I wonder how Mr. Garrick acts the Grave Scene."

"Oh, sir, it is his humor to treat it paradoxically. He does not treat the Grave Scene gravely, but merrily."

"Merrily?"

"Why not? Novelty is everything in these days. An innovation on the stage draws the town."

"Faith, madam, to act the Grave Scene in a burst of merriment is past an innovation."

"Not at all, sir. With Mr. Garrick it seems quite natural. He is one of those actors who are superior to nature. I am sure you have met some such."

"I never met one who was otherwise."

"Ah, then you will see how Mr. Garrick could enter upon the scene, beginning to play bowls with Horatio, using skulls for the game; this goes on for some time, while they quarrel over the score. They fling their skulls at each other, and then they take to fencing with two thigh bones which they pick up. Hamlet runs Horatio through with his bone, and he falls atop of the First Grave-digger, who has been watching the fight, and in pantomime—much is done by pantomime nowadays—laying odds on Hamlet. Both topple over into the grave, and Hamlet stands on the brink convulsed with laughter. This, you observe, gives extra point to Hamlet's inquiry: 'Whose grave is that, sirrah?' and certainly extraordinary point to the man's reply: 'Mine, sir.' Has it ever occurred to you to act the scene after that fashion?"

"Never, madam—never, I swear," cried Mr. Bates, heartily.

"Ah! there, you see, is the difference between Mr. Garrick and you," said Kitty. "Do you bring on Hamlet's Irish servant, Mr. Bates?"

"Hamlet's Irish servant?"

"Is it possible that you have not yet followed the new reading in the scene where Hamlet comes upon the King praying?"

"I know the scene," cried Mr. Bates, throwing himself into an attitude as he began:

"Oh, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven."

"That is it," cried Kitty, interrupting him. "Well, then Hamlet appears with his Irish servant."

"It is the first I've heard of him."

"Let it not be the last. It is a new reading. Hamlet enters, sees the King, and then turns to his Irish servant saying: 'Now might I do it, Pat,—the man's name is Patrick, you perceive?'"

"Madame, a more ridiculous innovation I protest I never heard of," said Mr. Bates.

"By my faith, sir, it is not more ridiculous than some stage innovations that I could name," said Kitty.

"I could understand Kitty Clive introducing such a point into one of the farces in which I hear she is a merry baggage, but —"

"You have never seen Kitty Clive, then?"

"Never; but I hear she is a romp. Are you an admirer of hers, madam?"

"Sir, she has no more devoted admirer than myself," said Kitty, looking at the man straight in the face.

"Is she not a romp?"

"Oh, surely, a sail, sad romp. She has by her romping saved many a play from being damned."

"She is so great a favorite with playgoers, I doubt her ability," said Mr. Bates. "I doubt if she could move me. What is the nature of her merriment?"

"Extravagance, sir, extravagance. She bounces on as a hoyden, and pulls a long face like this" (even Mr. Bates roared at Kitty's long face) "behind the back of the very proper gentleman who has come to woo her. She catches the point of his sword-sheath, so that when he tries to turn he almost falls. She pretends that he has struck her with his sword, and she howls with pain. He hastens to comfort her—down goes a chair, and he topples over it. 'Murder, murder!' she cries, and snatches up the shovel as if to defend herself. My gentleman recovers, and hastens to assure her of his honorable intentions. She keeps

him off with her shovel. He drops his hat, and she shovels it up and runs round the room to throw it on the fire. He follows her over tables, chairs, and a sofa or two. Round the room they go, and just as he is at the point of catching her she uses the shovel as a racket, and sends the hat flying and at the same stroke sends her lover sprawling."

"She is a vulgar jade, I swear!" cried Mr. Bates. "That scene that you have described bears out my argument that the more outrageous a scene is, the better pleased are the public. Women do not make fools of men in real life. There you have the absurdity of the stage. Authors set reason and sense at defiance daily. Shakepeare is one of the worst offenders."

"What, Shakespeare!"

"Oh, believe me, madam, Shakespeare is a greatly overrated writer. Look, for instance, at his play 'Romeo and Juliet.' Romeo sees the lady, exchanges a few words with her, and falls at once in love with her. He has only to rant beneath her window by the light of the moon, and forthwith she agrees to marry him, and, sure enough, they are married the very next day. Would Shakespeare have us believe that men can be so easily fooled? Our moderns have not greatly improved upon Shakespeare."

"I am with you there, sir, heart and soul."

"No, they still outrage sense by their plots. A man meets a woman quite by chance. She tells him a cock-and-bull story that any fool could see outrages probability; but he is captivated in a moment. He falls on his knees before her, and vows that she has only to speak to make him the happiest of mortals. All this is, madam, I need scarcely say, quite monstrous and unnatural."

"This gentleman should be taught a lesson," said Kitty to herself, as she watched Mr. Bates swaggering across the room.

She became thoughtful for a moment, and then smiled—only for a second, however; then she became grave, and her voice faltered as she said:

"Sir, I protest that I never before knew—nay, felt—what real eloquence was—eloquence wedded to reason."

"Nay, madam," smirked Mr. Bates.

"It is the truth, sir. May I hope that you will not think me too forward if I venture to express a humble opinion, sir?"

Her voice was low, and it certainly faltered more than before.

"I shall treasure that opinion, madam," said Mr. Bates.

That soft voice produced its impression

upon him. He felt that he was in the presence of an amazingly fine woman.

"You will not be offended, sir, if I say that I feel it to be a great pity that one who has such eloquence at his command should spend his time merely repeating the phrases—the very inferior phrases—of others. The senate, sir, should be your stage. You are not angry, sir?"

She had laid a hand upon his arm, and was looking pleadingly up to his face.

"Angry?" cried Mr. Bates, patting her hand, at which she turned her eyes modestly from his face to the ground. "Angry? Nay, dear lady, you have but expressed what I have often thought."

"I am so glad that you are not offended by my presumption, sir," said Kitty, removing her hand. "If you were offended, I protest that I should be the most wretched of women."

Mr. Bates marked how her voice broke. He took a step after her as she went to the settle.

"Dear madam, you deserve to be the happiest rather than the most wretched of your sex," he said.

His voice was also very soft and low. Kitty turned to him, crying quickly:

"And I should be so if— Pardon me, I—I—that is—sometimes the heart forces the lips to speak when they should remain silent. A woman is a simple creature, sir."

"A woman is a very fascinating creature, I vow," cried Mr. Bates, and he felt that he was speaking the truth.

"Ah, Mr. Bates, she has a heart; that is woman's weakness, her heart," murmured Kitty.

"I protest that she has not a monopoly of that organ," said Mr. Bates. "May not a man have a heart also, sweet one?"

"Alas!" sighed Kitty, "it has not been my lot to meet with any but those who are heartless. I have often longed— But why should I burden you with the story of my longings, of my sufferings?"

"Your woman's instinct tells you that you have at last met a man who has a heart. Was it my fate brought me into this room to-day? Was it my inscrutable destiny that led me to meet the most charming—"

"Pray, Mr. Bates, be merciful as you are strong!" cried Kitty, pressing one hand to her tumultuous bosom. "Do not compel a poor weak woman to betray her weakness; the conqueror should be merciful. What a voice is yours, sir! What poor woman could resist its melody? Oh, sir, forgive the tears of a weak and unhappy creature."

She had thrown herself on the settle, and had laid her head upon one of its arms. In

an instant he was beside her, and had caught her hand.

"Nay, I can not forgive the tears that dim those bright eyes," he whispered. "You have had a past, madam?"

"Ah, sir," cried Kitty, from the folds of her handkerchief, "all my life up to the present has been my past. That is why I weep."

"Is it so sad as that? You have a story?"

"Should I tell it to you?" said Kitty, raising her head suddenly, and looking at the face that was so near hers. "I will, I will—yes, I will trust you. You may be able to help me. Sir, to be brief, I am a great heiress."

Mr. Bates started; his eyes brightened.

"My uncle was trustee of my father's property," continued Kitty. "For some years after my father's death I had no reason for complaint. But then a change came. My uncle's son appeared upon the scene, and I soon perceived his true character. A ruined, dissolute rake I knew him to be, and when I rejected his advances with scorn, his father, who I fancied was my friend, commenced such a series of persecutions as would have broken a less ardent spirit than mine. They did not move me. They shut me up in a cold, dark dungeon, and loaded these limbs of mine with fetters."

"The infernal ruffians!"

"They fed me with bread and water."

"Horrible!"

"Oh, I thought I should go mad—mad; but I knew that that was just what they wanted, in order that they might shut me up in Bedlam, and enjoy my property. I made a resolution not to go mad, and I have adhered to it ever since. At last the time came when I could stand their treatment no longer. I flung my iron fetters to the winds. I burst through the doors of my prison, and rushed into the dining-hall, where my two persecutors were carousing in their cups. They sprang up with a cry of horror when I appeared. My uncle's hand was upon the bell, when I felled him with a heavy glass decanter. With a yell—I hear it now—his son sprang upon me. He went down beneath the stroke of the ten light chandelier, which I hastily plucked down and hurled at him. I called for a horse and chaise. They were at the door in a moment, and I fled all night. But, alas, alas! I feel that my flight shall avail me nothing. They are on my track, and I shall be forced to marry at least one of them. But no, no! Sooner than submit—with this dagger—"

She had sprung from her place, and her hand was grasping something inside of her cloak, when Mr. Bates caught her firmly by the wrist.

"You shall do nothing so impious, madam," he cried.

"Who shall prevent me?" cried Kitty, struggling with him. "Who shall save me from my persecutors?"

"I, madam, I will do it!" cried Mr. Bates.

"You? How?"

"I will marry you myself," shouted Mr. Bates, grasping both her hands.

"But only half an hour has passed since we met," said Kitty, looking down.

"That is enough, madam, to convince me that my heart is yours. Sweet one, I throw myself at your feet. Let me be your protector. Let me hold you from your persecutors. Dearest lady, marry me, and you are safe."

"Thank heaven! thank heaven! I have found a friend!" murmured Kitty.

"You agree?" said Mr. Bates, rising to his feet

"Oh, sir, I am overcome with gratitude," cried Kitty, throwing herself into his arms.

—MR. JIMSON: Won't yo' sing something for us, Miss Skylark.

Miss Skylark [*modestly*]: Wah, I'll try, Mr. Jimson.

Mr. Jimson: Suttinly, Miss Skylark, suttinly—dat's wot I meant!—*Puck*.

—"Is she really so jealous about him?"

"She won't even allow him to sing 'Annie Laurie.'"

—NEIGHBOR asks: "Is your daughter improving in her piano playing?"

Doting Father: "Well, she is either improving, or else we're getting used to it. I don't know which."

—AT a recent performance in Philadelphia an operatic Mrs. Malaprop was heard to sigh: "Ah, there's nothing like Italian ope a'fter all. You may say what you choose about Wagner; to my mind there are no operas like 'Lucia di Chamouni' and 'Linda di Lammermoor,' unless it is 'La Insomnia!'"

—"WON'T your wife sing for us?" asked one of the callers.

"I guess she will; I just asked her not to," replied the knowing husband.

—A LITTLE girl, enthusiastically describing the elocutionary effort of a friend in school, said: "She highed her voice, and she lowed her voice, and she spoke in poems."

—"DID you ever meet a woman whose very voice thrilled you with unspeakable emotion?"

"Yes; that's the way my mother used to get me up in the morning."

—A VIOLINIST, playing at the house of a self-made man, showed his Strad. to the host. "This is more than 200 years old," he said. In his desire

"An heiress—and mine," Mr. Bates whispered.

"Mistress Clive, the gentleman has arrived."

The landlord was standing at the door with his hands raised.

"It is my brother, Jimmy Raftor," said Kitty, coolly arranging the disordered hood of her cloak before the glass. "Jimmy is one of the best pistol shots in all Ireland, and that's saying a good deal. Show the gentleman in, Mr. Landlord."

Mr. Bates stood aghast.

"Mistress Clive—not Kitty Clive, of Drury Lane?" he faltered.

"I am Kitty Clive, of Drury Lane, at your service, sir, if you should need another lesson to convince you that even the most ridiculous story, if plausibly told, will carry conviction to the most astute of men."

Kitty Clive curtsied, bursting into a musical laugh as she pointed a finger at Mr. Bates standing there amazed in the centre of the room.—*Pall Mall Magazine*.

to keep things going well, the host said, soothingly, "Go on all the same; I hope no one will notice it."

—"AT present," said the statistician, "there are over a thousand explosive compounds known, not to mention two prima donnas in one opera-company."

—"WOULDN'T you like to be a judge of music, Mr. Grumpy?"

"You can bet I would; I'd have some of these singers up for contempt of court mighty quick."

—"CLARA sings like a mourning dove"

"Yes, and if anybody criticizes her, she gets as mad as a wet hen."

—MR. MIXUP (to his son at a concert, during the performance of a duet): "D'y'e see, Tom, now it's getting late, they're singing two at a time, so as to get done sooner."

POSITIONS WANTED.

A graduate of two Eastern Colleges of Oratory, with fifteen years' experience in teaching Elocution and Physical Culture, wishes position in a University, College, or Young Ladies' Boarding School. Work to commence September, 1890.
Address, R. M. A., care WERNER'S MAGAZINE.

A young woman, at present teacher of elocution and physical culture in a Western Presbyterian School, wishes a position in an Eastern City. Or she will join a first-class Concert company. Has had New York success.
Address E. C., care WERNER'S MAGAZINE.

The Genevieve Stebbins System of Physical Training.

Adapted to Schools (with benches) and private classes, and for self-instruction.

"I wish to tell you how pleased I am with it. I only wish I had known of it three years ago. It is so practical and new, and exactly suits the needs of a teacher."

—ANNA M. FITZGERALD, Nova Scotia.

Price \$1.00
post-paid..

EDGAR S. WERNER, Publisher, 43 E. 19th St., New York

SCHOOL - DOINGS.

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF THE DRAMATIC ARTS.

At the matinee of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts given at the Empire Theatre, Feb. 16, there were presented for the first time on any stage three one-act plays: "Love's Crucible," by Edgar Hart (member of the senior class at the Academy); "The Man of Destiny," by Bernard Shaw; and "What to Do with a Chafing Dish," by Estella Johnson

"Love's Crucible" proved to be an amateurishly written sketch with a threadbare plot. The actors acquitted themselves indifferently well, and the author received a curtain call, although, taking this production as a specimen, his chances of success seem greater as an actor than as a playwright.

In Bernard Shaw's "The Man of Destiny" centred the real interest of the afternoon. It was known that this satirical comedy had been under consideration by Richard Mansfield, also by Henry Irving. Both decided against it. Last year it was finally printed as "literature," along with some other unplayable works of the Irishman. To Franklin H. Sargent belongs the honor of unearthing it and of testing its dramatic value as a production. The name of the author and the character of his other work led the audience to expect much, and they were not disappointed. As a satire, "The Man of Destiny" is unique; as a character, it is inimitable. The dialogue—a little too long—is pungent, witty, natural, and, above all, true. It is a pity that a play about which all these good things can be said should fail in the elements that bring popular success, yet the fact remains that while as a literary effort "The Man of Destiny" can hardly be surpassed, as a play it lacks both incident and climax.

The scene takes place at an inn in Tavazzana, North Italy, in 1796. The idea of the comedy is to exhibit a possible phase of Napoleon's character at the time of his first great victories in Italy. An attractive girl having contrived to steal important papers, she is suspected by the young general, and a trial of wits ensues. In this the young woman partly succeeds and partly fails, and although the dialogue is delightful, the impression left at the fall of the curtain is of having watched an exciting race which terminates in a draw. One wishes another act in which to learn the final outcome; whether the woman was an adventuress or a heroine; exactly how much she meant by her last ambiguous words, etc.

Considering that the parts were taken by members of a school of acting and not by full-fledged professionals, Mr. Shaw was

singularly fortunate in his interpreters. Robert Schable, as Napoleon, gave a really admirable performance. His make-up was an exact copy of one of Napoleon's well-known pictures, and his manner and attitude were equally as truthful. Grace Merritt, the "Lady," possessed the advantage of a peculiarly vibrant, sympathetic voice; and, in addition to a keen dramatic instinct and a good sense of humor, played her part with that rare something which most young actors lack—subtlety.

The last play, "What to Do with a Chafing Dish," was a bright nonsensical little skit, calculated to send the audience home in good humor. John Westley, the young husband, did excellent work; Mabel Howard, as his wife, was funny, and would have been more so if she had not known it. However, this fault of self-consciousness will probably be overcome by experience. We understand that David Belasco predicts for Miss Howard a brilliant career as a comedienne.

THE STANHOPE-WHEATCROFT DRAMATIC SCHOOL.

The Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School gave its first matinee of the season at the Garden Theatre, Jan. 26. The program comprised "At Sundown," an original drama in one act by George Totten Smith; two sketches by Carrie V. Schuelerman; and scenes from Shakespeare and Sheridan. In a speech before the curtain Mrs. Wheatcroft announced that all but one of the pupils taking part came to her as amateurs in September, and when this fact is taken into consideration, much credit is certainly due the performers. In "Sunshine" Thomas Crosby played the romantic lover with ardor and enthusiasm; and Bertha Franklin, as Dollie in "The Beggar King," gave a really convincing interpretation, although her make up was so young that when she discovered in the stripling Jean her long-lost son a ripple of laughter was heard from the audience. Mabel Wright, as Juliet in the Potion Scene, and Anne Bruce as Queen Gertrude in the Closet Scene from "Hamlet," also deserve special mention.

THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF EX-PRESSION.

The Saturday classes and lectures have become a prominent feature of this institution. Teachers visiting New York are invited to attend these lectures, which are free to visitors. The principals report a most interesting class this year. Every one of the graduates has a position, and the school can not supply the demand for teachers.



READERS AND SINGERS

Miss Mary S. Thompson is conducting a course of lectures on Greek literature at Lakewood, N. J.

Miss Bertha B. Lash, of Minneapolis, has nearly 400 pupils enrolled in her elocution and physical culture classes.

The Rev. Francis McCarthy, S. J., gave an illustrated lecture on Rome, at St. John's College, Fordham, Dec. 21.

Mme. Louise Gage Courtney gave one of her pupils' prize contests at her rooms at Carnegie Hall, New York, in January.

Mrs. Harriet Augusta Prunk reports that this season is her busiest, since the opening of her Indiana-Boston School of Expression.

The pantomime of "The Story of a Faithful Soul," published in this issue, was given by Miss E. Esther Owen, its author, as long ago as 1895.

Miss Katharine Hopkins read the Court Scene from Shakespeare's "Henry VIII" at a recent meeting of the Ray Palmer Club, of New Jersey.

Miss Clara McIntosh Hulce has charge of the department of elocution, physical culture and dramatic expression at the Metropolitan Conservatory, Chicago.

Miss Selma Muehlenthal was the reciter at a concert at Hempstead, L. I., Jan. 25. Her selections were "Michael Strogoff," "The New King," and "Popping the Question."

In honor of the City Federation of Women's Clubs of Grand Rapids, Mrs. Lorraine Immen and Mr. John Barlow gave, Feb. 8, an illustrated lecture: "The Story of the World's Great Pictures."

The Aurora Shakespeare Coterie, under the direction of Mrs. T. J. Parker, gave a public reading of Shakespeare's "King Lear," Dec. 12, Mrs. Parker herself reading the lines of the King.

"Pauline Pavlona," scenes from "The Merchant of Venice" and from "The Love-Chase," and the one-act farce, "The Obstinate Family," were the program given by the Manning College at its recital, Jan. 30.

Mrs. Julia Kendall-Holt, of California, is stage-managing the production of "Richelieu" by the pupils of San Bernardino High School. The play will be given complete in full costume and scenery early this spring.

Miss May L. Browning is successfully teaching elocution and the Delsarte system at Liberty College, Mo. While in the Berkshire Hills this last summer, she gave several readings from her "Studies in Women."

Miss Sara Greenleaf Frost is meeting with success in her work in Missouri. At a recent affair she recited Jean Ingelow's "Longing for Home," Maurice Thompson's "The Victor of the Circus," and scenes from "The Spanish Gipsy."

Mr. V. A. Austin has severed his connection with the Occidental Mutual Benefit Association of Kansas, in order to devote his whole time to elocution. Next fall he expects to erect a building at Salina and start his own school of oratory there.

A Japanese evening was given by Miss Josephine Williams at Pasadena, Feb. 1. It included the pantomime "A Japanese Wedding," "Japanese Fantastics," "Parasol Dance," a doll drill, and a reading of "The Soul of the Great Bell" by Miss Williams.

Miss Charlotte Barber was the reader at the musical carnival given under the direction of Dr. H. R. Palmer at Norwich, N. Y., in January. Miss Barber reports a large and enthusiastic class this

year at the Clinton Liberal Institute, at which she is instructor of elocution.

Miss Fanny Robinson, whose pantomime of "The Conquered Banner" appeared in the February No., has met with a cordial reception in her new field of work in Texas. She writes that the recitations "Hagar" and "The One-Legged Goose" have taken particularly well.

Although the elocution department of Yankton College has been in operation only two years, it is the largest special department there, with the exception of the conservatory, which has been in existence eleven years. Miss Rachel Morgan Axford is the elocution teacher.

Mrs. Alice B. de Noyelles gave a recital before the St. James Chapter of the Epworth League, New York, Jan. 13, with Waller's "Spinning-Wheel Song," Bunner's "One, Two, Three!," Browning's "Count Gismond," Riley's "Knee-deep in June" and Edwards's "Slave's Lullaby" as program.

Mrs. Laura I. Aldrich announces three Lenten readings during March, viz., March 2: Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing"; March 9: Tennyson's "Guinevere," selections from an unpublished manuscript by John Uri Lloyd, and selections from "Pickwick Papers," and March 16: Selections from popular novels.

Miss Kate W. Braun, one of the best-known elocutionists of Western Pennsylvania died Jan. 30, of pneumonia. She came from one of the oldest families in Pennsylvania, and was well read in English, French, and German. She studied under Steele MacKaye, Genevieve Stebbins Mme. Geraldine Delsarte, F. Townsend Southwick, and Byron W. King.

The pupils of Miss Annie F. Adams, of Los Angeles, gave a recital, Jan. 20. Among the numbers were "Messages in Many Voices," which appeared in our April, 1897, No.; "Two Opinions of Christmas;" "Adam Never Was a Boy;" "Lament of a Little Girl;" "Mr. Billings, of Louisville;" "The Brave Man;" "Gossip Pantomime;" "Aunt Doleful's Visit;" "Carmelita;" and "Cuddle Doon."

Pupils of the Western School of Elocution and Oratory gave an entertainment, Dec. 20. The program comprised a talk on reading and voice-work, by Dr. George W. Hoss, the director; a medley arranged by Dr. Hoss; and the recitations: "The Painter of Seville," "The Railroad Crossing," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Goblins," "How He Saved St. Michael's," and "Aunt Sophronia at the Opera."

A meeting of the St. Louis Elocutionists' Association was held at Y. M. C. A. Building, Feb. 6. A dialect program was presented, the reciters being Miss Mazy Williamson, Mr. Edward P. Perry, Miss Carrie V. Ashcroft, Mrs. Mary Hogan Ludlum, and Miss Eugenia Williamson. Some of the selections were "Was Marriage a Failure?" "The Deacon's Grievance," "She Liked Him Rate Well," "Katie's Answer," and "Mme. Eef."

The Classical Club of Harvard expects to present Plautus's comedy "Rudens" next winter. Prof. J. K. Paine is to adapt the music written five years ago for Terence's "Phormio" by the late Prof. F. D. Allen. The staging will be under the supervision of Profs. Greenough and Hayes. The chief parts will be given out by June 1. Small parts will be awarded in open competition. Two Radcliffe students will take the female characters.

Miss Adelia R. Luse is instructor in elocution at the Bozeman High School, Montana, and is giving recitals in different cities of the State. Among her most popular recitations are "Ursus and the Aurochs," "Judy O'Shea Sees Hamlet," "Bin-norie," "The Story of Some Bells," with musical

accompaniment, and "The Farmer at the Opera." Miss Luse states that she has especially appreciated the recitations published in this magazine this year.

An evening of comedy was given by the C. S. E. Dramatic Club, of Cincinnati, Miss Jennie Mannheim, director, Jan. 17. Two farces: "My Lord in Livery" and "Second Floor, Spoonendyke" were presented. The Dramatic Club appeared at Wyoming, Ohio, Nov. 18; at Avondale, O., Nov. 26; and at Northside, O., Jan. 17. In an early No. of WERNER'S MAGAZINE we hope to publish Miss Mannheim's arrangement of Kipling's "The Courting of Dinah Shadd."

Mrs Elizabeth de Barrie Gill, the singing-reader, gave a dramatic musicale at the Tioga Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Jan. 19. Her program included the songs: "Good-bye, Sweet Day," and "Auld Maid Shawl;" and the recitations: "Thrush the Newsboy," "Daisy's Story," "The Limitations of Youth," "Dolly's Funeral," Act II. of "Ingo-mar," "Laisarte Idyl," "Nearer, My God, to Thee" in deaf mute language. Mme. Gill studied singing with Mr. Frank Herbert Tubbs.

The senior class of the New York School of Expression gave a recital at the school-building, Jan. 28. Miss Marguerite Baker, the Canadian elocutionist, recited "Through the Flood" from "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." Other numbers were the Quarrel Scene from "The School for Scandal;" statue poses by the class; "Execution of Sidney Carto," a scene from "Twelfth Night;" a selection from "Henry VIII.;" and "The Nymph Drill," designed by Genevieve Stebbins and executed by the class.

Miss M. Elizabeth Millard writes: "My school is enjoying a very prosperous year. A class of lawyers is engaged in discussing the leading topics of the day and are most enthusiastic in their work. They have had debates upon the annexation of the Philippines, the treaty with England, etc." At its fourth monthly recital, Jan. 19 the program of the Maryland School of Expression comprised "Love and Latin," "The Uncle," "A x Italiens," "The Romance of the Rose," "Toussant L'Ouverture," and "Old Ace."

Hamlet, David Garrick, and Shylock are difficult roles for so young an actor as Mr. James Young to assume; but the Rochester *Herald* has bestowed the highest encomiums upon his work, pronouncing his Hamlet "ideal." Many of our readers will recall Mr. Young's impersonation of Hamlet in the Closet Scene at the 187 convention of the National Association of Elocutionists. While his interpretation was hardly "ideal," there was a sincerity and depth about it that would have put many older actors to the blush. Mr. Young has been taken up by Augustin Daly and is the Sir Simon Beauclerc in his production of "The Great Ruby." Whether this is a benefit or not, time alone will tell, for, it is said, Mr. Daly has the happy faculty of engaging and shelving aspiring geniuses.

The summer home of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is at Short Beach, Conn., near New Haven. In the *National Magazine* Jane Martin tells how the poetess passes her time there. "She is always the centre of a select coterie of interesting men and women, who have placed their names high up on the ladder of literary or artistic success. At the Bungalow Mrs. Wilcox writes, swims—for she is an expert swimmer—entertains her guests,—there is always a household plays with her beautiful Angora cats Banjo and Goody, and makes an ideal home for her husband Robert Wilcox, a delightful man of affairs, a student and her close companion. "Mr. Wilcox is my best critic," the poetess avers, and those who come into their home atmosphere here feel that Mrs. Wilcox's marriage has been one continuous sweet song." The father of Mrs. Wilcox died recently, aged ninety one.

"During Christmas week the engagement of the Misses Williamson was announced. Miss Eugenia, the elder, is betrothed to Dr. John R. Hume; Miss Mazy to Dr. H. H. Helbing. The two young ladies have been unusually close friends, even for sisters. One of them scarcely ever attended a social gathering unless her sister was invited also, and for several years they have spent their summers together at summer resorts in the East or the West. There is, therefore, a particular appropriateness in the fact that their engagements are

announced at the same time, and that they are to marry men of the same profession. It is also fitting that their fiancés should be physicians, since their father was the late Dr. Williamson of Morgan Street. Miss Eugenia Williamson has gained considerable renown as an elocutionist. She has given numerous recitals for churches and other societies, and has a large class of pupils in elocution."—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

In a recent lecture Prof. Alexander Graham Bell explained how he came to invent the telephone. "My father invented a symbol by which deaf-mutes could converse, and finally I invented an apparatus by which the vibrations of speech could be seen, and it turned out to be a telephone. It occurred to me to make a machine that would enable one to hear vibrations. I went to an aurist, and he advised me to take the human ear as my model. He supplied me with a dead man's ear, and with this ear I experimented, and, upon applying the apparatus, I found that the dead man's ear wrote down the vibrations. I concluded that if I could make iron vibrate on a dead man's ear, I could make a more delicate instrument which would cause these vibrations to be heard and understood. I thought, if I placed a delicate piece of steel over an electric magnet, I could get a vibration, and thus the telephone was completed. The telephone arose from my attempts to teach the deaf to speak. It arose from my knowledge, not of electricity, but as a teacher of the deaf. Had I been an electrician, I would not have attempted it."

Mme. Luisa Cappiani, after a long and most successful career as teacher of singing, announces that she will retire at the end of June and settle in Europe, where her son and daughter reside. Her farewell concert at Chickering Hall, New York, Feb. 22, was a brilliant affair and was attended by a large audience. Mme. Cappiani made an address, and was the recipient of a handsome present from her pupils, who rendered the following program:

Trios—"I Naviganti"..... *Randegger*
"Ave Maria"..... *Cappiani*
Arioso from "Otello"..... *Rossini*
Aria from "Robert"..... *Meyerbeer*
Aria from "In a Persian Garden".....

Lisa Lehmann
"Ah! si, ben mio," from "Il Trovatore"..... *Verdi*
Aria from "Bianca e Falliero"..... *Rossini*
"Blue Bell"..... *MacDonell*
Duet from "Der Freischütz"..... *von Weber*
"Help me to pray"..... *Jost*
"The lass with the delicate air"..... *Adams*
"Bel raggio," from "Semiramide"..... *Rossini*
"Caro nome," from "Rigoletto"..... *Verdi*
Cavatina from "Torquato Tasso"..... *Donizetti*
"Thine eyes so blue and tender"..... *Lassen*
Aria from "Don Giovanni"..... *Mozart*
"The Postillon"..... *Molloy*
Aria of Valentine, from "Faust" (in French)..... *Gounod*
"The Way of It"..... *Crandall*
"May Song"..... *Dessa*
"Triodelle Maschere" from "Don Giovanni"..... *Mozart*
Duet from "Così fan tutte"..... *Mozart*
"Ah, fors e lui," from "La Traviata"..... *Verdi*
The Bell Quartet from "Martha"..... *von Flotow*

The semiannual graduation exercises of the Potsdam State Normal School, Miss Julia Ettie Crane, director, were celebrated the first week in February. The primary department started the festivities on Feb. 1, with the following program: Recitations: "Elder Lamb's Donation," "A Christmas Wish," "The One Who Won't Be There," "The Wife's Troubles," "The Small Boy's Lament," and "Tim's Promise;" choruses: "The Hunter" and "In the Forest;" songs: "The Sandman" and "The Captain." The intermediate department held its exercises Feb. 2, the recitatorial features being "A Russian Christmas" by Emma Dunning Banks, and "That Telephone" by Jerome K. Jerome. The musical numbers were "Fairy Tale Overture" and the part-songs: "Hand in hand we hasten," "Hunter's Song," "Swing Song" and "The Miller's Wooing." The two graduates from the special music teachers' class presented a select program on Feb. 3, consisting of a lesson in the work of the first and the eighth year and various musical numbers. A reunion of the Alumni of the school took place at the Manhattan Club, New York, Feb. 10. There were present 110 graduates who teach in or near New York City.

Unique and Artistic Publications

SUITABLE FOR ENTERTAINMENTS
OR FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.....

All contain beautiful Half-tone
Illustrations taken from living models.

Tableaux Mouvants and Poses Plastiques, No. 1.

BY CLARA POWER EDERLY.

Contains text giving full directions, and the following illustrations: "The Toilet of the Bride," "The Dance of the Muses," "The Niobe Group," "The Death of Virginia." Price, 25 cents.

Tableaux Mouvants and Poses Plastiques, No. 2.

BY MARGARET VIRGINIA JENKINS.

Contains text giving full directions, and the following illustrations: "A Charm from the Skies," "The Birds Singing Gaily," "Heavenly Home," "In Sight of Home," "A Study in Attitude." Price, 25 cents.

Tableaux Mouvants and Poses Plastiques, No. 3.

BY FLORENCE FOWLE ADAMS.

Contains text giving full directions, and the following illustrations: "The Muses," "Dressing the Bride," "Fanny Davenport as Cleopatra," "Faith, Hope, and Charity." Price, 25 cents.

Sappho.

BY JESSIE NORTON.

A historical play for 7 girls, treating of Sappho, the poetess, who gathered round her brilliant women. Affords opportunity for pantomimic work expressing various emotions. Six fine illustrations. Price, 25 cents.

A Romance of the Ganges.

POEM BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Arranged for an entertainment by
Ella H. Denig.

Fourteen illustrations of seven young ladies. Price, 25 cents.

Pantomime of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

BY MYRA POLLARD.

Seventeen Poses Photographed and Grouped in an original and artistic Design. Words and Music given. Printed in colored ink on heavy enameled paper 17x25 inches, suitable for framing. An ornament for any Home, Studio, Sunday-school Room, Hall, etc. Carefully wrapped in a paste-board tube. Price, 50 cents.

Scarf Fantastics.

BY ELIZABETH A. MIDDLETON.

A twenty minutes' æsthetic drill for nine young ladies. Twelve full-page illustrations. Price, 25 cents.

Pantomimes, or Wordless Poems.

BY MARY TUCKER MAGILL.

36 Full-page, Half-tone Illustrations of Expectation, Listening, Looking, He Comes, Affection, The Vow, Anger, Sorrow, Joy, Fear, Religious Devotion, Parting, Seven Times One, "Where are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" Rory O'More.

Minutely described Pantomimes of Seven Times One, Queen Katharine's Vision, Geneva, "Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" Seven Times Three, Goldenhair and the Bears, Scene from "The Winter's Tale," Rory O'More.

Pantomimic Exercises with Music of Expectation, Affection, Anger or Hatred, Sorrow, Joy, Fear, Religious Devotion, the Farewell. Price, \$1.25.

The Lotos-Eaters.

POEM BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Arranged for an entertainment by
Myra Pollard.

Fifteen illustrations of three young ladies; original cover and border designs and landscapes. Printed in three colors. Price, 50 cents.

* * * Any of the above sent post-paid on receipt of price * * *

EDGAR S. WERNER, Publisher, 43 East 19th St., New York.

Delsarte Recitation Book.

WHAT IS IN IT.

In addition to the sketches classified below, this book contains:

1. An entertaining sketch of the life of Delsarte.
2. Several critical analyses of the more difficult selections.
3. Several pages of fine illustrations, reproductions from famous statues and paintings.
4. Clever directions for many statue-poses.

The book has an artistic cover, showing a brown medallion wreathed in gold laurel against a yellow ground. On this medallion is a white bas-relief of the head of Delsarte. The book thus bound is most appropriate for the reader's table.

While all the selections in this number are suitable for reading or recitation for either men or women, an effort has been made to offer hints on possible appropriate costuming, introduction of tableaux and novel interpretations. The classification given below is also to aid the reader to see at a glance "WHAT IS IN IT," and whether anything is offered that will suit a special need or occasion.

I.—Selections Suitable for Costume Monologues or Impersonations for Men.

OLD SOLDIER.

- "The Silent Army of Memorial Day."
- "The Star-Spangled Banner."—Music introduced.

FARMER LAD.

- "O' Pickett's Nell."—Comedy.

DUTCHMAN (OR ORDINARY DRESS).

- "Ever So Far Away."

LABORER.

- "At the Tunnel's Mouth."—Dramatic and Pathetic.

- "Bread"—Serious.

DARKY.

- "The First Banjo."—Roaring farce.

DARKY BOY.

- "The Story of Guggle."

IRISH.

- "Why Father Left the Army."
- "Mickey Free's Letter to Mrs. M'Gra."

WILD WEST COSTUME.

- "Jovita, or the Christmas Gift."—Excellent; vivid description and pathos.

SMALL BOY.

- "Jimmy Brown's Dog."
- "A Boy's Conclusion."
- "Sue an' Me."—Pathetic.
- "John Spicer on Clothes."—Essay.

FARMER.

- "The Schoolma'am's Courting."

OLD MAN.

- "The Old Church."
- "The Volunteer Organist."

ORDINARY OR EVENING DRESS, YET IMPERSONATIONS.

- "The Shadow of a Song."—Dramatic.
- "The Government Spy."—Scene: Italy.
- "Little White Beggars."—A young father.
- "Lord Clive."—A father talks to his son over the after dinner port.

COLLEGE BOY OR YOUNG MAN.

- "Jack Hall's Boat-Race."—Exciting.
- "Candor."—Light.
- "Grandfather Watts's Private Fourth."—Comedy and patriotic.

POLICEMAN (OR ORDINARY DRESS).

- "Lost."—Light.

II.—Selections Suitable for Costume Monologues or Impersonations for Women.

GRANDMOTHER, NURSE, OR YOUNG MOTHER.

- "A Dutch Lullaby."—Can be given in Dutch costume.
- "Ten Robber Toes."

MILKMAID.

- "Molly."

FARMER'S WIFE, OR IN "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE" MAKE-UP.

- "What Ailed the Pudding."—A moving tableaux could introduce the various actors in the story, "fixing" the pudding in turn.
- "The Milster's Housekeeper."
- "Schoolma'am's Courting."
- "Mary Jane and I."—Tender and quaint.
- "A Wife's Lament."—Take-off on man's fishing mania.

OLD-TYME COSTUME.

- "The Minuet."—Dance can be introduced between verses by the reader or by a stageful of old-tyrne belles and beaux.

GREEK STATUE COSTUME.

- "Perdita."—Very dramatic.

YOUNG SOCIETY WOMAN.

- "Her Lovens"—Sentimental and farcical.
- "Pet and Bijou."—Frisivolous and pathetic.

DARKY MAMMY.

- "Mammy's 'L'I' Boy."—A child can actually impersonate the supposed "baby boy" and be taken up in arms, cuddled, tossed, etc.

VERY OLD LADY.

- "Thanksgivin' Pumpkin Pies."—Talking to a supposed visitor.
- "The Wedding Gown."—Effective in peasant costume. Omit the descriptive lines at the end, and close with tableau.

BELLE.

- "Men's Wicked Ways."—An encore.

III.—Recitations That Can Effectively Be Given in Quaint Costume, Although Not Strictly Impersonations.

- "Anne Hathaway."—Shakespearian costume. Encore.
- "A Dutch Lullaby."—Costume: A Dutch mother rocking a cradle.
- "News of the Day."—In hospital or Red Cross nurse's costume.
- "Civil War."—Can be told in the costume of a soldier of the French Revolution.
- "A' Boot It."—In Scotch costume.
- "A Tragedy of S-dan."—Can also be related in uniform of foreign soldier. A tent scene. Told over the camp-fire at mess.
- "Stanzas to Eternity."—Can be given in monk costume, meditating on a skull.
- "The Opal Ring."—Oriental seer or Jew.
- "Even This Shall Pass Away."—Persian magician, poet or wise man.

(Continued on next page.)

DESCRIPTION DELSARTE RECITATION BOOK—(Continued).

IV.—Legendary and Allegorical Recitations.

- "The Marriage of the Flowers."—A dainty conceit.
- "Drops"—Picturesque allegory ending in unexpected comedy.
- "The Hundred Louis d'Or."—Has a helpful analysis. On the weird order.
- "The Opal Ring."
- "Even This Shall Pass Away." } Oriental conceits.
- "The Bell of Innisfare" } Dramatic legend.
- "Brita's Wedding."—Norse legend. Rugged and dramatic.
- "Romant of the Page."
- "Count Gismond." } Tales of the Middle Ages.
- "The Trumpeter's Betrothed."
- "The Low Backed Car."—In old-time panier or galant costume.
- "The Kitchen Clock."—In Empire gown and big hat; or some Mother Goose character, or "picture" costume.

V.—Dialogues.

- "The B. B. Romance."
 - Characters: } Western girl now in "society."
 - } Dry-goods clerk.
- "Pet and Bijou."—Two frivolous society women. After the first verse, the action of one of the characters is purely pantomimic, expressing the effect on her of the remarks of her visitor.
- "The Discussion."
 - Two gentlemen. The action of one mostly pantomimic, with variations in inflection.
- "Au Revolt."—Piquant.
 - Characters: } Frenchman.
 - } French wile.
- "T'ward Arcadie."—Quaint.
 - Characters: } Herald, for first and last verses.
 - } Beau and Belle, for the rest, with waltz music throughout.
- "The Spanish Gipsy."—Dramatic. Picturesque costuming.
 - Characters: } Zarcia, gipsy chief.
 - } Fedalma, his daughter.

VI.—Encore Dialogues.

- TWO BELLES.**—"Her Answer."
- SCOTCH LASS AND LADDIE.**—"A' About It."

VII.—Bright Encores.

- "What Was It."
- "Playing School."
- "Anne Hathaway."
- "Piano Music."
- "Faith and Works."
- "Conversational."
- "The Proposal."
- "The Wishbone."
- "Their Mother"

VIII.—Sketches, Introducing Novel Vocal Impersonations.

- "Oh, Sir."
- "The Discussion." } Studies in inflections.
- "Snowflakes"—Study in alliteration.
- "Haunted by a Song."—Humming of a tune.
- "Piano Music" } Imitation sound and action of "Desolation." } piano playing.
- "The Kitchen Clock"—Introducing sound of clock.
- "A Bird amid the Blooms." } Bird-notes.
- "Voices of the Wildwood."

IX.—For Children.—Sketches Suitable to be Given by Them or to Amuse Them.

- "John Spicer on Clothes."
 - "Sue an' Me."
 - "A Boy's Conclusion."
 - "Jimmy Brown's Dog."
 - "What Was It."
 - "The Story of Guggle."
 - "Lost"
 - "The Little White Beggars"
 - "Playing School."—Can be illustrated.
- "Small boy" impersonation.

- "Dutch Lullaby."—Dressed like a little Dutch Mother, holding a Dutch doll.
- "Faith and Works."—With tableau.
- "Ten Robber Toes."—Can be told by one child holding another on its lap.

X.—Pantomimes.

- "The Joker's Mistake."—For a gentleman.
- "Pet and Bijou."—(See hints under Dialogues.)
- "The Discussion."—(See hints under Dialogues.)

XI.—Drills.

- "The Doll Drill."
- "Sword Drill." } Full directions given.

XII.—Play.

- "Ladies of Athens."—Greek gowns, suitable particularly for schools and colleges.

XIII.—Suitable for Special Holidays.

- DECORATION DAY.**
 - "The Silent Army of Memorial Day."
- FOURTH OF JULY.**
 - "Grandfather Watts's Private Fourth."
- THANKSGIVING.**
 - "A Thanksgiving Elopement."
 - "Thanksgiving Pumpkin Pies."
- CHRISTMAS.**
 - "The Bell of Innisfare."
 - "Jovita, or the Christmas Gift."

XIV.—Recitations with Musical Accompaniment, or Music Introduced.

- "The Minuet."—Picturesque.
- "Stanza's to Eternity."—Solemn.
- "The Low-Backed Car."—Quaint.
- "The Massacre of Zoroaster."—Tragic.
- "The Shadow of a Song."—Dramatic.
- "T'ward Arcadie."—Waltz introduced.
- "The Johnstown Flood."—Dramatic.
- "The Star-Spangled Banner."—Patriotic.
- "The Romance of a Year."

XV.—Especially Appropriate for Sunday or Church Presentation.

- "The Minister's Housekeeper."—Comedy.
- "The Johnstown Flood."—Dramatic.
- "The Old Church"—Pathos.
- "Ever So Far Away."—Humor.
- "The Volunteer Organist."—Dramatic.

XVI.—Temperance.

- "The Cobra."—Very dramatic.

XVII.—Suitable for the Introduction of a Series of Tableaux.

- "The Masque of the New Year."—Showing the seasons as described.
- "The Kitchen Clock."—Showing Milly and Billy in the various pictures described—from childhood to married bliss.
- "The Romance of a Year."—Illustrate in moving tableaux and appropriate costumes.
- "The Stately Minuet."—Illustrate in silhouettes or historic figures in moving tableaux.

XVIII.—Dramatic Recitals.

- "The Johnstown Flood."
- "Absolution."
- "A Tragedy of Sedan"
- "Civil War"
- "How Burlington Was Saved."
- "The Massacre of Zoroaster."
- "Jack Hall's Boat-Race."

XIX.—Comedy Readings and Sketches.

- "Baby's First Tooth"—Caricature.
- "The Revolt of Mother"—Farm study.
- "A Sisterly Scheme."—"Society" skit.

XX.—Burlesque and Parody.

- "A Modern Version of 'The Merchant of Venice.'"—
- "The B. B. Romance."—Give in mock heroic style.

Price, - \$1.25, post-paid.

Edgar S. Werner, Publisher, 43 E. 19th St., N. Y.

Choice Special Selections Suggested.

IRISH DIALECT SELECTIONS.

"Bridget McFine." Parody on Hood's "Song of the Shirt." (20 cts.)
"There's a Rogue in the Breast o' Your Coat." J. E. Dowe. Humorous romantic encore. (20 cts.)
"Con Cannon's Christmas Gift." Mrs. Findley Braden. Con offers himself to his sweetheart as a present. (25 cts.)
"Mickey's Proposal." Mrs. Findley Braden. Courting scene. (25 cts.)
"The Irish Lover." Dainty encore poem. (25c.)
"Up Over Tim Dooley's Saloon." Marie More Marsh. While drunk, a man lets his baby fall, and although the child is unharmed, it so frightens the father that he reforms. (25 cts.)
"Only an Irish Washerwoman." Stanley Schell. Humorous prose monologue for a woman. While waiting for her weekly wash in a swell drawing-room, Mrs. O'Flaherty exhibits a marvelous aptitude for piano playing. Full business given. (25c.)
(1) "Hoolahan on Education." George Kyle. Humorous prose. (2) "Pat's Perplexity." Humorous prose encore. (3) "Dawn on the Irish Coast." Soliloquy of an Irish exile on his return. Charming told in verse. All three for 25 cents.
"Teddy O'Kourke." M. Douglas. A street gamin tells how his chum saves a little girl from drowning. (35 cts.)
"Will My Soul Pass through Ireland?" Dennis O'Sullivan. An Irishman, dying, prays that his soul may pass through his native land. (35 cts.)
"Daniel O'Connell's Humor." Scene between him and Biddy Moriarty, a virago, whom he calls various geometrical names, which she interprets as grave insults. Humorous prose. (35 cts.)
(1) "Mickey Coaches His Father." Ernest Jarrold. Humorous prose account of a boy who prepares his father for a civil service examination.
(2) "Ann Rafferty's Evidence." Annie S. Shields. Humorous prose account of the trial of a servant-girl for letting loose a lot of animals in a dealer's house. Both for 35 cts.
"To-morrow." Alfred Tennyson. Two lovers promise to say farewell "to-morrow," previously to the man's departure to seek his fortune over the sea. He does not come and the village gossips pronounce him faithless. A generation afterward his body is found stuck in a bog, and his sweetheart—now old and crazy, but faithful—falls dead on his body. Intensely dramatic. (35 cts.)
(1) "A Squeeze in the Dark." Emma Dunning Banks. Humorous, coquettish, merry. Impersonation of both male and female voices. (2) "Tit for Tat." Humorous poem telling how a girl pays back in his own coin a fickle lover, by saying that when kissing his rival, she will close her eyes and fancy it is he. Both in "Emma Dunning Banks's Original Recitations with Lesson-Talks," \$1.25.
(1) "How Pat Went Courting." Humorous prose. (2) "The Corpse's Husband." Bridget attends a funeral, and before leaving becomes engaged to the widower. (3) "Mrs. Magoogin on Spring Bonnets and Spring Poetry." J. J. Jenkins. Humorous prose. All three for 35 cts.
(1) "An Old Ballad." Samuel Lover. Lanty Leary is willing to follow his sweetheart anywhere except to the other world. Humorous poem. (2) "Pat Magee." Short romantic poem. Both for 35c.
(1) "The Automatic Woman." Saidee V. Milne. A most humorous entertainment in prose. A man exhibits his twitching wife, and when she dies he makes an imitation woman. Full directions and music given. (2) "Not Willin'." Poem describing how Barney gets a kiss. Both for 35 cts.

ITALIAN DIALECT SELECTIONS.

"Foreigners at the Fair." Fred Emerson Brooks. A humorous poem introducing several of the dialects, including the Italian dialect. (25 cts.)
"Peanutti's Voyage to Europe." Joe Kerr. Humorous prose describing the incidents of Peanutti's sea-trip and his impressions of Liverpool. (25 cts.)
"Sullivan vs. Sylvesto." John L. Sullivan once offered \$1,000 to any man who could stand up to him for four rounds. Macaroni Spaghetti saw the advertisement and matched his friend Sylvio Sylvesto against Sullivan. He tells of the defeat and his own great loss. (25 cts.)
"Race Prejudice." An Italian tells of the woes he suffers from "de Irisha kid." (35 cts.)
"The American Senator Entangled." James De Mille. A senator, unschooled as to woman's wiles, falls into the hands of an Italian coquette. One of Mrs. Scott-Siddons's masterpieces. (30 cts.)
"Noozel and the Organ-Grinder." (30 cts.)

FRENCH DIALECT SELECTIONS.

"Mlle. Cornelia de Follenville—Lecturer." P. de Gournay. Humorous prose recounting a young lady's experiences coming to America by way of England. (20 cts.)
"Wreck of the Jule le Plante." A peculiar poem recited by the late A. P. Burbank. (20 cts.)
"The Tenor." H. C. Bunner. Two fashionable girls fall into an absurd hero-worship of a tenor. To be near him one of them answers his wife's advertisement for a servant; but an hour of service cures her of her infatuation. Prose. (35 cts.)
"Mme. Bef." Humorous account of how Eve was led to eat the apple. (35 cts.)

GERMAN DIALECT SELECTIONS.

"Dot Little Cripple Boy Vot Died." Capt. Jack Crawford. A father's account of his dead child. Pathetic poem. (25 cts.)
"Dose Leslie Poys." William F. Goldbeck. Short, semi-pathetic poem. (25 cts.)
"Mrs. Britzenhoefer's Troubles." George Kyle. Humorous prose costume piece. (35 cts.)
"Dot Vinder Time." Poetic description of winter. (35 cts.)
"Mina Katrine's Brudder Hans." Emma Dunning Banks. Very funny situations. Suitable for a gentleman. In "Emma Dunning Banks's Original Recitations with Lesson-Talks," \$1.25.
"Ever So Far Away." Von Royle. Humorous prose, introducing Mother Goose rhymes and music. Very taking. In the "Delsarte Recitation Book," \$1.25.

OLD MAID IMPERSONATIONS.

"My Valentine." Jennie L. Hopkins. Retrospect of an old maid who relates how on St. Valentine's, when she expected her lover's return to marry her, she entered a church and found his funeral service in progress. (20 cts.)
"The Old Maids' Reasons." A group of maiden ladies tell the reason why they never married. Quaint and quietly pathetic. (25 cts.)
"Miss Gresham's Valentine." M. D. Sterling. An old maid poring over valentines sent her twenty years before by her lover, who, she thinks, is shipwrecked, is overjoyed by his sudden appearance. (25 cts.)
"Leap Year Mishaps." A humorous dialect account of an old maid, who starts out on New-year's to propose to three different men. (25 cts.)
"Aunt Phoebe Goes to Town." Charles Shepard Parke. A woman's visit to town makes her inappreciative of her country home. (25 cts.)
"A Visit of Condolence." Elsie Malone McCollum. Humorous monologue for a lady. With lesson-talk. An old woman calls upon a bereaved wife, and harrows her with all sorts of gloomy prophecies. May be given in costume. (25 cts.)
"Taken by Surprise." Metta Victoria Victor. Humorous account of an old maid *en deshabille* because of a false alarm of fire. (25 cts.)
(1) "Aunt Betsey on Marriage." Humorous prose reflections of an old maid who regrets not having become one of a man's five wives. (2) "Aunty Doleful's Visit." Mary Kyle Dallas. She tries to cheer up a sick relative by the most doleful news and gloomy prophecies. Humorous prose costume piece. Both for 35 cts.
"Betsey Hawkins Goes to the City." Humorous prose account of a country woman's city experiences. (35 cts.)
"Fanny Squeers's Tea-Party." Dickens. Miss Squeers is vainly in love with Nicholas and plans the tea-party in his honor. Very funny. (25 cts.)

CLEOPATRA SELECTIONS.

"Cleopatra's Protest." Edward L. Keyes. She protests against the usual estimate of her and claims noble attributes. A fine poem. (35 cts.)
"The Death of Cleopatra." Horace. A translation of one of the poet's well-known odes. (35 cts.)
"Cleopatra at Actium." Thomas H. Hervey. Fine poem. (25 cts.)
"Cleopatra's Dream." W. W. Story. (30 cts.)
"Cleopatra Dying." T. S. Collier. (30 cts.)
"Cleopatra's Barge." Shakespeare. (30 cts.)
"Antony and Cleopatra." W. T. Lytle. (30 cts.)
Shakespeare's play "Antony and Cleopatra" condensed for reading by D. C. Bell. (\$1.50)

LAFAYETTE SELECTIONS.

"Eulogy on Lafayette." Edward Everett. (25c.)
"Marquis de Lafayette." Charles Sumner. (35c.)
"Lafayette." Charles Sprague. (25 cts.)
"Welcome to Lafayette." Edward Everett. (25 c.)

* * Any of the above sent post-paid on receipt of price. * *

Monologues for Women

Minute directions and full business given in these Monologues

GRANDMA AT THE MASQUERADE. Cora Vandemark. Lesson-talk by Emma Dunning Banks. Juvenile. Recounts how an old woman su prised all by her sprightly dancing at a masked ball. Rollicking, jolly piece similar to "How Grandma Danced the Minuet." **Price, 15 cents.**

ENGAGED. Livingston Russell. Humorous. A young woman, just engaged, calls her departing lover back several times, and then falls into a hysterical reverie. She sorts over love-letters, plans their apartments, and runs off stage singing the Lohengrin Wedding March. **Price, 20 cents.**

THE CONFESSIONAL. W. W. Story. Intensely dramatic. A girl relates to her father confessor how she had learned to love, and had been deserted by her lover, whom she follows to a distant city. Arriving there on his wedding night, she kills his bride at his side. Could be given in Italian costume. Lesson-helps by Minnie W. Clay. **Price, 15 cents.**

GINEVRA. Susan Coolidge. Intensely dramatic. An Italian girl, married against her will to an old man, is, during a trance, put into a vault, from which she escapes at night and, being refused admittance both to her husband's and her father's house, drags herself along to her lover's house. The court decrees her free and she marries her lover. Could be recited in costume. **Price, 15 cents.**

IN GRANDMA'S CHEST. Elsie M. McCollum. Shortly before marriage a girl finds her grandmother's love-letters, and compares herself with her grandmother. A recitation of the style of "How Grandma Danced the Minuet," "Grandma at the Masquerade," "Soldier's Joy," etc. Can be given either as a monologue or as a pantomime. Lesson-helps by the author. **Price, 15 cents.**

VIVA CUBA LIBRE. Livingston Russell. A dramatic setting of incidents connected with the patriotic daring of Paulina de Ruiz Gonzales—the Joan of Arc of Cuba; together with the introduction of historical matter regarding the sufferings of the Cubans during their struggle for liberty. **Price, 25 cents.**

PRECIOSA, THE SPANISH DANCER. Bertha M. Wilson, from Longfellow's "Spanish Gipsy." A Spanish dancing-girl, just as she gets back her lover who has become estranged through false suspicion, turns out to be the daughter of a nobleman. Gipsy costume piece, with opportunity for dancing and fortune-telling scene. **Price, 15 cents.**

PLAYING THE SOCIETY BELLE. Bertha M. Wilson. Comedy. Much of the fun arises from a dog running off with her slipper that she takes off at a ball to rest her foot. One of the characters assumed is a "wild, woolly" Western girl. Time, 15 minutes. **Price, 15 cents.**

THE DOOR IS LOCKED. Ada Webster Ward. Comedy. A wife, jealous over the absence of her husband, locks her door and throws away the key. She keeps him standing outside, scolding him, until she learns that he has fought a duel for her sake. Then she eagerly hunts for the key. **Price, 15 cents.**

THE SILVER DOLLAR. Charles Barnard. Intended to inculcate temperance. The opening of a saloon called "The Silver Dollar" causes trouble in two families, but its burning down reconciles the lovers. Specially suited to temperance and religious occasions. **Price, 25 cents.**

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER. Livingston Russell. Humorous dramatic. An actress, in making her debut, and missing the presence of her lover who she thinks is indifferent to her success, has a fit of jealousy and blues. **Price, 25 cents.**

THE EVE OF MARRIAGE. Genevieve Stebbins. Emotional. During the night preceding her marriage a girl soliloquizes her hopes and fears of what the future has in store for her. **Price, 15 cents.**

THE "COMING OUT" OF MISS CUMMINGS. Livingston Russell. Breezy humorous. An up-to-date "bud" of seventeen from the West in making her debut in New York, does not take kindly to society's ways and to the addresses of the stylish men, but prefers Montana ways and "Jimmie, of Missoula Gulch." Various specialties may be introduced. Three full-page illustrations. **Price, 25 cents.**

ZINGARELLA. THE GIPSY FLOWER GIRL. Ed L. McDowell. A gipsy girl, finding her lover with her rival, sets her tame lion on them. The man struggles with the lion, who, on tasting human blood, turns and attacks his mistress, who escapes from him by jumping into the sea, from which she is rescued. She becomes crazed and turns flower girl. This piece brings in the whole gamut of the passions. Can be given in gipsy costume. **Price, 15 cents.**

MISS MONTPIELYER'S REHEARSAL. Ed L. McDowell. Broad comedy. A stage-struck girl prepares for a test rehearsal by doing various bits of her repertory. Has puns, gags, and other vaudeville effects. **Price, 25 cents.**

FOR GOD AND COUNTRY. Livingston Russell. Historical, patriotic, tragic. A Red Cross nurse describes the scenes on the battle-field at Santiago. Refers to Gen. Wheeler and to Col. Roosevelt. Unusually elaborate directions for producing war-effects. Three full-page illustrations. Costume of a Red Cross nurse. **Price, 25 cents.**

WHEN JACK COMES LATE. Helen C. Bergen. Comedy. A young woman indulges in various kinds of emotions while impatiently awaiting the coming of her lover. Opportunity for banjo work. **Price, 15 cents.**

MAMMY CRITIE AND BABY SUZON. Mrs. Oscar Denton. Negro dialect and costume. Introduces black mammy effects as crooning and nodding, also a genuine negro lullaby. An old colored nurse sings and rocks a white child to sleep. **Price, 15 cents.**

A TELEPHONE ROMANCE. Pauline Phelps. Humorous. A girl passing through a fit of jealousy finally calls her lover through the telephone to hasten to her house to protect her from a mouse that she didn't see; she saying "we must have an excuse for making-up." **Price, 15 cents.**

ALONZO'S LETTER. Charles Barnard. Humorous emotional. A girl's recitatorial effects are greatly enhanced by her supposing that the letter a girl friend has loaned her for a "property" letter, while reciting at a reception, is from her own lover. **Price, 15 cents.**

JACK'S KISSES. Bertha Welby. A schoolgirl turns from reading the story of Cinderella to her lover's letter, and indulges in romantic vagaries. Affords chance for girl impersonation in costume. **Price, 25 cents.**

A WATER COLOR. Mary S. Shreve. Humorous. A widow, after having been dogged by a suitor everywhere, finally meets him while in bathing. She saves him from drowning and is disenchanted by seeing him turn all sorts of colors. **Price, 25 cents.**

THE WEDDING RING. J. de Marthold. Psychological, dramatic, elaborate. A wife, having prepared to elope, changes her mind when she comes to put off her wedding-ring, to which she apostrophizes. She also feels the presence of her mother's spirit. **Price, 25 cents.**

A BRIDAL SOLILOQUY. Mrs. Findley Braden. Bridal costume. A woman's torture during the preparations for her marriage with the man she does not love. **Price, 25 cents.**

THE ELIXIR OF YOUTH. Louise Stange. Humorous. In five scenes: (1) A woman 75 years old; (2) a woman 50 years; (3) a woman 25 years; (4) a girl 13 years; (5) a baby in long clothes. These transformations are effected by using "the elixir of youth." Exceptionally unique. **Price, 25 cents.**

Hygiene of the Vocal Organs. Sir Morell Mackenzie.

The great throat specialist writes a practical handbook for singers and speakers. It is a scientific book in popular language. Fifty cases of eminent singers are tabulated, showing the shape of the glottis and the condition of the vocal cords during singing. These tables are most valuable; nothing of the kind has ever been published. The book is illustrated and has a portrait of the author. **Price, \$1.25.**

The What and How of Vocal Culture. Mme. F. Rocca Medini.

This book is the outcome of long study with Francesco Lamperti, and of much experience as a singer and a teacher of singing. The exercises with their analyses have been arranged for the use of pupils, and the work is intended to be of practical help to those that would improve and correctly use their singing-voices. There are eighteen chapters, discussing, among other things, "The Power of Imagination," "Breathing," "The Emission of Voice," "Enunciation," "Accent," "Long Life of Singers and Speakers," etc. There is also an elaborate analysis of voice-production, with the author's special and original marking of the well-known song, "Last Rose of Summer." **Price, \$1.00.**

The Diaphragm and Its Functions. J. M. W. Kitchen, M. D.

Considers the diaphragm from various standpoints—*anatomical, physiological, and hygienic.* It is the best work on the subject to be had. Is valuable both for the medical and the vocal professions. **Price, \$1.00.**

Gymnastics of the Voice. Oskar Guttman.

A self-instructor in the training and use of the singing and speaking voice, and a system of correct breathing in singing and speaking. Also gives Guttman's Method for the Cure of Stammering, written by Edgar S. Werner. A standard work that has stood the test of practical experience and of recent scientific advancement. By its teachings men and women have won distinction and prolonged their careers in the pulpit, on the stage, at the bar and on the rostrum. By its teachings private individuals as well as professionals may learn the proper use of their respiratory and vocal organs, whereby the ordinary talk of daily, social and business life can be made more pleasing and less fatiguing. It has been used as a text-book in Harvard University and in other leading educational institutions and is endorsed by the prominent teachers of Germany and America. **Price, \$1.25.**

The Art of Breathing as the Basis of Tone-Production.

Leo Kofler.

A book preeminently for singers; thorough yet concise. It abounds in exercises given in detail, with explicit directions, telling what to do and what not to do; positions illustrated by cuts; numerous music illustrations, and complete vowel and consonantal tables arranged for practice, with minute and clear explanations of the right formation of every letter of the alphabet. The author has studied all the methods of voice-culture, has sifted the immense amount of material with scholarly effort, and presents to his readers a practical vocal method that he has made his own, with a clearness that shows unusual pedagogical and artistic talents. A singer or a teacher of singing unacquainted with this book is just that much lacking in personal or professional equipment. **Price, \$2.00.**

Take Care of Your Voice. Leo Kofler.

This book is up to date in scientific, hygienic and æsthetic knowledge of the human voice. Treats: (1) The right mode of living in regard to those matters that influence the vocal organs; (2) the correct method of using the speaking and singing voice, so that the throat will not be harmed; (3) the diseases that have an injurious effect on the voice, and their treatment. These parts are subdivided into "axioms," clearly, concisely and comprehensively presented. A most original, unique and valuable booklet for everybody. **Price, 25 cents.**

The Solo Singer's Vade-Mecum and the Solo Singer.

Sinclair Dunn.

These exercises, given both in the staff and the tonic sol-fa notation, are of great service in producing, strengthening, and cultivating the voice, especially for solo singers. The exercises are selected from those used at the London Royal Academy of Music. There are hints, "What to do" and "What to avoid." There are lists of songs, ballads, etc., for sopranos, altos, tenors, baritones, and basses; also for duets, trios and quartets; also illustrations showing the position of a man, of a woman, and of a man and a woman before an audience. There are also hints and prescriptions for taking care of the voice. **Price, \$1.00.**

Science and Singing. Dr. Lennox Browne.

SOME OF THE SUBJECTS DISCUSSED: Necessity for Scientific Knowledge, Opposition to Scientific Teaching, Remonstrance against Opposition, Influence of Eye to Aid the Ear, Advantage of Laryngoscopic Observation, Mechanical Aspect of Breathing, Carbonic Acid Gas in Atmosphere, Effect of Poisonous Air on the Voice, Artificial Italian Air, Supposed Vocal Supremacy of Italy, Italian as Language of Song, Uselessness of Artificial Voice-Mixtures, Methods of Purifying Atmosphere, Science in Relation to Tone-Production, Questions concerning the Registers, Early Education of the Voice, Voice to be Rested during "Break," Herbert Spencer on Science and Art. **Price, 40 cents.**

The Speaking-Voice. Mrs. Emil Behnke.

This book treats of the development and preservation of the voice in a practical manner. The author (the wife and assistant of a man well known in the vocal world) gives copious illustrations and detailed instructions for all the vocal and physical discipline through which she puts pupils. **Price, 75 cents.**

Any book sent post paid on receipt of price

EDGAR S. WERNER, Publisher, 43 East 18th St., New York.

Pieces for Patriotic Occasions

HOW CONGRESS FOUGHT FOR SHERIDAN. Emma Dunning Banks. Dramatic description of the scenes in Congress and at Sheridan's bedside during the passage of the bill creating Sheridan General. With lesson-talk. 15 cents.

CHARGE OF FIRST MINNESOTA AT GETTYSBURG. H. L. Gordon. Spirited description of that terrible battle. Lesson-talk by Emma Dunning Banks. 15 cents.

(1) **PAT'S CONFEDERATE PIG.** Fred E. Brooks. An Irish guard captures what he supposes is a Confederate soldier; it turns out to be a pig. (2) **LET US REJOICE TOGETHER.** George A. Sheridan. Declamation. (3) **STARS IN MY COUNTRY'S SKY.** L. H. Sigourney. Patriotic poem. All three for 20 cents.

MEMORIAL DAY AT THE FARM. Emma Dunning Banks. Grand Army men come each year to decorate the grave of a farmer lad. With lesson-talk 20 cents.

MEMORIAL DAY. Kate Brownlee Sherwood. A poem for those who have fallen for the Red, White and Blue. 20 cents.

(1) **A SOLDIER'S MEMORIAL.** Helen L. Hadley. A soldier's daughter saves enough money to have her father's body removed to the family graveyard. She thinks the grave is forgotten, but the soldiers cover it with flowers. (2) **THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.** A young man dies on the battle-field. (3) **MEMORIAL DAY.** Libbie C. Baer. Poem. All three for 20c.

(1) **DECORATION DAY ORATION.** Bourke Cockran. (2) **DECORATION DAY ON THE PLACE.** James Whitcomb Riley. Pathetic poem telling how lonesome it is on the farm with all away to town. (3) **THE SKELETON SOLDIER.** Mrs. Findley Braden. A Southerner ploughs up the body of a Union soldier, and buries it by the side of his own son, killed in the war. (4) **CHANCELLORSVILLE, 1863.** Libbie C. Baer. Spirited battle-poem. (5) **THE GRAND REVIEW.** H. C. Kirk. Patriotic poem, bringing in Union generals. (6) **THE DYING SOLDIER.** Carmen Silva. Poem. All six for 25c.

(1) **MEMORIAL DAY STORY.** Hezekiah Butterworth. Fine patriotic poem of an old slave who offers a floral cross for Lincoln's sake. Organ music may be introduced. (2) **ON ARLINGTON HEIGHTS** Scene after the war. Both for 25 cents.

THAR WAS JIM. Capt. Jack Crawford. How the wildest boy in the village nobly sacrifices himself in making a charge on the enemy's banners. 25 cents.

(1) **KEENAN'S CHARGE.** G. P. Lathrop. Thrilling account of the battle of Chancellorsville. (2) **THE FIGHT AT LOOKOUT.** R. L. Cary, Jr. A veteran tells of it and of "Fighting Joe." Both for 20 cents.

COLUMBIA. P. S. Gilmore. Patriotic address. In a book containing other excellent pieces. 20 cents.

A SECOND REVIEW OF THE SECOND ARMY. Bret Harte. A vision of the nation's dead being mustered out for dress parade. In a book containing many other fine recitations. 30 cents.

(1) **WHISPERIN' BILL.** Irving Bacheller. Pathetic Yankee dialect story of a boy whose mind has been impaired by a bullet. His father ends by saying: "We only take care o' his body, but God takes care o' his mind." (2) **THE ARMY OVERCOAT.** Mrs. George Archibald. A shiftless youth, by dying for his country, becomes a hero. In a book containing other fine selections. 35 cents.

WAR'S SACRIFICE. After a battle two brothers, in opposing armies, meet as one of them dies. In a book containing other fine pieces. 35 cents.

(1) **THE COWARD.** J. N. Matthews. A boy, supposed by his comrades to be a coward, dies heroically in battle. (2) **THE DRUMMER BOY OF MISSION RIDGE.** Kate Brownlee Sherwood. An account of the bravery and death of a drummer boy. (3) **DECORATION DAY.** Ella Wheeler Wilcox. A poem suitable for either North or South. (4) **ABRAHAM LINCOLN.** Tom Taylor. A rebuke to London *Punch* for ridiculing Lincoln. In a book containing other fine selections. 35 cents.

(1) **A SOLDIER'S RETROSPECT.** Kate Brownlee Sherwood. Reminiscences after the War. (2) **ADVANCE.** Frank H. Gassaway. A trumpeter taken prisoner is ordered to sound "retreat" to his own army. He sounds "advance," and is shot dead. (3) **THE CAVALRY CHARGE.** George Lathrop. Unflinchingly the troopers rode to death, but the army was saved. All three for 35 cents.

SOMEBODY'S BOY. In battle a soldier notices in the enemy's ranks a boy, and his heart softens toward him. Twice the boy's life is saved, and the soldier cheers for joy. Stirring prose sketch. In a book containing other excellent selections. 35 cents.

(1) **BIVOUAC OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.** Grace D. Roe. The tunes of one army are responded to by those of the other army, but both join in "Home, Sweet Home." (2) **OUR HEROES.** O. F. Pearre. Poem. (3) **OUR DRUMMER BOY.** Fred Hildreth. The death of a drummer boy in whom Sherman was interested. All three for 25 cents.

(1) **THE TWO OLD SOLDIERS.** J. C. Macy. Pathetic reminiscences told in verse. (2) **THE MEN WHO WORE THE SHIELD.** Kate Brownlee Sherwood. Spirited patriotic address. Both for 25c.

AN INCIDENT OF '64. The supposed death of her lover in battle deranges a girl; he returns suddenly, only to have his sweetheart fall dead upon his breast. In a book of excellent selections. 35 cents.

(1) **GENERAL GRANT'S ENGLISH.** Mark Twain. (2) **THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.** H. Tuttle. (3) **DECORATION DAY.** E. P. Thwing. Three excellent prose declamations. 25 cents.

MUSIC ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK. C. C. Somerville. Story of Northern and Southern armies on a river's banks so near that each can hear the other's band. When one plays a war-tune, the other responds with its war-tune, until, finally, one side plays "Home, Sweet Home," which so touches the other side that it joins in. For a time North and South are one. Six pages of music, 50 cents.

(1) **THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.** Jessie F. O'Donnell. A soldier, with both legs mangled, is heard singing the "Star-Spangled Banner." Introduces the song at various places; orchestral music may be used with good effect. (2) **THE SILENT ARMY OF MEMORIAL DAY.** Julia C. Jones. A poetic address dedicated to the G. A. R. (3) **GRANDFATHER WATT'S PRIVATE FOURTH.** H. C. Bunner. Semi-humorous account of an old-time Fourth. All three in "Delsarte Recitation Book," containing many other fine things. \$1.25.

(1) **BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.** Julia Ward Howe. The celebrated Civil war hymn. Directions for costume rendition. (2) **MY OWN NATIVE LAND.** Poem. (3) **THE NEGRO BOAT-MAN'S SONG.** His joy upon hearing of the Emancipation Proclamation. Music and dancing may be introduced. (4) **EXTRACT FROM A SERMON ON LINCOLN.** Henry Ward Beecher. (5) **A VISION OF THE WAR.** Robert Ingersoll. Extract from the celebrated speech at the Soldiers' Reunion at Indianapolis. Suggestions for twelve tableaux. All in "Potter's Impersonations," with many other excellent selections. \$2.00.

AMERICA'S RECITATION BOOK. Compiled by Caroline B. Le Row. A collection of patriotic selections, many of which may be used for Decoration Day and for Fourth of July. 85 cents.

(1) **GEN. LEE AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.** The devotion of a Texan brigade causes them forcibly to restrain Lee from endangering his life, saying: "We'll retake the salient if you'll watch us from the rear," and they kept their word. (2) **JIM.** T. C. Harbaugh. The funeral of an old comrade revives war-time memories. Both for 25c.

(1) **O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!** Walt Whitman. Exquisite poem referring to the death of Lincoln. (2) **A SOUTHERN VOLUNTEER.** Frank L. Stanton. An old soldier recounts his battle-life during the Civil war. (3) **SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.** S. H. M. Byers. Spirited description of this famous march. All three for 25 cents.

MY GRAY GUINEVER. Henry L. Turner. The life of a Union soldier, surprised by an ambuscade, is saved by his horse's fleetness. 25 cents.

THE UNFINISHED LOVE SONG. C. H. Tiffany. A Federal soldier, on guard, singing of his far-away love, is surprised by the enemy and shot. Music may be introduced. 25 cents.

(1) **AN UNREPENTANT REBEL.** Libbie C. Baer. A Confederate, saved in battle by a Yankee, writes years afterward saying that though he doesn't like the Yankees he'd forgive and pension them, if they were as generous as his rescuer. (2) **THE COLOR GUARD.** C. W. Harwood. The guardians of the Red, White and Blue are the children. Non-sectional piece. Opportunity to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." (3) **THE WEEDS OF THE ARMY.** Capt. Jack Crawford. A protest against the assertion that the G. A. R. never went to the front. All three for 25c.

(1) **CARMELITA.** Julia Mills Dunn. Ducky dialect account of how a Southern girl and her mammy, by a ruse, prevent a battle between the Federals and the Confederates. (2) **TWO OPINIONS.** Eugene Field. Two men, enemies from boyhood, make up on eve of battle. Next day one is killed. Yankee dialect. In a book containing other good pieces. 35c.

For \$1.50 will be sent Critical and Elaborate Analyses of

Alfred Tennyson's "THE LADY OF SHALOTT,"
Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "THE BLESSED DAMOZEL,"
Robert Browning's "MY LAST DUCHESS,"
Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "LADY GERALDINE'S COURTSHIP,"
George Eliot's "HOW LIZA LOVED THE KING,"
Sidney Lanier's "THE MARSHES OF GLYNN-SUNRISE,"
James Russell Lowell's "THE COURTIN',"
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's "NUREMBERG,"
John Greenleaf Whittier's "TELLING THE BEES,"
Edward Rowland Sill's "THE THRUSH,"
Austin Dobson's "SECRETS OF THE HEART."

Criticisms of these literary masterpieces appeared in *Werner's Magazine* from September, 1897, to May, 1898, and filled 317 pages (equaling over 700 ordinary-size book pages), including the following illustrations in half-tone, and printed on enameled paper :

Two portraits of Alfred Tennyson—The Lady of Shalott, by William Holman Hunt—Sir Lancelot, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti—Beata Beatrix, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti—The Blessed Damozel, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti—portrait of Dante Gabriel Rossetti—Sir Galahad, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti—Church, Ferrara, Italy—portrait of Robert Browning—Orpheus and Eurydice, by Sir Frederick Leighton—Guardian Angel, by Guercino—The Pied Piper of Hamelin Beguiling the Rats, by G. J. Penivell—Holy Family, by Andrea del Sarto—Piazza della Annunziata, with Statue of Ferdinand de Medici—Coronation of the Virgin, by Fra Filippo Lippi—Madonna di San Sisto, by Raphael—Madonna di Foligno, by Raphael—Madonna della Sedia, by Raphael—The Virgin with the Diadem, by Raphael—Cathedral, Ancona, Italy—Campo Santo, Pisa—Baptistry, Cathedral, and Leaning Tower, Pisa—two portraits of Elizabeth Barrett Browning—How Liza Loved the King, by E. Blair Leighton—Palermo Cathedral, Sicily—two portraits of George Eliot—portrait of Sidney Lanier—two Georgia marsh scenes—portrait of James Russell Lowell—Lowell's study—Lowell's home—portrait of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—Nuremberg Walls—Market Place, Nuremberg—portrait of Albrecht Dürer—Street scene in Nuremberg—Praying Hands, by Albrecht Dürer—Tomb of St. Sebaldus, Nuremberg—Head of an Old Man, by Albrecht Dürer—Bridal Portal, Nuremberg—The Pix, Nuremberg—Goose Fountain, Nuremberg—Statue of Hans Sachs, Nuremberg—two portraits of John Greenleaf Whittier—portrait of Raphael at the age of fifteen—The Miracle of St. Mark, by Tintoretto—Whittier's birthplace—Whittier's residence—Venus de Medici—two scenes from "Proverbs in Porcelain," by Bernard Partridge—Venus de Milo.

These analyses mark a new departure in the study of literature, and are of the greatest value for schools and for private study. These analytical studies are based upon the knowledge that it is useless to attempt to get at the kernel of literature by memorizing dates, names, or circumstances of family, friends and surroundings; that a poem worthy of the name of a work of art presupposes a masterpiece; that a poet should be approached through his work, never through his life; that the voice in song and in speech forms the basis of music and of poetry, and that literature should be studied in connection with its oral expression,—that is, it should be read aloud.

THESE ARTICLES CONTAIN

1. Reprints and analyses of the poems.
2. Phrasing of the poems, indicated by special setting of the type.
3. The poets' art-materials.
4. Significance of these art-works in the gallery of all the fine arts—architecture, sculpture, painting, and music.
5. Extracts from the poets' other works.
6. Biographical and critical consideration of the poems.
7. References for reading.
8. Subjects with outlines as suggestions for papers by students, or members of clubs.
9. Suggestions for other similar programs.
10. Portraits of the poets and cuts of famous works of art with which the poets or their poems have special connection.
11. Bibliography, helpful for further study.

It is no exaggeration to say that never before has there been so wide-reaching and thorough a consideration of these literary masterpieces. A study of these articles will widen one's intellectual horizon and will reveal in these great poems beauties and potencies hitherto unknown. Such study will prove that in all great poems there are harmony and unity that establish the brotherhood of mankind, and that in them are eternal truths, to gain a knowledge of which should engage the best efforts of men.

A careful reading of these articles will cultivate a taste for good literature, and can not be too highly recommended as a disciplining and elevating factor in the training of oneself or of those in our charge—our children and our pupils.

These 9 numbers will be sent for \$1.50, or any single number for 25 cents, post-paid; or the magazine will be sent one year for \$2.

EDGAR S. WERNER, Publisher, 43 East 19th St., New York.

Musically Accompanied Recitations

The Reader does not Sing but Recites the Piece in the Usual Way, while another Person Plays the Accompaniment on Piano or Organ, thus Lending the Power of Music to the Reader's Voice in Bringing out the Effects of the Recitation.

Magdalena, or the Spanish Duel.

Music arranged by Sumner Salter. An Englishman's love-making to a lady of Sevilla is rudely interrupted by the sudden appearance of a Spanish nobleman with an interminably long name. The Englishman wounds the Spaniard and escapes. An exceptionally charming and humorous musical recitation. Introduces a Spanish air. 20 pages of music. Price, \$1.50.

Sandalphon.

Words by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, America's favorite poet. Music by Harvey Worthington Loomis. As recited by Edwin Starr Belknap. A most exquisite recitation, suitable for any occasion, but specially recommends itself to religious schools and societies of all denominations, Catholic and Protestant. The story is of an angel standing at the gate of heaven listening to the prayers of sorrow-laden mortals, and changing these prayers into flowers, whose perfume is wafted through the immortal City. Beautiful title page. Price, \$1.00.

Statue Scene from "The Winter's Tale."

This is a collaboration of the greatest poet and the greatest composer—Shakespeare and Beethoven. The music has been specially arranged from Beethoven, by Edgar S. Kelley, among the foremost of American composers. This recitation is recited by Miss Stella King and other prominent reciters. The story is of Queen Hermione, supposed long since dead, who is restored to her family, during their visit to a gallery to see what they imagine is her statue. Price, 50 cents.

The Uncle.

Poem by H. G. Bell. Music by Sir Julius Benedict. Composed expressly for Sir Henry Irving. Most powerful and dramatic recitation for a man. It is full of passion. The story is of two brothers who love the same woman. The unsuccessful suitor murders his brother by locking him in a chest. Years afterward the murderer, in a fit of remorse, tells the story to his nephew and dies. Price, 60 cents.

Aux Italiens.

Poem by Owen Meredith. Music by G. Verdi. Here again is a collaboration of a great poet and a great composer. An exquisite recitation suitable for parlor or public presentation. The story is of a man who, while at the opera with his betrothed, imagines he sees his first love, and is so overpowered with the vision that he decides not to marry, but to remain true to his first love, "for beauty is easy enough to win, but one isn't loved every day." Prof. Charles Roberts, the eminent reader, has kindly furnished us his arrangement for publication. Price, 60 cents.

The Shadow of a Song.

Poem by Campbell Rae-Brown. Music by Edgar S. Place. Story of a girl who sings to her dead, blind, twin brother whom she has tended with marvelous affection. Her lover overhearing her sing, accuses her of communing with a dead lover. She is so wounded by his suspicion that she leaves him forever, saying as she goes, that she will sing the song again just before she dies. A year afterward, the lover, who is alone and disconsolate, hears the song, and realizes that she (who is unseen) is dying. Introduces a song. Both the singer and the piano are inviolable. This is a great recitation, and, with proper rendering, produces wonderful effect upon an audience. Price, 50 cents.

The Benediction.

Poem by François Coppée, the great French writer. Music by Edgar S. Place. Vivid description of the terrific siege of Saragossa, where the troops shoot down a lot of monks, finally shooting in cold blood an old priest at the altar, who is in the act of giving the Benediction. One of the chief pieces in the repertoire of Prof. J. W. Churchill and Prof. Charles Roberts. Price, 70 cents.

The American Flag.

Poem by Joseph Rodman Drake. Musical background by Sumner Salter. A classical and patriotic musical recitation suitable for all occasions. The recent victorious war with Spain, transforming the United States into a world empire, gives an added significance to the Stars and Stripes. Hence this recitation is peculiarly appropriate at this time. Price, 75 cents.

The Fugitives.

Poem by Shelley. Music by Schumann. Another recitation the result of the collaboration of a great poet and a great composer. A weird story of runaway lovers, who are cursed by her father and are exposed to a storm. Price, 40 cents.

I Dream.

Poem by Rev. Dwight Williams. The happiness and beauty of the hereafter as foreshadowed in a dream. Suitable for all occasions, but specially so for Sunday-school and church entertainments. Teaches the moral, "No child of God's dear love shall be forgotten." Price, 50 cents.

The Story of Some Bells.

Music by Edgar S. Place. An artisan, having cast a tuneful chime that is carried off in war, becomes disconsolate, and wanders for years through foreign lands in search of his bells. At last he finds them as he draws near to Limerick, and, hearing them play, "Home, Sweet Home," he dies. A beautiful and pathetic recitation. Price, 50 cents.

The Last Hymn.

Poem by Marianne Farningham. Music by P. Glorza. A Sabbath service is broken up by the discovery of a shipwreck near the shore. A man is seen clinging to a spar without hope of rescue. He is heard to sing, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," his voice ceasing only when he disappears in the water. A most powerful and pathetic piece. Price, 50 cents.

Very Dark.

Music by G. M. Rosenberg. The pathetic death of a brave soldier whose last words are, "The night is coming fast, mother, it is growing very dark." Price, 50 cents.

The Red Fan.

Poem by Grace Ada Brown. Music by Nettie Arthur Brown. Humorous account of how a lady, by fanning the cigar smoke back into his face, squeals a pompous man. Price, 60 cents.

The Idyl of an Orchard.

Poem by Grace Ada Brown. Music by Nettie Arthur Brown. A story interweaving apple-blossoms, love and war. "So he fought for his land in a hero's way, and she lived and died as a woman may." Pathetic and beautiful piece. Price, \$1.00.

That Waltz of Von Weber's.

Poem by Nora Perry. Recitation lesson-helps by Ada Frances Thayer. This is a most charming musical recitation, showing how a middle-aged man recalls dancing with the one he loved, but whom he did not get. Price, 20 cents.

Music on the Rappahannock.

A non-sectional piece suitable for North and South. Sure to stir the hearts of old soldiers and admirably adapted to all patriotic occasions and good for any time. Equally fitted for man or woman reciter. One of the most popular recitations of the day. Story of Northern and Southern armies encamped on the banks of a river so near that each can hear the other's band. When one army plays a war-tune the other army responds with its war-tune, until finally one side plays "Home, Sweet Home," which so touches the other side that it joins in. For the time being North and South are one. Price, 50 cents.

Any of the above sent post-paid on receipt of the price.

Spanish-American War Pieces

PLEASE NOTICE.—These Recitations sold in groups only. Groups can not be separated. Money must accompany order. No accounts opened. No recitations sent on approval or exchanged.

(1) THE MARTYRS OF THE MAINE. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. A stirring and prophetic poem. (2) NEW BEACONS SET. John J. Rooney. A poem "to the heroes of the warship Maine." (3) THE AMERICAN SOLDIER. James J. Reiden. A prose tribute to the virtues and merits of our soldiers. (4) CUBA LIBRE. Joaquin Miller. A spirited poem for telling the freedom of Cuba. This is one of Mrs. Frank Leslie's most effective recitations. All 4 for 25 cents.

(1) MY SOLDIER LOVER. Geo. H. Rowles. Poem to be given with piano or violin accompaniment. Brings in the "rustic reel," a "dead march," and "Nearer, My God, to Thee." (2) OUR COUNTRY. Bishop McQuaid. Extract from a speech at Archbishop Corrigan's silver jubilee. (3) THE SONG OF CUBA. F. L. Stanton. A poem on the death of Maceo. (4) THE BATTLE IS THE LORD'S. Alice May Youse. A battle hymn to the tune of "America." (5) CUBAN INDEPENDENCE. Win. Sulzer. From a speech delivered in Congress. (6) IN THE WRECKAGE OF THE MAINE. Will Carlnton. Poem telling that "Liberty soon may grasp another jewel from the wreckage of the Maine." (7) OUR FLYING SQUADRON. Poem telling that Admiral Schley's ships "will be there." (8) THE TATTERED BATTLE-FLAG. Marlon Short. "Bring it out for another star to day." Poem. (9) THE TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN. C. H. Martin. From a speech in Congress. The time has come to strike. (10) CUBAN RALLY SONG. S. E. Sprague. The cry is "Set Cuba free." (11) THE CALL. J. J. Rooney. "When other Columbia calls, she shall be heard." (12) "REMEMBER THE MAINE." F. J. Gould. Poem repeating the words, "Remember the Maine." (13) THE DRAGON OF THE SEAS. Thomas N. Page. A poetical reference to Spain's naval history. (14) OUR PRESIDENT. J. F. Dolliver. From a speech in Congress. A splendid tribute to President McKinley. (15) GO AHEAD. Dialect poem urging the planting and sowing, for "purty soon the war'll be over." (16) AN OFFERING FOR CUBA. Ida T. Bell. Dramatic prose narration of the killing of an old artist and his little boy model, who had posed for a Cuban flag. (17) BRITANIA TO COLUMBIA. Alfred Austin. England's poet laureate pleads for an Anglo-American alliance. (18) MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. Madison Cawein. Poem proclaiming "Thou art weighed in the scales and found wanting, O Spain." (19) ONE BENEATH OLD GLORY. This war will unite the "Yankees" and the "Johnnies." Poem. (20) HOW WALLACE SAVED THE DAY. An unusually cute encore telling how the Spaniards are routed by 400 elocutionists reciting "The Charlot Race." (21) THE INDEPENDENCE OF CUBA. John M. Thurston. From his famous speech delivered in U. S. Senate. (22) I WONDER IF SHE'D CARE? He wonders if she'd care if he went to war. He dares not try. Humorous poem. (23) ADIOS. Short, humorous poem ending with "Don't you hear your Uncle Sam'll Git." All 23 recitations for 25 cents.

(1) THE CALL TO THE COLORS. Various States and sections are called upon to respond to the call. "We have seven million soldiers, and a soul guides every blade." Poem. (2) THE STARVATION IN CUBA. Redfield Procter. From his famous speech in U. S. Senate. (3) THREE CHEERS FOR THE OLD FLAG. F. L. Stanton. Dialect poem. (4) MOTHER ASIA. S. W. Foss. Poem referring to "the new flag that waves at Manila." (5) THE BATTLE FOR LIBERTY. John A. Moon. From a speech in Congress. (6) "OFF MANILLY." J. E. V. Cook. Poetical statement of the fact that "She didn't sink no Maine way over there in Spain." (7) WHAT WORSE THAN WAR? W. H. Venable. The answer being "peace bought with the price of honor." (8) THE JUSTICE OF THE HISPANO-AMERICAN WAR. John L. McLaurin. From a speech in the U. S. Senate. (9) THE SOARING OF THE EAGLE. Marlon F. Ham. A lively poem on the battle of Manila. (10) THE PRIMACY OF THE UNITED STATES. David Turpin. From a speech in U. S. Senate. (11) FIXING FOR TROUBLE. A man calls on his whole family to help him get ready for the war. Humorous poem. (12) A LETTER FROM CAMP. A soldier writes to his "dear girl." (13) THE FLAG. Henry L. Flash. An apostrophe to our flag. (14) THE RACE OF THE OREGON. John J. Neenan. Poem telling of "the breathless millions that looked upon the matchless race of the Oregon." (15) IN THE WOLF'S JAWS. Chas. G. Beede. Poem in praise of Hobson

and the men who volunteered to sink the Merrimac. (16) OUR MEMORIAL DAY. John R. Young. Prose setting forth America's new destiny resulting from this war's victories. (17) THE C. L. T. ARMS. Felicia Hemans. Poem. (18) HOBSON OF SANTIAGO. J. J. Rooney. Poem telling of Hobson's heroic deed. (19) THE CAPTAIN. W. N. Roundy. About the captain that is running the Ship of State. (20) FREEDOM. J. R. Lowell. Short poem. All 20 recitations for 25 cts.

(1) AT THE CALL OF THE FLAG. L. R. Hamberlin. Poem with the charge that "Cuba is cursed with the dons of Spain." (2) THE RIGHTS OF CUBA. Edmund Driggs. From a speech in Congress. (3) CHANT OF THE NEW UNION. Edmund Rusell. All parts of our country are now one in everything. (4) OUR DEAD HEROES. Albert B. Paine. Motto: "Under the roses of the blue, under the lilies of the gray." (5) LOYALTY. S. S. Curry. From his address to his graduates. "Loyalty belongs to every human heart." (6) THE BURIAL OF PRIVATE GINGER JAMES. Edgar Wallace. Dialect account of a private's burial. Serious-humorous poem. (7) A CHICKAMAUGA CHORUS. R. K. Munkittrick. Humorous poem about the boys in camp. (8) IF SHE WERE A MAN. Short, humorous poem telling of a woman's bravery away from the Spaniards. (9) WEALTH MORE SACRED THAN LIFE? Marlon Butler. From a speech in U. S. Senate. (10) THE MARCH OF THE VOLUNTEERS. Will Carlnton. Poem. (11) FARRAGUT TO DEWEY. S. W. Foss. The former is asked to make room for the latter on the pedestal of fame. Poem. (12) HYMN BEFORE ACTION. Rudyard Kipling. Short poem. (13) CUBA'S CRY. Virgil A. Pinkley. Poem referring to the Cubans' cry for freedom and to Dewey and Hobson. (14) THE ANNEXATION OF HAWAII. John B. Corliss. From a speech in Congress. (15) OUR NATIVE LAND. Poem. (16) THE SONG OF THE WAR FRIEND. Poem. (17) A SOLDIER'S HEART. It "is in the home where they miss him so." Poem. (18) HOBSON OF ALABAMA. John C. Ridpath. Poem. (19) HOW WE WON EL CANEY. Lieut. W. H. Wassell. Prose description of that terrible fight. (20) DE PROFUNDIS. A serious-humorous soliloquy of Jacky "while we shovel in the coal." Dialect poem. (21) A MILD PROTEST. Wilton Lackaye. Humorous poem protesting against the using of heroes' names to advertise merchandise. (22) THE NATION'S VOLUNTEERS. M. P. Murphy. A long poem making references to the Revolution, the Civil War, and the Spanish-American War. All 22 recitations for 25 cents.

(1) VIVA CUBA LIBRE. Livingston Russell. A stirring, patriotic monologue for a woman, introducing Cuba's Joan of Arc, Senora Paulina Gonzalez in female Cuban insurgent's costume. (2) THE AMERICAN SAILOR AND SOLDIER. Lieut. Richard P. Hobson. This is Hobson's first great extempore speech delivered at the N. Y. Metropolitan Opera House for the benefit of sailors' families. (3) HOBSON'S PRIZE DECLAMATION. This is the piece that Hobson won a prize with. (4) TO THE MODERN BATTLE-SHIP. Robert James. "Three cheers for the battle-ship." (5) THE MAN WHO COOKS THE GRUB. Humorous poem speaking a good word for the man who, although exposed to danger and doing his duty, gets none of the glory. (6) AN UNHAPPY PATRIOT. Darkey dialect poem. A negro laments because he is not allowed to take his "razzer to de wah." (7) OUR SOLDIERS' SONG. D. G. Adee. The soldiers before Santiago cheer and sing "The Star-Spangled-Banner" on learning of the destruction of Cervera's ships. (8) "APPLES FINKEY"—THE WATER-BOY. J. J. Rooney. A 12-year old negro smuggles himself aboard a transport and turns up on the Santiago battle-field where he does fine service by giving water to the wounded. Poem. All 8 recitations for 25 cents.

(1) AMERICA'S NEW ERA. Chauncey M. Depew. Declamation indicating how our recent victories have enlarged our power, responsibilities and glory. (2) THE SOLDIER'S WIFE. Elliott Flower. Poem showing how she who stays at home makes the greater sacrifice. (3) A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL IN CUBA. Monte Cutler. Prose description. (4) THE ONE WHO WON'T BE THERE. A father does not go to welcome the soldiers home because his boy lies buried in Cuba. Poem. (5) McILRATH OF MALATE. John J. Rooney. Poem telling about Sergeant McIlrath's bravery and death at Manila. All 5 recitations for 25 cents.

WERNERS MAGAZINE



JOAN OF ARC

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY-TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
EDGAR S WERNER 43 EAST 19TH ST NEW YORK

Is Your Voice Worth Sixty Cents?

If a Speaker, Singer, Elocutionist, School Teacher, Clergyman, Lecturer, Political Orator or Public Reader, of course it is. Does it ever get tired? If so, look out for it.



The Voice is made by the larynx (Adam's Apple) by using the breath which we inhale. Nearly every trouble which comes to the voice—through hoarseness, laryngitis, inflammation or overwork—is because of imperfect or improper breathing. Breathing is the basis of good, sound, ringing voice. Inhalation with **Adirondack Balsam**, through our little tube (see that cut) makes breathing right. You need it. See what **M. Frances Boice**, the noted teacher of Elocution at Philadelphia, says:

"I am using your Balsam with a number of my pupils with encouraging results. I find that it relieves hoarseness that is due to both colds and misused voices. I have two cases * * (the details of which follow). Since the use of the Inhalant tube during the lesson hour, we are able to proceed with no interruption except the occasional minutes spent with the tube. I also find it is a great benefit to the voice under the influence of nervous exhaustion."

Do you, or did you, ever take singing lessons? Show the following to your singing teacher. It is from **Frank H. Tubbs**, the great Singing-Teacher, of New York:

"I have thoroughly tested **Adirondack Balsam**. Its use, if directions are followed, certainly strengthens the lungs, and the muscles which regulate the breathing, most wonderfully. It is a great help to singers."

On such testimony you dare risk spending Sixty Cents if you care for your own voice. Enclose money order, check, or, if need be, thirty two-cent stamps in your order. We will send pamphlet of Exercises for practice, too.

Improve Your Voice

Order by mail of us.

Sixty Cents pays for Complete Outfit, including Breathing-Tube, a bottle of Adirondack Balsam, Pipette, Medicated Absorbent and Instructions.

Adirondack Balsam Co.

121 West 42d Street, New York

Please mention WERNER'S MAGAZINE when you write to advertisers.

Trash or treasure? If you wish to know, send your ms. story, essay, history, poem, to the New York Bureau of Revision for skilled correction or for a letter of faithful criticism. Such work, said George William Curtis, is "done as it should be by The Easy Chair's friend and fellow-laborer in letters, TITUS M. COAN, A. B., A. M. Dr. Coan sees books through the press, suggests titles, and negotiates between author and publisher. Send for circular W. to N. Y. Bureau of Revision, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

We BUY and SELL

GRAMOPHONES
PHONOGRAPHS
GRAPHOPHONES
RECORDS, Etc.

Best Talker and Singer. \$25

Harbach's Marvel
PROJECTING MACHINES, FILMS, Etc. Catalogue FREE
MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE
HARBACH & CO., 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

AN EAR FOR MUSIC

"The most important thing is to cultivate the sense of hearing," wrote Robert Schumann. An ear for music is a matter of systematic training. A well-trained ear makes a better performer and a more appreciative listener.

Intervals, Chords and Ear Training

By Jean Parkman Brown

Price, by mail, post-paid, \$1.00

This book has already sold well into the second edition. "To teachers the work should be indispensable." Anyone can easily understand the book and gain a thorough knowledge of the major and minor scales, and their primary triads, as well as to cultivate an "ear for music" by studying it.

THE MUSICAL RECORD

Subscription Price \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 15c. A monthly publication edited by PHILIP HALE. The musical news of the world—reviews, criticisms and articles by eminent musical writers. Sixteen-Page Supplement of New Music by celebrated composers, with each number. Send for premium lists. Agents wanted.

MUSIC REVIEW

Published monthly. Subscription Price 25c. a Year. Send 2c. stamp for sample copy, containing two pieces of music.

All Musical publications. Send us your orders.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON
C. H. DITSON & CO., NEW YORK
J. E. DITSON & CO., PHILADELPHIA

APR 10 1899



HOWELL L. PINER
Texas

**Winner of the \$100 First Cash Prize, offered by Edgar S. Werner,
for the Best Collection of Recitations.**



MRS. EMILY M. BISHOP



Vol. XXIII.

APRIL, 1899.

No. 2.

Bodily Responsiveness.

An Interview with Mrs. Emily M. Bishop, a Pioneer in the "Psychologic" Training of the Body for Health and for Self-Expression.

"The teaching of gesture as gesture is most detrimental to natural, honest expression. Teachers of gesture are largely responsible for the prejudice against elocution."

IN other days the body was but a poor thing compared with the soul. It was the husk, the soul was the kernel. It dragged the pure aspiring spirit downward. Hence it was to be mortified with fastings and watchings and even scourged into submission. The newer teaching avoids self-indulgence no less, but it emphasizes more its faith that the body is also a sacred thing, the "temple of the Holy Ghost," as St. Paul says, and declares that if the soul would rise to higher planes the body must accompany it. As Browning says:

"Nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul."

Representative among teachers of physical culture and self-expression stands Mrs. Emily M. Bishop, author of "Americanized Delsarte Culture," a popular lecturer, and since 1889 teacher of the Delsarte System at Chautauqua, and Associate Principal of the Chautauqua School of Expression.

"It is most unfortunate," said Mrs. Bishop to WERNER'S MAGAZINE, "that the second instead of the first name given by Steele MacKaye to his teaching, as long ago as 1872, did not prevail. At that time he announced his work as: 'Æsthetic Gymnastics; or a Psychologic Training of the Body.' The word 'æsthetic' sounds superficial to the average practical American mind. So much of the teaching known as Delsartism has resulted in posturing, posing, mechanical gesturing, and almost literally in 'reeling and writhing and fainting in coils' as the Mock Turtle told Alice in Wonderland, that it is no wonder that there is considerable prejudice among educators and sensible people against anything labeled Delsarte.

"Certainly, Delsarte did formulate the laws of man's expression as no one before him had done, and his pupils introduced into this country certain distinctive features in gymnastics that have proved applicable in many ways to the needs of our

highly-strung, overwrought, nervous people. But the expressional features and the gymnastic training are both included in the comprehensive title 'A Psychologic Training of the Body.' This term gives a dignity to the teaching and in itself suggests somewhat the fundamental principles of our work."

"What do you mean by a 'psychologic' training of the body?"

"In his lecture on 'The Psychology of Relaxation,' Prof. James says: 'The sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness, if our spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, to look around cheerfully and to act as though cheerfulness were already there.' That idea embodies the essence of one side of this teaching. Express what you desire to feel and be. If you would be courageous, express courage in bodily act, attitude, voice and words; if you would possess tranquility and peace of mind, express physical serenity and calm. The holding of these sentiments in the mind—as is essential, at least in some degree, in order voluntarily to express them—plus the 'organic stirrings' aroused by their physical expression, tends to develop the genuine feeling. Then, our gymnastics make such voluntary bodily response to the thought or feeling easy by freeing all restrictions, counteracting the tendency to act in ruts, invigorating every part of the organism and equalizing the action of the nervous force. More, the cultivation of physical energy means a development of some portion of the brain. Some investigators claim that every time I move my little finger I exercise the particular parts of the motor area of the brain that have to do with the governing of the muscles that make my little finger flex and extend. If that finger were cut off so that I need no longer call into action that particular set of

brain-cells, their development would be arrested. Not only does the body operate upon the brain-tissue but the brain-tissue operates upon muscles that are not being used. You must have seen an account of those experiments of Dr. Anderson of Yale, in which a student took a certain amount of exercise with the right arm but for a stated time scrupulously refrained from exercising the left arm. Nevertheless the left arm increased in strength proportionately. This suggests how intimately brain and muscle are connected, for how could the left arm have increased unless an extra amount of nourishment had been sent to it, not consciously perhaps as we define the word, but with that subconsciousness which is so short a step-away."

"Do you believe that the attitude produces the feeling?"

"In and of itself, no. For instance, if I were despondent and my body could be placed in the attitude of joyfulness without my mind in any way receiving the suggestion of joyfulness, I might feel less depressed, say more normal, because of the 'organic stirrings' aroused by the better adjustment of the physical organs, but I do not believe that the specific feeling of joy would result. It is the *will* to be joyful, to be courageous, cheerful, calm, that is the first great essential. The next is to break up morbid tendencies of the organism in expression and that is what well-directed gymnastics accomplish."

"How much of what you teach is pure Delsartism, and how much is your own discovery?"

"It would be very difficult to draw a definite line between what I originally received from teachers and books as Delsarte's philosophy and what I have gleaned from many other sources. I do not claim to have 'discovered' anything; at most, I have but adapted some general principles

to new applications. I think I was one of the first to apply Delsarte's expression laws and the relaxing and rhythmical gymnastics, especially to health-seeking. Before that, these had been chiefly applied to art and to dramatic expression."

"Have you gained much from our psychologists?"

"Yes, much. Especially have their teachings fortified me in the essential parts of Delsarte's philosophy and in my own application of it to health-seeking. Not many years ago, you know, many thought it absurd to aim for worthy self-expression as a result of physical training, and relaxing and rhythmical gymnastics were considered little better than nonsensical by some. It's a great comfort to the pioneers in this psychologic training of the body to have these heralds of the 20th century education, our psychologists, heartily endorse our teaching, as some of them unhesitatingly do."

"What do you call your teaching to-day?"

"That branch that relates to health and self-expression is known as 'Americanized Delsarte Culture,' while all bodily training for dramatic expression, elocution and interpretation is called 'Bodily Responsiveness.' I particularly like that term. My new book, now in preparation, is called that. I am convinced that the teaching of gestures, as gesture, is most detrimental to natural, honest expression in interpretation; but in order to have such expression possible, the body must be trained to free and spontaneous (not accidental or mechanical, — according-to-the-rule) responsiveness to the thought and feeling.

"I believe that the teachers of gesture and bodily expression—not excepting most Delsarte teachers, who are supposed to be the highest authority on gesture—are largely responsible for the prejudice against

elocution and public readers. Of course, there are tricks of the voice and many disagreeable voices which offend the ear, and there is a lack of comprehension of lines in many readers which is not complimentary to the intelligence of the audience, but no offense is so much in evidence and so detracting as is fictitious, false, and 'finished' gesturing."

"What do you mean by 'well-directed gymnastics?' The Delsarte relaxing movements?"

"Not necessarily the exercises for relaxation as introduced by Mr. MacKaye; for, so far as I can discover, Delsarte himself never taught gymnastics of relaxation. His daughter, Mme. Géraldy, thought them most interestingly novel when she saw them in this country, and when asked if her father taught them, replied: 'Never in the world.' Well-directed gymnastics are such as will tend to produce a specific result in a given case. For instance, if one is suffering from long-continued grief, bordering upon melancholy, or if one's muscles are weakened by illness or inactivity, well-directed gymnastics would be some energizing exercises that would stimulate all the functional processes, invigorate the muscles and direct the thoughts into some new channel. Nothing could be worse in such cases than to give relaxing exercises. It would be like trying to brace a seasick man by suggesting another voyage. To a nervous, or an awkward, self-conscious man, rhythmical exercise would be 'well-directed.' In fact, so generally harmonizing and helpful are these gymnastics, that they are good in nearly all cases except for girls that want to 'float' and 'pose,' and for readers that want to make 'lovely gestures.' Dr. G. Stanley Hall gives rhythmical movements a high educative value. He regrets the decadence of the religious dances because of the psychological

effect of rhythm upon the mind. If some of the old sacred rhythmical dances or our more modern stately minuet were a part of the daily exercises of children and on through adult life until they were 'seventy years young,' as Oliver Wendell Holmes says, unquestionably such exercises would not only be remedial in their effects, and excellent for the disposition, but they would tend also to longevity. Dancing-masters are, as a rule, long-lived; athletes, short-lived. In one course of advanced lessons at Chautauqua we teach nothing but rhythmical gymnastics and breathing. In this class that meets the last hour in the afternoon from 5 to 6, when everyone is pretty well tired with the many attractions of an overfull Chautauqua day, the results obtained by our various breathing-exercises, and by the rhythmical gymnastics are most suggestive of what men and women might do for themselves, mentally and physically, 'if they only had the time,' as they say—or would take it. This is a phase of physical culture of whose possibilities we as yet know little. In the next decade we shall know more of its influence upon health and happiness, I think."

"Are rhythmical gymnastics to be the ideal gymnastics of the future?"

"I have not the prescience to read the future; but the ideal gymnastic to meet the various needs of children, men and women of to-day, the great Eternal Now, should include exercises for relaxation, for rhythm, for energization, and above all, breathing-exercises of many kinds; these latter, not only for increasing the breathing-power and capacity in and of itself, but because of intimate relation of different kinds of breath to mental states and the reactionary effect of breathing upon the mind, and also because of the remedial and developing power of breathing."

"What is the particular purpose of the exercises you call 'energizing'?"

"Exercises for developing and strengthening the muscles and especially for giving tone to the vital processes and as a direct aid to the development of the power of concentration. Most people when nervous can not concentrate the attention to order, but they can be led to do certain difficult poising and balancing physical movements that require a considerable amount of concentration of attention and thus, indirectly and unconsciously, beneficially affect the mental state. I recall the case of a little fellow, ten or twelve years old, that had some nervous affection that caused the muscles of the face to twitch, and the mouth to open and shut almost incessantly. I gave him some stretching exercises combined with poising on the toe of one foot. At first he could not approximate the desired attitude even by standing on the whole foot, but by appealing to his pride in his muscle—all boys have that pride, you know—he gradually gained greater power of concentration and with it, of course, corresponding bodily control, until in three weeks' time, he could do very difficult balancing and energizing exercises for fifteen minutes at a time; and, best of all, while his attention was so concentrated upon the action of fundamental muscles, the accessory facial muscles never twitched.

"Great care should be given by parents and teachers regarding the kind of exercise and work or occupation given to children: Pen-writing, card-pricking, too much piano-playing and all things that call for the finer coordination are harmful if given too early in the child's mental development."

"If you were going to teach a general class of beginners at Chautauqua, how would you set about it?"

"The first aim always is to get a good poise of the body, but I do not

talk much about this at first, or ever about the mechanical adjustment of the body that constitutes a good poise, because that tends to develop self-consciousness. So we begin by *doing*. I'm a great believer in the gospel of 'Do' and a great doubter of the doctrine of 'Don't.' Emerson says, 'Nerve us with incessant affirmations.' Enthusiastically to call all the muscles of the body into invigorating play is to nerve oneself. Add to this the effect of the habitual affirmative state of mind and one is pretty well fortified to meet the contingencies of life. So, first, in class we stretch the muscles in a few simple exercises; then we take some specific exercises that tend to adjust the different parts of the body normally; some exercises for getting the weight off the heels, for lifting the chest, for curving instead of bowing the back, for getting the hips back and with them the protruding abdomen, for stimulating the waist and back-muscles, and for overcoming the tendency toward the settling the whole body. Merely to stand lightly forward over the balls of the feet and push upward toward the ceiling with the top of the head will do much to overcome this fatal habit of settling—the sign of weakness, old age, self-depreciation, loss of enthusiasm, the loss of one's 'grip.' As Whitman says: 'Oneself must never give way. Be spiritually self-poised.' After these physical exercises, which, by the way, are never given without some psychologic hint as 'think of the exhilaration of that good stretch,' or 'of the buoyancy and lightness of that movement,' then by means of questions I lead the class on to analyze the expression of a normal and desirable poise. Taking a bowed back and protruding head and abdomen position, I ask

them to talk about me 'before my face,' and to criticize my expression. They usually speak of the external signs as 'hips too far forward,' 'standing on your heels,' 'chest not active enough,' etc.; but I refuse to accept these criticisms and ask how my attitude bespeaks myself, what it says to them. Then the criticisms come 'despondency,' 'hopelessness,' 'look as if you were tired, worn out,' 'as if you had lost heart and did not care,' 'disrespectful,' 'slovenly.'

"Sometimes we thus analyze the common aggressive attitude, the timid shrinking attitude, and always lead up to the normal, healthful attitude as an expression of animation, interest, graciousness, vigor, buoyancy and the like. Then I ask them to 'think on these things' and not on hips, feet, shoulders, head, back or chest. This holding the attention to the psychologic side of the attitude combined with physical exercises that make bodily responsiveness possible and easy, is productive of much better results in all ways than is the most painstaking teaching of mechanical movements. I have tried both ways and judge from a large experience. I fully agree with WERNER'S MAGAZINE in saying that we need physical culture and expression teaching for *all* classes of people—professional or other.

"Nothing is more disastrous to the health, enjoyment, mental and physical development than repression. There's a great field for a school of self-expression, based upon 'self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control,' where practical psychology, gymnastics, approved dancing, and expression—which includes bodily responsiveness, voice-culture, literary interpretation, dramatic rendering and 'plain reading,'—should be taught."

Music in the Grammar Grades of the New York Public Schools.

The first paper of this series appeared in the March issue and treated of music in the primary grades.]

TEACHING music to children in the grammar grades presents somewhat different problems from those of the primary grades. In the upper classes the voices of some of the boys make the great drop of an octave and the girls find that the resonators of their voices now give a different timbre to song. In these grades, the majority of children must learn, if they are ever to learn, how to read music. It would be a strange thing if boys and girls came out of the public schools able to say off "Mary had a little lamb," "I love little pussy, her coat is so warm," and other verses of no higher literary merit, able also to name pretty nearly all the letters in the alphabet and to read "The cat can run," and perhaps bigger words if somebody sounded the letters. Yet few adults that "learned" music in the public schools have much greater attainments to boast of. Perhaps it is not so important to learn to read music as to learn to read print and writing, but in the days that are to come, when the little fellows now in knee-breeches have got to shaving and voting, some of them will be fiddlers and clarinetists and trombonists, while the others make clothes and paint houses and do plumbing. And surely it is as wise to equip one child with a key by which he can unlock the door to a living as another. And if the tailors and painters and plumbers know something about good music they will make it possible for the fiddlers and clarinetists and trombonists, to say nothing about singers, to make as good a living as themselves. It is quite as good a trade to apprentice a boy to and requires much the same things as the others.

Good sense and patience are really worth more than long hair and velvet jackets.

J. Remington Fairlamb, one of the assistant supervisors with whom *WERNER'S MAGAZINE* was permitted to visit the grammar grades, believes that the main thing is to teach music. "The study of singing in the public schools," said he, "has attained the level of the study of music. Some of my girls in the upper grammar grades ask me about things and say: 'It is so on the piano.' Just as if the piano were the centre of music—the nucleus. To play the piano well is only to apply the art of music to it; to sing well is only to apply the art of music to the voice, and so with every other instrument. All are only forms of expression of the art of music. In the public schools we teach the art of music and we express ourselves in song."

One of the drawbacks or advantages, for it has both, according as you look at it, of the system of teaching music in the New York public schools is that there are no textbooks. The regular teachers in the rooms, who are supposed to know enough music to pass an examination on it, have nothing by which to teach except the lesson that the assistant supervisor gives in his rounds every fortnight. This defect is supplemented by the custom of the assistant supervisor of holding a conference with the teachers in each building at his visit when the difficulties and problems are talked over. Also the assistant supervisors have fortnightly conferences supervised by Mr. Damosch himself.

The democratic nature of the New York system is shown by the fact

that the curriculum in detail as well as in gross, as laid out for all the grades, is the result of the conferences, and was determined by the assistant supervisors and Mr. Damosch working together. It has been in operation only a little more than a year, so that it is not yet perfectly adjusted, since the upper grammar grades have to do a good deal of work that ought to have been done by them in the upper primary grades.

One reason for the disuse of textbooks has been that all of them begin with the key of C as the normal, when, as a matter of fact, it is not any more normal than any other key. But the worst feature of its use in public school singing is that it takes children's voices down so low that they have to force the graver tones to be heard at all and so get a harsh quality.

"I suppose," said Mr. Fairlamb, "that those that observed the raw, savage, screaming voice of children and took it to be their proper quality, found they could not carry it up very high and assumed that they had something of the range of the contralto. As a matter of fact, they can nearly always take the G above the staff easily and lightly. The treble staff is really the measure of what they may properly do, from E on the first line to F on the fifth line. The key of E is really the normal key but for convenience's sake we use the key of E \flat ."

While the amount and difficulty of the work is prescribed for each grade and the assistant supervisor keeps within limits there, he is free to use his own methods and exercises and to adapt himself to the circumstances, and that would seem to be an advantage. For example, in order to show what the change of the key does to the scale relations, Mr. Fairlamb got eight girls and stood them in a row, thus: No. 1 stood at the end of the blackboard; No. 2 stood next to

her and a foot away from her; No. 3 was stationed at the same distance from No. 2, but No. 4 was separated by six inches; then the others followed a foot apart, but No. 8 was only six inches from No. 7. There was the scale. But it becomes necessary to say that the girl that was No. 2 shall become No. 1. She that was No. 1 is to become No. 8, all the others keeping their places. But that doesn't make the scale. What's to be done? She that was No. 4 should be No. 3 of the new scale, but she doesn't stand in the right place for No. 3. She is too near to No. 2. What did the other girls think would be the proper thing to do? Why, move the old No. 4 six inches farther up till she was a foot from the new No. 2. In other words, sharp the *fa*. So, when it came to sharpening the new 7, it was easy to see what to do and the pupils got a concrete illustration of the use of sharps that they will never forget. That is what Mr. Fairlamb calls "dramatizing the scale."

Nearly all the rooms in the grammar grades visited by WERNER'S MAGAZINE in company with Mr. Fairlamb were about at the same problem, the sharpened fourth and the flatted seventh, songs for two and three voices, with parallel and contrary motion and motion against one note held. In the higher grades where the girls began to get pretty big, the voices were sorted into soprano and alto; and the boys, whose voices had begun to change, were started on bass and tenor.

"The basses will be pretty light for some time to come," said Mr. Fairlamb, "and the tenors will be colorless, but they will make a pretty fair showing in the simple work that I give them."

In the other grades the division into parts was purely arbitrary. Those sitting on one side of the room were for the occasion trebles and

those on the other were altos, this disposition of forces being shifted from time to time, so as to give each side a chance at the hard work.

"Ah!" said Mr. Fairlamb, to a roomful of little girls, say about ten or eleven years of age, that had come to grief over an exercise in staff-notation where one part held on and another moved, "you must learn to be able to attend to your own business without letting anybody bother you. Suppose you and another little girl were talking and she were telling you a secret and across the street a dog was barking. You would hear the dog but you wouldn't let it interrupt you. It is the power of concentration that makes people useful. I read the other day about a little boy that got run over and because he had something wrong with his heart they couldn't give him any chloroform while they cut his leg off!"

"Ah!" the little girls sucked in breath in sympathetic horror and shook their heads and said "M-m!"

"So he said if he could have his mouth-organ he thought he could stand the pain, and while they were cutting he played all the tunes he knew. Now I want you to be as intent on your part as he was. Never mind the others."

They got it right this time and Mr. Fairlamb said so and gave them more to struggle with. But that is about the way he works, with the grain of childish experience and not across it. If this were an article on pedagogy, it would find fault with the way he asks questions to which one can guess the answer every time like this: "So-and-so, and so-and-so, wouldn't it?"

And of course to that one must chirp out: "Yes, sir."

But if the question ends in: "Would it?" then the answer is: "No, sir." So that a moderately dull child could take a kind of nap between questions and yet answer correctly.

He went into a room where they keep boys, this was School 93 at Ninety-third Street and Amsterdam Avenue, where the children are mostly clean and pretty and have whole clothes. The singing of the boys had a freshness and sweetness in the tone that did one good. Many and many a boy-choir of selected voices would do well to get so pure and fresh a tone. But it did not quite suit Mr. Fairlamb.

"I declare," said he, "I ought to be a sandwich man with a board hung in front of me and on my back. I would have two words painted there and what do you think they would be?"

"Sing softly," said a boy, throwing up his arm in eagerness to be first.

"Well, I think I'd rather put it: 'Sing sweetly.' One may make a big tone or a small tone but one should always make a sweet tone. Of course, if you sing softly, you're more likely to get it sweet than if you try to sing loud. As I was crossing the bridge over the New York Central tracks the other day, I saw trains and engines going and coming and making a lot of noise, and I saw, too, a littlehouse in which there was a man that made no noise at all that I could hear. All he did was to pull a lever now and again that directed a big train into the track where he wanted it to go. If the men in the yard had tried to help him by taking hold of the engine and the cars to lift them from one track to the other, they wouldn't have done much, would they?"

"No, sir."

"And they would only have been in the way of the switchman, wouldn't they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, what is it you want to sing with?"

"With our minds."

"That's it. Not with your mus-

cles. Let your mind think out what it is you want to sing and that you want to sing it beautifully and then let your muscles get out of the way. When they don't get out of the way, you do not sing sweetly."

In the New York public schools they use the numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, but they are called *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do*. The use of the numbers brings about familiarity with the adult practice of speaking of the interval of the "sixth" and the like. For these boys he wrote an exercise like this:

$$\begin{array}{l} 1 \quad 2 \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{cccccccc} 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 8 & 7 & 6 & 5 & 4 & 3 \\ 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 6 & 5 & 4 & 3 & 2 & 1 \end{array} \right. \end{array}$$

The first two notes the two parts had in common, but the altos went back to *do* while the trebles went on. That made a little stumbling for the altos but the leap of the third discomfited the lot of them.

"Altos!" interjected Mr. Fairlamb. "What is 6?"

"*La*."

"You said *la* all of you, but you sung *fa*. The man up in the switch-tower wasn't looking what he was about and moved the wrong lever. So there was a collision. All that the figures and syllables and even the notes are for is to help us get the right tone. Call them anything you like but get the right tone. The switchman must be master of the levers; he mustn't let them master him. Think what *la* is and then go for it."

To another room where there were big girls. On the way, Mr. Fairlamb said: "Notice the authority with which these girls will sing. They have a fine teacher."

And they did sing with authority and confidence. Then he put on the board a new exercise in which in the alto part the fourth was sharpened leading to the fifth and then made natural passing on to the flatted third, to *re* and resting on *do*.

"Suppose we think of this sharpened *fa* as *ti* and *sol* as *do*," he suggested. "You had the *fi* right but I don't think all of you felt certain of it. Then with this new *do* we'll go down again and flat the *ti*, turning it into *te*. Try that."

One could see the interest shining in their eyes as he made a little talk, showing how the key-notes shifted in composition, and then he tried them in a three-voiced bit on the black-board with expression marks in it, *crescendo, diminuendo, ff* and *pp*. They did it really well although it was a little low for their voices.

In this room one of the exercises left by Mr. Fairlamb on a previous visit had been incorrectly copied, so that there were consecutive fifths in it.

"That is against the law in music," he said, as he erased the offending note. "Do you know why? I'll show you. Sopranos sing *mi*, altos sing low *do*. Go up the scale. Sounds pretty well, doesn't it? What's the interval? Yes, a third. Sopranos sing *mi*, altos sing low *sol*. Up the scale. What do you think of that? Sounds well. I think so. What's the interval? Count it, count it. The sixth, yes. Sopranos sing *sol*, altos sing low *do*. Up the scale."

One could see the girls wince at the crude progression.

"Those are consecutive fifths. Do you see now why they are against the law?"

The girls said they did.

In this school Mr. Fairlamb asked for volunteers from four classes of boys to join a glee-club to stay another hour on Friday afternoons to learn singing, just for the fun of it. He got forty immediately. This may seem strange to those that know the genus boy. They really do love to sing and it is a pleasure to hear them.

In another school, in a poorer neighborhood, Mr. Fairlamb has a

class where there are big boys whose voices have changed. There are trebles, too, a plenty. He sounded C on the pitch-pipe.

"Sing *do*," he commanded.

"We'll call that high *do*. Sing it again. Ah, you big boys, didn't I tell you to sing high *do*?"

"Yes, but our voices have changed."

"So has mine. But I can sing high *do* and I can sing low *do*. So can you. Try it again. No. Some of you are singing low *do*. Wait a minute." He chalked on the board "1 8 8 1."

"Don't you remember

 'Sing high

 Sing low

 Fly high

 Down go?'"

It is a leap of an octave and seems to impress the mind of the youth, whose octaves get mixed up by the change in his voice, with the difference between high *do* and low *do*.

From the C they worked their way to F, which was the key-note of the song and then down to C, which was *sol* in the song. The bass was written on the board all in figures.

"I don't want you trebles to sing bass when we come to give this piece on Washington's Birthday" [it is a new patriotic anthem composed by Mr. Fairlamb], "but it gives you a good reading exercise now and it also gives you an idea of how the bass part moves. So you may help the big boys out."

Then they read it off altogether, the little fellows being especially pleased to sing a man's part. One place where there was an unexpected movement in eighth-notes the class slowed up and diminished a little.

"Suppose you were on a steam-boat going fast and fell overboard and somebody threw a rope to you, how long would it take you to grab at it?"

"A second," said one boy.

"Less than that. Why? Because if you didn't get it then, you'd lose your chance of getting it at all. Snatch it quick when the time comes."

Really they got a very decent sort of tone from the basses. One of these days these young men will be mainstays of church choirs and choral societies for reading, and if they remember one-half of the constant suggestions they get from the assistant supervisor that what differentiates music from noise is its sweetness of tone and truth to pitch, they will have pretty good voices, too.

In both these schools the scarcity of monotonous was remarkable. In the Ninety-third Street school this might be explained by the higher social position of the children, but in the Forty-fourth Street school the outward and visible signs of poverty were plenty, yet there were no growlers at all.

"You are observing the grammar grade now," said Mr. Fairlamb, "but I want you to hear the children in the very first grade of the primary."

They were little girls of all colors, and if one of their fathers got more than \$10 a week he did not spend it on the children. The teacher is named Miss Fannie I. Flanley. She looks like a woman that likes to have things done just so. She took the pitch-pipe.

"*Do!*" they sang lightly but as sweet and as true as if it were one little girl and not forty.

"Down the scale." They always begin at the top of the scale, so as to get the sweet fluty quality.

They tripped down daintily and truly and just a little too rapidly for Mr. Fairlamb. He asked them to do it more slowly.

"1, 2, 1," said the teacher.

They sang *do, re, do*, and went on as far as *do, re, mi, fa, do*, with accuracy and not a discordant voice among them. Then they sang a lit-

the song about the rain going tap, tap, tap, with not a note obscured or "scooped," with such freedom of movement and such sense of rhythm that it was genuinely wonderful.

"Where are your monotonous?" was asked of Miss Flanley. "The tuneless children, where are they?"

"I haven't any."

"But usually in a class of this size there are four or five."

"Oh, there were about that many when they began."

"What have you done for them?"

"Just taught them to notice tones," said Miss Flanley as simply as if it were no trick at all to do that. "I had them listen for a month or so, but they all learn to sing in tune before they are promoted."

"Didn't I tell you it was wonderful?" said Mr. Fairlamb afterward. "The work of educating the ear in the public schools is best done in the first six months, and there is the teacher that can do it."

Just one thing more, to show how modern pedagogical methods surpass

those of the other days when people saw "Johnny come marching home." In one room, the boys seemed a little tired and slow-witted.

"Let me interrupt a minute," said the teacher; and at a sign, two boys sprang up and opened the windows on opposite sides of the room so that the fresh air could blow through.

"Attention!" All stood up.

"Stretch! Stretch any way you like." Oh, such a comfort! The arms twisted, relaxing the tired muscles and taking out the kinks, and the children yawned to their hearts' content. There were a few commands of "About face!" "Right face!" and so on, and then the teacher commanded long breaths of the fresh air. It gave an excuse for Mr. Fairlamb to give to the refreshed pupils a little lesson in deep breathing in singing, but to the visitor it gave a lesson in the achievements of up-to-date methods of teaching and made one regret that he had made the error of being born thirty years too soon.

IT is agreed that four actions take place in tone-production: (1) Breathing (inspiration and expiration); (2) action of the larynx and vocal bands; (3) action in the cavities above the diaphragm; (4) articulation. Whether the second or the third is predominant is an open question. We can have vocal-band action predominating and cavity-action secondary, or cavity-action predominating and vocal-band action secondary. Which of these two is correct? We do not know. Nobody can answer to-day without guessing or fishing for facts to sustain a theory. So far as I know, it is a question never before broached. It is generally accepted that the following takes place in our organs of speech and in this order: (1) Inspiration of breath; (2) expiration; (3) vocal-band action; (4) articulation and cavity adjustment for articulation and tone. I have carefully studied these actions, and am prepared to declare that voice-production never does and never did take place in any singer's throat in the order named. What happens is: (1) Inspiration; (2) adjustment of cavities or hollow spaces in the order of (a) articulation; (b) tone; (3) expiration; (4) vocal-band action, and then (5) a slight adjustment between the action in cavities and the vocal bands, to accommodate each other.—*Dr. F. E. Miller.*

Extemporaneous Oratory.

The Rev. Dr. James M. Buckley's Book Reviewed.

NO error will be committed in describing the Rev. Dr. James M. Buckley's "Extemporaneous Oratory for Professional and Amateur Speakers" (New York: Eaton & Mains, \$1.50) as timely. To be sure, a treatise from which one might extract the secret of power over his fellows that comes from the ability to speak to an assemblage with the same ease and greater elegance than he possesses in a private conversation, has been timely any day these 6,000 years or so; but in America, in this later period of renaissance, when greater problems are being presented to us for solution than ever before, problems not only concerning our own national existence but the existence of the English-speaking race, nay, even of modern civilization, it is in the highest degree timely.

It has been said that oratory is dying out and the newspapers are blamed for that. It has been said, too, that there are no more great singers, and Jeremiahs sit on the ruins of the old Italian school and weep there. We know better. It is because the intellectual and æsthetic nature of man has been so developed by the educational improvements of the last half century that we are no longer content with song and speech that profoundly moved our grandfathers. We demand more than they did, and the orator that takes no more trouble about his art than did the man of 1840 can not affect us as he could have affected the less complex nature of our forbears.

The man that can speak readily and gracefully is just as eagerly listened to and commands even more power than aforesaid. Parliamentary governments must continue to be "government by speaking." That

there is a demand for oratory is shown by the quickening impulse that has led to the recrudescence of debate in the great universities of the land. There is a feeling abroad that the young man that can think and yet comes from his college unable to think standing up and facing people has been cheated out of his money, for the opportunity to learn to speak in public will elude him in later life, if he could not grasp it while at school.

Those Dogberries that think elocution and oratory are like reading and writing and come by nature, have had the floor too long. The modern age recognizes that study and the acquisition of technique must precede success, with the corollary that, other things being equal, success will follow study and the acquisition of technique.

That this present book is the perfect method, the pillars of Hercules beyond which there is nothing, Dr. Buckley himself would not ardently contend. That he is capable of teaching the art of "Extemporaneous Oratory" by precept and example can not be doubted. It was the writer's privilege to attend a session of the conference of the Methodist church of which Dr. Buckley is a member and, in the language of a police sergeant describing the conduct of his colleagues, "ye'd think 'twas diamonds and pails he'd thrun at thim." He has achieved success as an extemporaneous speaker that anybody might covet without sin. He says in the exordium to his book that it was won by study and the presumption is fair that anyone of average ability, not suffering from pathological abnormalities and willing to take pains, can acquire the art in the

same way. Of his book he says: "The pervading idea is that whatever aid the extemporizer derives from study or from teachers, every man must be his own final authority. The reader that follows his mature judgment, where it differs from that of the author, will pay the highest tribute to the purpose of this work.

"When for the first time I read 'Rush on the Voice' I was unable to understand more than half of it; ten years later I read it again, and understood two-thirds of it. Allowing a considerable period to elapse, I read it the third time; comprehending all and accepting much more than I had thought reasonable on the second reading. Since much that this work contains is verifiable only by experience, I suggest to the novice that he write upon the margin his opinions and doubts, and at a later period compare with his ripened views the statements which at first he questioned."

One point he makes while setting forth the uses and glories of oratory strikes the average person with surprise that he himself had not thought of it, and that is the need of the power of public expression by "physicians, now so often called upon to testify as experts in court where their abilities are taxed for hours. They are frequently placed on boards of education, upon committees dealing with sanitary conditions, and upon the common councils of cities. In meetings of citizens they are asked for their views on proposals affecting the public health, and if successful in their professional careers, may be associated with the faculties of medical colleges. They are also members of medical associations, city, county, State, and national, where debate is had upon papers read and questions relating to the rights, privileges, or standing of the profession or regulations for the management of the organizations.

"Yet for such positions many otherwise qualified are unsuited because they have neglected the study and practice of free expression. For some years it has been the habit of several of the most distinguished members of the profession to deplore this lack and to urge upon medical students the importance of attending to the subject."

Dr. Buckley distinguishes sharply between genuine extemporaneous speaking and what often passes for it, addresses composed beforehand without writing and delivered in the language previously prepared and rambling exhortation or ranting without study or selection of the theme. What he means is:

"The delivery, in an arrangement of words, sentences, and paragraphs, entirely the birth of the occasion, of ideas previously conceived and adopted with more or less fulness and precision, together with such thoughts and feelings as may arise and obtain utterance.

"If words, phrases, or sentences which have been previously thought are uttered, they are fresh products of thinking, coming without recollection and without summons of the will. They are not brought forth as crystals from a cabinet, but rise as a stream from an overflowing fountain."

That last is a pretty figure.

Dr. Buckley holds that the extemporaneous process compared with reading has the advantage of greater ease and power of vocalization, because the head is held erect, the throat is not constricted, the lungs are expanded and the respiratory muscles are free. Reading discourses, he emphatically says, is not a healthful exercise, while extemporaneous speaking is. John Wesley ascribed his long life to his preaching extemporaneously every day. The reader's expression, particularly of the eye, is lost and his face can not light up as

does his that speaks directly to the people. Reciting memoriter, though practiced with extraordinary success by Demosthenes, Massillon, George Whitefield, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, and other noted orators, he declares entails defects not to be avoided except by such an amount of preparatory study and rehearsal as is incompatible with frequent appearances before the public.

"Natural expression of the eye is frequently destroyed or obscured during recitation; it turns inward and upward, and a skilled observer can determine whether the speaker is unwinding or weaving his paragraphs. This incipient turning appears when the individual, though but for the fraction of a second, finds his phraseology not at his tongue's end. When the expression of the eye is thus changed one can not affect his hearers by it, except those who, perceiving the eye in that condition, are so innocent as to imagine that the orator is obtaining inspiration from some mystic source.

"The effect of reciting upon gesticulation is unfavorable, since unprepared gestures, to be appropriate, must receive their impulse from the common centres of thought and feeling. But when words have been elaborated previously without gestures, the orator must select those suitable and so impress them upon the memory that they will accompany that which is spoken. This requires as much study as the actor gives to his part, yet only thus can the reciter fully prepare for his performance. While an occasional oration may be thus composed and rehearsed and one often repeated may thus be delivered, he who addresses the same audience frequently, or is compelled to do so at short notice, rarely has time for such arduous toil and risks being mechanical and incongruous."

This doctrine seems likely to be

disputed vigorously by those that have become imbued with the principles of Delsarte and oppose the study of gesture as gesture

As for the mixture of methods, part memoriter reciting and part extemporaneous or part reading and part extemporaneous, the author contends that it is extremely difficult to manage.

He acknowledges that the best extemporizer may fail but maintains that he is less likely to do so than the memorizer, since of all the intellectual faculties the memory is the most treacherous servant of the will. It is most dependent upon physical conditions; its decline is the earliest precursor of old age, and extreme bodily fatigue paralyzes it. If the memory be visual, rewriting of the discourse on different sized paper demands recommittal; if it be by sound, an unusual pause may confuse the speaker hopelessly and he tells several stories of predicaments resulting. Naturally they are from clerical life. One was about a meeting of Congregational ministers that would have gone without a sermon, from the failure of manuscripts and memories but for the accidental presence of a Methodist minister. He saved the meeting from dismissal by preaching a discourse on the almost too appropriate text: "Then the foolish said unto the wise, 'Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out.'"

Having thus presented the argument for the preëminence of extemporaneous oratory, he proceeds to tell how to prepare such an address, laying it down first that, in securing a general preparation, language precedes the intentional accumulation of thought. In the chapter on the physiological basis of speech the best thing is the story told by him that O. S. Fowler, on examining his head phrenologically, declared that the organ of language was so small that all his life he would be embar-

ressed in finding words to express his ideas. To those that know Dr. Buckley's extreme facility of well-chosen speech this is a roaring joke.

To develop facility of expression the author recommends the daily reading of a page in a standard dictionary and the study of the exact distinctions between synonyms. He prefers a vocabulary of 1,000 words correctly understood to 5,000 of which one-fifth is not accurately conceived. A due proportion of short and long words is to be observed. If all are short, the oration will be fragmentary and afford little opportunity for rhythm; if all are long, the style is weakened, made bombastic and soporific. Words of two syllables are easily inflected, and, combined with monosyllables, possess far greater power to affect the emotions than the others.

To enrich the vocabulary he recommends the study of King James's version of the Bible for all professions. Then comes Shakespeare, then Bunyan, then Edmund Burke, Addison's *Spectator*, the *Federalist*, and the best English and American lyrics. But the orator must above all things possess the "gift of tautology" and be able to say the same thing over three times in direct sequence without letting the hearers discover it, and that is why the dictionary must be the constant companion of those that would speak fluently and correctly. Hence translating the classics into English is good for one. In default of that, translating written thought into other language is recommended.

Critical listening to other extemporaneous speakers, noting scrupulously all errors of style or grammar, is of great value; conversing much in private, being careful to finish every sentence begun and to choose his words while avoiding bookishness, is of greater value; but of the greatest possible value is conversing

with children. He that can interest an audience of ages from five to fifteen years has power to interest any audience, provided his topic is worthy. It was thus Abraham Lincoln became one of the masters of the English language. It is cheering to note that Dr. Buckley explicitly condemns those that "talk down" to little folk.

Having thus indicated the way to acquire a copious and useful vocabulary, with which to express ideas, the next task of the author is to indicate how the speaker may get something to say. One feels no shock of surprise on learning that the orator must know everything that is to be known, and that to accumulate facts there must be perpetual alertness of the mind. "The extemporizer should have as keen a scent for facts as the hound for game and also needs the spirit of the detective." The memory must be stored with proverbs, apothegms, aphorisms and sayings upon all subjects and in various languages. It is essential to master the idea and not merely to commit the proverb, so that it may be susceptible of revival in the memory by any one of countless combinations. Common men in various walks of life and foreigners often utter striking epigrams because of the necessity which is upon them of making their limited vocabulary convey all possible significations. The "art of putting things" may well be learned from such. Clippings from the newspapers containing bits of information and striking incidents that may serve as illustrations should be carefully made. But they must be tested by standard authorities, for an error is a dangerous thing.

Reminiscences, Dr. Buckley holds, are the primary source of originality in oratory, poetry and conversation. "Their specific character accounts for the ever-varied and fresh manner

in which real orators are able to treat the same topic, and in a series of meetings may entrance audiences by eloquence upon a subject which, to the common mind, would not seem likely to furnish the materials for an hour's good speaking." But the dangers are not less than the benefits. "Reminiscences are liable to render one incapable of properly estimating the age in which he lives. If its drift coincides with his views, he is prone to regard the age as advancing with rapidity toward perfection, and in the midst of vice, absurdities, and crazes to declare that 'there has never been a time since the creation of the world when there was so much of everything desirable and so little of anything undesirable as now.' But if the age is moving in a direction contrary to his own life, he sees nothing to commend. Optimists and pessimists alike are made such by their reminiscences, and the extemporizer is insensibly controlled by them to a high degree.

"This accounts for the extreme bitterness and censoriousness which some extemporizers exhibit in public, who in private display a spirit quite the opposite. In social life they are restrained by politeness, but when absorbed they pour forth, sometimes in strains of exalted eloquence, a jaundiced view, which produces an impalpable, but real, opposition of feeling in a large part of any assembly which they may address."

The necessity of cultivating the emotional nature and responsiveness to the varying scenes of human life is strongly urged, and then he comes upon ground more familiar to the readers of WERNER'S MAGAZINE: "Elocution for the Extemporizer."

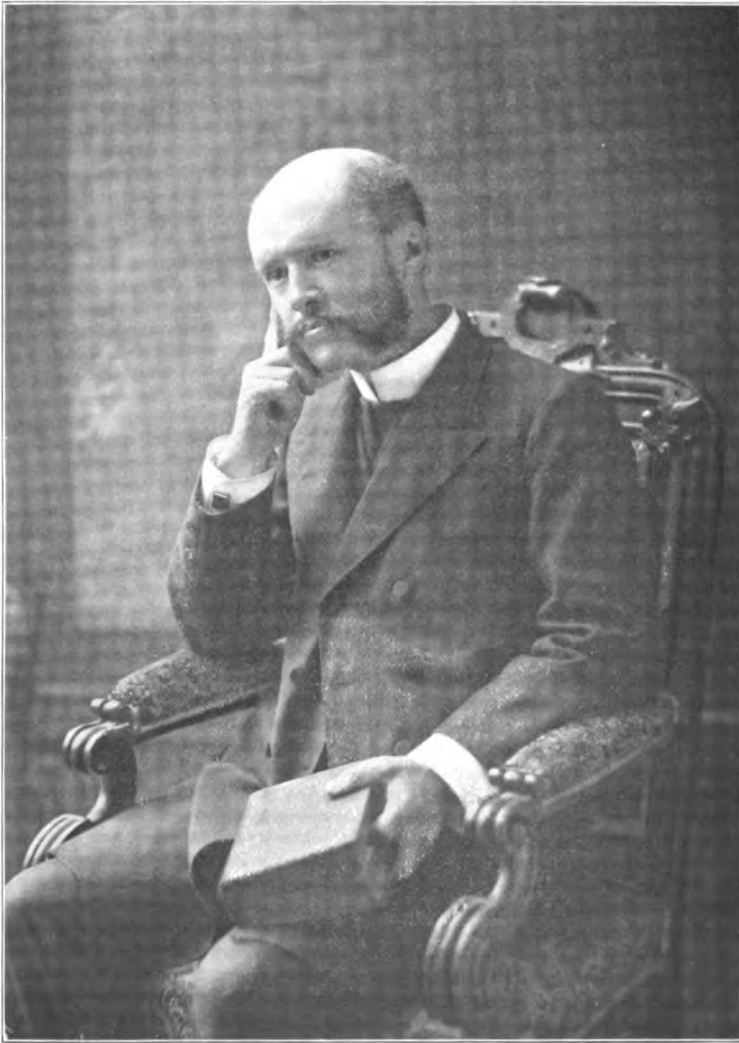
In the general preparation for speaking Dr. Buckley gives more space to the training of the voice, to articulation, to the subject of pitch and melody of speech, to pronunciation, to gesture, its origin and psy-

chology, its mechanism, faulty movements, to all of the points indeed for which the advocates of the study of expression have contended for so long against those that maintain that it is a waste of time and money to make systematic effort to acquire what is so manifestly a natural gift. Some notion of the importance of this whole matter in the mind of Dr. Buckley may be obtained when it is known that in a book of 450 pages he has devoted more than 100 pages to it. If he is convinced that there is value in the study of elocution, it is not because he takes a one-sided view and overlooks "the soul of truth in error." This is what he says to those that say "that we learn to talk naturally and easily; that all we have to do is to speak in public as we talk in private, and we become orators; that the study of elocution renders speakers artificial and robs them of power.

"When this plausible statement is tested by facts it is found to be in substance untrue. We learn to talk easily, and the process of learning is natural, but the chief instrument of it is spontaneous imitation. He, therefore, who is reared among the uncouth and the passionate may talk easily, perhaps far too easily for the comfort of those with whom he associates; but unless his naturally acquired evil habits are eradicated by the most arduous labor, he will bear their marks while he lives and perpetuate them in his children.

"All are not eloquent in conversation; indeed, good conversers are rare. The articulation of many persons is indistinct if they are rapid in speech; and if slow, they are often hesitating, beginning sentences which they do not finish. Some mumble; others speak so loudly as to render themselves nuisances in public conveyances and in company.

"I maintain that with comparatively few exceptions all unusually



THE REV. J. M. BUCKLEY, D. D.

fine orators have devoted themselves to elocution, most of them under teachers; and that most of those who have succeeded without professional instruction have applied to self-criticism systematic thought and the results of observation with such persistent thoroughness as to be equivalent to a special study."

On the other hand, "the elocutionary preparation of the extemporizer must be general; for, while it is possible for the reader and the reciter to determine in advance the tones with which particular phrases, sentences, and paragraphs should be uttered, it is impossible for the extemporizer to do so, for he does not foreknow what phrases, sentences, or paragraphs he will utter. Hence he can learn little by observation of the actor, or from one who instructs actors, except general principles and these will be of no value unless assimilated and he acts in harmony with them."

The value of the hollow spaces of the voice and the necessity of using them so as to get the greatest result for the least exertion, the economy of the breath, the methods of eliminating nasality and dentality, and the importance of securing the proper pitch on which to speak are some of the points that will be of the greatest possible value to the student of this book.

"I inherited," says he by way of personal instance, "from a long line of ancestors a low-pitched voice and an activity of the nervous system which disposed to rapid utterance. Somewhat vain of so heavy a voice, I lost no opportunity of singing and on becoming a public speaker continued to use it in speech, always with rapid utterance. The consequence was serious injury to the vocal organs, making it almost impossible to speak without danger. An elocutionist, of whom I took lessons, told me that it would be necessary either

to raise the pitch of my speaking-voice or greatly to diminish the speed of my utterance. I believed neither to be possible, but was assured that both could be done.

"He perceived that in an ordinary building I began to speak on the key of G, and declared that it must be raised to C, and by this method: Each morning for a half-hour I was to speak upon C, avoiding a singing-tone; and I was to begin upon C whenever I spoke in public. The former I complied with, and pained the ears of all in the house by ejaculations of every possible kind upon C. But so prone was I to forget myself and to begin to read a hymn or a text upon G that for a while I took a tuning-fork into the pulpit, and unperceived by the audience, struck it so as to catch the note.

"This practice gave remarkable results. As one must speak to his key-note as well as sing to it, a range of at least five notes higher than I had been able to attain either in singing or speaking was gradually acquired. Correspondingly, the strength of the low tones diminished. But to this day, if I omit public speaking for a month, and during the same time sing bass a half-hour a day, the original tones return, it becomes possible to reach low B and sometimes A, and the original tendency to a low pitch reappears on rising to speak."

While recommending exercise out-of-doors on general principles, Dr. Buckley does not think walking on level ground, cycling or horseback riding of especial benefit to the speaker. Hill-climbing, when the breath is taken exclusively through the nostrils, is the most beneficial of all, and in default of that, systematic inhalation through the nose and exhalation through the mouth, the lips puckered as for whistling, is an exercise within the reach of all. The best thing is to speak daily standing

on the feet for several hours; those that speak only at intervals of a week or more should not neglect breathing-exercises. For himself he has been in the habit during the last twelve years, of using an inhaling tube daily for several weeks prior to filling engagements to address large audiences in the open air, since his editorial work precludes his preaching as frequently as in former days.

The medium voice, he says, should be the basis of speech. "The best practical method, requiring no teacher, of strengthening the middle voice I found to be the discussion with a personal friend, at a distance of two hundred feet in the open air, of questions on which we were conscientiously opposed. Our friendship and the fact that we were alone prevented undue excitement and the involuntary use of querulous or vociferating tones. The subjects were more or less abstruse, and in so conversing for half an hour two or three times a week my tones were improved, and an extraordinary effect was wrought upon his, for he had always made too much use of the higher notes. The excitement of speaking had caused him to raise his tone before he had spoken five minutes, and higher and higher until it became almost inaudible; this defect was remedied."

He ranks the ability to lower one's pitch as a fine art, and recommends the introduction of a quotation as a good way to come back to a natural pitch when one is going too high. The speaker should endeavor to find the key-note of a room, and by speaking on that, even to preserving a monotone, he may make himself distinctly heard in the most echoing and acoustically imperfect buildings. But "tones" and singing inflections to speech he detests, and declares that it induces a kind of hypnotism that sends the people to sleep or, if they wake, robs the words of their sense.

As to the question of art in speaking, he says:

"I maintain that the extemporaneous orator, when he reaches complete absorption, in a sense not true of the actor, as really embodies the inward feelings, the special, individual, and personal utterances, and every variety of passion, as the singer. It is true that words and gestures are employed in expression, but the essential power of music is developed in the voice without the indefiniteness of wholly musical expression. And as music suggests still more than it communicates, so the voice of the entirely absorbed speaker, who improvises everything he utters except the primary thought and the feeling, is employing music in the only true sense in which it may be called 'the universal language,' and sometimes in a Whitefield or in a Patrick Henry it produced effects transcending any ever produced by mere words, inflections, and gestures. In the primitive ages poets, priests, and orators all sang.

"Some professors of elocution, themselves unable to sing, and perhaps a few who understand that art, have discouraged the orator from its pursuit. One at least has taught that speaking and singing involve different principles and, as exercises, are in a large degree antagonistic. Nevertheless, I recommend to a speaker the acquisition of a knowledge of the principles of vocal music and habitual practice of the art as a most valuable aid to the mastery of the voice, and to its most effective use in public speech."

As to the movements of the body which have so illuminative an effect in accompanying speech, Dr. Buckley has drunk deeply of the well opened by Delsarte and his followers. Let this passage instance:

"Spontaneous gestures originate in impulses which reach every part of the body. There is an uncon-

scious impulse toward everything at which we look. It is this which makes possible that form of mind-reading which should properly be characterized as muscle-reading. Here I find the root of spontaneous gestures connected with thought and feeling, and also the explanation of the sudden increase of gestures in a man when he becomes greatly enraged who has schooled himself to make but few, and has concentrated his whole mental power upon the selection, pronunciation, and proper inflection of words. It accounts for the extraordinary increase of gestures when orators have passed from explanation and argument to denunciation or pathetic delineation.

"Every figure of speech used to express abstract ideas produces an impulse, weaker than, but of the same nature as, that which would be caused by a physical evil or good. For example, if one were to perceive an assassin, with drawn dagger stealthily creeping toward him, instinctively he would retreat; and if the murderer rapidly approached, would thrust out the hands to protect himself; and if, in speaking of subtle tempters, he should, under the influence of strong passion, call them assassins of the soul, there would be an impulse to the same gestures. Even in writing an oration which one expects to deliver memoriter or extemporaneously, as the thought arises in his mind it will generate an emotion which, if not obstructed by the constrained position, would develop a gesture.

"It is this which accounts for the effect upon the brain and nervous system of composing in a realistic style. Not until the fires of nature burn low, only the reasoning and perceptive faculties remaining active, is it possible for one to sit composing or thinking without the sympathy of the entire system; much less can he speak without it. Hence there need

be no fear that suitable gestures will not be suggested, provided habits of expression have been properly acquired."

It is but natural, then, that the author should lay stress upon what contributes to a condition of preparedness in gesture, rhythm of the body and elasticity of the muscles. Twenty minutes' daily physical exercise, preferably without apparatus, to limber up the muscles of the head and arms and trunk so as to secure quick responsiveness, is his strenuous counsel.

What may perhaps seem strange is that he should advise practice in bodily movement before a mirror, but, anticipating the criticism that it may be accounted vain or foppish to do so, he quotes no less an authority than the learned and devout John Wesley, who surely can not be accused of being a coxcomb:

"It is more difficult to find out the faults of your own gesture than those of your pronunciation. For a man may hear his own voice, but can not see his own face; neither can he observe the several motions of his own body; at least but imperfectly. To remedy this you may use a large looking-glass, as Demosthenes did, and thereby observe and learn to avoid very disagreeable or unhand-some gesture. . . . But it is the face which gives the greatest life to action; of this, therefore, you must take the greatest care, that nothing may appear disagreeable in it, since it is continually in the view of all but yourself. And there is nothing can prevent this but the looking-glass, or a friend who will deal faithfully with you."

These exercises are not to be pre-termitted by age. On the contrary, they are the more carefully to be observed lest the natural stiffening of the joints and the binding of the muscles lessen one's power as an orator.

The common sense displayed by

Dr. Buckley in the chapters on the general preparation of the student does not forsake him when it comes to the discussion concerning the values of frequent oral debate, the recommendation to talk a great deal in private, the special preparation of the theme and the value of mnemonic schemes for heads. Some orators arrange their points so that the initial letters of each key-sentence spell a word such as "martyr" or "advantageous." In that way they keep the order of what they wish to say, but Dr. Buckley thinks it unnecessary, since every man has sufficient power of recollection if only it be called into play.

As to the physical preparation, the frequent speaker must be a good sleeper; and if he is to preach twice on Sunday, he is wise if he takes off his clothes and goes to bed in the afternoon. Dr. Buckley is opposed to anything but a very light refec-tion, say a cracker, just before speaking. Long, wearying walks preceding the platform effort depress the orator, but an hour out-of-doors with deep breathing is the best tonic known.

The chief temptation of the extemporaneous speaker is that he may be beguiled by complacent confidence, born of early success, into the belief that he can talk acceptably on any theme without preparation. Another is the very dangerous one of over-statement. "Some of the most frightful falsehoods that ever fell from human lips have been uttered under the solemn sanction of the ministry by those who would have trembled had they foreseen what they were about to say."

The use of slang and undignified expressions; plagiarism conscious and unconscious; not knowing when to stop; the overworking of a natural gift like pathos, and the proneness of human nature to assume that things are thus and so without taking the

trouble to verify them, are all temptations that lie in wait for every extemporaneous speaker. These and a host of minor faults are set forth that they may be avoided.

Many will find the chapters analyzing the careers of the great orators of the Old World and the New of particular interest, but all will study the chapters headed "Can All Extemporize?" and "Suggestions to Neophytes" with care. "Not everyone," he says, "that might attain success as a reader or reciter [he means of discourses] can acquire the power of speaking extemporaneously in an equally effective manner. Some men of high intellectual ability have too slow a normal rate of mental action to speak without thinking through each sentence verbally before uttering any part of it." Others have no power of language, though intelligent and educated, and never narrate anything connectedly; others become abstracted while thinking and receive no stimulus from the audience; others are too weak physically to endure the strain of the erect posture; terror forever inhibits others; and an excessive ardor impels some to rhapsodical and incoherent language. But until one has made an intelligent, determined and persistent effort with invariable failure, the attempt should not be given up. Of those that can speak in public in other ways, not one in twenty-five but is capable of learning to speak extemporaneously at least as acceptably.

Barring a few typographical errors, for which Dr. Buckley is presumably not to blame, there is little to find fault with in the book. One might beg leave to remind the learned doctor that it was not a goddess that devoured her superfluous children, but a god, Saturn, that indulged in this extremely reprehensible practice. One might also beg leave to suggest that "who" is incorrectly used for

"that" throughout the book in such a way as to suggest to the reader an artificiality of style and a deliberate effort to go wrong that one never observes in hearing Dr. Buckley speak. Another fault in a volume which should be a handbook for frequent consultation is that it is too diffuse. It is a loaf of excellent bread; but for use in the campaign of life it were better had it been a hardtack, compact and giving some opportunity for

steady mastication instead of being ready for swallowing at a gulp. But if the habit of one's life has been to think while standing up before an audience, which needs to have the same thought presented at least three times before it can grasp it firmly, it is pretty hard to get the sententious style of a writer that knows what a blue pencil is and has seen it in operation in all its might, majesty, dominion and power.

Catechetical Hints on Singing.*

BY MANUEL GARCIA.

QUESTION. How does the diaphragm control respiration?

Answer. In the first attempt to emit a sound the diaphragm flattens itself, the stomach slightly protrudes, and the breath is introduced at will by the nose, by the mouth, or by both simultaneously. During this part inspiration, which is called "abdominal," the ribs do not move, nor are the lungs filled to their full capacity, to obtain which the *diaphragm must and does contract completely*. Then, and only then, are the ribs raised, while the stomach is drawn in. This inspiration—in which the lungs have their free action from side to side, from front to back, from top to bottom—is complete, and is called "thoracic" or "intercostal." If by compression of any kind the lower ribs are prevented from expanding, the breathing becomes sternal or "clavicular."

Q. Which do you approve?

A. The thoracic; and to obtain it the breath must be taken *slowly and deeply*.

Q. Can breathing be improved?

A. Yes, by proper exercises. I should propose the following:

1. Draw a breath slowly through

a very minute opening of the lips, then exhale freely.

2. Breathe freely and exhale slowly through the same small opening.

3. Breathe freely and retain the breath during ten seconds or more.

These exercises are independent of one another, and should never be continued till fatigue ensues.

Q. What are the faults of breathing?

A. The greatest are that the breathing should be scanty, hurried, noisy, or drawn in by raising the shoulders. When the air is inhaled gradually and not by jerks, it does not rebound, and is retained by the lungs without fatigue.

Q. How are these faults to be remedied?

A. The first three by breathing slowly and deeply and by opening wide the glottis. The noisy aspirations are caused by a semi-opened glottis.

Q. How can you obtain the sensation of the glottic action?

A. By coughing almost imperceptibly. The glottis then closes and opens; through these actions we feel it distinctly.

Q. At what age should the serious study of singing begin?

*From his book "Hints on Singing."

A. From sixteen for girls, and from eighteen for boys, according to strength and to climate, but not until the change is complete, as any tampering at this delicate period may ruin the voice forever.

Q. What is meant by timbre?

A. Every sound of the voice may assume an infinite variety of shades apart from intensity. Each of these is a timbre.

Q. What produces the variety of timbres?

A. They are owing, first, to permanent causes that affect the voice of each individual, such as the constitution, age, health or disease of the vocal apparatus; secondly, to the action of the glottis; thirdly, to the changes of form in the tube that the sounds traverse. The path of the sound, being formed of elastic and movable parts, varies its dimensions and forms in endless ways, and every modification—even the slightest—has a corresponding and definite influence on the voice.

Q. How is a student to select from among these intricacies of timbre?

A. Timbres may be divided into two classes: The clear or open, and the dark or closed. These two opposite qualities are obtained principally through the agency of the larynx and the soft-palate. The movements of these two organs are always in a contrary direction. The larynx rises when the soft-palate falls, and when the larynx falls the soft-palate rises. The high vault produces the dark timbres, the lower arch the clear ones. The arch rises in the act of yawning, and falls in the act of swallowing.

Q. What exercise will give command over the various timbres?

A. This: In the same breath, on the same note, and on each of the vowels *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, the student must pass through every shade of timbre, from the most open or clear to the

most closed or dark. The sounds must be maintained with an equal degree of force. The following table shows what change each vowel undergoes in passing from clear to dark; the process must also be inverted:

A approximates to *o*.

E “ “ *eu* in French.

I “ “ *u* in French.

O “ “ *u* in Italian.

The Italian *I* and the French *U* in the head and high chest notes must be opened rather more than in speaking, or their tint would be unpleasant. Carried to excess, these timbres would render the voice respectively hoarse and hollow, or harsh and trivial, like the quack of a duck. The student should thoroughly understand that the ring or dulness of sound is, in effect and mechanism, completely distinct from the open and closed timbres. The ringing and dulness are produced in the interior of the larynx, independently of the position, high or low, of this organ, while the open or closed qualities of the voice require the bodily movement of the larynx, and of its antagonist, the soft-palate. Hence, any timbre may be bright or dull. This observation is most important for the expressive qualities of the voice.

Q. How do you prepare for emission of the voice?

A. By giving attention to the position of the body, the separation of the jaws, the shape of the throat and the breathing.

Q. How would you describe the position of the body?

A. The body must be straight, well planted on the feet, and without any other support; the shoulders well back, the head erect, the expression of the face calm.

Q. Should the mouth be opened wide as a means of obtaining power and beauty of sound?

A. This is a common error. The mouth should be opened by the natural fall of the jaw. This movement,

which separates the jaws by the thickness of a finger and leaves the lips alone, gives the mouth an easy and natural form. The tongue must be kept limp and motionless, neither raised at the point nor swollen at the root. Finally, the soft-palate must be raised as in taking a full breath. The exaggerated opening favors neither low nor high notes. In the latter case it may help the vocalist to scream, but that is not singing; the face loses charm and the voice assumes a violent and vulgar tone. The real mouth of a singer ought to be considered the pharynx, because it is in the pharynx that is found the causation of timbres. The facial mouth is but a door through which the voice passes. Still, if this door was not sufficiently open, sounds could not issue freely.

Q. How can you regulate the opening of the mouth?

A. Those who find it difficult either to diminish or to increase the opening of the mouth will do well to place laterally between the jaws, from back to front, a small piece of wood not thicker than a pencil.

Q. Are there other defects of a similar kind?

A. Yes. Pushing the lips out like a funnel, protruding the jaws, separating the lips for the sake of showing fine teeth, and knitting the brows.

Q. What is the remedy?

A. The chin might be held back by a band of paper round the neck, and pinned through the ends in front of the chin. This band, which ought not to be wider than a finger, acts, of course, as a reminder. Anyone afflicted with these or kindred habits should sing before a mirror.

Q. Have you anything to add about breathing?

A. It may be added that when the lungs are completely filled with air, the natural tendency is to be quickly rid of the superabundance.

Consequently, the sounds at the start are strong and often unsteady; then they become weaker with the lessening of the breath. The majority of musical phrases demand the opposite method. On this account the pupil should begin with a small amount of pressure, increasing it gradually as the supply of air diminishes. The even flow of a long phrase, a long passage of agility, the stability of a long note, all require a continuous and well-managed pressure of the diaphragm.

Q. Is not the size and the sonority of the *locale* to be considered?

A. Certainly. The necessity for a steady pressure is especially felt in large halls and in places bad for sound. Air given out in jerks does not travel. A moderate and prolonged pressure, on the contrary, gradually puts in motion the whole mass of circumambient air. The faintest sound given in this manner, if not drowned by the accompaniment, will reach the ears of the most distant auditor.

Q. What do you mean by the stroke of the glottis?

A. The neat articulation of the glottis that gives a precise and clean start to a sound.

Q. How do you acquire that articulation?

A. By imitation, which is quickest of all, but in the absence of a model let it be remembered that by slightly coughing we become conscious of the existence and the position of the glottis, and also of its shutting and opening action. The stroke of the glottis is somewhat similar to the cough, though differing essentially in that it needs only the delicate action of the lips and not the impulse in the air. The lightness of movement is considerably facilitated if it is tried with the mouth shut. Once understood, it may be used with the mouth open on any vowel. The object of this is that at the start

sounds should be free from the defect of slurring up to a note or the noise of breathing.

Q. What are the principal qualities of good emission?

A. Perfect intonation, absolute steadiness of sound, and beauty of timbre. These qualities—indispensable to good style—may be considered as the tripod of voice-production.

Q. How are sounds to be attacked?

A. With the stroke of the glottis just described. The Italian vowels *a*, *e*, as in the words "alma," "sempre," must be used. They will bring out all the ring of the voice. The notes must be kept full and equal in force. This is the best manner of developing the voice. At first the exercise must not exceed two or three minutes in duration.

Q. How long at a time should beginners sing?

A. Not longer than four or five minutes; but this may be repeated three times a day. If it causes the slightest fatigue it must be stopped at once for the rest of the day.

Q. Are the chest-notes above E difficult in women's voices?

A. Women, whose vocal cords are one-third shorter than those of men, have greater facility than any tenor for producing the chest-notes above E; but that part of the voice constantly employed (as happens in music written for women) would in a comparatively short time injure the whole instrument and reduce it to the state of a broken voice.

Q. Is there any cause for weakness in the medium register besides the nature of the organ?

A. The abuse of the chest-register, which has so weakened the medium as to make it almost disappear.

Q. How can you restore it?

A. By reversing the study of this portion of the voice and beginning with the emission of these notes in the treble clef: C, third space; B

and B flat, third line; which will be about all that can be obtained. The student must exercise them till they are well established, then descend to A or A flat; there the student will do well to stop and to repeat the sounds both separately and in groups of two or three notes. Each group is to be repeated several times in the same breath.

Q. How long must the practice last?

A. At least a fortnight. As soon as the pupil can master these notes the G must be attempted; then the F sharp, F, E, and E flat, or, if possible, D, and even lower. The voice will the more easily descend, that the pressure of the breath will be weaker. A strong contraction of the chink would infallibly bring back the chest-notes.

Q. Do you imply that this process would only produce dull notes?

A. Just so, dull and veiled notes. But they must be accepted at the outcome, until the medium is thoroughly established.

Q. What is to be done next?

A. We must try to impart to the notes brilliancy and volume. That is done by returning to the process described to correct veiled sounds.

Q. What becomes of the chest-register during that period?

A. During that period, which should last five or six weeks, not one chest-note must be used.

Q. Which is the best place for the change of registers in the medium?

A. Between the third,—D flat, first space below staff, treble clef, and F, first space, treble clef. If the chest-note is rounded, it will assimilate itself to the medium.

Q. When singing a long scale—say a twelfth—do you keep the same tint throughout?

A. If the exact timbre shade was retained from top to bottom of a long scale, the effect would be discordant.

To satisfy the ear with an impression of equality the singer by skilful gradation must increase the roundness of the high notes, and reverse the process in descending.

Q. But does not this method introduce a real inequality in the vowel-sound ?

A. It does; and the apparent equality in the notes of the scale will be the result of actual but well-graduated inequality of the vowel-

sound. Without this manœuvre the round vowels, which are suitable to the higher notes, would extinguish the ringing of the middle and the lower notes, and the open vowels, which give éclat to the lower, would make the higher notes harsh and shrill. The neglect of this proceeding causes many voices to appear unequal; but, I repeat, it must be used with moderation and with taste.

Contemporary Drama in Germany.

By PROF. KUNO FRANCKE, *of Harvard University.*

[Address delivered before the Comparative Literature Society, New York.]

SECOND PAPER.

THE wave of modern doubt and social discontent is the source from which Wildenbruch's three foremost competitors—Sudermann, Hauptmann, and Halbe—derived their inspiration and strength. They are doubters and seekers. They are steeped in Nietzsche and in Ibsen; they sympathize with the revolt of the masses against aristocratic and plutocratic class rule; with the rebellion of the individual against the soulless convictions of society and the obsolete formulas of the church. They incline to pessimism and to sarcasm. It is in their writings that we hear the minor key and the deeper discords of modern life.

Of the three, Halbe seems to me the one that gives least promise of real greatness. He is an excellent observer. He sees clearly the symptoms of social unrest that surround us. He feels distinctly the conflict going on in every one of us between the traditions of the past and the ideals of the future. But he lacks the strength of character and the depth of conviction that would enable him to take a definite stand in

this conflict. He vacillates between extreme individualism and moral dissoluteness on the one hand, and sentimental cravings for the peace and security of traditional morality on the other. He never gets beyond impulses; he never opens up a new world to us; he never leads us into the regions of moral freedom. There is no better illustration of this than his latest production "Mother Earth," a drama that has won considerable place during the last few months in Berlin and elsewhere, and which has the undoubted merit of dealing with a distinctly modern situation,—the clash between the hereditary, patriarchal, instinctive views of life resting on the belief in the accepted order of things, and the new democratic ideas born of the restlessness of industrial progress and competition.

Let me give you a brief synopsis of this drama.

Paul Warkintin, the son of an East Elbian country gentleman, became acquainted, while studying at Berlin, with a young woman of superior will power and intellect,—Hella

Bernhardy by name. The daughter of a university professor, from childhood she had led a city life, and being of an almost masculine turn of mind, had early become absorbed in the problems of the day, particularly in the woman's movement. To Paul, the dreamy, undeveloped country boy, she opened a new world of ideas, and the natural consequence was their engagement and subsequent marriage. The latter was not accomplished without a violent catastrophe; for Paul's father, who naturally wished his son to be his successor in the management of the estate, insisted on his marrying one of the girls of the neighborhood,—Antoinette, a playmate of Paul in his country schooldays, to whom he had been as much as engaged when he left for the university. When Paul both refused to marry Antoinette and to assume the management of the estate, the irascible old gentleman forbade him his house. All this happened some ten years ago. Since then, Paul and his wife have plunged into the excited life of Berlin journalism. They even edited a paper, bearing the suggestive name of *Woman's Rights*, and, if we may trust Hella's own statements, have played a considerable part in radical politics.

Now, the father suddenly died, and for the first time since his marriage, Paul reenters the house of his ancestors, to pay the last homage to the departed one. Hella accompanies him, although she hates to leave the city and begrudges the delay that this trip will cause in the printing of her next editorial in *Woman's Rights*. However, to recompense her for this intellectual sacrifice, she has brought with her a young admirer of hers, who will help her to read proofs while Paul is busy with the funeral arrangements or receives visits of condolence. Paul, on the other hand, with the first step over the

threshold of his old home, feels himself drawn back into the spell of the long neglected but ever precious recollections of his youth, and so it is not surprising that husband and wife do not harmonize as well in these new, quiet surroundings, as they seemed to do in the bustling stir of the capital. In fact, they are at odds in small things as well as in great. Paul is deeply touched at the sight of the parlor chandelier lit in his honor by the old maiden aunt, his foster-mother. Hella thinks such sentimentality ridiculous. Paul comes in covered with snow, and glowing with delight over a ride he has taken on horseback through the wintry landscape, the first one for ten years. "You don't know what it is to be a man until you feel a horse under you." Hella wishes herself back at her desk in the editor's office. When Hella reminds her husband of the days when they were still battling, shoulder to shoulder, in the good fight for the betterment of the race, he breaks out: "Fight for the betterment of the race; you had better speak of the dissipation of my energies, the benumbing of my natural instincts, the bankruptcy of my moral life. That is what has been the result of this artificial existence of ours—this continual restlessness, this bookishness, these airy abstractions, this cutting loose from the soil where our true strength is."

It is after one of these scenes that Antoinette, the love of Paul's boyhood, appears. After having been jilted by Paul, the impetuous girl out of sheer despair threw herself away on the first man that asked for her hand,—a worthless, rollicking, dissipated junker of the neighborhood, and since then she has been leading a wretched and ignominious life, hating herself, her husband, and the world. Now, she sees Paul again and his face at once reveals to her his history. "One consolation is left

me," she tells him, "you have made me unhappy, but you are unhappy, too; and to enjoy that, I am here." Paul on his part is transfixed. All his ideals of an active and useful life; all the traditions of his home with its friendly human intercourse, its naturalness, its honesty and soundness; seem to him to have taken form in this daughter of his own native soil, this superb, beautiful woman; all the more beautiful to him for her grief; for she is grieving for him. She might have been his, and he has thrown her away to attach himself to a mere shadow, to a sexless being in whose veins there flows no blood and whose brain is thinking thoughts that have no meaning for him.

Up to this point the action of the play is perfectly consistent, in a way even fascinating, for Halbe is a master of those little illuminating touches that bring out with lifelike energy the great contrast that pervades the whole drama. But now we have arrived at the crucial point of the plot; what is Paul to do? Is he to leave Hella and return to his first love, or is he to remain faithful to his marital vow and suppress his instinctive longings?

Either solution, it seems to me, would have been artistically possible and, to a degree, even satisfactory; for Hella appears from the very first so entirely devoid not only of womanly grace, but of womanly feeling also; so utterly incapable of even understanding her wifely duties that one would greet Paul's deserting her for Antoinette almost with joy, savage though this might be. It would be a return to nature; to undefiled, sensuous, exuberant nature. It would be violence, but it would be violence that overturns a false, vicious order of things; that sets things in their right relations. On the other hand, if Paul and Antoinette were to renounce each other, this, too, would be in a way a satisfactory ending. It

would be a moral victory, a victory of duty over instinct. Both Paul and Antoinette would return to their daily tasks, enriched and strengthened by the rapturous feelings that the assurance of their spiritual inseparableness has brought them. Both would find ample opportunity for making humanity reap the fruits of their bitter experience,—Paul by devoting himself with a higher art and a nobler purpose to the cause for which he has been working these last ten years; Antoinette by giving herself to that most womanly of occupations, the healing of wounds and the relieving of distress.

Halbe has chosen to follow neither of these two lines of thought. Instead, he makes the two lovers go hand in hand unto death,—“return to Mother Earth,” as they say themselves. This, it seems to me, even apart from the melodramatic manner in which it is brought about, is an utterly indefensible ending of the play. It is in vain that Halbe tries to justify it by Hella's unwillingness to relieve her husband from his vows. Its true reason—not justification—lies in the fact that Halbe is given over to a hopeless fatalism, which makes him shrink from any kind of free moral decision. To him, life seems to be nothing but a series of impressions. Nowhere is there a suggestion in him of manly grappling with outward circumstance. Nowhere does he rise above conditions. Even where he preaches revolt against established evils, as in his “Ice Driftings and Youth,” this very revolt is nothing but disguised self-indulgence and self-gratification.

It is just here that the vast superiority of Sudermann and Hauptmann over Halbe shows itself. It is the deep moral resonance, the holy zeal for truth, the passionate longing for purity of thought and life, the intense sympathy with human joys and

suffering, which give to their darkest and seemingly hopeless pictures of social distress and rottenness a glow of that enthusiasm which makes the scene a new heaven and a new earth.

What could be gloomier or more abject than the awful scenes of popular misery and degradation that are rolled up before us in Hauptmann's "The Weavers?" Yet never has there been produced a work of art that appealed more strongly to our highest moral instincts. Never has poetry spoken out more solemnly for justice and right. Never has she appeared more truly as a messenger from above, as an angel of divine wrath, as a prophetess of eternal judgment.

What could be more oppressing and excruciating than the mental agonies portrayed in the same author's "Lonely People?" Agony of souls blindly struggling for freedom and light; craving for a life in the spirit, for completeness of existence; reveling in the thought of a new, all-embracing religion; but totally unable to cope with existing conditions, and therefore ground down under the wheels of miserable reality. Yet, I doubt whether there are many works of literature that preach more forcibly the necessity of self-discipline; that impress us more deeply with the beauty of simple right-mindedness, or that glorify more truthfully a brave aggressive idealism. Sudermann's artistic qualities are diametrically opposed to those of Hauptmann. Hauptmann is lyric; Sudermann is rhetorical. Hauptmann is the greatest poet; Sudermann the greatest dramatist. Hauptmann is a strange combination of sublime visions and cruel discontents, of fantastic mysticism and impressionist realism and pantheistic ideals. Sudermann is absolutely straightforward. There are no mysterious recesses in him. He is a single-minded champion of intellec-

tual freedom and unhampered individuality. Yet, in spite of these differences in the two men, the moral effect of Sudermann's dramas is very similar to that of Hauptmann's. Take such a play as "Sodom's Ruin," with its lurid descriptions of baseness, dissoluteness and debauchery. The effect of this drama is not debasing or enervating, as is the case with most of Zola's productions of a similar character. On the contrary, it is stimulating and stirring in the highest degree. It affects us as a formidable arraignment of social conditions which it is for us to set right. Like Schiller's youthful dramas, it fills us with moral indignation. It inspires us with a solemn determination to put our hand to the plough that is to rake up the barren field of humanity, and open it to the wholesome influx of light and air. Or, take the most widely known of Sudermann's earlier works, "Heimat," or, as it is called in England and in America, "Magda." What gives to this drama its distinguishing feature and its abiding value is that here we have not merely a domestic tragedy of the order of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," not merely a breaking loose from family ties that have become intolerable, not merely revolt against a paternal authority that stifles individual life; but, besides and above all these, an ever-present sense of the sacredness of personal obligations and a recognition of the supreme duty of faithfulness in one's higher life.

Indeed, it is not surprising that these two men—Hauptmann and Sudermann—should have come to be acknowledged as the real leaders in the new literary movement of Germany. From the very first they have given voice to the hopes, longings and perplexities bound up with the essential problems of modern life, and nearly every new work of theirs has marked a step forward,

has brought them nearer to that comprehensiveness of view from which the conflicts of existence appear not any more as irreconcilable and permanent, but as fleeting discords resolving into the strains of the world's universal symphony, thereby increasing its volume and heightening its beauty. It is a matter for genuine rejoicing that each of these men should have brought us recently a work in which this note of the universally human is heard more distinctly than in any previous production of theirs. I mean Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell" and Sudermann's "John the Baptist."

"The Sunken Bell" is a fairy drama,—a fantastic vision, transporting us into lovely forests haunted by elves and by water-sprites and strangely illumined by the flickering of swarming glowworms. But, in these weird surroundings and among these fanciful paintings, we soon are brought face to face with scenes that reveal the most fundamental passions and longings of the human heart.

The time of the action is somewhere in the middle ages. The principal character is a figure belonging to the race of Faust, Manfred, and Brand,—Meister Heinrich, a bell-founder in a lonely village of the Riesenbirge. It is evidently not long since Christianity made its way into these remote regions, for we hear that the mountain elves are disgusted with the unaccustomed sight of church building going on in the midst of their retreats, and still more with the unaccustomed sound of church bells ringing through the peace of the forests. Just now one of these malicious sprites has seized the opportunity of venting his spite. He has lain in wait while a bell wrought by Meister Heinrich and destined for a chapel on the mountain summit was being carted up the hill. He has broken the wheel of the truck and has hurled the bell and its maker

down into the lake. Here is the beginning of the action. Heinrich, rallying and as yet hardly conscious of his steps, gropes his way upward again and wanders about in despair through the rocky wilderness. Finally he sinks down exhausted. His cries of agony are overheard by Rautendelein, a strange mixture of elf and maiden, and for the first time there has awakened in her breast the dim feeling of a higher life and a desire to win it. So, when the villagers come to carry Heinrich's nearly lifeless body back to the valley, Rautendelein follows them, determined to see and to know the land of men. Disguised as a servant, she enters the house where Heinrich, attended by his faithful wife, lies at the point of death. He is delirious; his life seems to be a failure. The comforting words of his wife sound to him like mockery. He persuades himself that she has no conception of what it is to feel the creative impulse and to have it checked by brutal fate. He is sure that she does not understand him, that nobody understands him. He curses his work; he wishes to die. At this moment Rautendelein appears, and the sight of this unbroken youthful life brings back to him his own youthful aspirations. It is as though nature herself had touched him and renewed his strength; as though she beckoned him to throw away the commonplace cares and duties of ordinary social existence and follow her to the heights of a free, unfettered creative activity. He can not resist. The supreme desire for unhampered exercise of his faculties restores his health. The delirious despondency leaves him. He is himself again.

When the scene changes, Rautendelein has led him back into the mountains. She now appears as his inspiring genius. He is in the fulness of his powers. He is raised above the petty conflicts of good and evil.

He has won control over the sprites that dwell in rock and cavern. With their help he is creating a wonderful work of art,—a temple structure on highest mountain peak, whose melodious chime is to call free humanity to the festival of universal brotherhood. Wrapt up in those ecstatic visions, he has entirely lost sight of his former life. He seems not to know that once he had a loving wife and children. He scorns the friendly warnings of the village priest, who ventures into his enchanted wilderness in order to save his soul. He defies the onslaught of the peasants, who attempt to storm his fastness in order to annihilate the godless blasphemer. He quiets occasional pangs of conscience by renewed, feverish work. Only at night he lies restless and is visited by fearful dreams. More and more, however, these evil forebodings get the better of him. Again and again he hears a strange sound that seems to draw him downward. He recognizes in it the toll of the bell that lies at the bottom of the mountain lake. What causes the bell to give the sound? Who is that pale ghastly figure floating toward it and striking its tongue? Who are these shadowy forms of little children coming slowly and sadly toward him and carrying with great effort a heavily filled urn? Breathless with horror, he addresses them:

"What carry ye?"

"Father, we carry an urn!"

"What is in the urn?"

"Father, something bitter!"

"What something bitter?"

"Father, our mother's tears!"

"Where is your mother?"

"Where the water-lilies grow!"

Now, at last, Heinrich sees he has overstepped the bounds set to man. The whole wretchedness of his imagined grandeur is revealed to him with terrible clearness. He drives Rautendelein away with calumny and cursing. He destroys with his own

hand the work that has been to him the symbol of a perfect humanity. He resolves to descend again to the fellowship of mortals, but it is too late. The superhuman striving has consumed his strength. In his last moment, Rautendelein appears to him. Once more she has returned into her own realm. She has become the wife of a glorious old water-sprite. He has wooed her for years, but she is still longing for human affections and she presses a fervent kiss upon the lips of the dying one.

If in this fairy dream of Hauptmann's, in spite of its fantastic setting, we are yet made to hear throughout the struggles of modern humanity, we are introduced into equally modern conflict in Sudermann's Biblical drama "Johannes," which has riveted public attention in nearly all the great centres of German activity.

Sudermann's "John the Baptist" is indeed a counterpart to Hauptmann's "Henry the Bell-Founder." The fate of both is genuinely tragic. The mediæval mystic succumbs in striving for an artistic ideal, too grand and too shadowy for human imagination. The Jewish prophet succumbs in striving for a moral ideal too visionary and too austere for human happiness. Both lose faith in themselves and in their mission, and both rise through their very failure to the height of true humanity. Nothing is more impressive in Sudermann's drama than the way in which this disenchantment of the prophet with himself, this gradual awakening to the sense of his fundamental error, and the final bursting forth of the true light from doubt and despair, are brought before us.

In the beginning we see the preacher in the wilderness. He has gathered about himself the "laden and the lowly." With burning words he speaks to them of the woe of the time; of the misery of the people trodden into the dust both by the for-

eign conqueror and by its own rulers; tormented by its traditional obedience to a heartless, inexorable law. He holds out to them the vision of the Law-Deliverer and Avenger that is to come, the Messiah, clad in splendor, like the King of the Heavenly Host; the cherubim around him on armored steeds, and with flaming swords, ready to crush and to slaughter. Yet, irresistible as his harangues are, an occasional look, an occasional word, betrays even here that his faith is not born of a free and joyous surrender to the divine, but of a dark, brooding fanaticism; and we feel instinctively that it will not stand the test of self-scrutiny.

Next, he appears in the streets of Jerusalem inciting the populace to revolt against Herod and his lustful house, especially against the scandalous marriage into which the tetrarch has just entered with Herodias, the divorced wife of his own brother, and which he wishes to have sanctified by the synagogue. But here again it is the blind fanatic, rather than the inspired leader whom we hear in John's language. Having led the infuriated mob to the King's palace, he is at a loss what to do; he feels lonely in the midst of the surging crowd; he longs for his rocks in the wilderness; and when the Pharisees take this opportunity of asking questions about the new Law, the advent of which he has been holding out to his hearers, he has no answer. Just then there is heard out of the midst of the populace the voice of a Galilean pilgrim: "Higher than Law and Sacrifice is Love!"

It is the message of Him whose coming John has been preaching, without divining his true call. The sword strikes deep into his soul. For the first time he doubts his own mission; for the first time there looms up before him the dim vision of something more exalted than his own dream of the Messiah.

Again he rises to his full power as a hero of asceticism, in his interview with Herodias and her wanton daughter Salome. Salome has been fascinated by the weird, fantastic appearance of this man with the lion's mane and the far-away look in his eyes. She wishes to flirt with him, to tame him, to possess him. When he enters the palace she receives him with a shower of roses and the voluptuous songs of her maidens. But he remains unmoved. "Gird thy loins," he says to her, "and turn from me in sackcloth and ashes, for I have been sent as a wrath over thee, and as a curse to destroy thee!" He does not seem to notice that this very curse affects the infatuated girl like a magic love-potion. Herodias, too, wishes to win him. She wishes to make him a tool for her political designs; to stifle through him the popular opposition to the clerical sanction of her marriage, and she attempts to bribe him by offering him the charms of her daughter. But again, his only answer is: "Adulteress!" and yet even this victory over sensual temptation leaves a sting in his soul; for again he hears that mysterious word "Love," and he must remain silent when Herodias calls out to him: "What right have you to judge the guilty,—you who flee from human life into the loneliness of the desert?"

And now he comes to see that he does not understand even those nearest him. The wife of his favorite disciple comes to him and beseeches him to give back to her the heart of her husband, for since he has joined the band of the Baptist's followers, he has forsaken his home and forgotten his kindred. John never knew anything of this man's inner life; he knew nothing of the love he is accused of having stifled. How, then, is he to teach others? He who is constantly confronted with his own limitations must confess to himself that he is without a guiding principle

of his own conduct. Where is there an outlook for him? Where is the path toward his salvation? Is it in this love that is thrown upon him from all sides? No! no! it can not be! Love is littleness, is weakness, is selfishness, is sin. No, the only salvation lies in the Messiah, in Him that is coming in heavenly splendor, surrounded by the rainbow, the King of kings, the great Fulfiller and Judge. Thus, he tries to assure himself; thus he strains every nerve to maintain his tottering belief in his mission to keep awake the hope of his poor, downtrodden people. From this very people, from the mouth of an old wretched beggar woman he now hears for the first time the full, the cruel truth. "We do not want your Messiah! We do not want your King! Kings come only to kings! They have nothing in common with us, the poor. Go away! Let us alone, false prophet!"

Immediately after this scene the climax is reached. Ever since the Baptist for the first time heard that mysterious message of love, he has been endeavoring to discover whence it came. In a vague manner he has associated it with the noble youth whom years ago he baptized in the Jordan and from whom he has in some way hoped for the fulfilment of his Messianic dreams. Now he learns from some Galilean fishermen that this Jesus of Nazareth has indeed brought a new gospel,—not the gospel of a superhuman Messiah but of a human brotherhood and kindness, of the love of one's enemies; the very gospel of which John, through bitter disenchantment, has gradually become the worthiest prophet. Just after this meeting with the Galileans, he is drawn into the surging throng of the populace, who have streamed

together to make a forcible attack upon Herod and his wife as they in solemn procession repair to the temple. Torn with conflicting feelings as he is, unable to collect his thoughts, he is pushed along to the steps of the temple. A stone is forced into his hand. He is to execute the judgment of the people against the vicious King himself. Mechanically he lifts the stone; he calls out to Herod: "In the name of Him who"—but the stone slides from his hand and he stammers—"of Him who bade me love you."

The rest of the drama brings little new inner experience. Once more John rises to the full grandeur of the Old Testament prophet. Imprisoned and led before the infatuated Salome, he once more defies her raging passion. He dies with words of peace and hope upon his lips. Immediately after his execution there is heard from the street the "Hosanna!" of the jubilant masses greeting the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem.

It is not the office of poetry to solve social problems. It is the office of poetry to hold out social ideals. The German drama of the last decade has fulfilled this mission with singular nobility of purpose and with singular artistic success. To think that this remarkable literary phenomenon was a symptom of approaching social peace would of course be tantamount to a belief in the approaching millenium. The end of social strife would end national life itself. But well may we hope that the ideals held out in the German drama of the last decade will help to raise this strife to a higher level and make it, instead of an instrument of destruction, an instrument of progress and human happiness.

[*The end.*]

A Lesson-Talk by Hermann Vezin.

How He Teaches His Pupils to Interpret Act I., Scene 1, of "Julius Caesar."

OF the many things that can not be taught by books, elocution is one. Still a few hints may be of service to the intelligent and earnest student. It will be as well to confine ourselves to some of the more common faults. To illustrate and to correct these faults we can have no better text than that of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar." We will suppose, then, that the student has read over the play, not aloud, a sufficient number of times to be familiar with the plot, the characters, their relation to one another, and the atmosphere of the age and the country. He must now realize Act I., Scene 1. The action takes place in a street in Rome. Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain commoners.

These commoners are artisans—carpenters, cobblers, tailors, etc., dressed in their holiday clothes, going to see the races and what other enjoyments the feast of the Lupercal may have to offer. Flavius and Marullus are two tribunes who are opposed to Cæsar. The sight of these artisans, truckling to Cæsar's vanity and ambition, angers them, and they reproach them for their lack of patriotism. The commoners do not expect to be addressed, but Flavius gets their attention by saying "Hence!" loudly, and then pausing till he sees that they are listening to him.

"FLAVIUS. Hence! (*b*) home, you idle creatures, get you home! (*b*) Is this a holiday? (*b*) What! know you not,
Being mechanical, (*b*) you ought not walk
Upon a laboring-day without the sign
Of your profession? (*b*) Speak, what trade art thou?"

Never break the sense of a sentence to take breath. To avoid the necessity of doing this, always take

breath during the natural pauses in the sense. I have marked these pauses in the above speech with the sign (*b*).

I omit the customary sloping and curved lines that are supposed to indicate the inflections, because it is impossible to convey the infinite variety of these except by the ear. I need merely say that the first line of the above speech will naturally suggest three downward inflections, that the next sentence is spoken with only upward inflections, and that the last sentence has two downward inflections.

"FIRST COMMONER. (*b*) Why, sir, a CARPENTER.

"MARULLUS. (*b*) Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

(*b*) What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

(*b*) You, sir, what trade are you?"

Unnecessary repetition of the same mode of expression becomes monotonous. Marullus is angry and speaks rapidly. The Second Commoner is working out a joke. For him to speak at the same rate would be unnatural. He must speak slowly.

"SECOND COMMONER. (*b*) Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, (*b*) I am but, as you would say, a *cobbler*."

We frequently hear it said of a man that he has a monotonous voice. That is nonsense. It might with equal truth be said that he had a monotonous fiddle or flute. Like them, the voice is an instrument, and may be played upon monotonously or not. Except where the monotone is indispensable, as in passages of great dignity, pathos, solemnity, etc., a natural variety of inflection should be cultivated. To do this it is necessary to know the different forms that monotony takes,

so that they may be avoided. If the actors playing these two parts were to speak at the same rate, that would be the monotony of *speed*. Other forms we shall meet with later on.

"MAR. (*ò*) But what TRADE art thou? Answer me directly.

"SEC. COM. (*ò*) A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; (*ò*) which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad SOLES."

I have marked some of the more emphatic words by printing them in small capitals. The emphasis does not consist in speaking these words more loudly than the surrounding ones, although that is sometimes necessary. It is effected by a curve of the voice, first upward, then downward. Now suppose that the principal or key word of the sentence is a final one. As the last lowest note of every piece of music is the key-note of the key in which that composition is written, so every sentence must end on the key-note of the key in which that sentence has been spoken. If the last word is not the key-word it is spoken entirely on the key-note, but if it *is* the key-word and a monosyllable, the voice must be curved upward at the beginning and then slurred down at the end, on to the key-note. If the word is a polysyllable the voice is raised on the accented syllable and the rest of the word is spoken on the key-note. "Soles" is a pun on "souls" and is the key-word, consequently the voice curves up at the beginning and slurs down at the end on the key-note.

Perhaps my meaning may be made clearer by using some familiar sentence. "Are you going home to-day?" "No, I am going home *to-morrow*." Here "to-morrow" is the key-word, and the second syllable is the accented one. Consequently, the voice is raised on *mor*, and *row* is spoken on the key-note. But if you are asked, "Are you go-

ing to Paris to-morrow?" and you answer, "No, I am going *home* to-morrow;" "home" is the key-word and "to-morrow" is spoken entirely on the key-note.

"MAR. What TRADE, thou knave? (*ò*) thou naughty knave, what TRADE?

"SEC. COM. (*ò*) Nay I beseech you, sir, be not *out* with me; (*ò k*) yet, if you *be* out, sir, I can *mend* you."

This speech illustrates a vital principle in elocution. If two consecutive sentences convey the same idea, they are spoken in the same key, they conclude on the same note. But if the second sentence conveys a new idea, then the speaker goes off into another key. The cobbler starts with the idea of simply saying "Don't be angry with me," but he accidentally uses the words "be not out with me," and that suggests to him the chance of making a joke. So he applies the word "out" to the case of Marullus's shoes being worn out, and offers to mend them. Let me use a familiar instance. Suppose you say, "I went to the Lyceum last night. Oh, by the by, whom do you think I saw in a box?" It would be very unnatural to speak these two sentences in the same key. Nor would anyone do so. Try it, and listen to yourself, and so get this principle well into your brain. If, when reciting a piece that you have learned, you feel that you are monotonous, or are told so by your friends, you will most likely find the cause to be that you have spoken too much in the same key. As I am putting (*ò*) at the places where you should take breath, I will put (*k*) where you should change the key.

"MAR. (*ò*) What mean'st thou by that? (*ò*) *Mend* me, thou saucy fellow!

"SEC. COM. (*ò*) Why, sir, *cobble* you.

"FLAV. (*ò*) Thou art a *COBBLER*, art thou?

"SEC. COM. (*ò*) Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. (*ò*) I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. (*ò*) I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; (*ò*) when they are in great danger, I *RECOVER*

them. (*b k*) As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

"FLAV. (*b*) But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?"

Here we have an instance where two consecutive sentences *are* spoken in the same key, as the same idea runs through them both.

"SEC. COM. (*b*) Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. (*b k*) But indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

"MAR. (*b*) Wherefore rejoice? (*b*) What conquest brings he home?

(*b*) What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?"

These three lines are spoken with vigorous indignation, but if this vigor is kept up in the next two lines, we should drop into the monotony of *force*. A better result is obtained by dropping the voice on the next two lines, and there is also a saving of exertion.

"(*b*) You blocks, you stones, (*b*) you worse than senseless things!

(*b*) O you hard hearts, (*b*) you cruel men of Rome,"

Now take up the force again.

"(*b*) Knew you not Pompey? (*b*) Many a time and oft

Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,

(*b*) To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,

Your infants in your arms, (*b*) and there have sat

The livelong day, with patient expectation,

(*b*) To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;

(*b*) And when you saw his chariot but appear,

(*b*) Have you not made a universal shout,

(*b*) That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,

(*b*) To hear the replication of your sounds Made in her concave shores?

(*b*) And do you *now* put on your best attire?

(*b*) And do you *now* cull out a holiday?

(*b*) And do you *now* strew flowers in *his* way

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

(*b*) Begone!

(*b*) Run to your houses, (*b*) fall upon your knees,

(*b*) Pray to the gods to *intermit* the plague

(*b*) That needs must light on this ingratitude.

"FLAV. Go, go, good countrymen, (*b*) and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;

(*b*) Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, (*b*) till the lowest stream Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt commoners.*

(*b k*) See, whether their basest metal be not moved!

(*b*) They vanish *tongue-tied* in their guiltiness.

(*b k*) Go *you* down *that* way toward the Capitol;

This way will I. (*b*) Disrobe the *images*, If you do find them decked with ceremonies.

"MAR. (*b*) *May* we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

"FLAV. (*b*) It is no matter; let no images Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. (*b*) *I'll* about,

And drive away the vulgar from the streets;

(*b*) So do you, *too*, where you perceive them thick.

(*b k*) These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing

(*b*) Will make *him* fly an *ordinary* pitch,

(*b*) Who *else* would soar *above* the view of men,

(*b*) And keep us all in servile *fearfulness*.
[*Exeunt.*"]

THE two chief errors of modern systems of teaching singing are the method known as the *coup de glotte* and vocalization at all pitches without modification of the vowel-sound used. The *coup de glotte* is against physiology. The only advantage that its advocates advance for bolstering up their unscientific and irrational method are obtainable just as well without the *coup de glotte*. Physiologically, each step of the scale corresponds to a specific position of the vocal organs, and this position determines the vowel-sound. Therefore, if we alter the pitch, we must vary whatever vowel-sound is used or we sin against physiological laws. By variation of a vowel-sound is meant the delicate and infinite gradations of pronunciation of which each vowel is capable.—*Victor Maurel*.

New York Singing-Teachers.

An Inquiry Into Their Qualifications, Their Theories, Their Practices, and Their Results.

SIXTH ARTICLE.

[The articles, begun November, 1898, are written for the purpose of giving our readers an insight into the qualifications, methods, and results of various singing-teachers, and of enabling those in search of vocal instruction to select a teacher intelligently. Our aim is to present various nationalities and various schools. Comment by our subscribers on the articles will be welcome.—EDITOR.]

George Sweet.

"I am the only one teaching in New York to-day that can go on the Metropolitan stage and give an example of the way one should sing and act—Bing, bing!"

IN order that the reader may form an opinion of George Sweet's ability to do what he professes, that is, to teach singing, perhaps the best thing to do would be to describe as fully and as accurately as possible what happens when he gives a lesson. This may be even more instructive than a catechism as to the method, for it is possible that a teacher may have the soundest theories and yet bring forward pupils with corrupt style of singing.

It is not so easy to present a picture of what goes on when George Sweet gives a lesson, which he does every half hour all day long. The cold types are inadequate to describe the gesticulations of the maestro, the pranks he plays and the capers he cuts out of pure lightness of heart, his facial expressions, to say nothing of the tones of his voice. If the bigness of the letter is a measure of the emphasis, no type smaller than this page could represent his fortissimo reproof, while other corrections are about what the old-style printers would call "agate."

Although he plaintively speaks of himself to his pupils as a broken old man, "with one foot in the grave," he confesses to being 45 years old. He wears his sad-colored hair clipped very short all round and has "widower's wings" on his forehead. His

mustaches are curled upward at the end and have one or two hairs in them that are getting gray. He has a broad and frequent smile and a laugh that mostly consists of a long unvocalized expulsion of breath. He wears a coat that, were it not of such obviously rich material and make, would remind one of the style much in favor among the Western railroad brakemen fifteen years ago and known in ready-made clothing catalogues as the "B J." pattern. It is lavishly trimmed with the widest braid in the market. It's pretty, but it's—well, different.

The studio is decorated in a characteristic manner. One does not wonder to see photographs of pupils with dedications in more or less good Italian, French or English, scrawled on them; one does not feel surprise at seeing a great many pictures of Mr. Sweet in the costume of his favorite operatic parts; but a photograph of a skeleton in a sack suit with a derby hat cocked rakishly on the skull and a cigar stub at an angle between its naked jaws, is—well, that's different, too.

There is a wealth of such jim-crackery as one often sees in studios, queer paintings and decorations and there is a lot of what is practically junk, no less. From the chandelier from which an Indian and his horse

all made of rawhide depend and revolve hangs a card with "Found" written on it. Over the letter-hole in the door is tacked a strip of cardboard bearing the printed legend: "I told you so." On the mirror-ledge is a calico dog bristling with pins. Queer advertising cards with pictures of little negro babies are shown as objects of interest. In the interior studio is a celluloid collar tied together with a tricolor ribbon, and if the maestro feels in the humor he will put it on his head like a crown and stalk through the rooms with a kingly air. He has a cow-bell fastened to the grand piano.

"I suppose mine is the only instrument in America," he says with mock gravity, "that has the cow-bell attachment. It plays two tunes." And then he will make the thing rattle and you can hear the two notes it sounds.

In one corner of the inner room where the piano is, a pier glass stands in which the pupil may behold herself from top to toe, and may thus note and correct awkward poses of the body and ugly expressions of the face into which she may fall, either through inadvertence or the notion that singing is thereby made easier. Mr. Sweet drills them in position, causing them to stand with the weight sometimes on one foot, sometimes on the other.

"Plenty of singers," says he, "can not sing unless they have the weight of the body on the left foot. When they lean on the right foot, they get uneasy. I don't want any of my pupils to be so hampered."

The first half of every lesson is devoted wholly to "tone-work." The pupil, standing before the mirror, beats time by clapping one hand with the other quite sharply. This is done not only to make the vocal exercises rhythmical but to break up the timidity and self-consciousness of the pupil. Confidentially, this is

the deep-laid purpose of all the prankings and grotesqueries of the maestro, to get the prim proprieties out of the pupil, and to substitute for them that *stancio*, that *abandon*, that I-don't-care-a-rap, that the artist must feel if she is to enter into the spirit of a song and interpret it rightly.

"I want you to make right here all the mistakes you are going to make any place," he tells the pupil. "How am I to correct them if you don't make them?"

After he has started the student by banging out a note on the piano and she has begun a sustained tone in half voice on the vowels *a-o-a*, he says: "I begin with *a*, because it is the nature vowel. It is the simplest. To open the mouth and vocalize the breath is to sing *a*. We are born with *a* and we die with *a*. It is our first cry and our last sigh. The old Italian masters knew that. They knew a lot"—he flits out into the next room and begins a conversation with the next pupil or the woman accompanist and is apparently deeply interested therein. Fancy not that he is not listening to the singer. Let her make a wrong production of the tone and he shouts a stentorian: "WHOA THERE!" and with two skips he is in the room with the singer and is declaiming: "My child! *Don't* move your jaw while you are singing a vowel. Your jaw was not made to sing with. Let me tell you what it is for. Upon its upper surface are hard, bony processes called teeth, which are used to masticate the food which we take into our systems to nourish us. The animal begins with the jaw; the intellectual lies above it. Again now. Oh, beat time, BEAT TIME! And when you beat time, make your singing conform to it. So many people make the beating time conform to the singing. To keep strict time is the easiest way to sing a scale. Believe me, it is.

Try it some day, after I have been telling you to do so for three or four years. Go on, child;" and he walks out into the next room while the exercise continues.

Supposing the pupil starts with G. Instead of striking the note on the piano half a tone higher with its chord of *Ab* major, Mr. Sweet chants from the next room, "Bing-Bing!" the first "bing" on G and the second "bing" on *A2*, and so on until the pupil has gone high enough, when he brings her back by flattening the second "bing" half a tone. He interjects into a conversation and if he wants a drink of water he goes out and gets it, sounding the "bing-bing!" from far down the hall.

Next comes the exercise of three notes, *do, re, mi, re, do, re, mi, re, do*, all sung to Italian *a*, and takes that up as far as he deems advisable, but always keeping within the limits of the easy part of the range.

"Don't push," he says. "Easy, easy there. What we're after is to nourish the voice, not to abuse it. I don't think anybody can say that I strained or ruined a voice. Don't try to make your low notes as strong as your upper ones. Now, now, now, haven't I told you never to change your vowel once you start it? What were you singing?"

"Ah."

"Well, gracious Peter! Why don't you stick to *a*? Don't sing *uh* till I tell you to. Don't change your vowel, don't move your jaw, remember about the attack and always take mother's advice."

It will be observed that Mr. Sweet is one of those that say "Don't." There are those that declare that the best way to teach is to get the pupil to "do" something that will obviate the necessity of the teacher's saying "Don't."

Following the exercises that run up and down the scale as far as *la*, comes one that goes in pairs. A leap

from low *do* to high *do* and a trippingly rapid run downward is first done in full voice and then one done *pianissimo*.

"Now, that's a beautiful tone," he will say. "Why don't you give me such beautiful tones when you sing a song? Because you want to work too hard. *Don't* work so hard. *Bing-bing!*"

After the exercises comes what he calls the "cod-liver oil treatment," because it is a staple. All the beginners get it and it is his oft-repeated instruction that they must practice it every day. It is Tosti's "Ave Maria" in Italian.

"But they don't do it," he laments, in a tragico-comic way. "You haven't sung it for a week, have you?" he demanded of one pupil. "No. I thought not. You might as well talk to a stone wall. They don't do the breathing-exercises either. I tell them to take breathing-exercises three times a day with their corsets off,—when they get up, when they go to bed, and at luncheon; but they all want to go right to singing songs. They forget that inspiration comes from inspiration. When a great thought comes to you, when you feel a profound emotion, what do you do? Take a deep breath. Perfectly marvelous what control of the breath is gained by a little breathing-exercise steadily practiced. Take one of these medicine-droppers. Pull off the rubber bulb. Put the tube into your mouth and with watch in hand, inhale for twenty seconds; then exhale for twenty seconds. Gradually increase the length of time and see how you gain. I have a pupil that in six months by faithful practice got such breath-control that she could sustain a tone for more than a minute. The amount of air that escapes from the glass tube amounts to about what is necessary to keep a tone going. This is the only breathing-ex-

ercise I give. Some of those prescribed by singing-teachers are particularly injurious to women, but this one is so light as to be beneficial. It is practically the same as Farinelli's favorite breath-exercise. Now, child, we'll try that air from 'Sonnambula.'"

The accompanist came in. The prelude was played and the singer began. She was stopped on the instant with: "Ah, ah! That won't do. You weren't ready. Before you begin to sing, you must impress your audience with the idea that you are going to do something and that you can do what you try. Readiness and repose. Without them you fail to be convincing."

Word by word, the song was gone through with, Mr. Sweet insisting upon every word being enunciated with fastidious purity. It will occasion no surprise to learn that clean-cut diction is his strong point. It is the strong point of all singing-teachers, if you take their word for it; but Mr. Sweet's own articulation is singularly clear and polished without being pedantic. In this song he made that girl halt at least ten times on the words: "l'anello mio."

"For the 427th time," he solemnly declared, "I assure you on my sacred word of honor that it is NOT 'lunnello mio,' but *la*-l'anello mio.' Can't you sing *la*? Well why *don't* you SING it? Whoa-up! Whoa, there! There you go again. 'Lunnello mio.' Gracious Peter! It's 'l'anello mio.' From the beginning, child. What are you stopping for?"

"I was wondering if I did that right?"

"Ho, ho. Well, if you hadn't, I should have made a few well-chosen and appropriate remarks. Go on. Tut, tut. Don't compose, don't compose."

"I wasn't composing. I sang the notes set down here."

"Yes, you were, too, composing. 'Eterno affeto.' 'No,' and 'af' go to

the same note, don't they? Yes. Well, you made two notes, one for 'no,' and one for 'af.' Look and see if they don't go to the same note, 'no-af.' Aha! I thought so. Proceed, fair lady. Now listen to me. Recitative, what is it? What but idealized speech, the only kind fit for poetry? The sense is not hampered by the recurring rhythm of a set melody and yet in all its freedom there is that in it that prevents it from sinking to the level of commonplace utterance. What is the scene? Picture to yourself the poor girl lamenting that her lover has broken off the engagement, has even torn the ring rudely from her finger, but ah, he can not take from her heart his image. You are that girl and you must make me sense your woe."

This was pronounced with profound earnestness, the speaker stretching out his arm full length and delivering the sentences in the most convincing manner. At its conclusion he snorted as if it were a good joke and added: "Short Sermons for the Singer, by Uncle George;" made a pirouette or two and flirted his leg over the arm of a chair with the same easy grace that distinguished him in the early 70's, when with Tremaine Brothers' variety show he toured the country and was the funny musical moke that kept dropping the armful of cowbells he carried in such a way as to play: "Oh, my darling Nellie Gray."

Another pupil had an "Ave Maria" of Dudley Buck's to which Mr. Sweet has adapted sacred English words from the hymn "Holy Holy, Holy Lord." There was some conversation during part of this lesson which was inaudible but it must have been that she said: "It will do well enough for the music committee," for the teacher came out with this advice: "Remember always that you are singing to musicians.

Even if you know they are not, sing as if you were before the most competent observers. Go on. Aw! Aw!" he checked the pupil.

Then he became very serious. "Have you thought whom you are addressing?" 'Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts.' Can you speak to Him or sing to Him with a self-satisfied, flippant tone? Just think." He stood there a moment with his arms outspread and his eyes turned upward! and one could note the hush that came over the spirit of the singer. Then she began again and what a difference in the result!

"That's a beautiful tone," he said, half to himself, "go on, go on. Ah! Here I am after you. It is *not* 'ow howly.' Oh, holy. No! No! It isn't 'uh, hully,' either. Oh, holy. No. No. Not 'aw hawly.' Oh, holy. Don't you see that our English *o* has a vanishing sound of *oo* to it? *O-oo*. Do you see? Now be good—and you'll be lonesome. Go on. NO. NO. When you have the same phrase repeated, never do it exactly alike. As my teacher Tommaso Salvini said to me: 'Don't sing with your voice; sing with your brains.' Go back and make the two different, the last one softly. SMILE. 'Veil their faces with their wings.' It represents awe and that always hushes. Now it is a law of nature that when you make the tone softly, the throat must be opened for it; and when one smiles, the whole set of risible muscles acts and the uvula rises. But some of my pupils have asked, 'Why smile when singing about something sad?' Don't you know that there is nothing so sad as a sad smile? Go on, child. Oh, the dickens! Never smear a note. Let it be clear and distinct. Try it again. That's better. Whoa-p! Where are you going to sing this?"

"In church."

"I thought so. It's a spiritual

song, isn't it? Well, remember this, never offend the ears of the congregation by howling at them. Don't disturb them with trills either. It sounds like showing off. It jars on devotion."

"How shall I take the high note?"

"Well, child, you may do it with what fools and idiots call a 'head tone.' Don't drop your jaw. Gracious Peter! If you knew how you look when you do that! Go on. Whoa-p! 'Its.' Don't slide up to it. Sing 'its,' fair and square. Do you recall my having said to you at any time: 'DON'T SCOOP?' You do? Then don't scoop. The true artist never does that. Did you ever hear any of the great singers at the Metropolitan Opera-House scoop?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't! Then you can't have listened very closely. They all do, every one of 'em, except Nordica. She doesn't. But all the rest do. It's: 's-alv-e d-imora ca-asta e pura.' The teacher mimicked the affected sliding style that is thought to be so sweet by many singers.

What Mr. Sweet said about "fools and idiots" calling a certain quality of voice "head-tones," led to the suspicion that he might have some violent views on the subject of registers. He has.

"Registers?" he inquired. "There aren't any registers. There's a voice, if that's what you mean, and it changes its quality and its mode of production with different vowels and different degrees of highness or lowness. I don't care if you have 47 registers or 147. Take as many as you like. Don't stint yourself. But teach as if there were but one voice and give it an even scale. Get your pupil to sing so that she shall express what is meant to be expressed in the most beautiful style and so as to nourish and not hurt the voice.

"I was never taught anything about the registers by old Varesi, my

master. He studied Figaro in 'Il Barbiere' with Rossini himself. He created the part of Rigoletto. 'Linda di Chamounix' was written for him. That was why I went to him. Salvini, whose pupil I was for six or eight months, sometimes three or four hours a day, recommended him to me."

"You didn't study singing with Salvini?"

"No, certainly not. I learned stage-department, how to enter, how to stand, how to walk and all that. But I was saying, I didn't study the registers with Varesi. I studied the voice. I never bothered about the larynx or the pharynx or any other arynx till I began to teach and then people came to me and asked what they should do with this or that muscle at such and such a place and time. I had to get a book and study it. When I had informed myself about the machinery of the voice, I was not able to sing any better for my new learning than before. If any of my pupils want to know the anatomy and physiology of the vocal organs, I don't pretend to give the information on my own authority. I say: 'Here's the book that can tell you all about it better than I can.' I don't see how it can benefit their singing in any way to know, and I can see how by directing the attention to the vocal organs it could cause tension and so interfere with the beauty of tone. I have been teaching for fifteen years and I don't know of a case where the knowledge of the anatomy of the vocal organs has helped anybody to sing better. Classification of the registers serves no real purpose either."

"What do you think about going to Europe to study?"

"Well, I went. It cost me about \$13,000 to study in Europe. You don't suppose I am going to say now that it was a waste of time and money, do you? Perhaps European

study isn't necessary for church choir singers—— Ah!" he interrupted himself, "I am sick and tired of teaching church choir singers. It is only my love of music that makes me stick at it. If I could only train them for opera! But there is no opera in this country except at the Metropolitan. I tell you what: I'd like to give it all up here in New York and go to Paris to prepare pupils for the operatic stage. For the first three years I should lose money, but at the end of that time I would have a sextet of voices that would bring me fame and renown in the opera. One of my pupils, George Ferguson, who is now singing at the Royal Theatre at Cologne, went over to Paris and won praise from the critics for his beautiful French diction. How many singing-teachers are there in America that could boast of this? As to Italian, educated Italians have bet that I was a born countryman of theirs. In Germany the newspapers said: 'George Sweet, the American, as he is called,' for they didn't believe I was American. I was a German born that simply pretended to be born in America. I suppose what causes people to think that I am of this or that nationality is the monkey in me. I try to imitate anything I see anybody else do and beat him at it if I can. I hear a language spoken and I try to catch its sounds. I am not content to make a stagger at it so as to get along, but I want to learn it so that my accent is better than that of the native."

"Could you get pupils on the stage after you had prepared them for it?"

"My child, your Uncle George that you see before you with one foot in the grave"—the other one was doing jig-steps—"has staged 'Rigoletto' at four European theatres, in Turin, in Reggio nell' Emilia, in Berlin and at the King's Theatre in Athens. I've got the papers to prove it."

And so he has. Beautiful press notices they are, in Italian, German, Spanish and modern Greek, these last clipped from the principal Athenian dailies and weeklies, each one of them finding prodigious difficulty in transliterating "Sweet," though "George" found easy expression in "Giorgios." Mr. Sweet can not read Greek but he says he can speak it, which probably means that he knows enough of it to order a meal at an Athenian restaurant or to ask the way to the hotel.

The three volumes of Mr. Sweet's press notices make interesting reading, although they do not go back to the days when he was a choir-boy in Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, under George William Warren, and had a sweet and sonorous treble; nor do they tell how his voice simply slid down from the G clef to the F clef without breaking, so that he never lost a day's singing because of his mutation. There is a play-bill or two of the vaudeville period, some letters from C. D. Hess begging him to consider the offer of a place with the Clara Louise Kellogg Opera-Company; a program of a performance of "Don Pasquale" at Yonkers with Tony Reiff for conductor; an enthusiastic letter from Max Strakosch recommending that he go abroad for study and predicting a brilliant career for the boy, for he was only 20 years old at the time; highly laudatory notices from the Brooklyn papers when he sailed, and then begins the quaint Italian letter-press with the oft-repeated phrases: "Il distinto baritono Signor Giorgio Svet," and: "dopo il terzo atto, Sig. Svet cante-rá 'DING DONG. Vve gallop aloug,'" for "The Yeoman's Wedding-Song" was his battle-piece through the continent for many a long day. There is also preserved a program of a minstrel show at the Palazzo Aresi, that he and some other American boys got up, with

perhaps a little homesickness mingling with the boisterous fun of "The Snollygosters' Chorus." There is the bill of his début at Ancona in 1877 in "La Forza del Destino;" and in the three seasons that he sang abroad there are all sorts of pleasant things to read. Then come American notices when he was with Gerster and a mention or two of "Carmen," with Minnie Hauk in the title rôle. He that writes remembers him singing in Italian with her and in English with the Don Jose. He is still waiting for salary day from this and other organizations.

"I have sung with the best artists in the world," said he with pride that is not unpardonable, "from Patti downward, and I am the only one teaching in New York to-day that can go on the Metropolitan stage and give an example of the way one should sing and act.

"But here in this country there isn't the musical atmosphere that there is abroad, and that is why one that seeks serious study should go to Europe for it, Europe that has always been our educator in things artistic, and will continue to be such for years to come. Of course, if opera could ever get acclimatized here, I should not have to teach an endless procession of church-choir singers. Mrs. Thurber's plan was just the thing, but it was premature. The people weren't ready to hear new operas like Goetz's 'Taming of the Shrew.' Beautiful work, beautiful work, but the public has not outgrown 'Faust' and 'Carmen.' So the enterprise failed from lack of business judgment. The Castle Square Company will not do. I saw them give the swords of orderly sergeants in the United States Army and put red tights and Roman helmets on the soldiers in 'Il Trovatore' that are supposed to be Arragonese.

"One thing that militates against English opera is that the translations

are made by men that have no conception of the singer's needs. They put unimportant words at the critical musical moment so that the singer has to emphasize the wrong thing. This is not to say that the English language is not a good language for singing. It is all right when it is sung rightly and the vowels are given purely and without change of position from the initial attack, and the consonants are enunciated without mouthing. Nine-tenths of American women chew their words and distort their faces into all kinds of ugly shapes when they speak. They did it when they were children, and it was 'too cute for anything' and 'so funny to watch them.' It is just as 'funny to watch them' now that they have grown up and the habit has hardened and set, but it has ceased to be 'too cute for anything.'

"You sang when you were a boy, Mr. Sweet. Would you advise that children take vocal lessons?"

"No, indeed. Let them sing at their play as they will. They can not force their voices to hurt. My high notes when I was singing treble never harmed me, and yet they could hear me above all the others."

It should be borne in mind that this was not said all in a row and consecutively, but the expressions of opinion were snatched at odd moments and were interrupted by many a "bing-bing!" and "Oh, my! Oh, my! I should think your musical appreciation would have taught you better than that!" It was manifestly impossible to get categorical answers to the vexed questions of the vocal art, but his views had to be got in the process of teaching. As in the case of one pupil that had the vibrato habit strongly marked. "Don't let your voice tremble so," he chanted at her.

"I can't help it," she answered.

"Why yes, child, you can if you want to. All that sort of thing comes either from lack of control of the

breath or affectation. It is generally put on. It's a favorite with the French. Maurel does it. Of course, when a tone is properly made it does have a certain vibrant quality, but to make the soft-palate tremble is only to give a cheap imitation of the real vibrant tone. Look into my mouth while I do the flutter fake, and you can see the soft-palate twitch. Don't you worry. I'll get all that out in a little while. Only remember that I don't want it."

"Speaking of French methods, what do you think of the protruded chest that Sbriglia is said to teach?" This question was from the interviewer.

"Don't believe in it. Oh, of course, understand that I don't advocate a flaccid, limp chest. It must be active and give a comfortable feeling of distension, but it should not be thrust out with violent effort. There must not be any violent effort in singing. What good does it do to stick out the chest? Think it acts as a sounding-board? No. The bones are the sounding-boards, the skull, the ribs, the backbone."

"They say that you are a better man for style, for finishing, than for the primary work of placing and building the voice."

"Oh, they say that, do they? Kind of a coach, eh? Well, you can see for yourself how much attention I pay to the production of tone. I won't have any impure tones. I insist upon the development of tonal color, making the covered tone the body-color, so to speak, of the whole picture. I take special pains with articulation and particularly with the vowels. What is a vowel? Lots of people have to think twice before they can remember which is a consonant and which is a vowel. But 'vowel' is simply 'voice;' it is our English way of shortening up 'vocal,' and curiously enough the word has in it the whole vowel-scale, only a little

transposed. Give the letters their Italian values and it would read: *Va-o-u-e-i-l*. Do you see? The *i* following *e* is a vanishing sound.

"Isn't all that right down at the very foundation of the art of singing?"

"I haven't any patent, mechanical method that I can apply to every voice. Yet you see how much alike all my advanced pupils sing. Oh, it's a simple business, this giving vocal lessons. All there is to be done is to get the pupil to make a good tone and then to sing with intelligence. Simple proposition. Will you walk in, miss, and delight me by warbling forth your wood-notes wild?" This was said with great apparent gravity to a pupil. She seemed to enter into the spirit of his drolling at once and walked into the inner room. While welcoming the coming he neglected not to speed the parting guest by helping her on with her jacket, "bing, binging" at the girl just beginning her tone-work.

"Where's your rubbers, child?" he queried sharply.

"I don't wear any."

"Don't wear any! Gracious Powers! Not wear rubbers and the streets all swimming! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Tell your mother I wish to see her immediately. Not wear rubbers! Why it's scandalous. Bing-bing!"

Perhaps Mr. Sweet does not say "good-bye" to anyone, for in the leave-taking of eight pupils the word was not mentioned. His commonest parting word (one strangely appropriate, it would seem, considering how disappointed a pupil must feel, after having carefully prepared a lesson, to find that there is no pleasing the master) was the one he addressed to the representative of *WERNER'S MAGAZINE*, as he gave a firm, masculine grip and the sympathetic advice:

"Cheer up!"

Then turning to the pupil he said as the door closed: "Bing-bing."

Speech-Hesitation.

BY MRS. E. J. E. THORPE.

FOURTH AND LAST PAPER.

Truth is the strong thing.—*Robert Browning.*

ALTHOUGH the milder cases opened the way to a general knowledge of the nature and the consequent manner of treatment of this peculiar malady, it is from the severest cases that positive information has been obtained. If a child does not cry at birth, he may be a cripple without a voice. If the cry is produced with difficulty, he lives under the disadvantage of a partly disorganized condition, varying in different individuals. In Rhode Island any person having charge of an infant is expected, if the eyes are not in a perfect condition, to report

the fact to the health officer immediately. This is an act to prevent blindness. We are looking for some way in which to prevent speech-disturbances. As the conditions that develop all the various symptoms, including speech-hesitation, begin at birth, would it not be well for all who have the care of children to know and to be able to report the voice-conditions of every child? We shall sometime reach that point. If today our kindergarten and primary teachers were models in all that relates to the voice, and were required to train their pupils properly, much

might be done in the way of prevention ; but the training should begin by imitation, before the child learns to talk. In this way all mental complications would be avoided, and the speech would not be in the way of the general development. The most pernicious advice that can be given is, "Let him be; he will outgrow it." It is as two grains of wheat hidden in two bushels of chaff. There is no lie so hard to meet and to refute as one that contains an element of truth. It is true that a few, in whom the contraction is slight, outgrow it; but, unfortunately, it is equally true that the multitude do not.

Sometimes a little common-sense training, like "Wait till the excitement is over," or reading aloud, declamation, talking out courageously, or speaking the words with decision, may relieve the self-consciousness and restore the needed balance. Many a mother has saved her child from a chronic condition, by obliging him to stop till he could speak without hesitation. Counting any number before speaking has the same effect. Any emotion crowds toward the throat; that removed, the contraction drops to its proper place.

Avicenna, an Arabian physician, born in 980, recommended taking a full breath before speaking. Perhaps no device has received more attention or done greater injury. It is opposed to nature's economy, which is to do the most work with the least material. It is a common but false notion that a person who hesitates speaks upon exhausted lungs. Some, because of the contraction, do exhaust the lungs when beginning to speak; so do many who do not hesitate. Every inspiration is sufficient for ordinary speaking; more than that embarrasses and hinders. Just stopping to take the full breath may help one over a hard place for the time, but the effect is weakening and leaves

him less able than before to meet an emergency. Besides, it becomes, as any trick or device may be, a subterfuge, which is an unsafe reliance.

Several cases have been reported to me which were very successfully treated by whipping. When the child began to hesitate, the father, and sometimes the mother, administered the chastisement. It is a most unsafe experiment. Many children, if subjected to it, would be liable to be thrown into convulsions or seriously injured mentally.

In a few cases, a slight movement called "a trick" may give relief. But tricks should be used with caution, and never in serious cases, because one may in this way add tension to an already overstrained part. In this haphazard treatment, which gives no definite aim, what helps one is not likely to relieve another.

The person who cures himself is everywhere. Meeting such cases frequently, a special study was made of their peculiarities, in the hope of gaining from this source a more direct and satisfactory light. Most of them told me frankly that they had no idea how it was done. "I made up my mind that I would not hesitate; that is all that I can say about it." Others said: "My mother stopped me every time I began to go wrong." One lady applied for a position, which was refused because of her speech-disability. She promised that she would stop the hesitation at once if the position was given her. As her character eminently qualified her, the place was given, and she carried out her determination to the letter, but could give me no hint of how it was done.

Others have said that when old enough to be sensitive in regard to their affliction and to see the disadvantages connected with it, they have managed, in some way unknown to themselves, to gain control of it. Others, by assuming a confidence

they did not feel, have risen above it. One gentleman said that when a boy, his associates urged him to join a debating society. He declined, explaining that he could not, for obvious reasons, take part in debate. But the boys wanted him, and induced him to join. They knew that in every other way he was fully their equal, so they urged until he was induced to make a trial. The boys were helpful; he got on better than he expected; the experiment was repeated, and in this way he overcame the whole trouble. He does not know how much he owes those boys. If they had laughed at him, the reverse would no doubt have been the result.

A person said to me: "I do not see why one needs assistance to overcome speech-affection."

"Do you understand the difficulty?" I asked.

"I think I do; I had as much trouble as any one could."

"How did you overcome it?" I inquired.

"Just as I do everything else; when I make up my mind to a thing, it is done."

Very little of the information gained in this way was suggestive or helpful.

In my experience this trouble is usually intensified in the second generation. Many a father who has "cured" himself expects his son to do the same. The father has no knowledge of the way in which he found relief; he can make no comparison between his own case and that of his son, whom he charges with want of will. He does not know that while one may be so conditioned that an exercise of will is all that is necessary to carry him through, another, by the exercise of the same amount of will, may only increase and tighten the contraction. A father need never expect his son to follow his example in this respect.

In other diseases we expect differ-

ence of degree, and this is no exception. That a person must experience the difficulty before he is fitted to give instruction is one of the superstitions growing out of the general ignorance upon the subject. Upon this principle, a physician should contract all the diseases he is called upon to treat. The differences caused by heredity, temperament, and the almost endless variations in the extent of the contraction, can only be understood by comparing many cases one with another, from the general standpoint of cause and effect. There is a limit beyond which no case can be outgrown, where shouting, or the exercise of will, but tightens the fetters already too closely drawn; where all the simple means that have indirectly given relief to many are not only useless but harmful. Persons so conditioned never find the way blindly; the difficulty is radical, and must receive radical treatment.

Two distinct principles enter into the formation of perfect speech,—absolute hold of the breath, centring where it turns to go out; and absolute let go above that point. If any deviation from these conditions exists, the remedy lies in a return to the normal. If a person overcomes any phase of the muscular disorganization, of which speech-hesitation is a prominent symptom, it is because, either blindly or otherwise, he finds these principles, and puts them into practice.

Every teacher has been limited by the traditionary opinion that all that is necessary to be done is to learn to talk; therefore, a "perfect and permanent cure" should be effected in a short time. He is also expected to cure every case, without any exception, and every case is to be placed beyond the possibility of a relapse. This is to be performed by some magic or sleight of hand on the part of the teacher, which leaves the pupil free from all responsibility.

I asked the clergyman who took lessons of Mme. Seiler how long it was before all tendency to contract the muscles of the throat was gone. He said: "From three to four years." He took lessons four weeks, and went directly into his pulpit. When he felt the contraction rising, he stopped and waited until it had dropped to its proper place. He did the same in conversation. He said: "It is death to me to allow the wrong, and life to do the right; therefore, I never speak under the influence of the contraction."

When we consider that the conditions which lead up to speech-hesitation begin at birth, and that the muscles which are to be brought into exercise have been for years in a chronic state of disuse, we can understand that in many cases they must be brought into a state of activity by the exercise of the greatest care, because overwork reacts upon the throat-muscles and increases the contraction.

It should be known, also, that it is the few who suffer no recurrence or relapse. A small percentage will gain steadily to the end, but the ordinary and especially the severe case will be liable to relapse; there will be ups and downs until the muscular energy has gained a normal strength. Whenever one is tired, or suffering from any physical ailment, the old contraction is liable to assert itself. At such times it would be well to remain quiet, because one gains only when doing right. When a person has lived under the great strain for years, he loses the power of comparison in this matter, and if the load is partly lifted, he may believe himself to be perfect, when the work is only begun.

Occasionally one will be able to hold a part gain, but, as a rule, there is no safety except in perfection, and the pupil should remain under the eye of a teacher until he knows the

difference between right and wrong, and can do the one and avoid the other. The most discouraging feature of the work is that one must go back to what should have been accomplished when learning to talk, because human nature revolts against a backward movement; but whoever will pursue it patiently, persistently, and perseveringly will conquer in the end.

It is like aiming at a mark. At first there will be frequent failures, but if the aim is continued the time will come when the mark will be struck always; i. e., every word will be spoken without contraction.

One form of serious speech-disturbance is undeveloped articulation. We meet persons frequently, who omit a sound or substitute another. Common illustrations are the omission of the letter *r*, or the substitution of *w* or *l, d* for hard *g* or *k*, or the combination *th* for *s*, commonly called "a lisp." Speech begins with short *u* or *ugh*, and they are often made to fill the place of any other vowel. The diphthong *ou* is often substituted for long *i*; and there is a general inability to make the vowel sound true to its character. Any failure in this respect suggests a reversion to a primitive type. The Chinese as a nation omit *r*; the Ephraimites used *s* in the place of *sh*. Travelers have stated that the Society Islanders can not pronounce the hard *g* and *k*; i. e., they never lift the back of the tongue. In learning to articulate, a child does what is easiest. The lips when at rest are in position to form labials. For that reason a child may say "mama" and "papa," and go no farther. The dentals are nearly as easy, as the tongue when at rest is in the proper place for their expression. In forming other consonants, the tongue or the lips must make a special movement if the sound is produced; and if one is not initiative in

this respect, is not able to connect the sound with the exact movement that produces the sound, his speech may be a jargon. An omission or a substitution in the case of one sound is noticeable, but in some cases so many letters are omitted or substituted as to render the speech unintelligible. When the entire articulative process is so changed, something like a new language is formed. Sometimes several in a family are so affected, understanding each other but having no communication with the outside world. This is not owing to originality. Usually the disability is keenly felt, and the child is glad to learn. The parents and the nurse learned to talk unconsciously, and have no knowledge of how to correct the error. The contraction that causes speech-hesitation is found in every varying degree, in complication with this form of speech-affection. The weakness at the centre causes an abnormal peripheral activity. The child perhaps is sent out to run off that misapplied force, when what he needs is energy at the centre. Sometimes the abnormal energy is so great as to suggest insanity. As the power of imitation differs in degree, some children, as they grow older, will see the wrong and be able to correct it. This usually occurs within the first six years of a child's life. It is unsafe to trust to this, because every articulation is a muscular action which has a tendency to become automatic by repetition. Some of the best authorities believe that the failure in a child to talk perfectly at six years of age, by simply hearing words spoken by others, is conclusive evidence of mental weakness. There are feeble-minded persons who hesitate in speaking, because muscular contraction in them is indiscriminate. No doubt there are feeble-minded children who fail to articulate, but the large proportion of bright children who can not articulate but

who learn readily under proper instruction proves that this disability does not always mean mental weakness.

Demosthenes did not hesitate. He could not form the letter *r*, and his articulation was not clear. Shouting to the waves was a dangerous experiment, but it succeeded with him, and his voice gained strength. The pebbles obliged him to individualize the words, instead of running them together. It is said that Henry Ward Beecher spent the most of three years of his life in overcoming an indistinctness in his speech that unfitted him for pulpit oratory.

The advice, "Let him be; he will outgrow it," or "He will speak words when he sees the need," is most pernicious for any form of speech-affection. It may be doing a child an irreparable wrong,—nay, it is almost criminal, to leave out of the first years of his life this greatest means of development. If, as some believe, words are necessary to thought, these children have been obliged to work with very imperfect material. Some of them, having great force of character, keep pace very well with other children; but, in general, to judge them by those who can speak correctly is making a most unfair comparison. One who has traveled in a foreign country where no one understood his language will have some conception of the strain upon such a life. Besides, one suffers physically from the loss of the healthful exercise that comes from the constant use of correct speech. If a child has no speech-instinct or desire for communication, he will not learn to talk unless a responsive spirit can be aroused.

A boy nine years old could speak no word so that it could be understood. The tongue through overexercise had become so large as to interfere with the swallowing. As it lay out of the mouth, there could be no articulation. The strength in the

tongue was greater than in the throat-muscles, therefore there was no hesitation sufficient to stop speech. He was a very active boy, but not strong. He fell frequently, because of weakness of his legs; he could not dress himself, because his fingers were too weak to fasten his clothing; and he was unable to put on his coat and overshoes. There were growths in his nasal passage, which were removed. Whenever the force is wrongly centred, there are liable to be abnormal growths, or some other form of disease.

These extreme symptoms were new, and the case was watched with the greatest interest. Soon it was evident that as the effort was removed from the tongue and the jaw, the difficulty in swallowing was corrected, and strength came to every part of the system. He was very social, and his inability to make himself understood was a very great strain upon the nervous system. Sometimes he would stamp and scream with all his might, but as the unnatural energy was removed from the tongue, it gradually fell into place. He soon learned to form sounds. In four months' time he could speak any word, and the difficulty in swallowing disappeared. But the most noticeable feature in the case was that, as the great force left the tongue, strength came to his legs and fingers.

The boy did his part of the work well. He never failed in the utmost exactness in carrying out instructions. Another boy, sixteen years old, could speak but two words. He was as conscientious and as anxious to learn as the former boy, but the symptoms were more confirmed, requiring a longer time for removal. This boy was generally weak. He stooped, his feet dragged, his arms hung in a lifeless way, and he was subject to nausea. As he learned to use his voice he grew strong, and all the symptoms changed for the better. When

he did his first errand at a store, and was understood, the hopelessness in him gave place to courage, and he began to feel that he was a man. At birth it was with difficulty that he was made to breathe, and he was in spasms most of the time for three days.

A little girl seven years of age spoke but a very few words. She had learned to communicate entirely by pantomime. She could generally make us understand by that means all she would have been glad to say. She was in a condition that suggested insanity, and at first an attempt to try to place the tongue and the lips was a great trial. Her nervousness was so great that a minute was a long time for her to practice. But soon she began to be proud that she could speak a new word; that induced her to aim at words that she could not speak, and then she gained faster. When she learned a new sound she would for some time put it everywhere, but every gain made way for another, and now she says most ordinary words, and applies them properly. She has read three Second Readers through, and has commenced the Third Reader. She had a can of water out-of-doors, and someone asked her if she knew where there was a cylinder. She at once pointed to the can and said: "That is a cylinder. The first word she learned to spell was "cat," and it was a serious process; but now she can learn to spell any word of one syllable by studying it over once or twice. She has been with me a year.

Sometimes the hesitation and the failure in articulation combine in one case. In a little boy of five, the muscles of the throat closed when he attempted to speak. He would open his mouth and grow red in the face, but could not make a sound because of the effort in the throat. He appeared to have croup with every slight cold. There was no recur-

rence of this symptom after the contraction was removed. So many sounds were omitted or changed about that when he could speak he could not be understood. He brought a pear to me, and asked: "Il a woup?" ("Is it ripe?") That sentence is an illustration of the whole. The child was so sensitive in regard to his speech that he would not try to speak to anyone outside of his own family; but he overcame it all.

Dr. Lennox Browne, in "Voice, Song, and Speech," states upon a computation of five in 1,000 in 1870, that the number of those who hesitate, in the United States alone, is almost three times that of the blind, insane and deaf-mutes added together.

During our great World's Fair in Chicago, the proud boast was made in one of the leading periodicals that every important subject was to be discussed and that the various committees had planned to omit nothing that was worthy of their attention. But this great army of sufferers was wholly ignored. Not a voice was heard even so much as to report whether or not the darkness had been penetrated by one ray of light. Yet in vital consequence it might well have stood at the head of the list. In the public schools of Boston, according to the latest statistics, there are 500, or a percentage of seven in 1,000, who speak with difficulty. One who understands the situation said: "We do not know what to do, so we pay no attention to them till they get so bad they can not talk at all."

It may be questioned if a work so important should be left wholly to the judgment or the caprice of parents, and if it would not be proper for the State to know how many and who are affected with speech-disa-

bility, and oblige the parents to attend to it, furnishing a school for those who are unable to bear the expense. A difficulty that disables a young man from joining the army is certainly worthy the attention of the government.

The terms generally used in defining speech-hesitation are omitted in these articles, because, first, they give undue prominence to what is merely *one* symptom of a serious physical derangement; second, persons showing that symptom are not a unique and separate class, as has been supposed, but the conditions that often exist in a marked degree in many not suspected of any speech-irregularity are exaggerated in them; third, the words are in themselves so unpleasant and conspicuous as to be objects of dread to those to whom they are applied. It would be well if they could be stricken from the language.

For the same reason the word "defective" has not been used. Speech-hesitation has but one cause, which is misplaced contraction. Defect in the organs of speech has no connection with the subject under discussion.

Dr. L. G. Howe at the laying of the corner-stone of a public building at Syracuse, N. Y., said: "The institution whose foundation-stone is to be laid will be the last link in a chain—it will complete the circle of the State's charities, which will then embrace every class whose infirmities call for public aid." Evidently the needs of one great army of sufferers had never appealed even to the warm heart of Dr. Howe, and they have not been very well understood by anyone; but when teachers can work under a recognized authority, it must be that the world will respond to this "last" call for public benevolence.

[The end.]

RECITATION AND DECLAMATION

I.

FLOWERS OF SHAKESPEARE.

Arranged by Nora C. Franklin.

CHARACTERS :

Spring.	Daffodil.
Daisy.	Violet.
Primrose.	Pansy.
Cowslip.	Marigold.
Carnation.	Rosemary.
Four Ferns.	Rose.

Summer.

SCENE : The girls are costumed in crêpe paper to represent the flowers.

Enter SPRING, in dress of pale green, with wreath of crocuses, and carrying a basket of spring flowers.

SPRING : "Proud-pied April dressed in all his trim
Doth put a spirit of youth in everything."

[Enter DAFFODIL.]

DAFFODIL. "Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty—

When they begin to peer,—
With heigh ! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year ;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's
pale."

[Enter DAISY.]

DAISY. "An April daisy on the grass."

[Enter VIOLET.]

VIOLET. "Violets, dim
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

[Enter PRIMROSE.]

PRIMROSE. "Pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength."

[Enter PANSY.]

PANSY. "The bolt of Cupid
Fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk white; now purple with love's
wound—
And maidens call it 'love-in-idleness.'"

The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees."

[Enter COWSLIP.]

COWSLIP. "The cowslip's tall, Titania's
pensioners be ;
In their gold coats spots you see ;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors."

[Enter MARIGOLD.]

MARIGOLD. "The marigold, that goes to
bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping, is a flower
Of middle summer, and, I think, is given.
To men of middle age."

[Enter CARNATION.]

CARNATION. "The year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o'
the season
Are our carnations."

[Enter ROSEMARY.]

ROSEMARY. "Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these
keep
Seeming and savor, all the winter long ;
Grace and remembrance be to you, . . .
And welcome."

[Enter FOUR FERNS.]

FERNS. "We have the receipt of fern-
seed,—
We walk invisible."

[Enter ROSE.]

ROSE. "The rose looks fair, but fairer we
it deem,
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses ;
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds
discloses,
But for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooded, and unrespected fade ;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses, do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors
made."

[Enter SUMMER in dress of rose color,
heavily garlanded.]

SUMMER. "The summer's flower is to the
summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die ;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity ;
For sweetest things turn sourest by their
deeds.
Lilies that fester smell far worse than
weeds."

TABLEAU : As each girl finishes reciting,
she takes place assigned her, the grouping
forming a beautiful bouquet.

II.

THE COURTING OF DINAH SHADD.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Arranged by Miss Jennie Mannheimer.

"DID I ever tell you how Dinah Shadd came to be wife av mine?"

"I can't remember," I said casually. "Was it before or after you made love to Annie Bragin, and got no satisfaction?"

"Before—before—long before was that business av Annie Bragin. 'Twas this way. Talkin' av that, have ye ever fallen in love, sorr?"

I preserved silence. Mulvaney continued:

"Thin I will assume that ye have not. I did. In the days av my youth I was a man that filled the eye an' delighted the sowl av woman. Niver man was hated as I have been. Niver man was loved as I—no, not within half a day's march av ut. I could play wid four women at wanst, an' kape thim from findin' out anythin' about the other three, an' smile like a full-blown margold through ut all. An' so I lived an' so I was happy, till afther that business wid Annie Bragin—she that turned me off as cool as a meat-safe, an' taught me where I stud in the mind av an honest woman. 'Twas no sweet dose to take.

"Afther that I sickened awhile an' tuk thought to me reg'mental work, conceit'n' mesilf I wud study an' be a sargint, an' a major-gineral twinty minutes afther that. But on top av me ambitiousness there was an empty place in me sowl, an' me own opinion av mesilf cud not fill ut.

"Sez I to mesilf: 'Terence, ye're a great man an' the best set up in the reg'ment. Go on an' get promotion.'

"Sez mesilf to me, 'What for?'

"Sez I to mesilf, 'For the glory av ut.'

"Sez mesilf to me, 'Will that fill these two strong arrums av yours, Terence?'

"Go to the devil,' sez I to mesilf.

"Go to the married lines,' sez mesilf to me.

"'Tis the same thing,' sez I to mesilf.

"Av you're the same man, ut is,' said mesilf to me.

"An' wid that I considhered on ut a long while. Did ye iver feel that way, sorr?"

"So I felt that way, an' a bad time ut was. Wanst, bein' a fool, I went into the married lines, for the sake av speakin' to our ould color-sargint Shadd. I was a corpril then—rejuiced aftherward; but a corpril then. I've got a photograff av mesilf to prove ut.

"You'll take a cup av tay wid us!' sez he.

"I will that,' I sez, 'tho' tay is not my divarsion.'

"An' thin—an' thin whin the kettle was to be filled, Dinah came in—my Dinah—her sleeves rowled up to the elbow, an' her hair in a gowlden glory over her forehead, the big blue eyes beneath twinklin' like stars

on a frosty night, an' the tread av her two feet lighter than waste paper from the colonel's basket in ord'ly-room when ut's emptied. Bein' but a shlip av a girl, she went pink at seein' me, an' I twisted me mustache an' looked at a picture forninst the wall. Never show a woman that ye care the snap av a finger for her, an' begad she'll come bleatin' to your boot heels.

"I suppose that's why you followed Annie Bragin till everybody in the married quarters laughed at you."

"I'm layin' down the gineral theory av the attack. When Dinah was out av the door (an' 'twas as tho' the sunlight had gone, too), 'Mother av hiven, sargint!' sez I, 'but is that your daughter.'

"I've believed that way these eighteen years,' sez old Shadd.

"Then why, in the name av fortune, did I never see her before?' sez I.

"She was a bit av a child till last year, an' she shot up wid the spring,' sez ould Mother Shadd.

"I pulled on my gloves, dhrank off the tay, an' wint out av the house as stiff as at gineral p'rade, for well I knew that Dinah Shadd's eyes were in the small av me back out av the scullery window. Faith, that was the only time I mourned I was not a cav'ryman, for the sake av the spurs to jingle.

"I wint out to think, an' I did a powerful lot av thinkin', but ut all came round to that shlip av a girl in the dotted blue dhress, wid the blue eyes an' the sparkil in them. Thin I kept off canteen, an' I kept to the married quarters or near by on the chanst av meetin' Dinah. Did I meet her? Oh, my time past, did I not, wid a lump in my throat as big as my valise, an' my heart goin' like a farrier's forge on a Saturday mornin'! 'Twas 'Good day to ye, Miss Dinah,' an' 'Good day t'you, corpril,' for a week or two, and divil a bit further could I get, bekase av the respict I had to that girl that I cud ha' broken 'betune finger an' thumb."

"'Twas after three weeks standin' off an' on, an' niver makin' headway excipt through the eyes, that a little drummer-boy grinned in me face whin I had admonished him wid the buckle av my belt for riotin' all over the place.

"An' I'm not the only wan that doesn't kape to barricks,' sez he.

"I tuk him by the scruff av his neck—my heart was hung on a hair-trigger those days, you will understand.

"Out wud ut,' sez I, 'or I'll lave no bone av you unbruk.'

"Speak to Dempsey,' sez he, howlin'. 'He's seen her home from her aunt's house in the civil lines four times this fortnight.'

"At that I wint four ways to wanst huntin' Dempsey. Presently I found him in our lines, but he niver flinched a hair.

"A word wid ye, Dempsey,' sez I. 'Ye've walked wid Dinah Shadd four times this fortnight gone.'

"What's that to you?' sez he. 'I'll walk forty times more, an' forty on top av that.'

"Before I cud gyard he had his gloved fist home on me cheek, and down I went full sprawl.

"Will that content you? sez he.

"Content? sez I. 'Tis the beginnin' av the overture. Stand up!

"I was fightin' for Dinah Shadd an' that cut on me cheek. What hope had he for-ninst me? We fought for a long time, till 'Me collar-bone's bruck,' sez he. 'Help me back to lines. I'll walk wid her no more.'

"So I helped him back.

"Next day the news was in both barracks; an' whin I met Dinah Shadd wid a cheek like all the reg'mintal tailors' samples, there was no 'Good mornin', corp'ril,' or aught else. 'An' what have I done, Miss Shadd,' sez I, very bould, 'that ye should not pass the time av day?'

"Ye've half killed rough-rider, Dempsey,' sez she, her dear blue eyes fillin' up.

"May be,' sez I. 'Was he a friend av yours that saw ye home four times in a fort-night?'

"Yes,' sez she, very bold; but her mouth was down at the corners. 'An'—an' what's that to you?'

"Ask Dempsey,' sez I, purtendin' to go away.

"Did you fight for me then, you silly man?' she sez, tho' she knew ut all along.

"Who else?' sez I; an' I tuk wan pace to the front.

"I wasn't worth ut,' sez she, fingerin' her apron.

"That's for me to say,' sez I. 'Shall I say ut?'

"Yes,' sez she; an' at that I explained meself; an' she tould me what ivry man an' woman hears wanst in his life.

"But what made ye cry at startin', Dinah, darlin'?' sez I.

"Your—your bloody cheek,' sez she, whimpering like a sorrowful angel.

"Now, a man cud take that two ways. I tuk ut as pleased me best, an' my first kiss wid it. I kissed her on the tip av the nose an' undher the eye, and a girl that lets a kiss come tumbleways like that has never been kissed before. Take note av that, sorr. Thin we wint, hand in hand, to ould Mother Shadd, like two little children. That day I trod on rollin' clouds. All earth was too small to hould me. Begad, I cud ha' picked the sun out av the sky for a live coal to me pipe, so magnificent I was. Eyah! that day! that day!"

III.

SLEEP, SOLDIER.

SLEEP, soldier. Gently
Over thy breast
We spread the flow'rs
The spring-time loves best.
Sad tears are falling
Over thy grave;
Sad lips are calling
The name of the brave.

Sleep, on, forever,
And war's alarms

Shall wake thee never,
Calling to arms.
But the sweet flowers,
With their perfume,
And the bright sunshine
Shall lighten the tomb.

IV.

BURLESQUE PANTOMIME OF SHAKESPEARE'S

"SEVEN AGES OF MAN."

BY PAULINE PHELPS.

THE numbers 1, 2, 3, etc., in parentheses are for signals at the wing of the stage, to insure that the participants of the tableau move in harmony. The passages in italics are to be read.

*"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and fretting in the nurse's arms."*

TABLEAU I.

Three young ladies, one seated, two standing, all gazing off stage with expressions of intense expectation. (1) Nurse enters, carrying baby or large doll on a pillow, and they rush toward her, clasping their hands in delight. (2) Expressions change suddenly to those of surprise and dismay (baby cries outside the stage will add to the effect). One snatches up a rattle, another dangles her watch-chain, the third plays "ketchy-ketchy!" (3) Nurse exits indignantly, carrying babe. Young ladies stand crestfallen, looking after her. Curtain.

*"And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."*

TABLEAU II.

A boy of twelve, with package of books in his hand, lazes across the stage. (1) His mother appears in the wing of doorway, carrying long switch. (2) The boy catches sight of her, and breaks into a run, while his mother watches him out of sight, suspiciously. Curtain.

*"And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress's eyebrow."*

TABLEAU III.

A young man seated at table, both arms upon it, writing desperately. (1) He stops and gazes around him, as if at a loss for a word; frowns; catches sight of photograph upon the table and kisses it; picks up pen again; hesitates; bites his finger-nails;

drops his head upon his hands. (2) Gets up with sudden determination, tears the sheets of paper and throws them into the waste-basket, stamping his foot angrily. Curtain.

*"Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like
the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in
quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth."*

TABLEAU IV.

A young girl seated in a quaint armchair looks scornfully upon a man in soldier's uniform who is pleading for the rose that she holds in her hand. (1) The soldier turns angrily and starts away, but stops and looks back at the door, as if hoping she may relent. The girl, with her back toward him, carelessly pulls the rose to pieces. In this tableau the expression of the girl's face must make it plain to the audience that she is influenced by a love of teasing, and not indifference. (2) Exit soldier. The girl looks up, stares unbelievably, starts toward the door, hesitates, and finally sinks into chair and buries her face in her hands. (3) The soldier peeps laughingly in, then advances on tiptoe, and kneels beside her. The girl looks up, and hides her face upon his shoulder. Curtain.

*"And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part."*

TABLEAU V.

The photographer ushers in the justice and his wife, prosperous, middle-aged people, who have come to have their pictures taken. (1) He places the lady in picturesque chair, and poses her husband beside her. Funny pantomime of gazing at them from a distance, elevating chin, depressing shoulder, intimating "Look pleasant," etc. (2) "Ready!" At the word the couple unconsciously shut their eyes, open their mouths, and assume expressions of horror and agony. As the camera snaps they relax limply, with pantomime betokening intense relief. Curtain.

*"The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on
side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too
wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly
voice
Turning again toward childish treble,
pipes
And whistles in his sound."*

TABLEAU VI.

An elderly man reclines in armchair, while his daughter sits beside him, reading the newspaper, with pantomime of surprise and excitement. At first her father's attitude shows interest, but after a little, his

head nods, and when she looks up, at the climax, she finds him fast asleep. Curtain.

*"Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,"*

TABLEAU VII.

A very old man, sitting in an armchair, both hands grasping cane, and mumbling to himself. (1) His eyes close and his head drops upon his breast as the reader gives the closing line:

*"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans
everything."*

CURTAIN.

V.

GRANT'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

IN our admiration for the manhood of General Grant—gentle, simple, truthful, yet so strong in every virtue—we are almost jealous of the goddess of fame, who claims him to adorn her temple.

Across the water comes the voice of the Frenchman, saying: "Place his name next to that of Napoleon, who was greater than Cæsar."

"No," says the Englishman, "put it with Wellington's, who conquered Napoleon."

"No," says the Prussian, "his place is next to Frederick's, who resisted a larger combination than ever assailed the French emperor, and laid the foundations upon which the German empire stands."

"No," says the Russian, "our Peter was the greatest; his empire is the widest, the firmest, and we gave you the strong hand of sympathy through all your struggle. Peter the Great, Grant the Great, are the names to stand side by side on the walls of the temple of fame."

"No," says the Hollander, "back through the centuries was one who was the genius of resistance to oppression, one who laid the foundations of modern liberty; such only is worthy of association with Grant. William the Silent, Grant the Silent, must stand side by side and the highest."

"Not so," says the Jewish rabbi, "you must go back not only through ages and centuries, but through cycles of time that have witnessed the rise and the fall of empires—back to the period when Jehovah spoke directly to man amid the thunder of Sinai, when the warrior leader and statesman of Israel removed the yoke of slavery from three millions of his countrymen, even as your great captain removed the like yoke from three millions of another race. The name of Grant is worthy to follow that of our own Moses."

The American, prouder of the name than a subject of the Cæsars to be a Roman, with blushing appreciation replies:

"We are grateful for the honor and the place you accord our dead yet living citizen, but we have a temple not made with hands, worthier, holier, more enduring, than your temple of fame, whereon the name of Grant is already engraved in love as well as honor, even with those of Washington and Lincoln, in the hearts of his countrymen."

VI.

ARBOR DAY PROGRAM.

By STANLEY SCHELL.

All rights reserved.

I. BIBLE SELECTIONS. (All or a part of these selections may be used.)

And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so. Gen. i., 11.

And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Gen. ii., 9.

Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. Matt. vii., 17.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. Psalms i., 1-3.

When thou shalt besiege a city a long time, in making war against it to take it, thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an axe against them: for thou mayst eat of them, and thou shalt not cut them down (for the tree of the field is man's life) to employ them in the siege. Only the trees which thou knowest that they be not trees for meat, thou shalt destroy and cut them down; and thou shalt build bulwarks against the city that maketh war with thee, until it be subdued. Deut. xx., 19-20.

The fruit of the righteous is the tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise. Prov. xi., 30.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life. Prov. xiii., 12.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God. Rev. ii., 7.

Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them. Matt. vii., 20.

Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of a high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs. The waters made him great, the deep set him up on high with her rivers running round about his plants, and sent out her little rivers unto all the trees of the fields. Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long because of the multitude of waters when he shot forth. And all the fowls of the heavens made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations. Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches; for his root was by great waters. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him; the fir-trees were not like his boughs, and the chestnut trees were not like his branches; not any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty. I have made him fair by the multitude of his branches; so that all the trees of Eden, that were in the garden of God, envied him. Ezek. xxxi., 3-9.

In the mountain of the height of Israel will I plant it and it shall bring forth boughs, and bear fruit, and be a goodly cedar: and under it shall dwell all the fowl of every wing; in the shadow of the branches thereof shall they dwell. And all the trees of the field shall know that I the Lord have brought down the high tree, have exalted the low tree, have dried up the green tree, and have made the dry tree to flourish. I the Lord have spoken and have done it. Ezek. xvii., 23-24.

2. READING ARBOR DAY LAW OF THE STATE. (Read the law of your own State.)

ARBOR DAY LAW OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

CHAPTER 196, LAWS OF 1888. AN ACT TO ENCOURAGE ARBORICULTURE.

Approved, April 30, 1888.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. The Friday following the first day of May in each year shall hereafter be known throughout this State as Arbor Day.

§ 2. It shall be the duty of the authorities of every public school in this State, to assemble the scholars in their charge on that day in the school-building, or elsewhere, as they may deem proper, and to provide for and conduct, under the general supervision of the city superintendent or the school-commissioner, or other chief officers having the general oversight of the public schools in each city or district, such exercises as shall tend to encourage the planting, protection and preservation of trees and shrubs, and an acquaintance with the best methods to be adopted to accomplish such results.

§ 3. The State Superintendent of Public Instruction shall have power to prescribe from time to time, in writing, a course of exercises and instruction in the subject hereinbefore mentioned, which shall be adopted and observed by the public school authorities on Arbor day, and upon receipt of copies of such course, sufficient in number to supply all the schools under their supervision, the school-commissioner or city superintendent aforesaid, shall promptly provide each of the schools under his or their charge with a copy and cause it to be adopted and observed.

§ 4. This act shall take effect immediately.

3. SONG: "The Beautiful Woods," *By the School*

(From "Songs of Happy Life.")

4. ORATION: "The Origin and Use of Arbor Day."

BY EUGENE WOOD.

That trees are beautiful is not the only reason for keeping one day of the year in their honor and calling it "Arbor day." Perhaps the main reason for our admiring anything is its sense of its usefulness to man. Whether we love the trees because they bear us fruit and nuts, or because they supply us with timber of which we may make our houses, furniture, fences, wagons, street-cars, and a thousand and one things in daily use, even the white paper on which our newspapers are printed; or because they spread their green shade over us and their leaves look like patterns of lace against the blue sky; we love them because they are useful to us.

But the real reason for Arbor day is a usefulness of trees more hidden than that they supply us fruit, lumber, or shade. More useful than houses and furniture and wagons and even newspapers is fresh pure drinking water in regular steady supply. If the rain falls on a treeless waste of ground it runs off without soaking in and every little water-course is swollen, till at last the great rivers overflow their banks and the muddy, violent currents sweep away houses, drown people and cattle, flood cities, paralyze commerce and inflict damages that millions of dollars could not repay; for while water is a good servant it is a bad master. A freshet does great harm to houses and to cattle, but probably the worst it does is to carry off the fine, soft earth, so that by-and-by nothing is left but pebbles and hard clay on which nothing can grow.

But if the rain falls on the forest, it does not start off at once on its race to the ocean. The leaves catch it and say to each drop, as it hurries to the

ground: "Wait a little." The water trickles down and there is underbrush beneath, for it to fall on. It, too, says: "Wait a little." Beneath the bushes are clumps of moss and they hold the hurrying water back with "Wait a little." And so, long after the open field is dry, the woods are damp and the brooks that start in the deep forests run all through the hot summer, and the plants that grow along their courses drink moisture through their roots and are lush and green, while those in the open fields are scorched and brown and the earth is dry as powder. Whenever men cut down the woods, the springs dry up and the brooks no longer run, and the land becomes a thirst land.

There have been nations that were very great and powerful, but then they kept getting poorer and weaker until now the people that live in those countries can hardly make a living. In the days of prosperity they cut down the trees and failed to plant new ones in their stead. The rain came and there were no forests to hold back the water, and so it has washed away the fertile land into the sea and it became harder and harder to grow crops. Then the brooks dried up and the country became parched and dry, and people went away to places where they could make a living easier. The country that was green and full of men and women turned brown and was lonely except for a wild bird here and there. Such a country is Spain. Such a country will be America if for every tree that is cut down someone does not plant another. It takes but a few minutes to cut a tree down; it takes a long lifetime to grow its like. The people that are sawing up lumber to make into timbers and boards and shingles for houses and furniture and tools, and the thousands of things that are needed right away, are too busy to think that they are hushing the song of the rills, for those that are little children now; they are too busy to think that they are destroying the soil that should grow bread for the little children when they are grown up. So that it is the children's place to say: "You must not rob us of water. You must not rob us of soil. We have the right to live, too. Plant trees for us."

All this has long been known to scientific men, but it was not brought to the people until the Hon. J. Sterling Morton got the State Board of Agriculture of Nebraska in January, 1872, to set apart April 10 as a day of tree-planting, and to give a premium of \$100 to the Agricultural Society and \$25 worth of books to the farmer that should plant the most trees properly on that day. More than a million trees were set out on that day. Ten years later Arbor day assumed a new character and importance as it became connected with the public schools, and when the National Forestry Association met in Cincinnati, there was a public parade of which school-children made a conspicuous part and the planting of trees was largely done by them. These were the first groves ever planted in America to the memory of authors, statesmen, soldiers and pioneers.

Since 1872 nearly every State in the Union has come to celebrate the day in some form or another in the months of March, April or May. And even in Santiago de Cuba on March 12, 1899, the mayor of the city planted a "liberty tree," a royal palm, in the Plaza Dolores, surrounded by a concourse of 3,000 school-children. May it become a festival even dearer to the hearts of all that look upon the Stars and Stripes as the emblem of a free and happy country, for while Memorial day, the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and the birthdays of illustrious men remind us of the glorious achievements of the past, Arbor day promises us that our civilization shall endure into an ever-brightening future, and that our children and our children's children shall not look out upon a parched and barren land, but that they may sing the very same words that we sing:

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills."

5. SPEECH: "We Want Forest Reserves."

BY THE HON. R. F. PETTIGREW.

[From a speech delivered in the U. S. Senate, June 25, 1898.]

Napoleon, who was one of the greatest civil administrators in the world—a greater civil administrator than he was a soldier—inaugurated a policy for the preservation of the forests of France in all its details, and it is the law of France to-day. He provided that those forests should be surveyed; that every tree should be examined and marked; that no tree below a certain size should be cut; that only timber which was ripe, which had ceased to grow larger and had reached the point where it began to deteriorate, should be taken from the forest. The result is that they have an income in France of millions of dollars a year, and their forests grow better every year. So it is in Austria, where they have an income of \$5,000,000 a year from their forests; and their forests are far superior to-day to what they were fifty years ago. Masts for ships have been cut from trees which have been planted and are already large enough for use. They have splendid forests, with every kind of timber known to that country. We can do the same thing, if we wish to do it, and we ought to do it with the native forests of the Rocky Mountains, but we ought to do it with some intelligence and honesty.

6. SONG AND DANCE: "Come to the Oak-Tree." (For 12 or more children.)

STAGE: Small oak-tree at stage-centre. Decorate walls with leaves, branches, cheese-cloth, etc. Make as attractive as possible.

COSTUMES: Dress the little girls in dainty white gowns with gay-colored ribbons. The little boys in "Lord Fauntleroy" suits.

MUSIC: "Come to the Old Oak-Tree."

(From "Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 1.")

Play a few measures of the piece softly, then begin from the beginning (louder). The children are to trip lightly and gaily in (singing as they come the words of the first verse) and form a line across the front of the stage, swaying backward and forward lightly, smilingly singing as they sway. When the "duet or semichorus" is reached, they are to trip lightly to the oak-tree, around which they form a ring, dancing and singing and skipping around the tree until the chorus is finished (look as coquettish as possible as they swing around to stage-front, turning faces to audience). When they begin singing the second verse, they are to break the ring and skip to stage-front (singing all the while) and form line across stage-front again. Do just as they did before except at the last few lines of the chorus, when they are to break line, skip, dance, twist and, finishing the last words of the chorus, make a minuet bow and, kissing or waving hands, leave the stage.

7. RECITATION: "The Maple Leaf's Work."

BY MAUD L. BETTS.

"Whew!" whistled the wind, as he rushed through the trees.
"Whew!"

"Autumn is here," said the big maple-tree; "get on your new dresses, little leaves; you must be ready when the wind comes to take you out into the big, wide world."

"Shall we find some work to do there?" asked a little green leaf.

"Why, you have been working bravely all summer, little leaf," said the old tree.

"I working! why, what have I done? nothing but hang here and play," and the little leaf looked sad.

"Do you remember the number of people who have stopped and said 'What a lovely tree!' as they passed through the woods? They would never have said that if my branches had been bare. Where would the birds have built their nests and hidden them; and should I have been able to shade that poor old woman from the hot sun if I had had no leaves?"

"But I was only one among many," said the little leaf.

"That is true, but each must do his part. If each leaf had thought it was too small to help, I should have had no leaves. One leaf alone could not clothe a tree, or one raindrop give drink to all the flowers. Cheer up, little leaf; you have more work to do yet."

Then the little leaf was comforted, and put on its lovely new red dress, and waited patiently till the wind should come for it.

"Whew!" whistled the wind again, and away went some of the little leaf's companions, dancing and whirling upon the breeze. Little leaf sighed—it was so hard to wait.

"Autumn has come," sang the birds, "we must fly away down to the south before the cold weather comes. Good-bye, little leaf, and thank you for your shelter."

And now the little leaf smiled, for it was pleasant to be thanked.

"Come, little leaf," cried the wind the very next day, "your work is waiting for you."

And with a joyous farewell to the tree the happy little leaf danced out into the wide world. On and on it went, stopping here and there to be joined by other leaves, and now and then by some seeds, who were leaving their old homes to make new ones for themselves in the world. On and on they went until the wind left them at the foot of a tree, where some little flowers were settling themselves to sleep for the winter, and shivering with the cold.

"Good-bye, little leaf," said the wind, "keep my flowers nice and warm until the snow comes."

Then who was so happy as the little leaf? She had found her work at last; and, creeping close to the others, she kept the flowers warm until, when the snow began to fall, she went to sleep herself, and was covered up with a soft, white blanket.

8. SONG: "Woodman, Spare That Tree." . . . *By the School.*

(From "Songs of Happy Life.")

9. ADDRESS: "Our State Tree." (Have an address on your own State tree.)

"THE MAPLE, NEW YORK STATE TREE."

BY EUGENE WOOD.

When people choose an object for an emblem, they mean it to picture forth something about them that they would like the world to know that they are. If a man belongs to a society, he wears a badge which is an emblem of the order and its principles. Descendants of ancient families in Europe have coats of arms, which long ago their ancestors chose as representing what they would like the world to think them. And because in those days it was a prouder thing to be a soldier and kill and burn and destroy than to be a useful man and make the world better and richer for his having lived in it, they chose for their emblems animals and birds that fought.

But there is no blood or tears upon the emblem that the people of the State of New York have chosen among the trees of the forest. They might have said: "Let us take the oak, for it is strong and sturdy," but they passed it by. They passed by the majestic elm, and the pine that keeps its color through summer's heat and winter's cold; they passed by the walnut and the hickory and the trees that bear fruits, and chose the maple.

Why was that? What is there in the maple that is emblematic of what the people of the State of New York would wish to be?

In the first days of the very early spring, before the snow has melted under the sun that is every day rising higher in the heavens, there comes a thrill in the maple tree that tells of waking from the winter's sleep. Driven upward by a magic that we do not understand, the sap begins to rise,

beating back the steady pull of the attraction of gravitation. It feeds and nourishes the buds that swell in the warm sunlight, till they spread open like a hand, for a maple leaf has five fingers, too. The sap is sweet, as birds and boys know well, and when it is collected and boiled down, it makes the tastiest sugar-plum of all. Just to think of the rich golden brown blocks of it will set the mouth to watering.

The maple stands for sweetness.

In the fall of the year, after the maple has spread its shade over us all through the hot summer, the maple feels the sadness that we all must feel when the year begins to die and we know that the glad, free, out-of-door life must end for us. The other trees share our gloom, for their leaves grow dull and rusty, ere they lose their hold and fall to the ground. But the maple cries: "Cheer up," and flames with unaccustomed splendor. Bright scarlet, golden yellow, and all the shades between blaze on its foliage and thus light up the autumn days as they grow brief. Not flowery Spring with all her spangling blooms compares in beauty with the dying year, when wooded hills and forest glades display a radiance like a sunset glow.

Thus, the maple tree stands for what long ago Jonathan Swift declared to be "the two noblest things,—sweetness and light."

10. AN ENTERTAINMENT: "A Tree Match." (For 17 or more boys or girls.)*

CHARACTERS: 1 boy dressed as **UNCLE SAM**. 18 boys dressed in black suits with leaves of the tree represented fastened in a prominent place upon jacket. Or 1 girl dressed as the Goddess of Liberty; 18 girls dressed in white gowns trimmed with the leaves of the tree represented.

ORDER OF PROCEDURE: Principal or other head of school announces from platform "A Tree Match," and calls upon **UNCLE SAM** (or the Goddess of Liberty) to make selections. **UNCLE SAM** steps to front of stage and calls out leaders.

1. Oak.

1. Maple.

The leaders in turn call out from among the children of the school the names of the children wanted and name them as follows (the children have been selected and taught their parts before the entertainment is given):

2. Elm.

2. Ash.

3. Mulberry.

3. Palm.

4. Fig.

4. Willow.

5. Birch.

5. Cedar.

6. Apple.

6. Cherry.

7. Pineapple.

7. Orange.

8. Banana.

8. Lemon.

When all the children required have been called and named and stand in lines (in the order given above), all look at **UNCLE SAM**.

UNCLE SAM [*asks the following questions*].

1. Name the trees mentioned in the Bible? *Ans.* Olive, fig, palm, sycamore, pomegranate, cedars of Lebanon.

2. Name the trees used at Christmas time? *Ans.* Spruce, hemlock, pine, cedar, ash.

3. Mention some famous American trees? *Ans.* Liberty Tree of Boston, William Penn Elm, the Washington Elm, the Charter Oak of Connecticut.

4. What is meant by the Liberty Tree of Boston? *Ans.* The tree under which the Sons of Liberty held their fiery meetings before the Revolution, and hung effigies of British nobles. The place where it stood in Boston is now marked by a tablet carved with a tree.

5. What is meant by the William Penn Elm? *Ans.* The elm under which William Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians.

6. What is the Charter Oak of Connecticut? *Ans.* A tree in Hartford, Conn., in which Captain Walsworth of the Connecticut colony hid the

charter of the colony shortly after Sir Edmund Andros, governor of New England, made a demand for the same. This tree was blown down in a storm in 1856.

7. What tree was used on our earliest colonial flag? *Ans.* Pine-tree.
8. What tree was stamped upon our earliest coins? *Ans.* Pine-tree.
9. What tree is on the seal of the State of Maine? *Ans.* Pine-tree.
10. Name the tree that caught Absalom by the hair? *Ans.* Oak-tree.
11. Name the largest trees of California? *Ans.* Redwood.
12. What trees are mentioned in "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay?"
Ans. Oak, lancewood, ash, whitewood, elm.
13. What tree is mentioned in "The Village Blacksmith?" *Ans.* Chestnut.
14. Name the trees mentioned in "Evangeline?" *Ans.* Hemlock, oak, sycamore, apple, plane-tree, evergreen, cotton-tree, china-tree, orange, citron, cypress, cedar, mimosa, willow, palmetto, fruit-tree, peach.
15. Name the trees mentioned in "The Building of the Ship?" *Ans.* Chestnut, elm, oak, cedar, pine.
16. Name the trees mentioned in the "Song of Hiawatha?" *Ans.* Pine, willow, hemlock, ash, oak, alder, birch, cedar, larch, fir, basswood, linden, elm.
17. Name the wood used by Hiawatha in the building of his canoe?
Ans. Birch, cedar, larch.
18. Mention some curious trees? *Ans.* Whistling-tree, stinging-tree, breadfruit-tree, musical-tree, cow-tree.

When the last question is given there should be just three boys left standing, the rest having purposely missed and taken seats. The first of the last three boys misses, the second may mention one, the third and last boy may mention all. UNCLE SAM then presents him with a flag, and he marches gaily to his seat.

11. SONG: "Carnival of Spring." . Trio, 1st and 2d Sopranos and Alto.

(From "Songs of Happy Life.")

12. QUOTATIONS: (For six boys or girls).

(a) Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree is more than all;
For he who blesses most is blest,
And God and man shall own his worth,
Who toils to leave, as his bequest,
An added beauty to the earth.

(b) The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplications.—*William Cullen Bryant.*

(c) There is something nobly simple and pure in a taste for the cultivation of forest trees. It argues a sweet and generous nature to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this.—*Washington Irving.*

(d) The wealth, beauty, fertility, and healthfulness of the country largely depend upon the conservation of our forests and the planting of

trees. My indignation is yearly aroused by the needless sacrifice of some noble oak or elm, and especially of the white pine, the grandest tree in our woods, which I would not exchange for oriental palms.—*John G. Whittier.*

(e) When we plant a tree, we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling-place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves. As you drop the seed, as you plant the sapling, your left hand hardly knows what your right hand is doing. But nature knows, and in due time the Power that sees and works in secret will reward you openly.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

(f) So long as the rivers flow,
 So long as the mountains rise,
 May the forest sing to the skies,
 And shelter the earth below.
 Hurrah for the beautiful trees!
 Hurrah for the forest grand!
 The pride of his centuries!
 The garden of God's own hand.

13. "CHOOSING OUR NATIONAL FLOWER."

CHARACTERS: Uncle Sam, Goddess of Liberty, Flower Maidens, Cleopatra and Egyptian maidens, Goddess of Athena and six Greek Maidens, Hermit and Angel, John Bull, English Girls, English Sailor Boys and Attendants, Highlanders, Irish Peasants (men and women). The rest of the school or as many of the children as is desired beside the flower maidens.

COSTUMES: According to the character or flower represented.

MUSIC: Of the nation represented.

UNCLE SAM [*standing out before the curtain*]. To-day we are met to choose a national flower. The beautiful custom of choosing a flower or gem to symbolize a nation is very ancient, for Egypt had her lotus flower.

MUSIC: "O patria mia" from "Aida." Tableau.—Curtains open and disclose Cleopatra lying on a couch surrounded by her attendants fanning her with long peacock feathers. The attendants are gowned in white Egyptian gowns. Hold as long as desired. Close curtains. Open again. Cleopatra is now sitting on a throne with her attendants grouped about her. Close curtains again.

UNCLE SAM. Athens had her violet.

MUSIC: "Greek National Air." Tableau.—Curtains open and disclose the statue of the Goddess of Athena (a draped figure, on a pedestal) and six Greek girls gowned in violet or white cheese-cloth Greek gowns, offering her bunches of violets while kneeling at her feet. Back of the group are Greek flags draped. Hold as long as desired. Close curtains. Open again. A circle is formed about the statue, graceful attitudes, as if dancing. Curtains close.

UNCLE SAM. France has her lily.

MUSIC: "Marsellaise Hymn." Tableau.—Curtains open and disclose an aged hermit in a lonely cell, reading. An angel stands before him, holding a large shield of blue. On its front are three golden lilies. Close curtains. Open again. Hermit is gazing with admiring eyes at the shield. Curtains close.

UNCLE SAM. That shield was given to the Queen of France many, many years ago, and she gave it to the King, who ever after used it on his coat of arms. England has her rose.

MUSIC: "England's National Air." Tableau.—Curtains open and disclose a group of smiling English maidens gathered around John Bull, who is seated on a throne watching them. At each side of the throne are attendants and two sailor boys. The sailor boys are holding large English flags. Curtains close. Open again and disclose John Bull smilingly receiving a large bunch of roses from one of the maidens. The rest of the maidens are in groups near stage-front. Curtains close.

UNCLE SAM. Scotland has her thistle.

MUSIC: "The Campbells Are Comin'." Tableau.—Curtains open and disclose four Highlanders standing as if dancing the Highland fling. Curtains close. Open

again and disclose two Highlanders holding Scotland's flag; the third one stands between holding the ends of the flag at his waist. The fourth Highlander stands near stage-front and speaks.

HIGHLANDER. Many years ago the Danes went to Scotland to fight the Scots. One dark, dark night as they were stealing into the Scottish camp, one of their number stepped upon a thistle and aroused the whole Scottish camp by his cries of pain. The Scots by means of this timely warning were able to defeat the Danes. Thankful for their deliverance, they ever after called the thistle their national symbol. [*Curtains close.*]

UNCLE SAM. Ireland has her shamrock.

MUSIC: "The Wearin' of the Green." Tableau.—Curtains open and disclose Irish peasants (men and women) in the act of dancing the Irish reel. Each one wears a small Irish flag with a shamrock upon it. Curtain closes. Opens again and discloses the same people standing or lounging about the stage, talking and laughing. One of their number steps to the front and says:

IRISHMAN. One day, many, many years ago, when St. Patrick was preaching to the Celts high up on a hill-top, he stooped down and picked up a bit of shamrock, and holding it up to view said: "This three-part leaf is a fine symbol of the Trinity, of the Almighty, Three in One. Ever after, the Irish people held the shamrock in reverence and called it their national flower. [*Curtain closes.*]

UNCLE SAM. Now let us choose a flower to symbolize our nation. The flower we choose should be an American, a flower that grows naturally in every part of our country.

MUSIC: "American National Airs." Tableau.—About 40 children standing in groups about the stage; among them are the eight flower maidens. At one side of the stage is a blackboard and near it is the Goddess of Liberty, who is to write the flowers called by the children. Music stops.

UNCLE SAM. [*stepping within the stage*]. Children, name your favorite flower.

As the flowers are called, the flower maiden representing the flower called steps from among the children on the stage to the front of stage-right. When all the flowers have been called, the flower maidens are all in line holding up the flowers called.

FIRST PUPIL. I choose the bright daisy. [*"Daisy" written on blackboard.*]

SECOND PUPIL. I choose the blushing rose. [*"Rose" written on blackboard.*]

THIRD PUPIL. I choose the buttercup, for it shines like the gold. [*"Buttercup" written on blackboard.*]

FOURTH PUPIL. I choose the sweet and fragrant violet. [*"Violet" written on blackboard.*]

FIFTH PUPIL. I choose the common dandelion that groweth beside the way. [*"Dandelion" written on blackboard.*]

SIXTH PUPIL. I choose the lily fair. [*"Lily" written on blackboard.*]

SEVENTH PUPIL. I choose the columbine, the red, the white, the blue. [*"Columbine" written on blackboard.*]

EIGHTH PUPIL. I choose the goldenrod. [*"Goldenrod" written on blackboard.*]

UNCLE SAM. A rising vote is now to be taken. All the children and guests are to participate.

The first flower on blackboard is voted on and the votes in favor recorded alongside the flower. Each flower is taken in turn. When all the flowers have been voted on, Uncle Sam steps to stage-front and announces the result. Curtains close. "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played and the school sings first verse. The music of the "Red, White, and Blue" is then played and the curtains open after the first few measures and disclose tableau: Uncle Sam and the "Goddess of Liberty" are seated on a throne just back of stage-centre. The throne is draped in the American colors, around the foot of the throne are the little flower girls, holding in front of them the flowers they represented. The chosen national emblem sits on the

steps of the throne between Uncle Sam and the Goddess of Liberty and just above her companions. To right and left of the throne are groups of three boys or girls holding the American flag. In the foreground are groups of three in different positions, kneeling or standing. Hold for a while. Curtains close. Curtains open again and disclose Uncle Sam and Goddess of Liberty standing with an immense eagle behind and above them, wings spread. All the children around the throne stand, and the flag-bearers are nearer stage-front. Hold for a while. All sing "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue. Curtains close.

14. SONG: "Blossom Time." *By the School*

(From "Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 1.")

15. A FLOWER FESTIVAL: "Choosing the State Flower."

(For 15 girls.)

By L. A. LAWS.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES:

ROSE, in deep red.

FLEUR-DE-LIS, in shaded blue.

LILY, in white throughout, and carrying stalks of snowy lilies.

WILD ROSE, in pale pink with sweet brier sprays upon dress and hair.

SUNFLOWER, a tall brunette in yellow with black rosettes or decoration of small artificial sunflowers.

PANSY, a small girl in velvety-blue with touches of yellow or garlands of yellow pansies.

POPPY, in red of a shade different from that of the rose and has a crown of poppies resting on her hair.

PINK, white over red and decoration of red and white carnations; or she may be pink throughout.

FORGET-ME NOT, in palest blue with bunches of the flower on dress and hair.

JESSAMINE, in yellow with green sprays of the vine twined gracefully about her.

VIOLETS, choose the color for this gown very carefully. Bunches of violets are disposed around corsage.

DAISY, in white over yellow with marguerites for decoration.

FERN-MAIDEN, in pale green trimmed around skirt and waist with fronds of deeper hue.

VERBENA, in red and white.

ALYSSUM, in white and green.

FLOWER SCENE I.—Near the centre of the stage is a throne resembling a green bank.

This effect is easily produced by ordinary vines and leaves with a few rocks arranged around and upon a box 18 or 20 inches high. A suitable chair with a green cover will complete the throne. In this is seated QUEEN ROSE. FLEUR-DE-LIS is in the act of placing a crown of deep red roses upon the head of the QUEEN. LILY stands proudly erect at the side of the stage, near the front. The other flowers are grouped according to colors, all looking toward their QUEEN, except FORGET-ME-NOT, who half turns her head to look back at LILY. Hold for a while. Curtain falls.

FLOWER SCENE II. AND SONG.—The flower girls are ranged across the front of the stage with ROSE and LILY in the centre. Hold for a while. Then they sing "Rose is Queen Among the Flowers" (from "Songs of Happy Life").

NOTE.—Any airy material will answer for the costumes. Cheap tarlatans or organ-dies over linings of the proper colors are very effective. Other tableaux may be arranged.

16. SONG: "Month of Apple Blossoms." *By the School*

(From "Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 1.")

17. RECITATION: "The Use of Flowers."

By MARY HOWITT.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
 Enough for great and small,
 The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
 Without a flower at all.
 We might have had enough, enough
 For every want of ours,

For luxury, medicine, and toil,
 And yet have had no flowers.
 Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
 All dyed with rainbow light,
 All fashioned with supremest grace,
 Uprising day and night.
 Springing in valleys green and low,
 And on the mountains high,
 And in the silent wilderness
 Where no man passes by?
 Our outward life requires them not,—
 Then wherefore had they birth?
 To minister delight to man,
 To beautify the earth;
 To comfort man,—to whisper hope,
 Whene'er his faith is dim,
 For who so careth for the flowers
 Will care much more for Him!

18. SONG: "Spring Blossoms." *By the School.*
 (From "Songs of Happy Life.")

19. PLANTING A TREE. *By the School.*

This can be made a very pleasing part of the entertainment. Prepare the sod beforehand, so that all the children have to do is to put the tree in place and cover the roots with earth. The tree to be planted should be in charge of three good-sized pupils. When the planting part of the program is reached, all the children of the school, or such as the principal designates together with the parents and friends of the pupils, gather around the place where the tree is to be set out. The children form a semicircle at one side and the rest of the space is left for the guests and principal and teachers. The pupils in charge of the tree bring it forward and set it in place. They kneel and one of them, with trowel or shovel, throws in some dirt saying:

FIRST PUPIL. Little green tree, so slim and small, we plant you near the schoolhouse wall. [*Puts on more dirt.*]

SECOND PUPIL [*standing among the others*]. There are many famous trees. The Bible speaks of the cedar, the pomegranate, the palm, the fig, the sycamore, the olive.

THIRD PUPIL. Then we have the classic trees: The laurel, the cypress, the mulberry, the myrtle, the willow, the rose, the oak.

FOURTH PUPIL. We have also some curious trees, such as the angry-tree, the bottle-tree, the cow-tree, the breadfruit-tree, the banyan-tree, the musical-tree, the dwarf-tree, the stinging-tree, the petrified-tree, the whistling-tree.

FIFTH PUPIL. We Americans have our famous trees. Among them are the Washington Elm, the William Penn Elm, the Charter Oak of Connecticut, and the Liberty Tree of Boston.

SIXTH PUPIL. Few of us have ever realized the value of trees. There is no art or invention that can dispense with the tree. Trees for our homes, for our furniture, for medicine, for oil, for glues, for turpentine, for tar, for food, for cords, for rattan, etc. The forest is of the greatest value to man, for it purifies the air, keeps the earth moist, averts floods, causes rain to fall, and protects the water-supply.

The tree must be well covered by this time, and the girls standing with the rest.

SEVENTH PUPIL. Let us hope the trees we plant may in the years to come carry like blessings to others.

20. SONG: "Each Little Flower That Opens." *By All.*
 (From "Songs of Happy Life.")

VII.

Pantomime of "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

BY ISABEL GOODHUE.



"Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' thro' the rye."



"Gin a body kiss a body."



"Need a body cry?"



"Ilka lassie has her laddie."

I.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry ?



"Nane, they say, ha'e I."

II.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body frown ?



"Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' thro' the rye."



"Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town."



"Gin a body greet a body."

III.

Among the train there is a swain,
I dearly lo'e mysel',
But what's his name, or where's his hame,
I dinna choose to tell.



"Need a body frown?"

CHORUS.

*Ilka lassie has her laddie;
Nane, they say, ha'e I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' thro' the rye.*



"Among the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel',"



"But what's his name, or where's his hame."



"I dinna choose to tell."

[The chorus is to be given after each stanza; cuts 4, 5 and 6 give the pantomime.]



ADMIRAL DEWEY.

A HERO brave! honored in every land,
 The leader of Columbia's dauntless band,
 Who stared death in the eye and won a name,
 Now chiseled on the topmost heights of fame!

—Henry Aiken.

VIII.

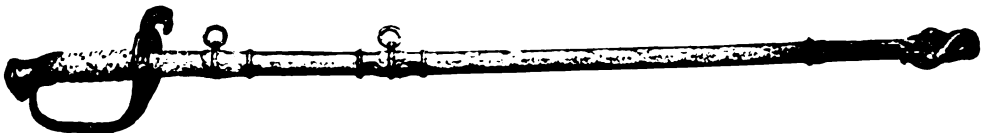
SUPERFLUOUS QUESTIONS.

I SAW a sweet young mother with
 Her first-born at her breast;
 "And what's the baby's name?" I asked
 Of her so richly blessed.
 She looked at me with pity, as
 She proudly poised her head:
 "We call him Dewey, sir, of course,"
 In tender tones she said.

I met a dainty little girl
 Who led a kitten by a string,
 And as I stroked her head, I asked:
 "What do you call the pretty thing?"
 She looked at me with wide blue eyes,
 And as she went her way,
 "I call my kitten Dewey, sir,"
 I heard her sweetly say.

I met a curly-headed boy
 Who had a brindle pup;
 "And what's your doggy's name?" I asked,
 As I held the creature up.
 He gazed at me in wonder, and
 He proudly cocked his head:
 "I call him Dewey, sir, of course,"
 He pityingly said.

I stopped beside a rustic stile,
 And heard a milkmaid sing a song;
 "And what's your bossy's name?" I asked
 The lassie as she came along.
 She looked at me in mild surprise,
 And as she strode away,
 "Why, Dewey is her name, of course,"
 I heard the maiden say.



THE SWORD PRESENTED TO ADMIRAL DEWEY BY THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

[For these two cuts we are indebted to the courtesy of *The New Voice*, New York]

IX.

A SHAKESPEARIAN CONFERENCE.

Copyright, 1899, by Edgar S. Werner.

BY PAULINE PHELPS.

CHARACTERS:

Cleopatra.	Romeo.
Lady Macbeth.	Hamlet.
Juliet.	Macbeth.
Desdemona.	Shylock.
Miss Cawdor, one of the three witches in "Macbeth."	

SCENE: A room in DESDEMONA'S apartments, furnished as an ordinary sitting-room, with the addition of some Moorish armor, ornaments, etc.

CLEOPATRA [*outside*]. Hold the barge at the turn of the East river. As I am Egypt's queen I will be obeyed. [*Enters, and looks about indignantly.*] No hostess? Well, I might have expected it! Desdemona runs things in such a slipshod fashion. If it wasn't for my being so interested in the royalties I wouldn't have come! [*Takes card from her pocket and reads.*] "You are invited to a Shakespearian Conference at the house of Othello, the Moor of Venice, Thursday afternoon. Subject: The Unpopularity of Shakespeare's Plays, and the Remedy for It." And a remedy is needed, goodness knows, or I'll have to sell my barge to pay my board bill! I dare say Desdemona will come in presently, with her hair loose, and wearing one of those dismal tea-gowns—enough to drive a sane man distracted! If the world only knew how trying she was, they wouldn't have blamed Othello in the least. Well, anyhow, I'll have time to arrange my serpents.

SHYLOCK [*outside*]. See that the table is laid in the long hall, and be not too liberal in dishing the cream. [*Enters, and salutes CLEOPATRA.*] I bid you welcome, royal lady!

CLEO. Oh, great pyramids, you're not invited to this conference, are you?

SHY. Invited? Why, the fair Desdemona has made me master of ceremonies!

CLEO. You don't mean it! [*Aside:*] She must owe him a lot!

SHY. And why should I not be? I have moneys—three thousand ducats in my pocket—

CLEO. Oh, for the sphinx's sake, stop talking about those three thousand ducats. We've all heard it until we're tired! And to think that I—I, Egypt's queen—have to wear paste diamonds and plated serpents because my real ones are in pawn. If we can't arrange something at this meeting to boom Shakespeare and collect more royalties, I'm sure I don't know where my spring bonnet is coming from.

SHY. It's terrible—terrible! "The Merchant of Venice" to run only two weeks—but 'twas the manager's fault! He cut my speeches and gave prominence to Portia! She, who by her learned speech about the

pound of flesh minus the drop of blood, robbed the play of its proper interest—

CLEO. After dressing up in men's clothes to influence the jury! I'm no prude, as all Egypt knows, but there are some things—well, I hope *she* isn't coming.

SHY. She's not invited—nor Bassanio—I have looked out for that.

CLEO. Bassanio? Oh, well, that's different! [*Arranges hair consciously.*] There's no reason why he shouldn't come.

SHY. "He has disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains; scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains; cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew!"

CLEO. [*weariedly*]. Why do you talk shop? I am Egypt's queen, but I don't keep insisting upon it. But tell me who are expected. Any men?

SHY. Romeo.

CLEO. [*sweetly*]. Indeed! "I knew, by that same eye, there's some good news!" He quotes poetry pleasantly.

SHY. Juliet, his wife.

CLEO. Oh, his wife? I never did care much for her. Everybody knows that she threw herself at Romeo's head. Will Shakespeare kindly wrote it that he came to the balcony, but I have it on the best authority that she and the Nurse waylaid him on his way to church.

SHY. Then there's Lord and Lady Macbeth.

CLEO. [*scornfully*]. What, all in pairs? We'll be a jolly company!

SHY. Lord Hamlet—

CLEO. And Ophelia, too, I suppose?

SHY. No, she's out bicycling.

CLEO. Oh, yes, I remember she had the craze. The last time I saw her she was singing, "Sing a down—and a down—and you call him a-down-a—oh, how the wheel becomes it!"

SHY. Hamlet has put the bicycle in pawn to me, but out of courtesy I let Ophelia use it this afternoon. Though "there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves," I manage to get along. Not a Christian who once scorned me but since has borrowed money. The fair Portia now often calls at my lowly shop, and bids me charge whatever usances I wish—a pound of flesh and blood and all, she's willing, so that I wring it from her husband. Romeo and Juliet are pining in cheap lodgings, and even Macbeth has felt poverty's sting, which is sharper than a serpent's tooth; while, as for yourself—

CLEO. "Wherefore is this noise?" I know I'm in debt to you,—everybody is; but even Egypt's queen of fire and air must live. If we can only hit on some way, to popularize our plays and increase our royalties—

JULIET [*outside*]. "Here's such a coil! Come, what says Romeo." Oh, here you are at last! I tell you I demand an explanation. You were out until two o'clock last night and three the night before—

CLEO. Always quarreling—even upon the balcony, where all the neighbors can hear!

VOICE [announcing outside]. Mr. and Mrs. Romeo Montague!

[Enter ROMEO and JULIET. SHYLOCK goes forward effusively.]

SHY. I salute you, most noble lady and kingly gentleman.

JUL. [staring haughtily around]. Howdy-do, Shylock? Really, this is very strange? Where is our hostess Desdemona?

ROMEO [taking CLEOPATRA'S hand]. "If I profane with my unwortheist hand—"

JUL. Romeo! [He stinks back to her side.] You know she's not in our set!

ROMEO [hastily]. I know, my dear, I know, but still "her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night—"

JUL. So actress—and wrinkled deep with time, she owns it herself? The way you men flatter her vanity is ridiculous?

CLEO. [to SHYLOCK]. "What says the married lady?" Why, she won't even let poor hen-pecked Romeo shake hands. It's just as that clever fellow Iago says: "Trifles light as air are to the jealous confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ." [To JULIET:] I'm thankful, madam, that the green-eyed monster doesn't trouble my dreams?

JUL. [cuttingly]. I suppose you can't find anyone to be jealous of!

CLEO. "You lie up to the hearing of the gods?" I am Egypt's queen, and Antony—

JUL. The less said about that the better!

CLEO. [starting toward her]. "So, have you done?"

JUL. What's that to you?

ROMEO. Juliet—my dear—Juliet! For shame, forbear this outrage!

[Rushes between them. Both women turn upon him.]

JUL. Let me alone, Romeo Montague! It isn't your business—

CLEO. And I'd have you understand that I can manage my own quarrels—

JUL. A man never knows any more than to interfere—

CLEO. They're always around when no one wants them—

JUL. Yes, especially Romeo—

ROMEO [retiring to corner]. Oh, "I am fortune's fool!"

SHY. [crossing over to him]. I hope you remember my interest coming due to to-morrow week, hey?

ROMEO. "Oh, teach me how I should forget to think!" We came here to see how we could get more money, not to be dunned for what we owe. If those royalties—

ALL [eagerly]. What about the royalties?

VOICE [announcing]. Lord and Lady Macbeth, and Miss Cawdor.

LADY MACBETH [outside]. "Out, damned spot! Out, I say!"

[Enter MACBETH, followed by LADY MACBETH and MISS CAWDOR, who is stirring with a long spoon the contents of a small iron pot. LADY MACBETH should be made up as a very stout, elderly woman and should wear a red wig.]

LADY M. [apologetically, as she rubs her nose with her handkerchief, and scrutinizes her face in a small hand-mirror.] You'll excuse my exclamation, but the soot from the cars is something fearful! I hope

you won't mind my bringing the First Witch. [Indicates Miss CAWDOR.] She's a little queer here, you know [touches forehead], but she made such a fuss about coming, and Macky—

MACBETH [theatrically]. "Thou canst not say I did it! Never shake thy gory locks at me!" Why didn't you send her back?

LADY M. Well, Macky, everyone knows she's related to us on the Cawdor side, and it don't seem as if we ought to go back on our relatives.

MISS CAWDOR [stirring pot]. "Double, double toll and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

SHY. [advancing toward them]. Welcome, most noble Lord and Lady!

MAC. [starting back].

"Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold.

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes Which thou dost glare with!"

SHY. It wasn't much of a speculation, but you know the interest came due last Monday week—

MISS CAWDOR. "Liver of blaspheming Jew,

Gall of goat and slips of yew—"

LADY M. S-s-sh! [Apologetically:] I hope you won't mind her. She don't mean anything.

ROMEO [advancing to LADY MACBETH]. "Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight? For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night!"

JUL. [sternly]. Romeo! [He hurries toward her.] I know you go around quoting that foolish poetry to everyone who will listen, but I wouldn't pick out married women.

VOICE [announcing]. My Lady Desdemona.

[Enter DESDEMONA, languidly, carrying pillow. All start toward her.]

CLEO. At last!

ROMEO. Ah, sweet Desdemona!

JUL. [aside]. How she has faded!

LADY M. I hope you're well, dear.

DESDEMONA. No, I'm quite poorly, thanks. You know I never have regained my health since I was smothered. [Places pillow under her head and leans back in chair languidly.]

MAC. Perhaps, like me, you're troubled with insomnia. Last night "methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more.'"

CLEO. He's begun. [Resignedly.] He does rant so.

MAC. [continuing]. "To all the house. Macbeth shall sleep no more—"

LADY M. And he wouldn't let anybody else in the house sleep any more, either. Nightmare is hereditary with him on the Glamis side.

MISS CAWDOR [chanting and stirring the kettle].

"Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf—"

LADY M. S-s-sh! It's nothing but porridge!

DES. You must excuse my not being down to meet you, but you know Othello's gone to the Philippines, and I made arrangements with Shylock, when I lent my house for the conference, that he must attend to all the details. Is everybody here?

SHY. My Lord Hamlet will doubtless be late. He dropped into a seance to talk with his father's ghost on the way down.

CLEO. Never mind him! I saw him once, and he treated me as if I were a serpent of the Nile! I, as Egypt's queen, will call the meeting to order. Attention!

[*All the ladies talk at once.*]

DES. Well, seeing it's my house and I'm Othello's wife—

LADY M. And I received all the guests at the banquet at the castle—

JUL. And I am president of the Rainy Day club—

CLEO. [*more loudly*]. Attention!

[*They continue*].

DES. 'Twould be showing more courtesy—

LADY M. And better manners—

JUL. And I'm sure I don't know what right she has, anyhow—

CLEO. [*rapping baton on table*]. Attention!

MISS CAWDOR [*pointing toward CLEOPATRA*]. "Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed—"

LADY M. Sh-h! [To CLEOPATRA:] I hope you won't mind her.

CLEO. The purpose of this meeting, ladies and gentlemen, is, as you all know, to devise some means of increasing our royalties.

SHY. The ducats! "The ducats! And the manager bound—"

JUL. Yes, by yearly contract.

MAC. The trouble with Shakespeare's plays is, there's not enough melodrama. I ought to kill more people, and in full view of the audience. As a pleasant innovation, I might at the next performance, murder Lady Macbeth, Miss Cawdor, and all the people at the banquet.

LADY M. Well, I'm sure, Macky, I wouldn't consent to play if you decided on any course like that.

ROMEO. I don't agree with you, worthy Thane. I've been around to all the continuous performances—

SHY. "Four thousand ducats at a sitting!" That's where my interest goes.

ROMEO. [*with dignity*]. At all the continuous performances, and I tell you Shakespeare's plays need vaudeville features—contortionist dancing and a few good jokes.

MISS CAWDOR [*dancing*].

"The weird sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about,

Thrice to thine and thrice to mine,

And thrice again to make up nine—"

LADY M. S-sh-sh! I hope you won't mind her! She always did want to go in the ballet!

ROMEO. Now for instance, when Juliet says, "How camest thou hither—tell me?"

JUL. [*continuing*]. "And wherefore?"

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb?"

ROMEO. I could say: "Why did I scale the orchard wall? Because you are a peach!" Though in that case I should want another Juliet.

ALL THE LADIES. Another Juliet!

DES. Well, I'm sure, if Othello didn't get jealous—

CLEO. [*starting forward eagerly*].

"Give me my robe—put on my crown!"

SHY. Not unless you pay up for it.

CLEO. [*continuing*]. "I have immortal longings in me—"

JUL. [*indignantly*]. Another Juliet, indeed! Who but myself could deliver those immortal lines:

"Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Toward Phœbus' lodging; such a wagoner
As Phœthon would whip you to the west—"

MAC. Not melodramatic enough! "The attempt, but not the deed, confounds us!"

CLEO. [*scornfully*]. Fiery-footed steeds, indeed; when everyone knows that the horse has gone out, and the automobile has come to stay! That speech is hopeless.

LADY M. Well, I'm sure I do my best for Shakespeare, and my pose in the Sleep Walking Scene has been so much admired that Bartholdi modeled his Statute of Liberty after it. [*Rises*]. But something is wrong somewhere.

CLEO. [*thoughtfully*]. It may be the costumes. My entrance from my barge is effective, but think of requiring a woman to wear a dress that has been out of fashion three thousand years. If I could don a Paris ball-gown, cut décolleté—my neck and arms are beautiful.

VOICE [*announcing*]. My Lord Hamlet!

[*Enter HAMLET*].

SHY. Welcome, most worthy Danish prince. [*Confidentially*]. How much longer do you expect me to hold those sables, eh?

HAM. "O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else? And shall I couple hell? Oh, fie! Hold, hold, my heart; and you, my sinews, grow not instant old, but bear me stiffly up." Twenty pound for a suit of sable, and second-hand at that! "O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain! My tables, meet it is I set it down, that one may smile and smile and be a villain!"

SHY. "Many a time and oft on the Rialto have you rated me about my moneys and my usances. Still have I borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. It now appears you need my help—"

MISS CAWDOR [*chanting*]. "I will drain him dry as hay—"

LADY M. S-sh-sh! I hope you won't mind her!

CLEO. We are wandering from the subject. My Lord Hamlet, have you anything to say on how Shakespeare's plays can be made more popular?

HAM. "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue! But if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines." [*The listeners fidget uneasily*].

CLEO. Yes, yes, we're all familiar with that, but—

HAM. "Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may—"

MAC. Temperance! Temperance would kill my murder scene.

HAM. [*continuing*]. "May give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul—"

JUL. [*despairingly*]. He's bound to finish it!

HAM. [*continuing*]. "To hear a robustious, periwig pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings—"

[*Desperate attempts at interruptions.*]

CLEO. Yes, but to return to the subject—

DES. And as Ottie used to say—

LADY M. Now my idea is—[*Pantomime of despair as HAMLET continues.*]

HAM. "The ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I could have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it!" [*Pauses dramatically.*]

MISS CAWDOR. "Peace! The charm's wound up!"

LADY M. S-sh-sh! [*Apologetically to HAMLET:*] I hope you won't mind her! Some of your speeches appeal to me very strongly. Now that one about "O would that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" [*Fans herself.*]

JUL. I don't see that his advice has helped the success of Hamlet, though. At the last performance the only pay-people in the house were a class from a young ladies seminary! At this rate, in ten years from now Shakespeare won't be played at all.

DES. Well, I'm sure I don't care very much. No one that hasn't tried it knows how uncomfortable it is to be smothered.

JUL. That's because your husband earns enough to take care of himself, and you too. I would to Heaven mine did.

ROMEO [*to CLEOPATRA*]. "Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand—"

JUL. Romeo! [*Aside.*] Just what he used to say to me. Those speeches were impromptu then, but he's learned them all by heart since.

CLEO. [*to ROMEO*]. "I'll give thee, friend, armor all of gold; it was a king's."

SHY. Don't forget my interest!

JUL. Romeo! [*He leaves her.*] Really, if I had known this was going to be such a mixed company, I don't believe I should have come.

CLEO. [*tragically*]. Say'st thou so, Capulet's daughter? I am Egypt's queen—

JUL. I don't care if you are a queen; and making all allowances for Shakespeare's slandering you, as you say, your flirting is something disgraceful!

ROMEO [*meehly*]. "I'll be a candle-holder, and look on. The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done."

CLEO. [*to JULIET*]. "I have a mind to strike thee e'er thou speak'st!"

MAC. But to return to the play—

HAM. "The play's the thing!"

SHY. And the royalties!

LADY M. Yes, we really ought to do something, if we only knew what to do!

CLEO. I, as Egypt's queen, suggest— [*Sweeping across the stage.*]

MISS CAWDOR. "By the pricking of my thumbs,

Something wicked this way comes."

LADY M. Sh-sh-sh! I hope you won't mind her.

JUL. [*looking at her with interest*]. Why, that Miss Cawdor is really quite clever at times!

LADY M. [*to CLEOPATRA*]. You needn't look so cross. "Look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it. That's my motto."

CLEO. The trouble is, we have no play that affords full scope for genius!

ALL. That's what we want—full scope for genius!

DES. I wish they'd talk lower. My head has never been strong since I was smothered! If you want a different play, I don't see why you don't go to work and write one! [*They all look at each other for a moment.*]

MAC. [*after pause*]. Why, that's not so bad!

JUL. Then we could all have our parts especially written to suit ourselves.

CLEO. And our costumes especially designed for us.

DES. And I needn't be smothered!

HAM. "Right; you are i' the right. And so, without more circumstance at all, I hold it fitting that we shake hands, and start."

SHY. I'll make the notes. [*Takes out book and pencil, while they all gather around him.*]

CLEO. Of course, we must have a barge.

JUL. [*aside*]. When everyone knows she came over on the ferry! [*direct:*] and a balcony with a fire escape attachment—

MAC. [*dramatically*]. "And a thousand daggers!"

MISS CAWDOR [*chanting*]. "A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap—"

MAC. [*fiercely*]. But no witches!

ALL. No—no witches!

LADY M. [*admonishingly*]. Dear, you know she's your relative!

CLEO. And no ghosts!

HAM. "Get thee to a nunnery!" No ghosts? How, then, my speech! "Remember thee! Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe. Remember thee! Yea, from the table of my memory—"

CLEO. You can address the speech to the heroine instead. The heroine should always have half-a score of lovers—

JUL. Of course. Some in the balcony, and others below it.

DES. Only don't have them get jealous, because that is so trying!

CLEO. But rivalry there must be,—two lovers, young and handsome—

MAC. And a third to slay them both! That will be the leading part!

ROMEO. The leading part? Why that's

for me to play! [*Strikes attitude and recites:*]

"Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet, thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou
tear thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave."

[*Falls.*]

JUL. "Oh, Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?"— With your best clothes on, too.

HAM. The leading part for you? No, no! [*Strikes attitude.*]

"To be, or not to be,—that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles—"

MAC. [*Breaking in.*] Philosophy has gone out! [*Recites:*]

"Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let
me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal—"

SHY. No, no, gentlemen, I play the leading part myself, and say,—

ALL. You! Ha-ha. [*Laugh jeeringly.*]

SHY. "What should I say to you? Should I not say:

Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur should lend three thousand ducats?

Or

Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,

Say this:

'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;

You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies—
I'll lend you thus much moneys?"

CLEO. Yes, at twenty per cent. Now, Shylock, what qualifications have you to play the part of a lover.

SHY. My three thousand ducats—

CLEO. Those ducats again!

SHY. Which would buy the costumes, paint the scenery, and launch the play upon the sea of fortune? [*All look amazed.*]

LADY M. Well, there is something in that—

SHY. "Aha! I have them on the hip."

JUL. In the Balcony Scene he mightn't be so bad. It's real dark down there in the garden. After all, it doesn't matter about the hero; the heroine is the most important feature!

ALL THE LADIES. Oh, yes, the heroine!

CLEO. I, of course, as Egypt's queen—

JUL. Your age renders that out of the question. As the youngest, I,—

LADY M. A woman of weight and presence is what is now required. Now I,—

DES. Well, I've heard that beauty is the most important thing, and I'm sure that no one could go on about my looks as Ottie did before I was smothered—

SHY. Ladies! [*Trying to attract their attention.*] Ladies!

CLEO. "Prithee, go hence; or I shall show the cinders of my spirit through the ashes of my chance. Who dares compete with me, whom kings have worshipped? Get thee gone—"

JUL. Indeed, I will not! What about my Potion Scene,—the grandest thing in English literature? You could play my nurse, however.

CLEO. Nurse, indeed! "Slave, soulless villain, dog! Oh, rarely base!"

ALL THE MEN. Ladies! ladies!

LADY M. Prithee, peace! I am not to be lightly thrust aside. Look at my qualifications, a murderer and a somnambulist!

MISS CAWDOR [*dancing*]. "Cool it with a baboon's blood,

Then the charm is firm and good."

DES. Yes, but you're so fat!

LADY M. Thou'rt mad to say it! "Come, thick night, and pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell, that my keen knife see not the wound it makes."

DES. "Heav'n have pity on me!"

CLEO. [*to JULIET*]. You a heroine—a forward schoolgirl—

JUL. At least, I don't wear paste jewels and a wig!

CLEO. Slave! Call my barge! I will go hence! [*Starting toward the door.*]

SHY. Ladies, ladies, what about the royalties!

[*They all turn toward him.*]

LADY M. I scorn royalties if I'm not allowed my rights!

JUL. Royalties! Then give me my Balcony Scene—

DES. And I must plead with my hair down—

CLEO. And I must kill myself with an asp!

SHY. "Father Abram, what these Christians are!"

[*Omnes.*]

CLEO. "Come, thou mortal wretch, with thy sharp teeth this knot intricate of life untie—"

JUL. "And madly play with my forefather's joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud—"

ROMEO. "What ho, apothecary!"

DES. [*singing*]. "Sing willow, willow, willow—"

HAM. [*despairingly*]. "Mother, mother, mother!"

MISS CAWDOR [*chanting*]. "Round about the cauldron go—"

LADY M. "Infirm of purpose, give me the daggers!"

MAC. "Lay on, Macduff!"

SHY. [*tearing up the note-book*]. Silence, silence! "I am not well. Let me go hence." The conference is ended; and Shakespeare's plays must remain as they are.

[CURTAIN.]

X.

A TRIBUTE TO GRANT.

BY HENRY WATTERSON.

GRANT was the embodiment of simplicity, integrity, and courage; every inch a general, a soldier and a man; but in the circumstances of his last illness, a figure of heroic proportions for the contemplation of the ages. I recall nothing in history so sublime as the spectacle of that brave spirit, broken in fortune and in health, with the dread hand of the dark angel clutched about his throat, struggling with every breath to hold the clumsy, unfamiliar weapon with which he sought to wrest from the jaws of death a little something for the support of wife and children when he was gone. If he had done nothing else, that would have made his exit from the world an immortal epic!

A little while after I came home from the last scene of all, I found that a woman's hand had collected the insignia I had worn in the magnificent, melancholy pageant—the orders assigning me to duty and the funeral scarfs and badges—and had grouped and framed them, unbidden, silently, tenderly; and when I reflected that the hands that did this were those of a loving Southern woman, whose father had fallen on the Confederate side in the battle, I said: "The war indeed is over; let us have peace!"

The silken folds that twine about us, for all their soft and careless grace, are yet as strong as hooks of steel. They hold together a united people and a great nation; for, realizing the truth at last,—with no wounds to be healed and no stings of defeat to remember,—the South says to the North, as simply and as truly as was said three thousand years ago in that far-away meadow upon the margin of the mystic sea: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

XI.

SHAKESPEARE PROGRAM.

1. ADDRESS UPON SHAKESPEARE. See page 169 for facts.
2. DUET: "*As it fell upon a day.*" Price, 40 cts., post paid.
3. ENTERTAINMENT: "*The Flowers of Shakespeare.*" For eight girls. See page 140.
4. RECITATION: *Status-Scene* from "*The Winter's Tale.*" Price, with music, 50 cts.
5. SCENES FROM "*ROMEO AND JULIET.*" (a) Scene between Juliet and the Nurse in Act III., Scene 2. (b) Act III., Scene 5, beginning with Lady Capulet's entrance, and her words: "Why, how now, Juliet?" Characters: Lady Capulet, Capulet, Juliet, and the Nurse. (c) Scene between Lady Capulet and Juliet, in Act IV., Scene 3. Price, 30 cts., each, post-paid.
6. SONG: "*Who is Sylvia?*" Price, 50 cts., post-paid.

7. READING: "*The Seven Ages of Man,*" with *tableaux.* See page 142.
8. IMPERSONATION: *Lady Macbeth in the Sleep Walking Scene.* Price, 30 cts.
9. BURLESQUE: "A Shakespearean Conference." See page 159.
10. MUSIC: *Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream."* Price, 75 cts., post-paid.

[For suggestions for giving out-of-door performances of Shakespeare's plays see WERNER'S MAGAZINE for July, 1898.]

XII.

A COQUETTE CONQUERED.

BY PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

YES, my h'a't's ez ha'd ez stone—
Go' way, Sam, an' lemme 'lone.
No, I ain't gwine change my min'—
Ain't gwine ma'y you—nuffin' de kin'.

Phiny loves you true an' deah ?
Go ma'y Phiny; what I keer ?
Oh, you needn't mou'n an' cry—
I don't keer how soon you die.

Got a present ! What you got ?
Somef'n fu' de pan er pot !
Huh ! Yo' sass do sholy beat—
Think I don't git 'nough to eat ?

Whut's dat un'neaf yo' coat ?
Looks des lak a little shoat.
'Tain't no possum ! Bless de Lamb !
Yes, it is, you rascal, Sam !

Gin it to me ! What you say ?
Ain't you sma't now ! Oh, go 'way !
[*Pantomime of avoiding kiss.*]
Possum do look mighty nice,
But you ax too big a price.

Tell me, is you talkin' true,
Dat's de gal's whut ma'ies you ?
Come back, Sam; now whah's you gwine?
Co'se you know's dat possum's mine !

XIII.

EXECUTION OF JOAN OF ARC.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

[After Joan had been made prisoner, she was finally given up to the English. The object now was to vitiate the coronation of Charles VII. as the work of a witch, and for this end Joan was tried for sorcery. At her trial she resolutely defended herself from this absurd accusation.]

NEVER, from the foundation of the earth, was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defense, and all its malignity of attack. O child of France, shepherdess, peasant girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honor thy flashing intellect—quick as the lightning, and as true to its mark—that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood! "Would you examine me as a

witness against myself?" was the question by which many times she defied their arts. The result of this trial was the condemnation of Joan to be burnt alive. Never did grim inquisitors doom to death a fairer victim by baser means.

Woman, sister! there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother man; no, nor ever will. Yet, sister, woman! cheerfully, and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do one thing as well as the best of men,—you can *die* grandly! On the twentieth day of May, 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, Joan of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before midday, guarded by 800 spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction, for the creation of air-currents.

With an undaunted soul, but a meek and saintly demeanor, the maiden encountered her terrible fate. Upon her head was placed a mitre, bearing the inscription, "Relapsed heretic, apostate, idolatress." Her piety displayed itself in the most touching manner to the last, and her angelic forgetfulness of self was manifested in a remarkable degree. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upward in billowy volumes. A monk was then standing at Joan's side. Wrapt up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment, did this noblest of girls think only for him—the one friend that would not forsake her—and not for herself, bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. "Go down," she said; "lift up the cross before me, that I may see it in dying, and speak to me pious words to the end." Then, protesting her innocence, and recommending her soul to Heaven, she continued to pray, as the flames leaped up and walled her in. Her last audible word was the name of Jesus. Sustained by faith to Him, in her last fight upon the scaffold, she had triumphed gloriously,—victoriously she had tasted death.

Few spectators of this martyrdom were so hardened as to contain their tears. All the English, with the exception of a few soldiers who made a jest of the affair, were deeply moved. The French murmured that the death was cruel and unjust.

"She dies a martyr!"

"Ah, we are lost! we have burned a saint!"

"Would to God that my soul were with hers!"

Such were the exclamations on every side. A fanatic English soldier, who had sworn to throw a fagot on the funeral-pile, hearing Joan's last prayer to her Saviour, suddenly turned away, a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon white wings to heaven from the ashes where she stood.

XIV.

DEWEY DAY PROGRAM.

PART I.

1. RECITATION: "The Call to Arms,"
Felicia Hemans
2. RECITATION: "The Call to Colors."
3. ORATION: "Real Patriotism,"
Rev. B. L. Whitman, D.D.
4. SOLO: "Behold the Sabre of My Father."
(From "Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 1.")
5. RECITATION: "Hymn before Action,"
Rudyard Kipling
6. RECITATION: "The Soaring of the Eagle,"
Marion F. Ham
7. RECITATION: "The Flag,"
Henry Lynden Flack
8. CHORUS: "March of the Men of Columbia."
(From "Songs of the Nation.")
9. RECITATION: "Mother Asia,"
S. W. Foss
10. RECITATION: "Off Manilly,"
J. E. V. Cooke
11. RECITATION: "McIlrath of Malaté,"
John Jerome Rooney
12. CHORUS: "The Star-Spangled Banner."
(From "Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 1.")
13. RECITATION: "Our Soldiers' Song,"
David Graham Adee
14. RECITATION: "Three Cheers for Our Flag,"
Frank L. Stanton
15. CHORUS: "Our Flag Is There."
(From "Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 1.")

PART II.

16. RECITATION: "Farragut to Dewey,"
S. W. Foss
17. RECITATION: "The Nation's Volunteers,"
M. P. Murphy
18. ORATION: "The American Sailor and Soldier,"
Lt. Richmond P. Hobson
19. TRIO AND CHORUS: "There's a Beautiful Flag."
(From "Songs of the Nation.")
20. RECITATION: "The Race of the Oregon,"
John James Meehan
21. RECITATION: "To the Modern Battleship,"
Robert James
22. ORATION: "The Justice of the Hispano-American War,"
Hon. John L. McLaurin
23. CHORUS: "O Spirit of the Nation Come."
(From "Songs of the Nation.")
24. ORATION: "Our Imperial Future,"
Hon. Horace White
25. ORATION: "America's New Era,"
Hon. Chauncey M. Depew
26. RECITATION: "Lest We Forget,"
Rudyard Kipling
27. CHORUS: "God for Us" (with bugle prelude and interlude if desired).
(From "Songs of the Nation.")

[All of the recitations and orations mentioned in this program will be sent for \$1.; "Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 1," \$1.; "Songs of the Nation," 75 cts. Address Edgar S. Werner, 43 East 19th St., New York.]

XV.
ENCORES.

1. **Keep A-Going.**

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

IF you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin'!
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a-goin'!
'Tain't no use to sit an' whine
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait your hook an' keep a-tryin'—
Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-goin'!
Though 'tis work to reach the top,
Keep a-goin'!
S'pose you're out o' ev'ry dime,
Gittin' broke ain't any crime;
Tell the world you're feelin' fine—
Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'!
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin'!
See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like singin' siag—
Keep a-goin'!

2. **A Gold Bug in a Silver Convention.**

“**F**R what purpose does th' gentleman
fr'm th' imperyal State iv Texas
arise?”

“‘I arise,’ says th' ma-an, ‘fr th' purpose
iv warnin' this convintion that we have a
goold-bug in our midst,’ he says.

“‘Cries iv ‘Throw him out!’ ‘Search
him!’ ‘Hang him!’ arose.

“‘In wandhrin' through th' hall, I just
seen a man with a coat on,’ he says.

“‘Great excitement ensood, says me frind
Cassidy; an' th' thremlin' victim was
brought down th' aisle.

“‘What have ye to say fr ye'ersilf?’ de-
mands th' chairman, in thundhrin' tones.

“‘On'y this,’ says th' goold-bug, ‘I
wandhered in here, lookin' fr frinds,’ he
says. ‘I am not a goold-bug,’ he says. ‘I
wear me coat,’ he says, ‘because I have no
shirt,’ he says.

“‘Gintlemen,’ says th' chairman, ‘a mis-
take has been made,’ he says. ‘This here
person, who bears th' appearance iv a plu-
tocrat, is all ring underneath,’ he says.
‘He's a dillgate to th' silver convintion,’ he
says. ‘Go in peace,’ he says.”

3. **The Pessimist.**

BY BENJAMIN F. KING.

NOTHING to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed;
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas, alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst;
Nothing to have but what we've got—
Thus through life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes;
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

4. **Sometimes.**

IT takes so many hours to make a day,
Sometimes.

And yet the little moments slip away,
Sometimes.

And if you do but ask of them to wait,
They'll laugh and laugh, and swifter fly
agate,

Sometimes.

Now, someone comes to see me when he can,
Sometimes.

But other things step in and spoil his plan,
Sometimes.

That's how I know that time is light of wing,
Or that it can go lame as anything,
Sometimes.

5. **If I Should Die To-night.**

IF I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse
and say,

Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—
If I should die to-night

And you should come in deepest grief and
woe

And say: “Here's that ten dollars that I
owe” —

I might arise in my large white cravat
And say: “What's that?”

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and
kneel,

Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel—
I say, if I should die to-night

And you should come to me and there and
then

Just even hint of paying me that ten,
I might rise the while;
But I'd drop dead again.

XVI.

A BIRD MEDLEY.

BY STANLEY SCHELL.

Arranged from Miller Hageman's Poems.

[May be given by one or eight persons.]

THE OWL. Within the bower I started at sound so broken-hearted.

"Could be the wind that through the branches blew?

Could be my brain had blundered, or do I dream," I wondered?

"Could be the echo of her voice come back my love to woo?"

"To woo," the voice replied, "tu-whit-tu-who-o-o-o-o?"

THE BOBOLINK. When Up from the thistle-tops out Bobolinkum pops

Shaking his love-calls over the lea, Freaking and frolicing round in his rollicking, Now with the butterfly, now with the bee; Telling his Northern name till all the birds exclaim

As he breaks up the banquet, "That's Bob! See him! See!"

Listen now, mocking-bird, to that quick-talking bird,

Here he comes singing to his Southern she,

With Bobolinkum, bobolinkum, funny, funny, don't you think him,

Kick your slipper, kick your slipper, Twee, twee, twee, twee.

What's the matter little lady, sitting there so very shady?

What Miss Kitty, what Miss Kitty, crying, crying, what a pity, Me, me, me, me!

Ha, ha, I discover, she has lately lost her lover,

Never mind, dearie, cheer up, dearie, Give me but a loving glance, sing, smile, skip, dance,

Kick your slipper, kick your slipper, Free, free, free, free.

Ha, ha, Bobolinkum, ha, ha, what you thinkin,

Come, Miss Silver Thimble, Thimble, see, your dimple, see your dimple,

Keep a-laughing, keep a-laughing, Hee-hee-hee-hee.

Every maid's a little mellow till she gets another fellow.

Come now, dearie, cheer up, dearie, You are very, very pretty, come, come, Kitty, Kitty,

Over hill and over hollow I'll fly, you follow, Kick your slipper, kick your slipper,

Tse—tse—tse—tse—tse—tse—tse.

THE ROBIN. As listening fancy strays through those sunny bygone days.

Where the robins still are singing to the roses,

Singing,

"Cheer-up-up-up, cheer-up-up-up,"

"Cheerily, cheerily, merrily, merrily."

"Chee, chee, chee, chee, chee."

Lovely, lovely June, O lovely June.

Slowly the long path closes;

As listening fancy strays through the light of other days,

Those June days of the robins and the roses.

THE WINTER WREN. "Hurry up, hurry up." "Who are you? ho, hi, how de do, good-bye,

"Good-bye, sorrow, come to-morrow, bring care, I won't be there.

"Look before and look behind me,

"Look, but you will never find me.

"Dart, fly, zip, buzz, I am never where I was;

"'Ts, 'ts, that's my ditty, 'ts, 'ts, I'm a witty,

"Wree, wree, witty, witty, wree, wree, wren,

"Rheet, rheet, rheet, rheet, rheet."

THE HERMIT THRUSH. Down a deep vale, there sang a bird,

To its sweet murmurs sweetly trilling,

Trilling;

"Hear me, O hear me, O twittering Vireo,

"Up in the top of the tree;

"Singing at noon and at night, O so cheery-o,

"Cheery-o, cheery-o, chee."

THE RED BIRD. The red-bird whistles in the wild-cherry tree

What of it? "whoit!" what of it? As long as this whistling don't worry me,

What of it, "teu" what of it?

Whistling;

"Whoit, whoit, whoit, whoit, whoit,

"Teu, teu, teu, teu,

"Three cheers."

THE EAGLE. Still on the Sun majestic and imperial,

With upturned gaze the thin blue air he fans;

Till, shaking out all care, he floats aerial, Without a wingbeat on those glittering vans,

Higher and higher on the zenith rounding, Without a follower, without a peer;

Far out of sight he soars up grandly, sounding

His splendid shout that fills all heaven—"Sphere."

THE BLUE BIRD. Blue birds, sweet blue birds,

From apple-tree to apple-tree, Sailing;

With lolling wings so languidly

T-r-a-i-l-i-n-g;

To her little mate she cries, as after her he flies,

Singing;

"Tourillee, Tourillee. Come, come, come, kiss me, kiss me, come."

XVII.

BIRD DAY PROGRAM.

1. ESSAY: "Why Celebrate Bird Day?"
(See page 172 this issue of WERNER'S MAGAZINE.)
2. SONG: "Spring Song." *By the School.*
(From "Songs of Happy Life," 50 cts.)
3. RECITATION: "A Bird Medley."
For 1 or 8 Persons.
(See page 167 this issue of WERNER'S MAGAZINE.)
4. SONG: "Life in the Nest." *By the School*
(From "Songs of Happy Life.")
5. RECITATION: "Frightened Birds."
By a Small Girl.
(In "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 17." 35 cts.)
6. SOLO: "Bird Thoughts."
(From "Songs of Happy Life.")
7. ADDRESS: "Protect All Birds."
Governor Theodore Roosevelt.
(See page 169 this issue of WERNER'S MAGAZINE.)
8. SONG: "Don't Kill the Birds, Boys."
By the School.
(From "Songs of Happy Life.")
9. QUOTATIONS:
For 8 Children.
(See page 168 this issue of WERNER'S MAGAZINE.)
10. SONG: "The Voice of the Helpless."
By the School.
(From "Songs of Happy Life.")
11. RECITATION: "The Nightingale."
(In "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 6." 35 cts.)
12. SONG: "Over in the Meadow."
For 11 Small Children.
(From "Songs of Happy Life.")
13. RECITATION: "A Canary at the Farm."
(In "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 2." 35 cts.)
14. SONG: "Don't Rob the Birds, Boys."
By Girls of the School.
(From "Songs of Happy Life.")
15. RECITATION: "The Parrot and the Cuckoo."
(In "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 9." 35 cts.)
16. SONG: "Be Kind to Living Things."
By the School.
(From "Songs of Happy Life.")

XVIII.

QUOTATIONS FOR BIRD DAY.

BUT most of all it wins my admiration
To view the structure of this little
work,—
A bird's-nest, mark it well within, without:
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to
cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all;
And yet how neatly finished! What nice
hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' of apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another? Fondly then
We boast of excellence, where noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils.—*James Hurdis.*

2. The bird for all nature chants the morning hymn and the benediction of the day. He is her priest and her augur, her divine and innocent voice. Open your eyes to evidence, throw aside your prejudice, your traditional and derived opinions. Dismiss your pride, and acknowledge a kindred in which there is nothing to make one ashamed. What are these? They are your brothers.—*Jules Michelet.*

3. He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.
—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

4. I beg all women and girls not to wear birds or birds' feathers on their hats any more. Every year 25,000,000 of useful birds are slaughtered by this terrible folly. The farmers are already suffering from it, and women enjoy wearing feathers like savages. Flowers and ribbons are a thousand times more beautiful and more becoming. It is the duty of every woman and man to battle against this gruesome folly.
—*Lilli Lehmann.*

5. The sight of an egret fills me with a feeling of indignation and pity, and the skin of a dead song-bird stuck on the hat of a tuneless woman makes me hate the barbarism which lingers in our so-called civilization.—*Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke.*

6. Boys and girls should be early initiated into those habits of quiet, observant, and loving watchfulness, by which the true nature-lover, as distinguished from the collecting scientist, is always able to win the confidence of nature, to learn the secret of field and forest with far more penetrating eye. They should feed the wild birds that flock to the gardens in winter time, and then in summer they would have the full enjoyment of their song.—*Henry S. Salt.*

7. The bird upon the tree utters the meaning of the wind—a voice of the grass and wildflower, words of the green leaf; they speak through that slender tone. Sweetness of dew and rifts of sunshine, the dark hawthorne touched with breadths of open bud, the odor of the air, the color of the daffodil—all that is delicious and beloved of spring-time is expressed in his song.
—*Richard Jeffries.*

8. No longer now the winged inhabitants
That in the woods their sweet lives sing
away,
Flee from the form of man, but gather
round,
And prune their feathers on the hands
Which little children stretch in friendly sport
Toward these dreadless partners of their
play.
All things are void of terror; man has lost
His terrible prerogative, and stands
An equal amidst equals—happiness
And science dawn, though late, upon the
earth.—*Percy B. Shelley.*

XIX.

PROTECT ALL BIRDS.

BY GOV. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I WOULD like to see all harmless wild things, but especially all birds, protected in every way. Spring would not be spring without bird songs, any more than it would be spring without birds and flowers, and I only wish that, besides protecting the songsters, the birds of the grove, the orchard, the garden and the meadow, we could also protect the birds of the seashore and of the wilderness.

The loon ought to be, and, under wise legislation could be, a feature of every Adirondack lake; ospreys, as everyone knows, can be made the tamest of the tame, and

terns should be as plentiful along our shores as swallows around our barns. A tanager or a cardinal makes a point of glowing beauty in the green woods, and the cardinal among the white snows. When the blue-birds were so nearly destroyed by the severe winter a few seasons ago, the loss was like the loss of an old friend, or, at least, like the burning down of a familiar and dearly loved house. How immensely it would add to our forests if only the great logcock was still found among them! The destruction of the wild pigeon and the Carolina paraquet has meant a loss as severe as if the Catskills or the Palisades were taken away. When I hear of the destruction of a species I feel just as if all the works of some great writer had perished, as if we had lost all instead of only part of Polybius or Livy.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SPECIAL DAY ESSAYS.

ALL FOOL'S DAY.

April 1.

THE custom of sending people on empty errands on All Fool's day is common in every country in Europe. Oriental scholars say it is derived from the "Huli" feast of the Hindus, where a similar custom prevails. Another opinion is that it comes from a celebration of Christ's being sent about to and fro between Herod, Pilate and Caiaphas. In France the fooled man is called "poisson d'avril," meaning a silly fish, easily caught. In Scotland he is called "gowk," which means cuckoo.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

April 2.

Thomas Jefferson, "the Sage of Monticello," was born April 2, 1743 and died July 4, 1826.

Jefferson came of the good old Virginia stock, and every advantage that wealth and culture could give he possessed from his boyhood. At five years of age he was placed in an English school, and at nine commenced the study of Latin, Greek, and French under a Scottish clergyman. At seventeen he went to William and Mary's College. Two years afterward he took up the study of law, and commenced practicing in 1767, at the general courts. He is said to have been but slightly acquainted with the profession, and an infrequent speaker; yet, during the first two years of his practice, he was employed in over 200 suits. The record of the next two years shows a regular increase. In 1769 he was chosen to represent his county in the House of Burgesses, and introduced the bill to enable owners to free their slaves if they thought proper. This was defeated, and the policy not fully adopted until 1782. Jefferson never took part in a battle, and at the time innuendoes were even made against his personal courage. He was elected president in 1801,

upon the twenty-sixth ballot, Aaron Burr being his rival.

"Of all the public men who have figured in the United States," says Parton, "Jefferson was incomparably the best scholar and the most variously accomplished." He was a bold horseman, an elegant penman, a fine violinist, a brilliant talker, and a proficient in the modern languages. That grand old document, the Declaration of Independence, was, with the exception of a few words, entirely his work. He was an ardent supporter of the doctrine of State rights, and led the opposition to the Federalists. His most noticeable characteristic was a dislike of all pomp and display; and the phrase "Jeffersonian simplicity" has become a sort of catch-word with the democratic and socialistic parties. On his inauguration day he dressed in plain clothes, rode unattended down to Congress, dismounted, hitched his own horse, and went into the chamber to read his fifteen-minute inaugural. Some of the sentences of that address have become proverbs; and the unostentatious example thus set by the nation's president was wise in its effects. A man of such marked character necessarily made bitter enemies, but Jefferson commanded the respect even of his opponents. The last seventeen years of his life were passed at Monticello, near the place of his birth. By his profuse hospitality, he had, long before his death, spent his vast estates. He died poor in money, but rich in honor. His last words were: "This is the Fourth of July."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

April 23.

William Shakespeare, "greatest of all in literature," was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, in 1564; and died there April 23, 1616. The exact day of his birth is not known, but there is a tradition that he died upon his anniversary; and as he was baptized on April 25, and it was the custom in those times to baptize children

about the third day, April 23d, is reasonably regarded as the date of his birth.

A century ago George Steevens wrote: "All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, married and had children there; went to London, where he commenced acting and wrote poems and plays; returned to Stratford, where he made his will, died and was buried." The assiduous researches of more than 100 years have discovered scarcely more than this.

In the early part of Shakespeare's life the family were in easy circumstances. His father was a man of some importance in the community, for he passed through the offices of ale-taster, burgess, constable, affeeror, chamberlain, alderman, and ex-officio justice of the peace; although like many others at the time of even higher rank, he could not write his own name. When Shakespeare was fourteen his father's affairs became much embarrassed. He mortgaged his property; his assessments were reduced to one-third that paid by the other aldermen; he was excused from paying anything for the relief of the poor; and finally a judgment against him was returned. Tradition tells us that in this extremity he turned toward his eldest son to contribute toward his support, and that Shakespeare labored with his father as a wool stapler and butcher, and afterward as a school-teacher. In his wanderings he fell in with a yeoman's daughter named Anne Hathaway, and married her. Anne was eight years older than himself, and the marriage took place in a century when a woman was supposed to pass the prime of life with her teens. The ancient historian who describes Shakespeare as "a timid lad wantonly ensnared by a woman old enough to be his father's wife" (she was twenty-six) probably echoed the feelings of the neighborhood. Of the seven years between Shakespeare's marriage and his going to London, little is known. There are traditions that the marriage was an unhappy one, and a passage in "Twelfth Night" (Act II., Scene 4) is thought by some to have reference to his own experience.

"DUKE. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart;
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

"VIO. I think it well, my lord.

"DUKE. Then let thy love be younger than thyself.

Or thy affection can not hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour."

Shakespeare, who went to London to seek his fortune upon the stage, never attained much eminence in that direction. His brother, who lived to be a great age, describes seeing him "act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to

a table, at which he was seated among some company and one of them sung a song." This must have been Adam in "As You Like It." But we find no other mention of him other than as general utility man, and it is probable that his rapid rise as a dramatist soon distracted his attention from the life of an actor.

Nothing seems to be more groundless than the popular belief that Shakespeare's fame was for the most part posthumous, and owes itself to the discovery of his genius by posthumous critics. His reputation as an author and a man was fully established in 1592, as is shown by the envious critic who endeavors to make light of his fame: "An upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his Tygres heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out blank verse as the best of you." His "Venus and Adonis," published in 1593, had run through five editions by 1602. Francis Meres, in a book published in 1598, says: "As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage. As Epilus Stolo said that the Muses would speak with Plautus's tongue if they would speak Latin, so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine filed phrase if they would speake English." Leonard Digges, in verses published in 1640, tells us that when the audience saw Shakespeare's plays they were ravished and went away in wonder; and that when Ben Jonson's best plays would hardly bring enough money to pay for a sea-coal fire, Shakespeare's would fill "cockpit, galleries, boxes," and scarce leave standing-room. Wealth was the sure result of such success.

As early as 1597 Shakespeare had bought a fine house in his native town, known as "the great house." He otherwise increased in substance, and, like his own "Justice Shallow," had "land and beeves." There is a tradition that King James was so much his admirer that he wrote him "an amicable letter" in autograph.

In notes from other writers it appears that Shakespeare was also popular among his own class. Gruff old Ben Jonson says: "I loved the man, and do honor his memory this side idolatry as much as any." "Sweet" and "gentle" are the adjectives most frequently applied to him. He is mentioned as a "handsome, well shaped man," and with this report the bust at Stratford, and the portrait engraved by Droeshout for the first collected edition of his works, agree.

Somewhere about the years 1610-1613 Shakespeare returned to Stratford to live, having abandoned the stage about the year 1604. An old writer says that he spent the remainder of his life in "ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends," who were "the gentlemen of the neighborhood."

The only account of his death is in the entry from the diary of the Rev. John Ward, who was appointed vicar at Stratford nearly fifty years after the event. Ward writes: "Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merie meeting, and it seems drank

too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted."

Shakespeare was buried on the second day after his death, on the north side of the chancel of Stratford Church. Over his grave there is a flat stone with this inscription, said to have been written by himself:

"Good frend for Iesus sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed here;
Blest be ye man yt Spares thea stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

Whoever the author, they have been effectual in keeping at Stratford what might otherwise have been carried to Westminster.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

- "Give the devil his due."
- "Good luck lies in odd numbers."
- "How full of briers is this working-day world."
- "What fools these mortals be."
- "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."
- "What's mine is yours, and what's yours is mine."
- "We'll die with harness on."
- "Who steals my purse steals trash."
- "The short and the long of it."
- "The course of true love never did run smooth."
- "I know a trick worth two of that."
- "I have had my labor for my pains."
- "As good luck would have it."
- "All that glisters is not gold."
- "A man can die but once."
- "Keep the word of the promise."
- "Love is blind."
- "Look'd on better days."
- "Leisure to be sick."
- "Men have died, but not for love."
- "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."
- "Past our dancing days."
- "Rich, not gaudy."
- "Small choice in rotten apples."
- "Smallest worm will turn."
- "Screw up your courage to the sticking point."
- "Gild refined gold."

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

April 27.

Hiram Ulysses Grant was born at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822, and died at Mt. McGregor, N. Y., July 23, 1885.

Grant's parents were in moderate circumstances. He was unwilling to follow his father's trade, which was that of a tanner, and at seventeen an appointment at West Point was secured for him. His name having been wrongly registered as U. S. Grant, he vainly attempted to set the matter right, but finally accepted the change, and for the S adopted Simpson, his mother's maiden name. Two years after completing his course as cadet, the Mexican war broke out. Grant conducted himself in this campaign with great gallantry, receiving especial mention and promotion. At the beginning of the Civil War in 1861, he was appointed

to command a company of volunteers. Having taken it to Springfield, he became aid to Governor Yates, and was finally commissioned as colonel of the 21st Illinois regiment. His military and political career from this time forth is known to every school-child in America. At the close of his presidential career he made a tour of the world. During this extended journey, he was everywhere received with marked honor and enthusiasm, and his dignified and consistent conduct shed lustre upon the country he represented. Soon after his return he began to be troubled by a swelling of the glands of the throat, which physicians at last pronounced a cancerous growth,—incurable. The last year of his life was devoted to the completion of his book "Personal Recollections of U. S. Grant," he persisting in this work through his illness, in order that his family might have something to depend upon for support.

He died at his cottage at Mt. McGregor, N. Y., July 23, 1885, and the news of his death, long expected, yet came as a personal sorrow to the entire nation. His tomb, the most magnificent in America, is at Riverside Park, on the bank of the Hudson River, New York City.

DEWEY DAY.

May 1.

Several States have chosen May 1 as a holiday to be called "Dewey Day" in honor of the deed of May 1, 1898, when our navy under Admiral Dewey crushed the Spanish fleet without the loss of one American life. The man that thus opened the gates of the Far East was born at Montpelier, Vt., Dec. 26, 1837. His first American ancestor landed at Dorchester, Massachusetts Bay Colony, in 1633, from Sandwich, England. George Dewey entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1854, when he was seventeen, and four years later was graduated, fifth in his class. One week after Ft. Sumter was fired upon he was commissioned as lieutenant and ordered to the sloop-of-war Mississippi, and was with Farragut at the forcing of the passage of the lower Mississippi. The vessel was sunk, but before the order "Abandon ship!" was given, Dewey ordered that the guns be spiked. While swimming in the river that boiled with Confederate bullets, Dewey saw a seaman was hit, and, regardless of the difference in rank, towed the man to a spar on which he might support himself.

So bravely did he conduct himself throughout the war that he won recommendation from his superior officers for appointment as fleet captain. He was made lieutenant-commander at the close of the war and in 1884 rose to be captain of the Dolphin. When war with Spain seemed imminent he was assigned to the command of the Asiatic squadron, it is said to his great disappointment, for he wanted to be in the fighting. The neutrality laws drove him from Hong Kong, and the way he found anchorage for his squadron by crushing the

Spanish fleet in Manila Bay is history now, such history as has made that name, unknown a year ago, so great that all have heard of Dewey, so great that Congress created the office of admiral for him and he now takes precedence of every other in the army or the navy. There have been but two other American admirals, Farragut and Porter, both names of the highest glory in the history of the American navy.

Under naval regulations Admiral Dewey would be retired Dec. 26, 1899, but the special act extends his time of active service ten years longer to enjoy all the salary of \$13,000, a magnificent stipend as judged by naval standards, the blue flag with its four stars and the salute of seventeen guns which are the outward expressions of the honor felt at the presence of so brave and distinguished a man.

BIRD DAY.

If all the birds should die, not a human being could live on earth, for the insects, on which the birds live, would increase so enormously as to destroy all vegetation. Where insect life increases, human life becomes almost unendurable. The killing of a great number of birds has been followed by an increase in human mortality among the inhabitants of the seacoast, the destroyed birds having formerly assisted in keeping the beaches and bayous free from decaying animal matter. New Orleans had a plague of bugs just when the yellow fever began, and, strange as it may seem, the bugs proved far more troublesome than the disease. The people called it a mystery, but it was merely the result of man's improvidence in destroying the birds. The destruction has been carried on for years by professional hunters who kill the birds solely for millinery purposes. Nature revenges herself on every place where birds are thus destroyed.

"The cause of bird protection is one that appeals to the best side of our natures. Let us yield to that appeal. Let us have Bird day, a day set apart to tell the children about the birds," says the Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture of the United States. "Let us celebrate Bird day not alone for the sake of preserving the birds, but also for the sake of awakening nobler impulses in our children. Man's influence on bird-life tends to destroy the birds. The tide of advancing civilization drives the birds back more and more into the forests, and into smaller and smaller areas, causing the birds to become scarcer and scarcer. Cardinal Gibbons says that "birds make the choir of the heavens."

Birds are killed in large numbers simply for ornamentation. The egret plumes, so generally admired and worn by women on their bonnets, are taken from the snowy heron during the breeding season when their deep love for their little ones makes them an easy prey for the hunter. At such times these birds are shot down by the thousands. The cries of the little ones are heartrending. When women refuse to wear birds as ornaments, then and then only will it be unnecessary to kill these birds. No one that has ever studied birds in their natural surroundings will think of killing them for ornamentation. Birds are beautiful and interesting objects of study. To know a bird is to love him. Teach the children how to distinguish the song of one bird from another. Teach them that it is cowardly to torture helpless birds or to rob their nests. Teach them the value of birds as insect-eaters, and that we need many more birds in our forests and near our homes. Teach them to realize the sin and cruelty of wantonly slaughtering the birds. Teach them to love the fields and the woods, the flowers and the birds, and by so doing you will add to their capacity for happiness a hundred-fold.

RECITATION AND DECLAMATION CHATS.

NEVER speak flippantly of sacred things on the platform. A man's religion is, or should be, his most holy thing, and should be respected by the public reader, no matter how false and foolish the reader may think it. Hence those would-be humorous pieces about St. Peter at Heaven's gate are offensive to good taste as well as insulting to those that believe in St. Peter and in Heaven. Keep such pieces off your programs.

Whatever men deem holy, respect it. Never recite a piece that makes light of God, religion, love, virtue, temperance, wedlock, or any other person, attribute or relation, in itself

sacred or essential to the well-being of man or of the state.

There are human vices and follies and weaknesses enough to give ample opportunity for fun, for sarcasm, for condemnation. Rail all you please, and with all your might, at sloth, vanity, avarice, envy, cowardice, dishonesty, impiety, hypocrisy, vulgarity, deceit, cruelty, dissipation, and everything else that has a down-pulling tendency. A public reader is not a professional moralist or preacher, but he can not escape his duties as a conservator of good morals and of good taste. He is a public character. Like all others that ask and get special

privileges and patronage from the public, he is accountable to that public, which is a composite, every one of whose elements, or factors, or creeds, or interests, has a right to demand that it shall be respected and benefited.

Every reciter, man or woman, should be an apostle of æstheticism. Body, mind, and heart should be clean, healthy, noble. Dress, bearing, and language should be correct. While performing the functions of his vocation, he is the admitted superior of his auditors, who justly expect that in his efforts to entertain and to instruct them he shall be the exemplar of what is proper in manners, and the interpreter of what is good in literature. As their teacher and their guide, he must be nothing less than cultured and well-bred.

* * *

Put quotations on your programs. Your auditors will be pleased and will be more likely to take the programs home, thus giving you a permanent advertisement. Have your pupils commit quotations to memory. They will be benefited by learning choice thoughts expressed in choice language. There are over 360 fine quotations in the "Delsarte Recitation Book," many of them being specially suitable for programs.

* * *

From east to west comes the wail: "But people do not appreciate good literature. They want 'popular' selections. Is it my duty to sacrifice pecuniary benefits and bear with the humiliation of decreasing audiences for the sake of proving an exemplar, or shall I do violence to my own tastes and replenish my pockets by giving them dialect, humorous sketches, trash?"

Contrary to the popular belief, "good literature" is not confined to Shakespeare and Browning; it may be found even in dialect and humorous sketches. Undoubtedly it took another order of genius to write "See-in' Things at Night" than to write "Pippa Passes;" but genius was required in both cases. And those that prefer the blank verse have no

right to stigmatize their opponents as devotees to "trash."

An "untrue" selection—false dialect, false sentiment, false proportion—is as distasteful to the educated listener as is a song sung out of tune to a musician; but bad art may be found in so-called "classical" as well as in unpretentious poems. It is not "in what style is a thing written" but what is written—not "is it dialect," but is it good dialect, that should be the first considered.

Supposing, however, that you have considered this, that each selection is the best of its kind, and that they or you are popular enough to draw an audience—the only chance of elevating them—the question "What style?" can be answered only by the counter question, "What occasion?" You are a host, the audience are your guests; you should adapt yourself to their limitations or capabilities, as the true hostess adapts herself to those partaking of her hospitality.

Also, as the good hostess remembers the minority who do not rule, and looks out for them, so should you. The most dramatic reader does well to include in her program selections in lighter vein; and even where the taste of the audience for the broadly humorous has been expressed, one strong recitation should always be given, out of consideration for those of different views. It has been said, moreover, that "while light pieces please for the moment, strong ones are best when thought over;" and readers of professedly "light literature" are often surprised by the real appreciation given to the occasional strong dramatic selection upon their programs.

* * *

In response to many requests we give this month an arrangement of Kipling's "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," made by Miss Jennie Mannheim, a well-known reader. This arrangement has been given by Miss Mannheim's pupils and others. It is a strong bit of character work.

WERNER'S MAGAZINE has lately published several pantomimes dealing with religious subjects. This

month a novelty in the shape of a pantomime ballad, arranged by Isabel Goodhue, is presented. "Comin' thro' the Rye" is a most popular song, and the illustrations show how delightfully it lends itself to presentation. In this instance the conventional Greek gown was worn, but as charming and a more picturesque effect can be produced by the costume of a Highland lassie—a short kilted skirt and plain waist of Scotch plaid, with scarf of the same draped crosswise to the left shoulder, and a dark red Tam o' Shanter cap.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet, has been coming rapidly to the front as a writer of late, and most of his poems, besides being true portrayals of the genuine dinky, are well adapted for recitation. "The Coquette Conquered," in this issue, is one of the best for this purpose.

The selections for Grant day in this number are especially for use in public schools. There is no better way to encourage patriotism among children than to teach them of the lives which other patriots have led. Not every boy will listen to an encyclopedic discourse, but the most inveterate hookey-player can not fail to be interested in the story of Grant's life and escapades at West Point; the Mexican war; his struggles to obtain a command in 1861; his success at Chattanooga; the immortal: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," etc. To this the eulogy upon his death and his place in history will form a fitting finale.

* * *

May 1 has been appointed as Dewey day, and will be observed this year as a legal holiday by several States. Admiral Dewey is the most conspicuous living naval officer. His victory over Spain at Manila will have a tremendous influence on the history of this country. No one can foresee the consequences. Whatever may be our opinions as to the advisability of the United States undertaking the control of distant lands, there can be but one opinion among patriots as to the maintaining of the honor and dignity of our nation and the shed-

ding of still greater lustre on our glorious Stars and Stripes. Dewey day literature is not yet plentiful, but the reader can arrange an acceptable program by following the suggestions given in this Department.

The cultivation of the humane—a distinguishing characteristic of true civilization—is promoted by the giving of Bird day programs. Such pieces are good not only for Bird day and other similar occasions, but also at all times. It is to be hoped that parents and teachers will do all they can to cultivate in the children a love of birds.

The elaborate Arbor day program given in this issue needs no special explanation. It is complete in itself. Nothing more educational can be given the young, and we trust to see it extensively used. Send us your programs and tell us how the entertainment was received.

* * *

Several features in our Shakespeare program are worthy of attention. The exercise, "Flowers of Shakespeare," is novel; the arrangement of the tableaux, "Seven Ages of Man," should make a taking number; and the Shakespearian burlesque which is appropriate for any other time as well, introduces a pleasant humorous note.

Now that after the lapse of four hundred years the Church of Rome is to proclaim Joan of Arc a saint, interest in this most picturesque figure of womanhood is again aroused. She may not have been inspired to her brave deeds by supernatural voices, but no one that reads her life doubts that she believed herself inspired; and that she perished a martyr to the superstition of an unenlightened age. In the recitation department is given Thomas De Quincy's vivid description of her execution; and upon the cover of the magazine her most famous portrait in male attire.

* * *

The time for lawn festivals, fêtes and out-of-door performances will soon come. Such affairs are growing in favor, and can be made most enjoyable features of summer life. A

helpful article for those wishing to give such an entertainment will be found in *WERNER'S MAGAZINE* for July, 1898 (25 cts).

* * *

Criticism of the Recitation and Declamation Department is a refreshing breeze from the elocutionary field. Our office is an elocutionary Mecca to which come optimistic and pessimistic elocutionary pilgrims, but whether joyous or despondent their confessions are interesting revelations of their own doings and of the status of the profession itself. Perhaps those that call in person are franker, hence more beneficial in their criticisms than are those that formally indite their views. Yet written expressions are none the less welcome. The following are some that have reached the editor's desk. Subscribers are invited to take part in this discussion:

CRITICISM OF THE JANUARY, FEBRUARY AND MARCH RECITATIONS.

I.

I find the recitations published in *WERNER'S MAGAZINE* for January very good, being suitable for all classes; but selections on Lincoln, Lafayette, etc., I think should be used in moderation, as there are few occasions on which they can be used. "Lincoln's Last Dream" is beautiful; but the last line but one in the sixth stanza, commencing "Silent prayers,—" needs one more syllable to make it complete. "The Swiss Good Night" would make a very pretty recitation, but if the writer had explained the air or flourish, it would have been better. One not acquainted with Swiss music would hardly know how to fit the words to the music of the call, and if it were not done as the shepherds did it would fail in its effect. "The Party at Odd Fellows' Hall" I do not admire. The aim of the elocutionist is to bring before the people that which will lift them up to better things, and I think this selection is not suited for that purpose. There is very little to "A Visitation," and I would not care to give it to any of my pupils. The selections I have not mentioned are above the average and could be worked up into fine recitations, if taken hold of by the right persons. "Nora's Awakening" is fine and contains a fine sentiment.

The February No. as a whole is better in quality than the January number. The pantomime of "The Conquered Banner," "A Sister's Sacrifice," and "When Josiah Plays the Fiddle," are exceptionally fine. "Her Cuban Tea" I think is rather insipid, but would just suit some elocutionists. I do not like to bring such horrible things before

the public as in "In Terror of Death," especially where there are children. The second paragraph commencing, "I saw it all!" should be left out by all means, as the world sees enough sorrow and misery without our bringing it to their minds. It is finely written, the story is well told, but I do not like the subject.

The selections of the March No. are, without doubt, very fine; the pantomime of "The Story of a Faithful Soul" being different from the usual style, which makes it more acceptable. I can not agree with the writer in "Recitation and Declamation Chats" that "I Got to Go to School" should rival "If I Dast!" They are so near alike in style that one seems to be a copy of the other. We could appreciate "I Got to Go to School" much more if we had never heard the other. The encores are all good, especially "She Was Mad with Cause," and "Good Night."

New Jersey. *Nina D. Cooper.*

II.

The January selections are varied and generally good for use. "Nora's Awakening" is well chosen and gives the purpose and spirit of a "A Doll's House" as revealed in the two principal characters. The articles on Lincoln, Washington, and Lafayette are good and appropriate for special programs. "The Other One Was Booth" is rather hackneyed and not of a high order. "The Party at Odd Fellows' Hall" I consider quite unworthy of a place in *WERNER'S MAGAZINE*. "The Swiss Good Night" is beautiful. I once heard Mrs. Jessie Southwick give it, and it was one of the most pleasing numbers on her program. The encores are pointed and new.

In the February No. the patriotic selections are good and especially appropriate for the time. Miss Phelps's monologue, "Her Cuban Tea," is extremely clever and works up well. One of my pupils has brought it out here. "The Madonna at Palos" is rather weak in sentiment,—and I doubt if it would hold an audience well. "In Terror of Death" would doubtless hold the attention, but people generally do not like things that leave such a bad taste. It is too horrible. "A Sister's Sacrifice" is a very taking little scene, and good as a character-study, the two sisters being so different each from the other. "When Josiah Plays the Fiddle" has a rhythm and a homely sentiment that never fails to touch a responsive chord in any audience.

In the March No. the reading from the book of "Job" is probably as well selected and comprehensive as could be made for so limited a time. In many respects I like it better than Miss Benfey's selection, which I heard her give last summer. I am one of the unenlightened many who think the prologue and epilogue belong to the book, and help to interpret its meaning and purpose. Of course, much of the poetic beauty and strength must be sacrificed in such an abbreviation. But such readings, no doubt, have their use, giving, as it were, a bird's-

eye view of the book, and drawing the attention of many to it, who have never given it any special thought. "The Old Bell Ringer" is vivid, simple and tender. I like such stories, and audiences always listen to them and appreciate them. "The Grumble-Valley Grumbler" is a healthful theme, but I think that I prefer Riley's "Thoughts for a Discouraged Farmer," upon which it is evidently modeled. "A Box of Powders" is spirited, and good as to plot, characters, and time of action. "An Uncrowned Hero" is commonplace in theme and style of narration. I should not choose it for a program. Most of the encores are spicy and clever.

I should be glad if something could be found to take the place of tableaux, drills, and pantomimes. I do not know what it would be, but it seems to me that their time is limited unless there is a radical change in their style. Of course, they are varied more or less; but it always strikes me that there is a sort of cheapness about them that lowers the grade of a good literary program. However, I suppose we shall have to keep to them until something better can be invented to replace them, as the ordinary audience must have something which appeals to the eye as well as to the ear.

MUSIC TEACHERS' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

THE Music Teachers' National Association will hold its twenty-first meeting at Cincinnati, June 21-23, inclusive, preceded by a delegate meeting on the 20th. The speciality of this meeting will be an exclusive program of compositions by American composers. The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Van der Stucken, and several local choruses will assist. There will be three evening concerts in the large Music-Hall and in the afternoons there will be recitals for piano and voice, organ and voice and a chamber concert. The mornings will be devoted to essays and discussions of musical topics.

Among the numbers of which the program will be made up are the following for full orchestra, or requiring orchestral accompaniment:

Symphony, "Tristram".....	Templeton Strong.
Divertimento.....	C. M. Löffler.
"Lochinvar".....	G. W. Chadwick.
"Melpomene".....	William Radcliff
Symphonic Prologue, "....."	F. Van der Stucken.
Piano Concerto.....	Henry Holden Huss.
Aira, "Montezuma".....	Frederic Grant Gleason.
Indian Suite.....	Edward MacDowell.
Prelude, "Edipus".....	J. K. Paine.
"Cello Concerto....."	Victor Herbert.
Elegy.....	A. Goano.
"Dreaming".....	H. W. Parker.
Scherzo.....	Johann Beck.
"Hiawatha's Wooing".....	Arthur Foote.
Vorspiel, "Kenilworth".....	Bruno Oscar Klein.
Overture, "Star-Spangled Banner".....	Hugo Kaun.

"Many of my most successful programs have been almost entirely from WERNER'S MAGAZINE."

Iowa. Mrs. Clara B. Davidson.

I like your idea of inserting a specimen program in this department, and I think that many teachers will find it helpful. For my own work, I should like more lyrics and ballads from good authors; and I think that more selections for children would be useful to many. My friends are continually asking me for pieces for children. I also think that a specimen program of one good author each month would be gladly received.

It seems to me unwise to give too much space to selections bearing upon a special day, as they are good only for that occasion, and poor material is apt to be accepted simply because it is connected with that particular time. My pupils seldom choose that style of selections, as they want something appropriate for any time.

I wish to add that I enjoyed particularly the "Recitation and Declamation Chats" in the March No. It is true that a decided change has come in the style of selections. We feel its effects even here in Missouri. Elocution is gradually mounting up in the scale to its rightful place, and more artistic work and better literature are in demand.

Missouri. Sara Greenleaf Frost.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ELOCUTIONISTS.

FELLOW-MEMBER: Your annual fee of two dollars to the National Association of Elocutionists is now due. If you have not paid for the year ending July 1, 1904, please remit that, also. A receipt will be your passport to the grounds at Chautauqua, N. Y., during the meeting June 26 to 30, inclusive, 1904. Please give this your prompt attention, and remember that without the Treasurer's receipt you will have to pay admission to the grounds. Remember, also, to take advantage of the Chautauqua railroad rates of a fare and a third for the round trip from all parts of the United States. See official organ [WERNER'S MAGAZINE] for further particulars.

Fraternally yours,

EDWARD P. PERRY, Treasurer,
Grand and Franklin Aves., St. Louis, Mo.

POSITION WANTED.

Nell Adams McKinney, Graduate in Elocution and Physical Culture, having taught five years, desires position for '09 and 1900. Is qualified to teach literature and vocal music if desired. Salary, \$800 a year. Danville, Ky.

AN ELOCUTIONIST AND MONOLOGIST

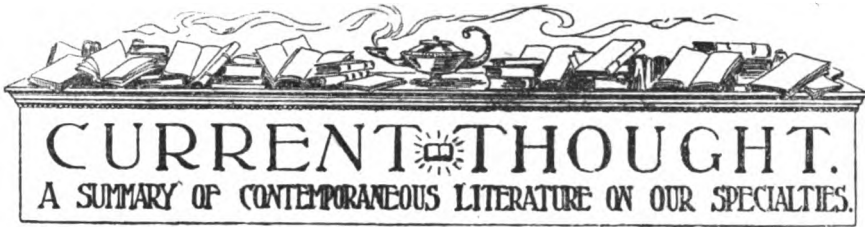
of exceptional dramatic instinct, who is rapidly and deservedly becoming popular is Alice R. Teller. She is one of Livingston Russell's graduates and under his skilled training has broadened and brightened the platform art of entertaining. She is unusually versatile, her repertoire including emotional and dramatic scenes from Shakespeare and the famous standard dramas, also modern dialect verse and acting monologues. Her chief speciality this season will be Livingston Russell's acting monologues, especially costumed presentations of the new war monologues "Viva Cuba Libre" and "For God and Country."—*Press.*

LAWN PLAYS and FESTIVALS How to Give and Manage Them

By LIVINGSTON RUSSELL

Price, 25 Cents

EDGAR S. WERNER, Publisher, 43 E. 19th St., New York



CURRENT THOUGHT.
A SUMMARY OF CONTEMPORANEOUS LITERATURE ON OUR SPECIALTIES.

THE IDEAL FEMALE FIGURE.

A WRITER in the New York *Home Journal* of Feb. 1, discourses on the female figure, beginning with a sentiment that makes one think of the old-fashioned steel engravings of "Miranda" and "Delia," so popular in the early '40's.

"The beauty of the female figure," says Leigh Hunt, 'consists in being gently serpentine.' Stiffness is utterly ungraceful. The movements of an unconscious child are the perfection of grace; they are easy, un-studied, and natural. The throat should be round, and the waist should be twice the size of this 'tower of ivory,' not, as fashion and undue compression have too often made it, nearly the same size. The shoulders should be sloping and not too broad; neither should they be too narrow; rather that soft and rounded mean that is offered in Milo's Venus. The figure should be, above all, easy; too small a waist is an actual deformity, and young ladies who are foolish enough to imagine that a waist of eighteen inches is lovely should bear in mind that the famous statue of the Venus de Medici, the acknowledged highest type of female beauty, measures twenty-seven inches. The hips should be high in a woman and wide; the feet small, but in due proportion to the height of the figure. The arm is seldom sufficiently developed in the modern woman of fashion to reach the standard of classical beauty; she does not use her limbs, and particularly her arms, sufficiently to give them the muscular growth of which they are capable. The arm should have a round and flowing outline, with no sharpness at the elbow; it should taper gently down to a small wrist. Too pronounced stoutness or thinness is to be avoided, the former by vigorous exercise and careful diet, eschewing those foods that are known as flesh-forming and fat-creating."

THEODORE THOMAS ON POPULAR MUSIC.

Some parts of the really excellent letter recently written by Theodore Thomas to the Ladies' Thursday Musicale Club of Minneapolis are here reproduced. They will be found worth reading.

"The clamor for so-called 'popular music' makes it impossible to present a good program without the support of this 'influential minority,' and yet a person who clamors for 'popular music' does not know that he only means *familiar music*; that Beethoven's symphonies would soon become as popular to him as 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' if he

only heard them as often, and that it is only his unfamiliarity with the great classic masterpieces which prevents his enjoyment of them. Good music, of which a Beethoven symphony is the highest expression, is the language of the soul. Popular music, in the true definition of the term, is the expression of rhythm, such as a Strauss waltz. If people only knew it, a Beethoven symphony, like a Shakespeare drama, creates a distinct atmosphere, even a world of its own; but its secret beauties are not to be wholly revealed without a little effort on the part of the listener to appreciate them. Art is not for everybody; nevertheless, the class that can appreciate this highest 'flower of culture' is large enough in any American city to support it. When a business manager gives an orchestral concert, he does it merely as a business speculation, and insists upon a program of popular music because he fancies that it will draw a house. The only outcome of this course is failure, because no orchestral music, however light and trivial its character, appeals to the unmusical, and the musical public nowadays is intelligent enough to want music of real artistic worth. Hence, no one is satisfied, and such concerts have no value whatever for the community, and produce no result.

"I should like to add a word about encores. We are very willing to make long programs when desired, and play all the music the people care to hear; but a very little reflection will teach anyone that artistic unity can be achieved only when all the component parts of a program are properly adjusted to each other, and is utterly ruined by throwing in, at haphazard, a lot of extra material, which does not belong to them. The effect of adding encores to a program is exactly the same as that which would result at a dinner if, after the guests were seated at table, they should force their host to add to his regular menu, a plum pudding after the soup, oatmeal after salad, fish after the ice cream, etc., and only produces a musical indigestion as unsatisfactory as that which would follow eating the foregoing hodge-podge of food."

CARLYLE READS JOB ALOUD.

Apropos of the interest in Job, caused by Miss Ida Benfey's public reading of it, is this from the January *Century* on Thomas Carlyle.

"The host, Provost Swan, an old pupil of Carlyle when he was schoolmastering in Kirkcaldy, was proud of his distinguished visitors, and made them feel at home in his mansion. Untainted and untried in his faith,

he kept up, bachelor though he was, the nightly practice of family worship, or 'the readin', as it was then best known in the vernacular of the people. Oftener than once he had asked his illustrious guest to conduct the ceremony. Carlyle was always in need of a smoke at such times, and so generally withdrew to his own room. One evening, however, when the conversation was quiet and genial, and one or two other friends were present, the Provost once more pleaded with Carlyle to lead the service. He would rather be excused, but the kindly pressure and earnestness of his host made him volunteer to read a chapter to the company. The big Bible was soon on the table before him. He opened it and turned to the Book of Job. Carlyle was always an excellent reader, and his firm and sonorous voice soon filled the room. All present were deeply interested, and the Provost was charmed at the idea of such a great man conducting family worship in his house, so he quietly touched the bell calling the servants to evening prayers. Soon they appeared in the doorway with their Bibles in their hands. Carlyle looked up and stared as if he had seen an apparition, and gave a strangely scowling murmur, fancying, perhaps, that he had been inveigled into a position he hated.

"Again, however, he resumed reading with greater apparent willingness than ever; he was warming with his subject. Verse after verse he continued to roll off. The company were puzzled, not apprehending whether the reader was treating them to a travesty or had become so absorbed in the subject-matter before him that he could not stop. Still he went on reading. Chapter III., in which Job curses the day of his birth, was reached. Carlyle's voice became stronger, more effective, terrible; and more than one of the company began to wonder if this were not the veritable Job himself come to earth again. The awe-inspiring voice rolled on, and in tones, too, that will live in at least one memory while it lasts. Rapt attention was still given to the reader, who was now in Chapter VI.

"Job is still crying aloud in his despair, and in the sixth verse he asks, 'Is there any taste in the white of an egg?'

"'God bless me!' exclaimed Carlyle, 'I did not know that was here?'

"The spell was broken. In a moment he closed the Bible with both hands and an emphatic smack, then rose and retired to his own room."

THE ACTOR IN SOCIETY.

There was a time when an article on "The Actor in Society," which is here reproduced from the February *Cosmopolitan* would have been of the same length and comprehensiveness as the celebrated chapter on "Snakes in Iceland." The author is truly distressed over the prospect—the ruin of good players by their going so much in good company, as is now the fashion. We

do not worry in the least. It may really be a good thing and may even teach actors what to do when they are cast for the parts of ladies and gentlemen.

"Players like other human beings who have entered the state of civilization, usually have what are called 'social aspirations,' and society people, like their fellow-citizens in other social strata, have a wistful, half-venturesome interest in that partly real and partly fictitious place known as Bohemia, in which the inhabitants are in large part actors. The tendency of stage-favorites to figure in the same drawing-rooms with the most accomplished snobs is rapidly becoming marked in New York, a tendency in which that city is but following a line already clearly defined in London. There is, however, a decided difference between these two great centres. London has two kinds of 'good society.' One has its tone set by high rank and is very exclusive of everything else except great wealth. The other includes some of the nobility and some rich individuals, but is largely composed of persons with no other credentials than good manners and social or intellectual graces and accomplishments. In New York there are corresponding elements, of course, but the classification is more confused. Corresponding to the society of the nobility in London, we have those of the Four Hundred who not only have great wealth, but spend it with vast assiduity for the purpose of surpassing one another in that showy form of entertainment which gives leadership in their world.

"As a counterpart of the other organized element in London society, we have only scattered fragments. There are many attractive small groups, but they have little connection one with another. One rather brilliant artist is known as the leader of a group that is at once smart and clever. Two women run successfully an apartment in which the tone of fashion coexists with an interest in ideas. In many a studio and many a home, gatherings are held in which the mind, taste and stomach are satisfied in unison. But these fragments are not welded into one greater whole, where all the parts touch from time to time, as is the case with the Four Hundred here, and is more the case with two parts of London society already mentioned. Dozens of women in New York, of various positions socially and intellectually, wish to establish 'salons,' where the scattered lions of all species shall be gathered together; but thus far there has appeared nothing in the way of counterpart to many houses in Paris or even in London.

"Now this fact is what makes social life in New York, as a rule, a bad thing for any actors who get much into the more conspicuous part of it. The most popular society actor in the country chooses plays and a style of acting to suit frivolous people, when he might take a far higher position as an artist. To get where inspiration is suppressed and meaningless show encouraged, could hardly help anybody to artistic passion and instinct.

"It is often amusing to see the fate of the players who seek the proud distinction of being seen among the smart. The manager has this matter, like so many others, largely in his own hands. At least, he has a veto. The actress with tact he allows to make a social success, while her equally ambitious but tactless sister is permitted to shine only behind the footlights."

GIRLS STILL RESEMBLE THE VENUS DE MILO.

It has pretty well come to the pass now that a man has to think twice before he answers the question: "Which is the superior sex?" If physical culture among girls goes on and city men keep on living indoors, it is easy to see which will be the superior sex in a generation or two. According to an article recently published in the Baltimore *Sun*, based upon data obtained from Lieutenant Miller, of the United States recruiting office in Baltimore, men from the cities are smaller, lighter, and shorter than the men of a few generations ago. One reason given for the decrease is said to be the sedentary life led, as a rule, by city men. When the examining physician of a college for women in the vicinity of Baltimore was asked whether her experience had shown that American girls were holding their own so far as stature and general physique were concerned, she said that the American girl had not degenerated, no matter what her brother had done.

"People talk," she said, "about the superb figures of the Greek women and look long at the statues of the Venus de Milo, at the same time casting reflections upon the 'degenerated girl' of the 19th century. If this girl had the chance, you would find her to have pretty much the same figure, the same height and shape as the statue girl. Of course, the average girl would not be as perfect nor as beautiful, but in the general lines of the figure, and in particular in height, she is the same. The following measurements were taken last year and represent the average measurements of 100 college girls between the ages of seventeen and twenty years: Height, 5 feet 2½ inches; weight, 116 pounds; chest, 27.7 inches; chest, full, 30.4 inches; waist, 23.8 inches.

"These are girls who have about attained their height, but have hardly yet become fully developed. The ideal height is said by artists to be 5 feet 3 inches. The Venus de Medici is 5 feet 3 inches high, the chest measures 33.6 inches, and the waist 27.3 inches; but the statistics and observations of physicians show that the average height of a woman for many years back has been a trifle below that."

The average measurements of 1500 girls at Wellesley College show that for a girl five feet tall the chest-girth is 26.9 inches,

and waist-measure 22.7 inches. For one 5 feet 1 inch, chest-girth is 27.3 inches, waist 23.3 inches. For one 5 feet 2 inches, chest-girth is 27.9 inches, waist 23.8 inches, and for one 5 feet 3 inches, the ideal height, chest girth is 31.4 inches, waist-measure 24.6 inches. The measurements of forty of the girls, when they entered college, were compared with the measurements taken six months later, after the girls had had regular training in the gymnasium for six months. Only one had lost in chest-girth; two had gained one-half inch, and the rest had gained from two-thirds to three inches.

WHY DO MEN GO TO THE OPERA.

"That a large majority of the people who attend and thereby support the performance of grand opera have no comprehension of or liking for any except the simplest music is a fact so well known," says a writer in the *New York Times*—it reads like W. J. Henderson—"that it has frequently supplied critics with a topic for derisive discussion, and not a few philosophers, some professional and others merely amateur, have deemed the phenomenon worthy of thoughtful consideration. Among those who have attacked the mystery is a smart newspaper person in the Middle West, and the product of his reflections is: 'Women go to the opera to see what the prima donna has on, while men go to see what the ballet girls have off'

"This, though interesting in its way, and even amusing, can hardly be described as a satisfactory and conclusive elucidation of the enigma. In the first place, the smart newspaper person does not say what he means in the second half of his epigram—he says, to be exact, just the opposite of what he means. His mistake is a fortunate one, from some points of view, but it proves the author's inability to write the English language and his consequent incompetency to instruct his fellow-men on any subject whatever. Then his especial ignorance of modern grand opera is made ludicrously manifest by the importance that he ascribes to the ballet. That feature of operatic performance may once have been effective in attracting masculine patronage, but the nymphs whose charms intoxicated our grandfathers are now a bit more mature than they used to be, and now neither managers nor spectators, as a general rule, pay to the members of the once enchanting sisterhood any other tribute than that of respectful inattention. No, the Westerner is altogether wrong. He should first learn how to express his ideas in words and then he should study the opera once or twice as it is to be found, not in old books, but on the stage. Thereupon, probably he will be moved to assert that most women go to the opera to see what is worn by other women who go there, and that the motive of most men for going is beyond unassisted human interpretation."

THE WORK OF W. S. GILBERT.

The work of that extremely clever man, W. S. Gilbert, is reviewed in the *New York Book Buyer* for January. It is in part:

"If the Victorian drama is to be remembered by posterity, which is doubtful, its most striking product will be found in the work of W. S. Gilbert as a comic-opera librettist. He has actually created a literary libretto; for, whereas his predecessors in the same perilous path were either anonymous or witless hacks, he has lifted the art to such a point that he is recognized equally with his collaborator, the composer of the music. He will be remembered, not because he is Victorian, save in point of time; not because he is English, save by the accident of speech; not because he has founded a school; but because he is utterly unlike anybody else; because he created and cultivated a convention too individualistic to be developed by disciples, and so excellently practiced by himself that improvement becomes mere slavish imitation. This is so true that even we who have seen the rise of his fame are at the point where the imitators have come to grief and where the original himself, having seemingly worked out his lode, never too rich in possibilities, has reached the phase of repetition. Thus, we are able to look at his work from a point that gives perspective, judging it almost with the eyes of posterity itself.

"William Schwenk Gilbert was born in London on Nov. 13, 1836, within a stone's throw of the Savoy Theatre, which his genius helped to raise. He was called to the bar in 1864, after having spent five years in the Privy Council office. This fact it is well to remember, for Mr. Gilbert approached the theatre from the outside, through the medium of literature, which he had inherited, and of law, which he had adopted. This has been at once his strong and his weak point, for while it was better to come to the stage through literature and the law, instead of through the theatre itself, as Mr. Pinero has had to do, it would have been better still if he had approached it from the broadways of life itself. Mr. Gilbert made his first appearance as a dramatist with 'Dulcamara,' a burlesque produced at St. James's Theatre in January, 1866. By the end of the same year he had produced two farces at different theatres—a very good start indeed. His entire dramatic output now stands at the high figure of sixty-two different pieces, every year since 1866 (except 1886) having seen one or more plays from his pen. He capped the record in 1875, when he actually produced six plays—four comedies, a comic opera and a farce.

"From many points of view 'Pygmalion and Galatea' remains Mr. Gilbert's best work—the operas apart; it is certainly the most popular. This is all the more remarkable from the fact that it was written against time. Judged in the light of pure literature, it is not perhaps a masterpiece; but it stands the ordeal of reading in book form, and of how many modern plays

that have payed at the theatre can that be said? Think how differently most of his contemporary rivals would have manipulated the story, casting into the medium of French farce and italicizing for all it was worth the idea of the woman come to life in the married man's rooms. Save in the scenes of the low comedian, which border on burlesque, there is little that is sexual in the treatment of the theme. As a matter of fact, the sex issue has never interested Mr. Gilbert. The most characteristic tendency in the play is the new view of the old world, which the *tabula rasa* of Galatea's mind gave him the chance of developing. Mr. Gilbert's fantasy has ever been based on fact; his fairies have always had a touch of the human about them; and, thus, Galatea, the statue, started her waking life equipped with the power of speech *instantly* and ready to moralize on the phenomena among which she awoke. The whole effect of the play was so novel that success marked its advent, and has followed it ever since.

"But Mr. Gilbert did not advance on this conception, for on the emotional side his women all have remained Galateas. I have said that the sex question does not appeal to him. I might even go so far as to maintain that it repels him. Thus, the affections on which the ordinary sentimental comedy, notably of the Robertson school, is based, are treated by him as if they were intellectual incidents, and not emotional essentials with far-reaching consequences. They are viewed only as a point (well left behind) in the evolution of youth toward the work-a-day reality of mature manhood, never to be taken too seriously, and scarce to be regretted if they come to naught. The Fairy Queen in 'Iolanthe' sums up Mr. Gilbert's creed once and for all in the song in which she declares:

'On fire that glows with heat intense
I turn the hose of common sense,
And out it goes at small expense.'

That is precisely what Mr. Gilbert has done in his comedies; and the result has been chilling. He has paid the tribute of the apparent cynic in a seeming cruelty, which makes you shiver at the story of 'Sweethearts' and 'Engaged.' This, I venture to think, is the reason why his plays have not shared the popularity of the operas. True, the issue is obscured by the intervening medium of the musician, which, in the librettist's own figure, 'gilds the philosophic pill,' otherwise hard to swallow. Besides which, they are admittedly whimsical and unreal.

"The music apart, however, there are other causes for the immense vogue that the operas have enjoyed over all the English-speaking world, and even on the Continent of Europe. First, I should place Mr. Gilbert's unequaled skill as a rhymer. Secondly, they have been acted and sung by the best players in the best possible way—the author's own interpretation, rigorously enforced, and never deviated from even by a hair's breadth. Thirdly, they have ap-

pealed to the vast middle class of England, for, by excluding the essential indelicacy of French opera-bouffe—typified by the senseless convention of making 'leggy' ladies masquerade as men—they have attracted a larger audience than that commanded by any other single dramatist of our time. Thus, I think, Mr. Gilbert's future fame will rest on the twelve operas written by him in conjunction with Sir Arthur Sullivan, and produced at the Opera Comique and Savoy Theatres under the management of R. D'Oyly Carte. The twelve are: 'The Sorcerer' (1877), 'H. M. S. Pinafore' (1878), 'The Pirates of Penzance' (1880), 'Patience' (1881), 'Iolanthe' (1882), 'Princess Ida' (1884), 'The Mikado' (1885), 'Ruddygore' (1887), 'The Yeoman of the Guard' (1887), 'The Gondoliers' (1889), 'Utopia Limited' (1893), 'The Grand Duke' (1896).

"When he came to write for music, he had to elaborate his metres; but even when he juggled with the most intricate jingles, his ear seldom played him false. He reveled in a difficult rhyme; in making 'Boucicault' go with musico.' or 'Peveril' with 'Sach-everell.' Or take the 'Patience' series :

' A steady and stolid-y, jolly Bank Holiday. . .
A greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Gallery. . .
Francesca di Rimini, niminy, piminy. . .'

"This skill, however, would not have carried him very far, though it placed him far ahead of the hacks. What he really did was to invent a new convention of humor. Think of the comic opera stage of the sixties and the early seventies, with its Offenbach, Lecocq, and Planquette, sparkling enough in themselves, but beating time to such stereotyped stories! Mr. Gilbert took another path. He created not so much a new world, as the old world regarded by new eyes. In short, he created the philosophy of topsy-turverydom.

"His real humor, then, will be found to consist in manipulating common sense and commonplace through the medium of fancy; or, precisely the reverse process. 'The Mikado' is a sample of the first method; 'Iolanthe' illustrates the other. Again, to take individual samples of this humor, we see the commonplace touched fancifully in the policeman's song:

' When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling,
When the cut-throat jan' occupied in crime,
He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling
And listen to the merry village chime.
When a felon's not engaged in his employment
Or maturing his felonious little plans,
His capacity for innocent enjoyment
Is just as great as any honest man's.'

The reverse process of turning fancy into common sense is the old business of burlesque; and it shows the harder side of Mr. Gilbert's nature. What could be more disconcerting than the song of the 'Coming by-and-by?'

' Silvered is the raven hair,
Spreading is the parting straight,
Mottled the complexion fair,
Halting is the youthful gait.'

The fact that sentimental words were written for this song when it was published

separately for drawing-room purpose is its own comment.

"A great deal of Mr. Gilbert's wit is purely verbal, having the appearance, without the reality, of wit. It is the wit of the logical fallacy, of the dilemma. For instance, Koko in 'The Mikado' justifies a lie by declaring: 'When your Majesty says 'Let a thing be done,' it's as good as done—practically it is done—because your Majesty's will is law.'

"In the deadlock that has ensued on the dying moments of musical comedy the panic-stricken managers have plunged into an Offenbach revival, which has only spelled disaster, for the simple reason that every generation must have its own amusements, written for itself and by itself. There is a fortune waiting for the young man who comes forward with a new convention."

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL CHOIR.

One reads much about the English choirs and how beautifully they sing, but of exact information there is a plentiful lack. A writer in the New York *Churchman* for Jan. 28, gives some facts concerning the choir at King's College Chapel, Cambridge, Eng., which are worth attention. To condense a little, King's College was founded by Henry VI. in 1441, and the chapel is by general consent one of the finest buildings in England. Its windows are so important a feature architecturally that the twelve on each side of the fabric, 289 feet in length, occupy all the wall-space except what is structurally necessary to hold up the roof. All but the west-end window are early 16th century work and were spared during the civil war of 1666, though the Earl of Somerset's men were quartered in the Chapel. The organ had to be taken down, though, for the Puritans had a deep dislike to such vanities.

"The choir of King's College consists of sixteen boys on the foundation, four choral scholars, four lay clerks, and, at present, two undergraduate volunteers. These last are admitted only when fully up to the vocal requirements of the choir. The boys receive board and lodging, with a first-class education, free. There are no regular probationers, which is usually a great disadvantage; but as admission is only possible through a competitive examination, young, untrained voices find no place in their ranks. The choral scholarships are worth £90 per annum, with certain perquisites, which raise the actual value to £110. The lay clerks receive £100 per annum. This remuneration is liberal, even by comparison with the best cathedrals, since there is only one daily service, and about eleven weeks' vacation, the full daily 'choral service being continued through most, but not all, of the university vacations. The King's College present force consists of four tenors, four basses, and two altos, This is the usual

state of things with the last-named unfortunate voice, only in the present instance the discrepancy is much less noticeable than usual. The tenors are not particularly good. The solos are sung in excellent style, but there is no specially fine voice among them. The basses are better, one of the soloists having both fine tone and considerable power. The highest honors rest with the altos, a most unusual event.

"The choir is first heard in the General Confession and the initial notes seem to herald a very beautiful and refined service. The tone may be described as of delicious softness. At the last sentence the monotone breaks into harmony; the Lord's Prayer, recited with a marked access of power, ends in the same way. It may be noted that at this chapel the organ is *never* used where its use is purely optional. There are plenty of organists to be found who use too much organ, but where is the man who gives the congregation too little?"

"Coming to the Psalms—the crucial test of the perfect choir—the rendering is so fine that it might be deemed worthy of a special article. We scarcely lay claim to have heard every service in England where exceptionally good music is the rule, yet out of the many that we have heard, King's College certainly holds the premier position, nor is it easy to conceive of a higher standard. The unaccompanied singing of the Psalms for the twenty seventh evening was remarkable as regards the effect. The expression was so wonderfully fine as to seem unaccountable on the score of ordinary marking. It was more as if a solo singer of the highest rank threw the results of years of experience into the meaning of each single voice. A sympathetic organist can largely influence the expression of a choir, and even of a congregation, but in this case the voices had it all to themselves. Each day, however, only served to strengthen the writer's opinion that the Psalms, as sung at King's College Chapel, are hardly susceptible of improvement. One small yet very pleasing effect is a *rallentando* at the end of every Psalm. At the words, "Out of the deep," Psalm CXXX., the pianissimo seemed to give an indescribable effect of distance. The extent to which Dr. Mann may be said to 'look out' for effects is to be judged from the following: Psalm CXLII. was sung to a chant in F minor. At the end of verse 9, 'Bring my soul,' etc., the last bars were altered, so that the chant ended on the chord of C major. Then the 'Gloria Patri' was taken up in the key of F major. This may appear a simple matter, still the unexpected change was delightful.

"If the palm is assigned to the King's College boys, it is because circumstances appear to leave no option. This does not mean that they are the best whatever might be the task assigned; the esteemed organist of St. Paul's cathedral is, without doubt, one of the finest boy-trainers in England. The St. Paul's boys can sing Handel's grand air, 'Let the bright seraphim,' in unison; they can end Schubert's 'Song of Miriam,' on C in alt., a really marvelous feat. It is possi-

ble that the King's boys could accomplish neither of the twain; it is quite certain that they could not perform the latter. The King's boys excel in their perfect production, the purity and beauty of their voices, and their wonderful expression.

"They produce their voices under all conditions with no more apparent effort than if they were speaking. This striking ease is likely at first to give an impression of want of energy, but the error is soon apparent. As soon as there is a demand for power, the voices ring out with telling effect, but with the same absence of effort. The choir should be heard once at the farther end of the building, or some way down in that direction. The sixteen voices seem to fill the huge fane, while the tone suggests a choir of young angels.

"It is rather amusing that when a writer wishes to depreciate the boys' singing, compared with the female voice, it is always considered a sure card to play to say that the boy can not sing with expression. Not only do well-taught boys sing with expression, but the expression of a *good* boy has usually a peculiar beauty of its own, while it may be doubted whether any female choir could surpass, even if it could equal, the King's College boys."

THE BODY'S SOCKET JOINTS.

"The perfect control of the socket joints of the body by the muscles," says a writer in the *New York Herald*, "throwing the weight of the body lightly upon them, is the secret of graceful walking, sitting or standing. Some people think that they are standing up straight if they can stand up against a wall so that their heads, shoulders, hips, and heels touch the wall. This is a great mistake, especially if they are fleshy people. That perpendicular line must pass through these three ball and socket joints. One need not worry about the line, however, if the body is perfectly poised; it will simply arrange itself.

"The entire body should be poised on the ball of the foot in walking. The heel should not touch the ground first. If it does, the entire weight of the body falls upon the bony frame-work and jars the backbone clear up into the brain. We feel it on the top of the head. The bones were never made to carry the body along; the muscles must keep it in perfect control, perfectly alive in every fibre. Take the weight from the bones; carry it with the muscles.

"In sitting, one must remember that the hips were made for that purpose, not the end of the spine. The ball and socket joints in the hips carry the body perfectly. Perhaps one does not realize that this is a ball and socket joint, not simply a hinge joint. Just try it, bending the body so that the head describes a circle in the air, also using this joint when wishing to move the body instead of from the waist. Corpulent women have great difficulty with their corsets on this account. They are constantly breaking the steels by bending over from the waist. They even torture themselves with

corsets made of all steels. There is no need of this. The softer whalebones is all that is necessary. The hip-joint is made for the purpose of allowing the entire upper part of the body to bend in any direction. Then why try to make a joint where there is none?

"Then there is the ball and socket joint in the neck, by which the head may describe the same circle. If this joint is allowed to carry the head, perfectly controlled by the muscles of the neck, the utmost grace will be the result.

"The head being thus perfectly poised at the neck, the upper body at the hips and the rest of the body at the ball of the foot, the weight of the body is naturally distributed. If, then, the whole body is upheld by the muscles, instead of hanging like a dead weight on the skeleton, there is no pressure anywhere. Therefore, there can be no disease, for undue and unnatural pressure on any vital organ, nerve-centre, or blood-vessel is what makes disease.

"For instance, if instead of sitting on the hip-joint, which is made to sit upon, we slide forward in the chair, resting the end of the spine on the seat and the middle of the spine against the back, it is impossible to hold up the head. It droops forward on to the chest, the vital organs are crowded, the neck is out of position, forcing an undue pressure on the blood-vessels of the neck, as well as of the chest; the nerve-centres all are crowded against other parts of the body, everything is displaced, and inflammation sets in. When standing in this position, it is necessary to protrude the abdomen in order to keep the body balanced. The shape of the body is as bad as possible, and the position ungraceful, while the constant wear and tear resulting from the displacement of the vital organs and the pressure upon the blood-vessels and nerves that lead to and from them, as well as to the surrounding parts of the body, is more than they can stand. It takes a patent medicine almanac to describe all the resultant aches and pains. But as soon as we straighten up, learn to use all parts of the body that have been provided for our health and happiness, we find that the weight is taken from our backs, from our kidneys and from our hearts."

HOW TO TRAIN A CHOIR.

The *Musical Visitor*, in a recent number, gives these practical suggestions as to training a choir:

"In order that the choir may be an example and an inspiration in leading the audience, and may be effective in singing alone, its members must know how to use the voice, how to speak the words and how to express the meaning of what is sung.

"The first training in the use of the voice should be aimed at obtaining a correct position of the body, both in sitting and in standing. A position of active strength must always be taken for singing or for speaking, with the chest held up and the

back straight. The singer must stand or sit 'tall.' A capital exercise is, after taking a good position, to raise the crown of the head as high as possible. This will make the body active, and insure a carrying tone.

"Next, the breathing must be attended to. Long, steady breaths, controlled by the diaphragm and the muscles of the sides, will produce steady, clear tones. Most singers, whether trained or untrained, use more breath than is necessary, and so crowd the vocal cords and cloud the tone. The breath is merely to keep the vocal cords in vibration, and it is not necessary that a particle of breath pass the lips to bear the tone away. Whistling, by drawing in the breath, can be heard as distinctly as that produced by blowing out the breath. Save your breath. Sing with a half-breath, and never use up even that.

"The best training for proper control of the vocal cords is to cultivate the habit of listening critically to one's own voice. Think a tone, using *o* for the vowel, and the pitch of *F* in the middle range of the voice. Then sing it. Stop and think whether it sounded just as you wanted it to, in pitch and quality. If not, think it again, sing it again, and stop again. Continue the process until you are sure that you have done your best. Then try a higher pitch, than another, then a lower pitch. Then try a phrase of several tones, like *do, re, mi, re, do*, using the same vowel *o*, and connecting the several tones perfectly, yet sounding each successive pitch distinctly. At last try the scale up and down, beginning on an easy pitch, striving to let the upper tones be as sweet and natural and easy as the lower tones.

"Then try the vowel *ah*. Then combine *o-ah-o-ah* again and again. Then try *aw*, then *oo*, and *ee*, and short *i*, varying the combinations. The singer will find that practice on such contrasted vowel-tones as *ah* and *ee* in rapid succession will be especially helpful. Always think before singing and after singing each little exercise.

"Then work on the diphthongal sounds; for example, *eh-ee* making long *a*, and *ah-ee*, making long *i*. Always prolong the broader vowel-sound and cut short the narrower one. Thus the word 'rise' should be sung as *rah-ee-se*, and not *rahee-se*, as it is so frequently done. The broad vowels are more beautiful and sonorous than the narrow ones.

"Next, each consonant must receive proper treatment. The semivowels and the consonants must be tuned to the proper pitch. *B* can be tuned just as surely as any vowel, yet how generally are the consonants, like *b, d, and g*, and even the semivowels, *l, m, n, and r*, pitched several tones below the vowel's pitch! Experiment with this line, 'Believe in me, and do good,' chanting the words very slowly on a single tone. Every consonant in this sentence should be sounded distinctly on the pitch. The surds are to be clearly enunciated, but not prolonged, because they are noises and not tones.

"Exercises for producing resonance in the chambers of the head are important. The

head should resound like the sounding board of a piano with each tone; then the effort required to make the voice heard is greatly lessened. Words ending in *ng* and *nd* are especially good for cultivating resonance. A nasal quality of tone should be guarded against. Furthermore, the mouth must be opened if the singer expects to make himself heard. A good rule is that on no vowel-sound should the teeth be held so near as to prevent the passing of a finger easily between the upper and the lower teeth. The lips must be even farther apart than the teeth.

"Finally, the singer must constantly strive to throw the tone forward and out, away from himself. He should sing to the most distant person in the room. This does not mean that he must sing loudly. Even the softest tone should be distinctly heard by everyone in the room. If posture, breath, resonance, enunciation, and the position of the tone are right, it will be so heard. In addition to the practice outlined above, phrases, lines, and stanzas must be carefully studied. The ideal to be aimed at is that every word be understood without effort on the part of the listener, and yet the tone be round, sweet, and even in quality."

VOICE AND SPEECH.

"It has been said that training for public speaking is unnecessary," says a writer in a recent number of *Chambers's Journal*, "all that the preacher, for example, has to do is to be natural. Natural, to be sure. But to be natural in a position so unnatural, so artificial in fact, as addressing a public meeting needs the training of art, for all art is nature trained according to requirement.

"The instrument of the speaker's art is the voice. But the voice is the organ of speech in a sense different from that in which the eye is the organ of sight, the ear the organ of hearing. Seeing is the primary and sole function of the eye, hearing of the ear. But the voice is produced by organs that own a function prior to speaking. The lungs, the windpipe, the throat, the mouth, the nose, have functions to discharge essential to life—breathing and feeding—before and over and above speaking. The voice is an extra use to which they are put—a use found out by man, subject to his will, and, therefore, liable to abuse. The eye and the ear are not subject to the control of our wills in the discharge of their functions. Training of the ear and the eye is not manipulation of those organs. Their machinery is too delicate for us to meddle with. The training so-called is rather a bringing of the mind to perceive what the ear and the eye are offering to our attention. But the voice, a secondary product of its organs, can be manipulated by us, can be deepened, strengthened, mellowed, sweetened; and it lends itself readily to such ameliorations.

"We might suppose that among the educated classes at least there would be an eager emulation in making the best of the voice. It is not so. A bad voice is the rule.

A good voice is commonly considered, like personal beauty, to be a rare and exceptional gift of Providence. Yet the character of the voice is a survival formed or malformed by our own care or negligence.

"Cicero, in his 'De Oratore,' makes Antonius mention incidentally the lengthened, severe and constant training of the voice undergone by the Greek tragedians, who, he says, as a preliminary training, 'declaim in a sitting posture for several years' and after they have entered the profession, 'every day in a reclining position exercise the voice by raising it tone by tone to the highest pitch; and then, in a sitting position, let it sink from the highest tone to the lowest.'

"We think a claim could be made for the education of the voice—a claim social, æsthetical, ecclesiastical, political, not to say commercial—the urgency of which would render the maintenance of it a duty to society easily acknowledged. The elocution of many school-children is often very defective. A recent circular from the Education Department demands that the children in elementary schools shall be taught to read 'with intelligence and expression.' Even the amateur elocutionist may have a mission in elevating the taste of a section of the public, although his own training is sometimes carried on at the expense of his audience. Than the work of the finished elocutionist declaiming passages from good authors with force, tenderness, and true dramatic instinct there are few greater or more profitable public entertainments. Shades of meaning are brought out and duly accentuated that were missed in private reading.

"Scientific knowledge of the physiology and the anatomy of the voice has not been found to be of avail in the practical art of training the voice. A champion runner does not reach his athletic eminence by knowledge of the anatomy of his limbs.

"We live by breathing and we must breathe wisely to speak well. Speaking is a use of the lungs that human beings have found out. The breathing to live is of the same nature as the function of the eye or the ear. The breathing to speak has to be learned if speaking is to be done well. To manage the breath properly is the first requirement of the art of speaking. The full explanation of breathing must be left to the instructor. Suffice it to say that deep breathing is the only possible breathing for true use of the voice. Sound must come without breath. Breath with the sound exhausts itself too soon and makes the sound harsh.

"We have no voluntary control over the windpipe. The best we can do for them to keep them in good vocal condition is to observe assiduously the habit of nostril breathing when not speaking.

"The larynx, called by Behnke 'the voice-box,' and especially the organ of voice, is peculiarly under the control of the will. Voice produced in the larynx and manipulated by the mouth and the nose reaches our ears as song or speech. Speech

makes free use of consonantal, aspirate and guttural sounds, which song will not tolerate. It does not require so free and open a passage for the breath as song; it is not confined to the notes of the scale. There is a steadying of the vocal organs before we begin to sing that is not required for speech, and this explains why a stammerer can sing.

"The larynx has been compared to a wind, a reed and a stringed instrument. The comparison to a violin gave rise to the not very accurate phrase 'vocal cords,' as the name of the two cushions that are its most prominent feature. But no string so short as those 'vocal cords' could produce a musical note. There is no instrument but the larynx that produces both song and speech."

After discussing the vexed question of registers and disposing of the saying of Mr. Sandlands that "there is but one organ of voice and that is not in the head or the chest but in the throat," by declaring that the sensation in the head or the chest is there and that is all the speaker has to go by, the writer says that in speaking there are four voices: Upper and lower head-voice and upper and lower chest-voice. True elocutionary technique is to have all four voices in perfect command, so that the larynx may be as flexible as the tongue of a rapid speaker.

MUSIC IN PORTO RICO.

"Like all other Spanish-speaking peoples," says a correspondent of the *Kansas City Star*, "the Porto Ricans are fond of music. Every cafe has its orchestra, for a cafe could hardly do business without one. Every main street during the latter part of the day has its little itinerant band of guitar and violin players, and the warm nights are made pleasant to the strollers along the streets, by the sound of stringed instruments, which floats from behind the latticed, vine-clad screen of private residences.

"Nearly all of the airs are pitched in a minor key, which, even when intended to be joyous, contains a plaint to the Anglo-Saxon fond of Sousa's robust music. To one who has traveled in Spanish lands the music of Porto Rico at first seems very familiar, but the ear is not long in discovering something novel in the accompaniment to the melody.

"It sounds at first like the rhythmical shuffle of feet upon sanded floor, and one might suppose some expert clog-dancer was nimbly stepping to the music made by the violins and the guitars. The motion is almost too quick, too complicated, for this, however, and it is the deftness of fingers, and not of feet, which produces it.

"It comes from the only musical instrument native to the West Indies, the 'guira,' which word is pronounced 'huir-r-a,' with a soft roll and twist to the tongue only possible to the native. The 'guira' is a gourd

varying in size in different instruments. On the inverse curve of the gourd are cut slits like those in the top of a violin. On the other side of the gourd opposite the holes is a series of deep scratches. The player balances the gourd in his left hand, holding it lightly that none of the resonance may be lost.

"With the right hand he rapidly rubs this roughened side of the gourd with a two-tined steel fork. In the hands of a novice this produces nothing but a harsh, disagreeable noise. In the hands of a native 'guira' player a wonderful rhythmic sound comes from this dried vegetable shell—a sound which, in its place in the orchestra, becomes music, and most certainly gives splendid time and considerable volume to the performance,

"The player's hand moves with lightning rapidity. The steel fork at times makes long sweeps the whole length of the gourd, and then again vibrates with incredible swiftness over but an inch or two of its surface. There seems to be a perfect method in its playing, though no musical record is before the player, and it seems to be a matter purely of his fancy and his ear as to how his part shall harmonize with the melody of the stringed instruments.

"The guira is found in all the West Indies, but seems especially popular in Porto Rico. The players generally make their own instruments and apparently become attached to them, for, as poor as these strolling players are, they will hardly part with their guiras, even when offered ten times their real value. They are distinctly a Porto Rican curie, and, strange as it may seem, Porto Rico is probably more destitute of tourists' 'loot' than any foreign country known to the traveling American. The tourist who can secure a guira may congratulate himself, for it will be hard to get, and is the very thing which can be carried away from the island as a souvenir which is distinctively native and peculiar."

BRIEF MENTION.

"Mendelssohn, Moscheles, and Chopin in Scotland." J. Cuthbert Hadden. *London Scottish Review* for January.

"La Musique Symphonique et le Peuple." Ernest Van de Velde. *Paris Journal Musical* for Jan. 14.

"The Three Elements of Music." Vio K. Sakai. *Chicago Music* for February.

"Of Birds' Songs." C. Trollope. *London Gentleman's Magazine* for February.

"The Intellectual Side of Music." W. Francis Gates. *Chicago Music* for February.

"Musical Conditions in Russia." Eugene E. Simpson. *Chicago Music* for February.

"The Royal Choral Society." S. H. Hamer. *London Cassell's Magazine* for February.

"The Relation of Dramatic Schools to Art." *New York Dramatic Studies* for February.

"Some Ancient and Modern Dances." Jaroslaw de Zielinsky. *Philadelphia Musician* for February.

"The Symphony since Beethoven." Felix Weingartner. *London Contemporary Review* for February.

"The Author of 'The Three Musketeers.'" Arthur F. Davidson. *London Macmillan's Magazine* for February.

"Vegetarianism as a Dietary for Physical Training." Karl Mann. *London Vegetarian Messenger* for February.

"Fidelio." Paul Dukas. *Paris Gazette des*

Beaux Arts for February. History and analysis of that opera.

"Fay Mills in the Forum." Dora M. Morrill. Boston *Arena* for February. Account of the open platform conducted by him in Boston.

"A New Approach to the Origin of Language." J. Donovan. London *Westminster Review* for February. (1) Evidences of a felt want of impressions of sound in the remote past history of our race. (2) Impression of the vocal organs into the service of supplying the felt want of impressions of sound. (3) Dramatic origin of significance.

"Divagations Musicales." E. de la Queyssie. Paris *Journal Musical* for Feb. 11.

"Character and Muscle." Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst. Boston *Congregationalist* for Feb. 16.

"Helen Keller at the Boston Art-Museum." Annie B. Parker. Boston *Congregationalist* for Feb. 16.

"A Case of Intrinsic Cancer of the Larynx." J. W. Leech. London *Lancet* for Feb. 18.

"The Lost Art of Listening." London *Queen* for Feb. 25.

"Lenten Musicales." New York *Harper's Bazar* for Feb. 25.

"L'Art Dramatique et les Comediens Italiens." Giuseppe Giacomini. Paris *Revue Bleue* for Feb. 25.

"L'Education Musicale du Peuple." Ernest Van de Velde. Paris *Journal Musical* for Feb. 25.

"An American Queen of Grand Opera." Mabel Wagnalls. New York *New Voice* for Feb. 25. Interview with Emma Bames.

"A New Italian Composer." London *Speaker* for Feb. 25. Father Perosi, who proposes to set forth the life of Christ in twelve oratorios.

"The Encore." London *Academy* for Feb. 25. A sermon preached in lighter vein. How bored listeners protract their own misery by demanding encores.

"Mme. Albani." London *Musical Times* for March.

"The Training of the Ear." Philadelphia *Etude* for March.

"The Home of Cornielle." New York *Parisian* for March.

"My First Play." Ernest Legouvé. New York *Parisian* for March.

"Humming." Frank H. Tubbs. Philadelphia *Musician* for March.

"The Story of Joseph Handel." New York *Popular Educator* for March.

"The General Ideas of Deaf-Mutes." T. Ribot. Chicago *Open Court* for March.

"An Actress's Treasures." Alys Hallard. London *Cornhill Magazine* for March.

"Cyrano de Bergerac, the Man." G. P. Mancini. Meadville *Chautauquan* for March.

"The Real D'Artagnan." Ralph Neville. London *Gentleman's Magazine* for March.

"A Pessimism and Tragedy." William Archer. London *Fortnightly Review* for March.

"Singing as a Profession." Florence I. Hatch. New York *American Queen* for March.

"The Business of the Theatre." W. J. Henderson. New York *Scribner's* for March.

"Maeterlinck as a Prophet of Joy." Richard Hovey. New York *Bookman* for March.

"A Theory of Dramatic Criticism." Norman Hapgood. New York *Forum* for March.

"Do Foreigners Need a Text-book Testament?" R. W. Mason. Boston *Education* for March.

"Wagner and Schopenhauer." William Ashton Ellis. London *Fortnightly Review* for March.

"The Upbuilding of the Theatre." Norman Hapgood. Boston *Atlantic Monthly* for March.

"Dentistry in Its Relation to the Voice." Dr. M. G. Jennison. Philadelphia *Musician* for March.

"The Invasion of Vulgarity in Music." Thomas F. Delaney. Philadelphia *Musician* for March.

"Short Studies in Browning." Annie W. Sanborn. New York *Primary Education* for March.

"The Acting of Plays by Schoolboys." Foster Watson. London *Gentleman's Magazine* for March.

"Familiar Talks on Reading." Charles M. Curry. Terre Haute *Inland Educator* for March.

"Precolumbian Musical Instruments in America." Edward S. Morse. New York *Popular Science Monthly* for March.

"London Society in the Last Century: David Garrick and Hannah More." Molly Elliot Seawell. New York *Truth* for March.

"Euphrasia-Bellaris: A Kinswomen of Imogen." H. Schütz Wilson. London *Gentleman's Magazine* for March. Analysis of a play by Beaumont and Fletcher.

"The Most Wonderful Musical Festival in the World." Luther L. Holden. Philadelphia *Ladies' Home Journal* for March. The World's Peace Jubilee at Boston in 1872.

"Some Plays and Their Actors." Irvington *Cosmopolitan* for March. Interesting gossip of those wonderful people the players.

"Gerhart Hauptmann and his Work." Thomas Stockham Baker. New York *Critic* for March. A studious article, well illustrated, on the life and the achievements of the great modern German dramatist.

"Richard Brinsley Sheridan." Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed. Irvington *Cosmopolitan* for March. More of an essay than a historical or descriptive article on the man that wrote "The Rivals."

"Mr. Dooley (Findlay Peter Dunne)." Clara E. Laughlin. New York *Critic* for March. An interesting sketch of the humorist, telling what was long suspected by friends, that "Mr. Dooley" was evolved from the personality of Jimmy McGarry, a saloon-keeper near the Chicago *Tribune* building, who might have sat as model for any of these genre pictures of a fat monk in the wine-cellar. It neglects, however, to trace the apostolic succession of the humorist, by showing how he got his "orders" from Henry Ten Eyck White, commonly called "Butcher" White, whose "Lakeside Musings" set the whole country laughing some twenty years ago.

"Silhouette du Jour; Mounet-Sully et Jean Paul Mounet." Paris *L'Europe Artiste* for March.

"Silhouette du Jour; M. Jean Kichepin." Paris *L'Europe Artiste* for March.

"The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes." New York *Churchman* for March 18.

"Three Famous American Hymns." James Grant Wilson. New York *Churchman* for March 18. "America," "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," and "I Would Not Live Always."

"The Manly Art." George Rooke. Newark *Sunday Call* for March 19. A talk on physical training.

"A Bit of Scripture." L. L. Robinson. New York *Evangelist* for March 23. A boy recites the words of the hymn "How firm a foundation, ye saint of the Lord," to a dying companion, who thereby gains that "peace that passeth all understanding."

"Walther von der Vogelweide." Charlotte H. Coursen. New York *Home Journal* for March 28.

"Women in the Pulpit." Rev. Phebe A. Hanford. New York *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for April.

AN ORIGINAL MONOLOGUE

and a...

LESSON IN ELOCUTION

For 50 cents.

"The Bride of Ischia"

....To be given in Bridal Costume.

By ANNA RANDALL-DIEHL

PRICE, 50 CENTS

SPECIAL NOTICE:—Every purchaser of "The Bride of Ischia" may have a lesson free on its rendering from its author, Anna Randall-Diehl, who will be at the offices of WERNER'S MAGAZINE on Saturdays for this purpose. If purchasers can not come on Saturday, they may have the lesson by special appointment at a convenient time. In any case, arrangement is to be made IN ADVANCE for the lesson. Early application with the payment should be made. Address the Publisher, remitting 50 cents.

EDGAR S. WERNER, 43 East 19th Street, New York.



EDITORIAL



PROBABLY no name has been so potent in the history of vocal culture as that of Manuel Garcia. Directly or indirectly nearly all the great singers have been taught after the Garcia method, and there are eminent instructors in New York to-day whose system is his more or less modified. Every student of the art would esteem it a boon if he could ask questions of the master and get full and responsive answers by word of mouth. In default of this, what could be better than the catechetical interview printed in this present number of WERNER'S MAGAZINE? What it lacks by reason of its being printed and not spoken by the living voice it makes up in its permanence, for it may and should be preserved and consulted again and again even by those that dissent from his doctrine of attacking by the stroke of the glottis.

* * *

IT must be a source of gratification to teachers of physical culture to note how more and more the keynote they have sounded is being taken up by educators and observers in all branches of science. It is by no means yet a generally accepted belief that play is anything but a waste of time, but when naturalists point out how the propensity of animals to frolic is less the result of a superabundance of vivacity than an irresistible instinct to prepare themselves for the duties of life; and when pedagogists are declaring that it were better for young children to learn to dance than to read, there is sound endorsement of the teachings of the disciples of Delsarte that it is the part of wisdom for us to supple up the body so that it may become readily responsive to the mandates of the mind. And just as the servant needs to be able to do what her mistress wants, so the mistress needs to know how to tell the servant what to do, and the mind increases in wisdom and stature as the body improves.

This is the true education: It is better to acquire a body and a mind flexible and nimble and ready for anything than to learn with labor and heaviness the things that one expects to use in later years.

* * *

TO those that see WERNER'S MAGAZINE for the first time the editor would say that the magazine, by the name of "The Voice," was begun by him in 1879. He was led to issue a magazine because of an impediment in his speech which persists in some degree after having tried every method in America and in Europe. He had a vividly practical knowledge of the status of vocal and speech science, or of the lack of science, and realized only too keenly and personally the need of well-directed and persistent effort to solve the problems confronting speaker and singer. The first step to bring order out of chaos was the republishing of what was already in print but inaccessible to the general public. The next step was to print the methods of living teachers, even though of little value. The present effort is to sieve the wheat from the chaff; to inaugurate and make known original investigations, and thus be a guide to those in search of proper instruction.

Owing to the appearance of a prohibition paper of the same name, thus causing confusion in the public mind and otherwise handicapping us, we in 1889 changed "The Voice" into "Werner's Voice Magazine," and then in 1893 into WERNER'S MAGAZINE, the name that now greets you. In 1895 the present magazine form was assumed, the previous form being what formerly was called the quarto size.

We early found that the causes of stuttering and stammering were identical with or similar to the causes of faulty and inartistic conditions in the singing and speaking of

persons that did not have impediments, as ordinarily understood, in their speech. Hence a cure for stuttering and stammering should be also a cure for inartistic tone. We are now speaking of basic conditions, of fundamental causes, and not of peripheral manifestations. Every successful singing-teacher consciously or unconsciously uses psycho-physiological means to free the channels of tonal expression in his pupils, and he could cure stutterers and stammerers if he should employ similar skill in freeing their channels of expression by speech. Psycho-physiological knowledge and training must be the equipment of up-to-date teachers, either for speech or for song. Brain and nerve-centres must be wrought upon. When they act rightly, the muscles will not act wrongly. In Delsartian term, there must be strength at the centre, freedom at the surface. Ignorance of this law is the reason why nearly every elocutionist that has attempted to cure stuttering and stammering has failed. He has attacked the evil at the wrong end.

* * *

“**B**Y fair speech I do not mean smooth and flowery, or—heaven save the mark!—precise and orthoëpical after the mouthing and conscious ideal of certain well-meaning ladies that teach ‘voice culture’ and the like.” This is one of the sentences in an editorial of *Scribner's Magazine* for March, extolling the gift of fair speech by which he means beautiful diction, well-chosen and well-spoken, but with no effort apparent either in the choosing or in the speaking.

The pungency of the editorial from our contemporary is in the allusion to the “mouthing” and finical precision of “certain well-meaning ladies that teach voice-culture.” Alas! that the sneer should be so well-founded. Perhaps teachers overaccentuate the things they are anxious to correct, and in a world of all too slovenly speech perhaps their correct pronunciation differentiates them with a prominence that offends their less careful associates.

Some teachers of voice-culture have an artificial tone that has been graphically compared to “talking through a drain-pipe.” It is this that brings the whole business of elocution into disrepute. But there is hope. Nearly all those that talk like that complain of the degeneracy of the age and are tinged with despair when they prophesy concerning the future of the art. This shows that they are being left behind by a world that knows better than it did fifteen years ago. When poor teachers mourn it is time for good teachers to rejoice.

* * *

A PROPOS of the review in this number of Dr. Buckley's able work, “Extemporaneous Oratory,” is an interview with Senator J. B. Foraker in *The New Voice* for March 11, in which he is quoted as saying:

“So far as oratory or eloquence in the abstract may be considered, there are no rules that can be applied that will produce it. The world's great orators have been born, neither trained nor developed by any process deliberately used for that end.”

It is apparent at once that the issue is joined between the two men. If Dr. Buckley had not believed that it is possible to develop oratory “by any process deliberately used for that end,” he would not have undertaken the great labors entailed by the production of such a book. It is not improbable that Dr. Buckley has witnessed, not to say assisted at, the development of a great many orators, men that have deliberately set about the task of preparing themselves to be public speakers. All the weight of the world's experience is against Mr. Foraker; and, as if that were not enough, he is against himself in the very same interview, for he says:

“Determination to succeed is everything. Even a few failures need not discourage the would-be orator. He can always remember Disraeli: his disastrous attempt, his defiance, and the ringing challenge, ‘The day will come when you WILL hear me,’ and be encouraged, for Disraeli kept his word; and what has been done can be done again, and done as well as ever.”

Granting that in his case Senator Foraker has won distinction as an orator without paying much attention to the nice distinctions of the English language, between such words as

'will" and "shall," it would seem that "determination to succeed" would be of mighty little use to an intending orator if there were no processes that might be "deliberately used for that end." Why should he counsel a young man aspiring to be a public speaker to "look well to the method of using his voice, eliminate as far as possible any faults of enunciation, be accurate in pronunciation and cultivate a fluent command of language in every possible way," if these are not "processes deliberately used for that end?"

It will not be deemed eccentric conduct if this magazine maintains that it is as possible to improve oral expression by taking thought thereto as it is to improve handwriting. Else why have we been ringing the bell to call people to the schools of elocution all these twenty years? But even those that dispute the need of vocal training will admit that it is possible by frequent practice to learn to write a letter fluently, fully and accurately. What is an extemporaneous speech but a letter delivered by word of mouth instead of by pen and post? Then one may learn to make speeches. This is thus antecedently probable and posteriorly proved by countless instances, so that what Senator Foraker says about orators being born and not made is simply not true. It is evident that when his mind got to working he recognized it to be untrue, but what was the impulse that first led him to make such a statement?

We should have been forwarder if instead of an interview with Senator Foraker it had been with Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who is familiar with both the memoriter and the extemporaneous methods of oratory, using both so skilfully as to render even the discreet hearer incapable of judging what is learned by heart and what is spoken offhand.

* * *

TO vocal teachers, as to everybody else, come recurring periods of cantankerousness, of opposition to everything and "Oh, what's the use of anything?" Sometimes they get pens into their hands at such

times and what they write makes doleful reading. "The human voice," declares one sitting thus in the cave of gloom, "has been treated by teachers all over the world as though it were an invention of man. The teachers are stewing their brains over effects and ignoring causes. There is a great craze just at present over dealing with the mind. The question is, what to put before the mind. A fool can be grown through holding wrong objects of thought."

It will be seen that not all of this quotation appertains to singing. It is quoted just to show the operation of the mind in fatigue, caused either by overwork or a run-down condition of the body. The worst of it is that the sentences framed in such an abnormal condition often hold over into the time when one feels well, are remembered and repeated and tend to bring back the depressed state. This is particularly the case when there is a certain amount of truth in the statements. For example, it is not all falsehood that "the human voice is treated by teachers all over the world as if it were an invention of man."

Isn't the human voice the invention of man? Go back, if you please, to the most primal of primeval days, when we were but tree-climbing animals and found out that by practice we could make a noise in our throats that would call our mates. Use brought development and the anthropitecus that could make the most beautiful noise was the most admired by the female of his kind. Out of grunts was evolved speech, a human invention.

"The teachers are stewing their brains over effects and ignoring causes." Pray what is all the world doing but studying effects? What is there in this universe for us to work on but effects? What is there to work for but effects? Who can get back to the beginning of anything? There is in man something that makes him want to find out the reason of things being as they are. What makes voice? He rests not until he discovers that something in his throat does it. Then that in turn becomes a new mystery to be puzzled

out, only instead of there being a straight line leading backward to the Very Beginning, he finds that there is an infinitude of paths leading all ways.

"The question is, what to put before the mind. A fool can be grown through holding wrong objects of thought." A fool is not grown by holding wrong objects of thought, but by *thinking wrongly*. There is not a thing in the universe so humble, so vile, but that one may grow wise by thinking on it wisely and scientifically, that is, by collecting and collating a great number of observations and experiments. There is not a thing in the universe so great and good but may make a man

silly if he thinks on it unscientifically, that is, by going on thinking freely without correcting his conclusions by facts. That is all the insane do. They hold delusions and refuse to heed contradicting facts.

When these periods of cantankerousness come, O ye vocal teachers, go put on the gloves with some nimble pupil and have him "lam" you all about the studio. A broken chair or two is better than a broken heart, and a puffed-out eye is better than a mind out of joint. Five minutes' sparring is of more use than five hours of pessimistic philosophy with a coated tongue. It is not such a silly old world, after all.

Should a Young Man Take Up Elocution ?

Expressions of Opinion Called Out by the
Interview with Mrs. Harriet Webb, Published
in the January Number of This Magazine.

[Other contributions to this symposium appeared in the February and March Nos.]

MARCELLUS R. ELY, INSTRUCTOR IN ELOCUTION.

IF a young man who is well educated wishes to enter a profession where he may do great good, there is certainly a field for him in elocutionary work. Oh, no, not "pink-tea elocution!" We have enough of that—too much.

Elocutionary work may not be so remunerative as other things, but even in this there is continuous improvement. There is more demand for good, sensible elocutionists now than ever before, and the demand is bound to increase with the new and better steps in education becoming so prominent at present. The fact that educators are learning that true education consists in cultivating and stimulating all the powers of the child from within outward, instead of the cramming process, is a sign of a good time coming. The fact that the kindergarten is training children to express themselves, and by that means is truly educating them, means that there is to be a greater demand for training in expression in all the grades above, even to the senior year of the college. This demand means better pay for the professional teacher and professional

reader. It means greater appreciation in every way.

The very fact that "pink-tea elocutionists" are despised now as they never were before is an encouraging sign. I am glad that that expression has been given us, for now we have a name for that which is not true elocution. This is one thing we have lacked.

Is there anything nobler than the emancipation of a soul from the shackles of weak or erratic thinking; from the restrictions of stiff and awkward muscles; from the embarrassments of a poor voice; from the lack of expression in a clam-face; from a super-sensitiveness concerning that which is not the self, only the temple of the self; so that there may be more power, variety and even beauty in every manifestation of the inner life?

As the natural agents of man are voice and action, it is only natural that the best cultivation of the man should come through the training of these agents, in coordination with mental action. If, as everyone concedes, it is a good thing for the preacher, the lawyer, the lecturer and the teacher (and every other person) to know how to express their thoughts in the most effective way,

then there must be, and there is, a place for him who understands the principles of expression and can help others to apply them. There is also a place for the good readers, the lecturers and the orators, who through their application of these principles inspire and shape the ideals of those less cultivated.

Wendell Phillips did not consider it beneath his dignity to study elocution with a professional elocutionist. Was it beneath the dignity of any man to aid in developing the powers of such an orator?

The day is now at hand when the teacher of English literature must be a teacher of elocution. He must at least be a good reader and will count himself fortunate if there is a sensible teacher of elocution in the same faculty. One will be an aid to the other.

The best interpretation of a literary work is always through voice and action—through elocution. When our elocutionists are more careful in their selections for study and interpretation, the stigma of pink-teaism will vanish. Pink-tea elocution is no more worthy of a woman than of a man.

Those who heard or have read President Trueblood's address to the National Association of Elocutionists last June, in which he outlined the marvelous progress that has been made by elocution and elocutionists in twice ten years, can not fail to be confident of ultimate triumph. Verily, the hour is at hand. We must on with the battle; the obstructionists give way.

There have been many failures, many discouragements, many betrayals and false colors; but these are mainly in the past. There will be other battles to fight, but these will only serve to make us stronger.

The shades of Rush, Delsarte, Monroe, Raymond, Murdoch, Froebel, Pestalozzi, and others bid us "Onward!"

GRAND RAPIDS SOCIETY OF ELOCUTION.

Yes, most heartily. Elocutionists need the influence of more men in their profession, and men certainly need more elocution. What art could be more ennobling to a man than this blending of all arts called "elocution." In the other arts—say in music—one may know only of and about music, may be poorly educated, perhaps have a most disagreeable disposition; yet be a success in his chosen profession. But how different in elocution. A man must be a manly man, of the highest type; well educated not only in book-learning, but in the wonderful study of human nature, to hope to achieve success.

As to the pecuniary side of this question,

we all know that all professions are crowded, and he who would succeed must work hard and long. But the chances are as good in the field of elocution as in any other profession, and perhaps better. Merit always wins, and the young man who takes up elocution as a profession, who has a determined will, and who realizes what this study really means, who knows that reciting pieces like a parrot, "messaging around at afternoon teas, curling his hair nicely and being a pink-tea fellow," has nothing whatever to do with elocution, never did have and never will have—will make just as much of a success in this profession as in any other, and hand down to his posterity a name covered with as much honor and glory as if he had spent his life in any other profession.

CORA WORRELL ALFORD, PUBLIC READER AND TEACHER OF ELOCUTION.

Looking about in the world, we discover that at least seventy-five per centage of its inhabitants are misfits; hence failures to a large degree. Force of circumstance or unwise choice has put round balls in square holes and there are aching voids at every corner. It becomes a delicate matter, then, to advise a young man as to the profession he shall choose. We would wish first to study the young man carefully and take stock, before deciding as to trade or profession, and then narrowing down to the specific line of work. But, having decided that he has a good measure of the long list of requirements necessary to success in the elocutionary profession, shall we give the encouraging word, "go forward;" or pessimistically bar the door and write over its portal, "advance at your peril," as Mrs. Webb has practically done?

From this gruesome talk that is sounding in our ears, we might imagine that in all other walks of life positions were bowing down to the applicant and begging to be accepted. Success does not saunter up leisurely and ask for the privilege of resting in your doorway. She is beyond you. Run, if you would overtake her. "Find a way or make it." Should a young man of energy and American nerve fall back because there are obstacles in his path? Is the path of elocution the only one beset by lions that must be slain on the way to the delectable mountains? We might infer that it is rather a dishonorable, disgraceful thing to be an elocutionist.

Looking back over the pages of ancient history, we see the names of Demosthenes, Aristotle, Socrates, the Gracchi, Cicero, Quintilian, Augustine, and, of later times,

Rush, Raymond, Monroe, Murdoch;—but why prolong the list? It is a profession of princely ancestry at least twenty-four centuries old; and, unlike much of our boasted blood ancestry, the best is not all underground. We have still good blood in the profession. Need a young man be ashamed to write his name on the same page with these?

We might suppose that the profession was ornamental but not useful; whereas, it is one of the chief elements of success in the minister, the lawyer, the statesman. Beecher had a thick, indistinct utterance almost akin to stammering, to remove which he studied elocution under Prof. J. E. Lovell. History credits Patrick Henry with "matchless perfection of voice, intonation, pause, gesture, attitude, and indescribable play of countenance." Of Daniel Webster we read: "His delivery reminded his hearers of the music of a full-toned organ." Edward Everett had "an emotional voice of large compass and full of melody." Rufus Choate began his famous speech on the tariff to a house almost empty; but "the music of his voice floated out into lobbies and into committee rooms and drew in his colleagues, who remained to be captivated by the power of his eloquence. Charles Sumner possessed "a voice of great power and compass." When Wendell Phillips made his debut as the champion of free speech and free negroes, he sprang to the platform uninvited, and we read: "His self-possession, his dignified bearing, his marvelous voice compelled the silence of wonder and then of respect." Is there in these professions a man successful without fine control of voice and body? He would be far *more* successful *with* such control. A few men have been apparently Heaven-endowed—*but* endowed with the rare common sense to train themselves. For instance: Henry Clay "was the son of a Baptist clergyman who was noted for a fine voice and delivery," and presumably inherited taste and ability. But listen: "He himself attributes his success in life to the habit of daily reading and speaking the contents of some historical or scientific book. These offhand efforts were sometimes made in a cornfield, at others in a forest, with horses and oxen for auditors." Did he succeed? One who came under his spell in later years has said: "He was a perfect master of language, tone and gesture, and possessed of a voice remarkable for its volume and range—deep, full-toned and melodious." Wendell Phillips, of whom a Southern newspaper once said: "He is an infernal machine set to music;" tells the story of others when he says: "Whatever I have acquired in the

art of improving and managing my voice, I owe to Dr. Barber's system, suggestions and lessons."

"But," says someone, "you glorify the power of voice too highly. Voice is not all of elocution."

By no means. But if voice was all, even that would justify the continuance of the profession as a noble life-work. To paraphrase Quintilian: Can it be disgraceful to teach what it is not disgraceful to learn; and what men to attain highest success *must* learn either by laborious self-training or from a teacher's lips and example?

But, why *train* a professional man; why not *be that* man? The Earl of Warwick was nobler than the kings he made. If by your teaching you have doubled the power of ten men, the world is the gainer, and you have not lived in vain.

We might further assume that all other professions are vastly more lucrative. We are told that the average lawyer or doctor, after a much longer period of preparation than the average elocutionist, can not, does not, have a living practice within three years. On creditable authority, we are informed of at least one public reader who has a yearly contract for \$10,000. The ministers in any one denomination receiving a salary equally high can be counted on one hand, and since the ministers so largely outnumber the elocutionists, the percentage is not bad. Look about you and say honestly: How many who have trained as laboriously for professional work as the minister, the doctor, the lawyer, and who have the same amount of push and business skill required for success in other lines of work, are not making a living? Would the failures have been a success in any profession, or have they, like a certain farmer youth, misinterpreted their vision, forgetting that the glowing letters "P. C." may mean "Plow corn" and not "Preach Christ?"

But, there is yet another imputation: To be an actor is a great, noble and manly thing; to be an elocutionist, a trivial and miserable eking out of an existence. The young man is advised to develop his manhood by going upon the stage. This is about as ludicrous as the strange fancy that possesses most boys in their teens, that they can not be men until they have learned to swear, smoke, and drink. There have been, are, and always will be good men and women on the stage. All honor to their memory! But the tendency of the stage is elevating neither physically, mentally, nor morally on the actor's side; while its value to the public is questionable, appealing, as it does, to the passions rather than to the intellects of men.

In conclusion, we acknowledge that the popularity of elocution as a study and a profession is at ebb-tide, but so surely as day follows night does the flood follow the ebb. Already the waves are rippling and beginning to move inward. We need young men of large culture, of strong will and steadfast purpose, to restore to full power a profession which, though still boasting some worthy exponents, has often, we must admit, been dragged to the level of "saying pieces."

Then, go forward, young man, if you have a call to this work, and take as your motto the words of Samuel Johnson: "Excellence in any department can be attained only by the labor of a lifetime. It is not purchased at a lesser price."

MARION WILLIS HERTIG, TEACHER
OF ELOCUTION.

Mrs. Harriet Webb's answer to the question, "Would you advise a young man to take up elocution as a profession?" has given rise to much interesting and suggestive discussion. That the lady's sweeping and emphatic negative does not meet the views of the majority of public readers and teachers of elocution is evinced by the opinions of many prominently before the public, as expressed in the February and March Nos. of your magazine. These expressions of opinion called forth by Mrs. Webb's forcible but crude utterance contain much pertinent thought, and a great deal that an impartial critic might object to as not material to the issue, or incorrect in statement, or false in reasoning. The editorial comments, I think, are lucid and timely, and in general trend altogether commendable. But it is not the purport of this letter to review analytically all these expressed opinions relative to the controversy started by Mrs. Webb—to approve here, to controvert there; but rather to seek to throw some light upon the issue, by presenting what seems to me to be the correct view of the *aims* that should animate those who study elocution, whether male or female.

In the evolution of thought, some old words become obsolete, new ones are coined to enrich language, and still other words gather added force, and become more comprehensive in the variety and the extent of their meanings. The latest lexicon may not do justice to some particular word, since its meaning and scope may be undergoing rapid progressive change. The word "elocution" is one of those that have come to mean more than it did a generation ago. To-day it may be defined, in its broadest sense, as comprehending the whole science

of expression; and as a branch of learning that embraces all the means whereby language can be most effectively employed in reading and in speaking, and the soul made manifest through bodily action. It includes more than "utterance by speech," more than "oratorical or expressive delivery," more than "style or manner of speaking or reading in public." It includes general manner and the graces of bearing in all social intercourse, as coming appropriately within its sphere.

When "the agents of expression" are freed by judicious training, the soul-force becomes most effective in impressing itself upon those who behold and listen; and, indeed, by its favorable reflex action, such training promotes growth of soul. It may not inaptly be likened to the chemical ingredient which, applied to a stubborn soil, makes its plant food available, so that the brown sward becomes green and the exuberant vegetation returns matter to Mother Earth, enhancing the original productiveness.

If, then, it is true that elocution comprehends so much and that such beneficial results follow from its teachings, it can not be denied that it is worthy of a high place in the curriculum of our schools, and that every worthy teacher and exponent of the art of expression deserves universal respect, and high rank as an educator and public benefactor. It matters not that the elocutionist of to-day is held in comparatively low esteem; that his science is ridiculed by many as unworthy the name, and contemptuously referred to as "claptrap" and "nonsense;" that his pecuniary reward is meagre, corresponding to the false estimate placed on his art and profession;—I say that it is immaterial what public sentiment may be relative to elocution and those who stand forth as its expounders, the abstract truth remains that elocutionary training is grand in its possibilities, and the profession a noble and exalted one. Its merits, if not fully recognized now, surely will be in the march of progress, and the era of ridicule and harsh criticism have passed away.

Elocution should be, and I have faith to believe will be, as universally taught as the common school branches, and take just rank as eminently useful and practical. Its mastery should be regarded as a preeminent accomplishment. The aims of those who study it should be as varied as their talents, callings, and prospective vocations. The view should be taken that the primary aim is, legitimately, self-improvement along the lines of voice-management in reading and in speaking, either in public or in private, and comprehension of what is

read and uttered, together with the bearing and graceful actions of the body as supplementary to the voice in expressing thought, feeling and emotion. Boys and girls, men and women, should study the art of expression with a recognition of the fact that individual elocutionary talent is as varied as that for music, poetry, painting, or any other fine art; and that while the rustic boor and the obtuse, ungainly maiden can take on, to a limited extent, the veneer of this accomplishment, it is only the few divinely gifted, who can master it so as to warrant them in making elocution a profession. When the question is asked by either a young man or a young woman, "Should I prepare to follow elocution as a profession?" the answer should be given in the light of the questioner's *aptitude*—aptitude in the broadest sense, and without indulging in any twaddle about "unmanliness or unwomanliness," or being influenced by mercenary motives. The discriminating teacher, thus questioned and thus answering, will give a hundred negatives to one hearty affirmative. Elocutionists, generally speaking, should be far better teachers of thought than they now are, and so broad in manly and in womanly spirit, and so free from cranky prejudices and inane vanities that the dramatic artist who, for a proper compensation, stoops to conquer even at a "pink tea" might be generously regarded as elevating the occasion rather than degrading himself and his art.

The elocutionist and his profession have been brought into comparative disfavor and more or less disparaged, through faults, not to speak more harshly, that the schools of elocution throughout the country, and the profession at large are in a measure responsible for. Poorly qualified public readers have been more or less directly encouraged by pretentious schools and teachers, to inflict their faulty recitations upon a long-suffering public. It is an unpleasant truth that in the desire for patronage inducements have been and are held out to those of mediocre abilities, to take a course of training and then court success before the public in the role of impersonation or dramatic recital.

This has been and is so commonly done that every neighborhood, down to the most obscure country districts, affords examples of ambitious aims toward dramatic distinction having been fostered in the minds of persons destitute of a single native ray of genius, and oftentimes indeed without the intellectual strength and culture to interpret correctly to their own understanding and fine selection from a standard author. Such

persons flourish their diplomas and their extorted pulpit and press endorsements, and secure enough engagements to run a brief ignominious career. To please the vulgar, persons of this class often resort to tricks and dubious methods. Selections are given that are coarse, sensual and demoralizing, and mannerisms indulged in which only delight the ignorant and lower grades of society. In view of these facts is it strange that the trend of public sentiment has been toward a cheaper estimate of elocution and dramatic recital? It would be more a matter of surprise if this was not the case. Legions of incompetents have been created by the numerous schools and teachers of oratory who, instead of warning them against the folly of attempting a public career, have at the outset beguiled them by that bait to spend time and money in a course of preparatory training. Overproduction always causes business stagnation in the commercial world, and unsatisfactory prices. It is not possible for entertainers to form a trust and regulate supply and price in the elocutionary market; but something can be done to dignify the profession and to secure better rewards, though even at the present genius and high character give the elocutionist a creditable status, and with favorable environments, enable him to secure fair compensation.

But let the press, the reputable schools and all worthy teachers of the art of expression unite in discouraging and repressing, so far as may be, mediocrity upon the platform, and incompetency and sinister methods wherever found in the profession. There is a crying need for this, and plenty of scope for missionary work. Let all rational inducements be held out for the young to take up the study of elocution, and the fact impressed upon their minds that patient persevering study in this field will bring them rich personal rewards, but that *no one*, regardless of sex, should aim at a public career, without that inborn genius so rarely found, but which alone can justify ambitious aims and hopes of success as an impersonator and dramatic artist.

It has been said that "poets are born, not made." It may be truly said that no master of any fine art ever becomes such without grand original endowment. Plodding, persevering hard study based upon weak or even average native talents, never did and never will make an artist worthy of the name. What the public requires in this critical age is superexcellence in every fine art, and this can be attained only by those naturally gifted, who discipline their talents by persevering study.

IDA MOREY RILEY, SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ELOCUTION AND CO-PRINCIPAL OF THE COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF ORATORY.

I believe elocution is as remunerative as any other branch of education, yet I can not advise the young man whose primary purpose is money getting to take up elocution as a profession. If this is his purpose can we conscientiously advise him to take up any of the arts or many of the professions? It is a well-known fact that the head cook in the best hotels in Boston can command a higher salary than the president of Harvard College. Shall we therefore advise our young men to become cooks rather than to enter the educational field?

Unless a young man shows in a marked degree a genius for the artistic rendering of the highest literature, I should not advise him to take up public reading as a profession, not because the interpretation of literature is beneath the greatest minds of the young men of to-day, but because the combination of qualities that insures both artistic and business success is rare, and the public is very fickle.

But if a young man possesses taste and talent for the teaching of elocution, has a thorough collegiate education, and desires to take part in the world's work, with the thought of service first and remuneration second, I should unhesitatingly advise him to take up the teaching of expression as a profession. I doubt if a young man can engage in any work that will continually contribute as much to his personal growth as the teaching of true elocution. I believe that through this work muscular fibre, nerve-cells and mental movements retain their elasticity for a longer period than in other professions. The mind and the heart are constantly occupied with the thoughts and emotions of "earth's great and mighty," and this association must ever enlarge his mental and spiritual capacity, elevate his ideas, and increase the sum of his personal power and influence. If his method is *true* his work will be respected. It will bring him in contact with refined people. There is no branch of education in which the relations of pupil and teacher are

so beautiful. Above all, he will ever have the realization that he is engaged in the greatest work that can occupy the mind and the heart,—the making, or making over, of men and women.

I say "collegiate education," advisedly. The young man who would adopt this work must have the mental equipment to meet the growing requirements of our rapidly advancing profession.

There is room. The institution with which I am connected has more calls for college men who can also teach expression by a rational method than it can supply, and I know that other institutions have similar experiences.

There is a great field just opening for the young man who can teach both literature and elocution. Professors of literature are awakening to the fact that they have been teaching a fractional art, that interpretation is essential to the finished product. Prof. R. G. Moulton says in substance: One may as well attempt to teach piano without musical interpretation as to teach literature without adequate vocal interpretation. Prof. Hiram Corson, in his "Aims of Literary Study," advocates the interpretation of literature as a test of the student's appreciation of its essence. To be sure, numbers of teachers of expression have practiced and preached this theory for years, but it is a hopeful sign of the times for our profession when the great universities agree with us.

There is a growing custom among professors of literature, if they can not themselves render well, to invite in the teacher of elocution or some reader to interpret for their classes. Some day soon it will occur to college presidents and boards of trustees to combine the teacher with the reader, and these fractional arts—literature and elocution—will coalesce and forevermore be one and inseparable.

It will be seen that I am not talking of "pink-tea" elocution, but of an elocution that by educational principles develops body, mind, and soul for the purpose of service; an elocution whose fruit is liberated and perfected individuality; an elocution that gives man a knowledge of himself and of his fellow-man, and that teaches him to influence the one and control the other.

For Commencement Exercises

Send to Headquarters: EDGAR S. WEBNER, 43 E. 19th St., N. Y.

If you can not find the songs, cantatas, operettas, recitations, dialogues, plays, monologues, pantomimes, tableaux, musical recitations, drills, scenes, etc., that you want, described in my catalogues,

I will write you a special personal letter of suggestions. 



THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF THE DRAMATIC ARTS GRADUATION EXERCISES.

AT the Empire Theatre, New York, the fifteenth annual graduation exercises of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts and the Empire Theatre Dramatic School were held, March 20. A large audience of alumni, students, and honorary guests—including William Archer, the London critic, and Brander Matthews—were present. There were nineteen graduates.

Mr. Sargent presided, but only the most deathlike stillness permitted his words to be heard past the tenth row.

"It is sometimes said," said Mr. Sargent, "that the graduates of this Academy expect to begin at the top; but I beg to assure you that they began at the bottom and have worked their way up in practical performances, from supers to responsible speaking-parts. For the first five months of this year the graduating class has had the advantage of the invigorating stage-management of Richard Mansfield."

Mr. Sargent went on to describe a man that had reached the goal of his artistic ambition, and then introduced Mr. John Drew.

Mr. Drew said a few words about this being his first appearance as a veteran and then began to read selections from an article that the *Century* had asked him to write and had accepted. It was descriptive of the experiences of an actor in the first years of his practice at one-night stands, with their hotels, their dinners "served in canary-bird baths," their "pink and latherless cakes of soap," and their "op'ry-houses."

The speaker gave some sound advice about the necessity of continual study, of which the committal of the lines to memory is the least part, and the necessity of being in the part, sleeping and waking. He closed his address with those lines of Bacon, in which a man is urged, "being a debtor to his profession, to so endeavor himself as to be a help and ornament thereunto."

Mr. Drew's finished diction was at a considerable disadvantage from the fact that he laid his manuscript on the table and read from it at so rapid a pace and so uneven an emphasis that it was difficult to catch more than fleeting glimpses of what seemed to be very interesting matter. It had been much better if he had spoken it off-hand as did Mr. Bronson Howard, who followed.

Addressing himself to the graduating class, Mr. Howard said: "Nothing will puzzle you so much in the world as what may be called 'the balloon-frame in art.' It puzzles the graduates of every department of study. Perhaps you will understand what I mean better, when I tell you

that the balloon-frame is used in the construction of suburban cottages large and small. I overheard two old carpenters in New Rochelle, the other day, saying: 'What's the use of a man learning the carpenter trade when any young fellow that can hit a nail three times out of five can put a house together?' For these frames are not of hewn beams and timbers constructed to last. You will belong to 'balloon-frame' companies, and you will see how often success attends the efforts of those that can hit the nail only three times out of five. It will puzzle you to know why you should have put in your time trying to learn the trade, until you remember that the balloon-frame is only a temporary affair and that while it serves its purpose, the world still requires skilled, artistic, and ambitious workmen.

"It will also puzzle you that some laborers that started on the balloon-frame method will succeed side by side with you, as fully as you in respect of being great artists. They are natural students, themselves their own teachers, master carpenters without learning the trade, special geniuses. They have to go through all the hard labor that your instruction here has saved you, but they get there just the same. You have not learned your art as actors; you have learned how to begin educating yourselves."

He cautioned the class against confusing knowing a thing with doing it. While knowledge was valuable, the only important thing was doing it. He told the story of the general that ordered a colonel in the Civil War to have plans prepared for a bridge. A week later he said:

"Colonel, did you have those plans made?"

"Yes, sir. They are working on the plans now, but we've built the bridge."

Following him, came Mr. Fred Williams, who in a highly ornate speech of farewell to the class gave an admirable illustration of the elocution of the "palmey days." He was roundly applauded.

The David Belasco gold medal, for the graduate showing the greatest dramatic ability, was awarded to Miss Fernanda Elisca, who is a Roumanian by birth, coming from Jassy in Moldavia.

Mr. Sargent announced that it would have been possible to find engagements for a class twice or three times as large as this, so many offers had come in; and he was pleased to announce that all were practically placed and could sign contracts as soon as they chose.



READERS AND SINGERS

Miss Amanda Kidder, of Wisconsin, makes a specialty of reading Dickens's "Christmas Carol."

Mr. Charles Barnard gave three illustrated lectures on the Boston free lecture-course, March 6-8.

The University of Michigan defeated the University of Pennsylvania in a debate at Ann Arbor, March 4.

Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker read Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," at the New York Y. W. C. A., March 6.

Mrs. Alice Killin-Keough sang "Una voce poca fa," from Rossini's "The Barber of Seville," at a Lenten recital, March 9.

Miss Giselle D'Unger is the writer of an interesting article on "The World's Great Epics" in the April No. of *Self-Culture*.

Miss Margaret A. Maisch was the reader at a concert given by the Mt. Vernon Institute Banjo Club of Philadelphia, April 5.

Mme. Anna Lankow has intrusted the teaching of her method in St. Louis to Miss Mary N. Berry, who was formerly one of her most successful pupils.

Students of the Buffalo Central High School presented "A Russian Honeymoon" by Mrs. Burton Harrison, under the direction of Miss Adele Ripont, Feb. 23.

Mrs. Anna D. Spence was the reader at the fourth annual banquet of the Tennessee Society of St. Louis in January, reciting Mrs. Wilcox's "How Salvator Won."

Miss Anna D. Cooper, teacher of elocution at Virginia College, Roanoke, recently conducted a musical and literary entertainment at the First Presbyterian Church of that city.

Miss Lillian Horne, of Virginia, writes: "Literature as a Personal Resource," by Hamilton W. Mabie, published in the February issue, is in itself worth a whole year's subscription."

Miss Conie Plummer is teaching elocution on Santa Catalina Island, Cal. "I am having much success here," she says, "and find in your magazine helps over every barrier that arises."

Mrs. Theodore Suro recently delivered a lecture on "Women in Music" before the Monday Afternoon Club of Passaic, N. J. The lecture was illustrated by compositions written by women.

Mr. J. Morgan Jones read at the Spring St. Presbyterian Church, New York, March 24. "How the La Rue Stakes Were Lost," "The Honest Deacon," and "How the Refugees Were Saved" were the numbers he gave.

Miss Elsie Clark gave her first purely Shakespearean program, Feb. 17, with Act II., Scene 4, and Act III., Scene 2, from "Julius Caesar;" Act V., Scene 3, from "The Winter's Tale;" and Act III., Scene 2, from "As You Like It."

In the current issue of the *Western College Magazine* is a full-page half-tone cut of the Delaware class at Stephens College, Mo., in "The Revels of the Naiads" by Lizzie Middleton, published in the December, 1897, No. of this magazine.

The junior classes of Miss Helen M. Schuster's school of elocution gave a recital, Feb. 18. The program consisted of club swinging and the recitations: "Mr. Slocum," "A Boy's Soliloquy," "The Message," and "The Happy Little Cripple."

The St. Louis Association of Elocutionists met March 6, and enjoyed a Shakespearean program. Selections were given from "Twelfth Night," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Othello."

Miss Eugenia Williamson read a paper on "Imagination and Elocution."

Mrs. Hadden Alexander was the pianist at an afternoon of music given at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, March 22, in honor of Miss Marie Brema. Her numbers were "Scenes from Norwegian Life" by Grieg, and five MacDowell studies.

Mr. Charles Montaville Flowers sends a tastefully arranged prospectus of his work. Among the notable persons that have sent him letters of indorsement are General Lew Wallace, William B. Melish, A. W. Whelpley, John S. Van Cleave, John Uri Lloyd, and Moses True Brown.

The annual elocutionary recital of Miss Florence L. Perrine's pupils was held at Mary Baldwin Seminary, March 3. Among the selections were "Wee Willie Winkie," "When Jack Comes Late," and "Lorraine, Lorraine." The evening concluded with the farce, "Six Cups of Chocolate."

A testimonial entertainment was tendered to Miss Leah Katz, a pupil of Miss Jeannette Goodman, March 10. Miss Katz recited "Demetrius," and "A Telephone Romance," by Pauline Phelps; while Miss Goodman gave "A Modern Elijah" and "Dancing in Flat Creek Quarters."

Miss Stella King, a most successful New York teacher and reader, read at the Syracuse convention of the N. Y. State Association of Elocutionists, April 7-8. Her program was "Stradivarius," by George Elliot; "A Village Singer," by Mary E. Wilkins; and dialect selections by Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

Mrs. Nellie J. Frye is being coached in the reading of Shakespearean plays by Howard M. Ticknor, the Boston critic. At a recital in March she gave Kipling's "Recessional," "The Brides of Enderby," by Jean Ingelow, and extracts from the famous speeches published in *WERNER'S MAGAZINE*.

Miss Mary Esther Handy, pupil of Miss James E. Selman, gave her graduating recital at Southwestern University, Feb. 6, at which she read an arrangement of Miss Laura E. Richards's "Captain January." Miss Selman is the arranger of those most excellent "Scenes and Readings from David Copperfield."

Manuel Garcia, whose "Catechetical Hints on Singing" appears on page 110 of this issue, is still teaching singing in London, although now ninety-five years old. It is seventy-four years since he sang Figaro to the Almaviva of his father and the Rosina of his sister Malibran in the first performance of Rossini's "The Barber of Seville" in New York.

Miss Nina D. Cooper directed an entertainment at River Edge, N. J., March 31. On her program was Mrs. Calkins's pantomime, "The Court of Cupid," published in our Holiday No.; "Scarf Fantastics," and the recitations, "The Young Man Waited," "The Marriage of the Flowers," and "A Legend of Soap-Bubble Land," the last recited by Miss Cooper herself.

The elocution department of the University of Missouri held a contest in declamation, Feb. 28. Three cash prizes—\$25, \$15, \$10—were competed for. The winners were Mr. R. B. Oliver, Jr., with "Ben-Hur's Chariot-Race;" Mr. Charles F. Steele, with "Pompeii;" and Mr. James T. Ferguson, with "The Curse of Regulus." Other declamations were "A Family Jar," "The New South," "An Order for a Picture." Mr. John R. Scott is the instructor of elocution.

The busy duties of a clergyman's wife do not prevent Mrs. Mattie Hardwick-Jones from carrying on her professional work. As she says: "The true art blends beautifully with spiritual work."

At an entertainment given at Canandaigua, Feb. 9, Mrs. Jones recited the Curse Scene from "Leah the Forsaken," and stage-directed the comedietta "Our Aunt Roberta" and her own drama "Ruth," published in WERNER'S MAGAZINE for October, 1894. She has also given recitals at Jamestown, Rochester, and Batavia.

Miss Mary Miller Jones gave four Lenten readings during March. Her first was devoted to gems from the classics and included "Annabel Lee" by Poe, "Sleep" by Mrs. Browning, "My Star" by Robert Browning, "The Vision of Sir Launfal" by Lowell, selections from Milton's "Paradise Lost," and selections from Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." At another matinee she read the whole play of "Romeo and Juliet." At the classic entertainment Miss Jones was assisted by Miss Marie Virginia Peck, soprano.

Among the lectures and readings delivered by Miss Julia A. Orum, principal of the Philadelphia School of Elocution, are lectures on "The Dramatic Study of Shakespeare," illustrated by Shakespearian selections; "The Language of Gesture," illustrated by recitals from Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, Longfellow, Dickens, Coppée, and Shakespeare; "The Dramatic in Literature," from Mother Goose to Shakespeare. Her readings include nine plays by Shakespeare, Dickens's "Christmas Carol," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and Bible and hymn reading.

Mr. Lemuel B. C. Josepha, while touring with a theatrical company, finds time to visit schools of elocution here and there. At Grand Rapids, Mich., he gave a recital at Miss Clare D. Buck's School of Expression. In Boston some of his best interpretations were heard at Dr. Curry's School of Expression. On March 1 he read at Syracuse University "The Cricket on the Hearth" and the Banquet Scene from "Macbeth." Mr. Josepha believes that those who are seriously engaged in the art of elocution can do much to further its cause by reading the best literature in schools where literature is studied.

Mr. Ad. M. Foerster's recital on March 25 was made up of original compositions and those of Tschaiikowsky. The Tschaiikowsky numbers were "Romance, Op. 5;" "Ruins of a Castle, Op. 2, No. 1;" "Since Once More I Am Alone;" "Barcarole, Op. 37, No. 6;" "Ye Who Have Yearned Alone;" "Valse Scherzo, Op. 7;" "Tell Me Why;" "Variations, Op. 19." Mr. Foerster's manuscript numbers were "Tuscan Rosa," "Proposal," "Forester's Song," "Preludes in G minor and D minor," "The Ring," "To Sit beside a Crystal Spring," "I Love Thee," "Preludes in G major and D minor," and an aria "Verzweiflung."

Mr. F. Townsend Southwick gave his annual reading at the West Side Y. M. C. A., New York, March 21. His program comprised "A Ballad of East and West" and "With the Main Guard," by Kipling; the Platform Scene from "Hamlet"; the Balcony Scene from "Cyrano de Bergerac"; a scene from "The Tempest"; "Soliloquy of a Spanish Cloister" by Browning; and "The Courtin'" by Lowell. Mr. Southwick gave two recitals at Hollins Institute, Va., March 17-18. Besides some of the recitations mentioned above, he read an abridgment of Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," Tennyson's "Sweet and Low," Prout's "The Bells of Shandon," Bunner's "The Tenor," and a condensation of Browning's "Saul."

Amalie Joachim died at Berlin, Feb. 4. She was born in 1830 of musical parents. She took singing-lessons at an unusually early age, for her voice was strong. At fourteen she appeared in opera, as Adalgisa, Zerlina, etc. In 1862 she went to Hanover, under contract with the Hanover Opera Co. Here she met Joachim, then concertmeister to the king, and married him in 1863. She bade farewell to the stage the same year, as Fidelio, and devoted herself to concert-work. In 1868 the Joachims went to Berlin to live. In 1882 she and her husband were divorced, not without scandalous charges against her; although her friends, notably Brahms, were faithful to her. She visited America in 1892, singing in concert and in oratorio.

The course at Mrs. Frank H. Fenno's School of Elocution and Physical Culture includes thorough and critical work in physical culture; rendering, applied to both reading and speaking; science of speech or the 100 laws of voice and action; Descartes philosophy of expression; vocal physiology,

Bell's visible speech, articulation or phonics, critical pronunciation; vocal gymnastics; and literature. A graduating course includes the principles of rhetoric, logic, anatomy, physiology, hygiene, psychology, pedagogy, normal work, moral philosophy, esthetics, and art-criticism. Specimens of the best literature are analyzed according to a universal formula applicable to all art-work, whether painting, sculpture, architecture, literature, oratory, or music.

The half-yearly course of the Shakespeare Correspondence School, Mrs. Anna Randall-Diehl, principal, consists of the study of "King Lear." Pupils are required to answer questions upon the play and to write essays upon assigned topics connected with it. Two copies of the paper must be furnished: One to be kept on file and one to be returned to the writer after being examined, corrected, and rated as to excellence. The writers of the best papers will be invited to read them at the American Shakespeare Symposium to be held at Stratford-on-Avon, July 27-28. A prize is offered for the best paper, viz., a first-class steamer ticket from New York to London and return. This will be given in connection with the annual excursion to Stratford-on-Avon for the purpose of attending the Symposium.

Results argue well for the ability of Prof. Robert I. Fulton in training debaters. Both universities in which he is professor of oratory have won signal victories recently. On Feb. 24 Ohio State University defeated representatives from Adelbert University in a debate upon the question, "Resolved that the United States should annex Cuba." They argued for the affirmative. On March 3 Ohio Wesleyan University achieved a victory over Oberlin University upon the question, "Resolved that the United States should adopt a policy of territorial expansion." This time the decision was in favor of the negative. A unique feature of this contest was the appearance of Miss Mary J. Beal, the first woman to take part in the yearly debates of the Ohio Intercollegiate Debating League. The result makes Ohio Wesleyan the champion for first honors in the League.

Mr. Lee G. Kratz held his tenth pupils' recital, March 14, with this program:

- Soprano Solos, "Two Wings"..... *Pinsuti*
 "A May Morning"..... *Denza*
 "When the World is Fair"..... *Cowen*
 Aria from "Robert le Diable"..... *Meyerbeer*
 Tenor Solos, "The Flight of the Ages"..... *Bevan*
 "Rose Tide"..... *Cantor*
 "Love and Spring"..... *Clutson*
 "The Violet"..... *Abt*
 "Queen of the Earth"..... *Pinsuti*
 Alto Solos, "You Are Mine"..... *De Koven*
 "Some Sweet Day"..... *Vannah*
 Bass Solos, "The Mighty Deep"..... *Jude*
 "Let All Obey"..... *Leach*
 Duet, "The Night"..... *Millotti*

Mr. Kratz has just published a new sacred song for baritone or bass, called "Come to the Cross of Calvary."

The Schubert Vocal Society, Mr. Louis Arthur Russell, director, gave its twentieth concert, at Newark, March 3, with the following program:

- Prelude, "Manfred"..... *Reinecke*
 Choral Song, "The Night"..... *Rheinberger*
 Song, "Ave Maria"..... *Bach-Gounod*
 Choral Ode, "Hymn to Music"..... *Buck*
 Intermezzo, two numbers from the "Peer Gynte" Suite..... *Grieg*
 Quartet, "He doth to me incline"..... *Beethoven*
 Interlude, (a) "Favorite Air"..... *Buch*
 (b) "Minuetto"..... *Boccherina*
 Waltz Chorus, Finale from Act II. of "Faust"..... *Gounod*
 Songs, (a) "I'll Ne'er Complain"..... *Schumann*
 (b) "Thou Art So Like a Flower"..... *Chadwick*
 (c) "The Wanderer"..... *Schubert*
 Part-Songs, (a) "Sweet and Low"..... *Van der Stucken*
 (b) "Looking for Spring"..... *Lloyd*
 (c) "Shall a Smile or Gulleful Glance"..... *Strong*
 (b) "Who Is Sylvia"..... *Schubert*
 (c) "When Thou Art Near"..... *Russell*
 Intermezzo, "Loin du Bal"..... *Gillet*
 Choral Ballad, "Harold Harfanger"..... *Parher*

The Music of the Modern World.

Illustrated by the Painters of the Modern World.

Containing Expert Historical and Critical Accounts of famous Singers, Instrumental Virtuosos, Composers, and Schools of Musical Art; Discussions of Methods of Technique and Teaching; Reproductions of famous Paintings; Two Series of practical Piano and Vocal Lessons, and nearly One Hundred Pieces of Rare and Beautiful Music.

THE PLAN OF THE WORK.

The plan is to give a bird's-eye view of modern music. Under the editorship of the late ANTON SEIDL valuable contributions were secured from the highest authorities on the various branches of the subject. The historical articles have been prepared by such writers as Messrs. Krähbbl of the *New York Tribune*, Louis Elson, Henry Finck of the *New York Evening Post*, Nym Crinkle of *The World*, Max Maretzek the veteran impresario, and F. A. Schwab, well known as critic and manager. The biographical matter has been furnished by the musicians themselves, the musical criticism by famous interpretative musicians. Thus Tamagno writes of Italian opera, Van der Stucken of Male Chorus, Max Alvary of Wagner, Maurel of Verdi, Clara Louise Kellogg of Patti, Arthur Friedheim of Liszt, Lilli Lehman of German Opera, Anton Seidl of Conducting Orchestra, etc. The history of the wind instruments of the orchestra was written by Williams Adams Brown, and illustrated from the instruments in his own superb collection at the Metropolitan Museum.

THE PORTRAITS.

The book is also illustrated by authentic pictures of the musicians referred to in the text, many of them made expressly for this work; it therefore contains a gallery of portraits of the great musicians of modern times.

The work also contains twelve suggestive articles on vocal study, obtained from the highest authorities of the world. Victor Maurel, Mile. Melba, Marchesi of Paris, Sbriglia, William Shakespeare of London, Stockhausen of Germany, and other teachers of equal weight will furnish these chapters.

CONDITIONS OF PUBLICATION.

The Music of the Modern World is published in Twenty-seven parts.

The price of each part is One Dollar.

Two parts will be delivered monthly to subscribers until completed, to be paid for as delivered, or if so desired the complete work can be supplied at once by addressing the publishers.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & CO., also announce the issue of an Edition de Luxe (limited to 500 copies) of "THE MUSIC OF THE MODERN WORLD,"—edited by the late Anton Seidl—and published in honor of his memory.

This edition will be strictly limited to five hundred copies, size 16 x 20, will be published in ten sections, each containing three or four large India-proof photogravures, size about 11 x 13 inches, all proofs before letters, printed in Paris by Bousso, Valadon & Co. (Goupli & Co.) specially for this edition, two or three typogravures in colors, an average of twenty-four pages of text, and thirty-four pages of choice music; also one facsimile in water-color, matted, ready for framing.

The price of each section will be Fifteen Dollars. No order will be accepted for less than the ten sections, and no order can be cancelled after acceptance, except with the consent of the publishers.

It is intended to issue the sections and deliver them to subscribers at intervals of about sixty days, and the publishers reserve the right to advance the price to new subscribers as the number of unsold copies decreases, but no advance will be made on subscriptions given on terms stated above.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,

72 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SCENES To be Acted as Plays or Read by One Person

Many of them exceptionally fine costume pieces---These are in publications that contain other good pieces.

Shakespearian Scenes.

Seven Ages of Man. A burlesque pantomime by Pauline Phelps. Full directions for seven tableaux.

A Shakespearian Medley. 10 m., 1 f. Short pieces from the various characters. 20c.

The Curse of Constance. 7 m., 3 f. Dramatic. From "King John." 25c.

Fin de Siecle "Hamlet." Mrs. J. T. Murphy. 1 m., 1 f. A bright parody on the famous Soliloquy Scene. 25c.

The Closet Scene from "Hamlet." 2 m., 1 f. 25c.

Shakespeare's Dream. 10 m., 20 f. A potpourri bringing in the principal characters in Shakespeare. Opportunity for Ophelia to sing. 35c.

(1) **The Casket Scene.** 1 m., 1 f. The well-known scene between Bassanio and Portia in "The Merchant of Venice." A father wills that his daughter shall marry the man that chooses the right casket. (2) **King Lear.** 3

...any number of m. The scene where Lear disinherits Cordelia, and her acceptance by France. (3) **Romeo and Juliet.** 2 f. Dialogue between Juliet and Nurse in Act II. All three for 35c.

Comedy of Errors. 2 m., 2 f. Humorous. A man is mistaken for the husband of a lady who invites him home through a slave, who resembles a slave of his, and makes the confusion. 35c.

(1) **Scenes from "Henry VIII."** Any number of males and females. Trial of Queen Katharine. Two scenes—one in the court, the other in her apartment. (2) **The Court Scene from "The Winter's Tale."** 1 m., 1 f. Queen Hermione's reply to her husband's charge of treason. Both for 35c.

Falstaff and Prince Hal. 5 m. Falstaff's boast of a robbery in which he and his gang are in turn set upon by the Prince and Poins disguised. 35c.

Cassio's Lost Reputation. 2 males. Cassio's remorse at being discovered by his commander Othello in a drunken brawl. 35c.

(1) **The Trial of Queen Katharine.** 4 males. The scene in the Hall of Blackfriars. (2) **Katharine of Aragon.** 1 m., 1 f. The death of Katharine. (3) **Wolsey's Soliloquy.** 2 m. His famous speech on being cast off by Henry VIII. (4) **Scenes from "The Tempest."** Any number of m. The storm at sea and the shipwreck of Ferdinand. (5) **Rosalind.** 1 m., 1 f. Scene between Orlando and Rosalind in Arden Forest. (6) **Juliet.** 1 m., 1 f. The Balcony Scene. (7) **The Sleep-Walking Scene from "Macbeth."** 2 m., 1 f. (8) **Portia and Nerissa.** 3 f. Dialogue regarding the suitors for Portia's hand. (9) **Portia at the Bar.** 2 m., 1 f. The trial of Antonio upon the charge of Shylock. (10) **Cleopatra.** 1 m., 3 f. The death of the Queen. (11) **Hamlet.** 4 m. Scene at the grave of Ophelia. Music of the gravedigger's song given. (12) **Dogberry and Verges.** 4 m. Dialogue between ignorant constables who mutilate their words. (13) **Beatrice.** 2 m., 2 f. Beatrice receives instruction from her uncle as to the winning of Benedick. (14) **Prince Arthur.** 4 m. Arthur's appeal to Hubert. (15) **Othello.** 4 m., 2 f. An abridgment of the whole play. Music of the "Willow Song" given. These fifteen scenes are in "Helen Potter's Impersonations." #2.

Statue Scene from "The Winter's Tale." Musical accompaniment. The music has been specially arranged from Beethoven, by Edgar S. Kelley. Queen Hermione, supposed long since dead, is restored to her family, during their visit to a gallery to see what they imagine is her statue. 50c.

Three Scenes in the Life of Columbus. Webster Egerly. 5 m., 1 f. Dramatic with chance for tableaux with colored lights. 25c.

The Portrait. Isabel B. Bowman. 1 m., 1 f. Exceptionally good prose dialogue, with full business. 25c.

Olga. W. F. Traves. 1 m., 1 f. A powerful bit of political intrigue between a French spy and the inspector of the Russian police. Something on the style of Aldrich's "Pauline Pavlovna." 25c.

Good Night, Babette. Austin Dobson. 1 m., 1 f. Babette sings a peevish old invalid to sleep. He drops off murmuring of his early life. 25c.

The Jester and His Daughter. Tom Taylor. 1 m., 1 f. An affecting scene between Bertuccio, a mishapen monstrosity, and his beautiful daughter Fiordelisa. 25c.

(1) **The Bower Scene from "Becket."** Tennyson. 3 m., 2 f. Queen Eleanor of England surprises Fair Rosamund, the real love of Henry II., in Rosamund's secret bower, and is about to wreak vengeance upon her, but is prevented by Thomas Becket. (2) **Arm-gart.** George Elliot. 3 m., 2 f. Through the failure of a surgical operation, Arm-gart, a favorite prima donna, loses her voice. As read by Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker. Both for 25c.

The Library Scene from "A Blot in the Scutcheon." Browning. 3 m., 2 f. As read by George Riddle. Thorold tries to wring from his sister Mildred a confession of her relations with Henry Mertoun. A most powerful scene. 25c.

(1) **St. Elizabeth.** Charles Kingsley. 5 m., 5 f. A crusader leaves his bride, who is unfeelingly robbed of her rights and property as soon as news comes of her husband's death. (2) **The Lady in Comus.** Milton. 3 m., 2 f. A wild-wood scene. A lady, separated from her brothers, is found by Comus, a satyr, who conducts her to an enchanted castle; but her brothers arrive in time. A classical piece. Opportunity for singing. Both for 35c.

Mothers and Fathers; Two Pictures. Mary Kyle Dallas. 2 boys. Two boys, one rich and one poor, tell of their respective mammas. A satire in prose. 35c.

Guido Ferranti. Oscar Wilde. 1 m., 1 f. Beatrice, the beautiful young wife of a tyrannical old duke, loves and is loved by Guido for whom she resolves to kill her husband. Guido has also thought of murdering the old duke; but forgetting his own plotting when he learns of Beatrice's deed, he denounces her cruelly. 35c.

The Roman Father. John Howard Payne. Any number of males. Brutus, as magistrate, condemns his own son, Titus, to death for treason. 35c.

The Three Missions. Louis K. Rogers. 3 f. Three young girls, dressed as Morning Star, Evening Star, and Moonlight, enter and describe their various missions, finally crowning Moonlight Queen of the Night. May be given with tableaux. Music given for the closing chorus. 35c.

(1) **A Scene from "Fleurange."** Mme. Augustus Craven. 2 f. A man condemned to Siberia is loved by two women, one of whom sacrifices her own love to rescue him. The scene is between the two women. (2) **Zamora.** John Tobin. 2 m., 1 f. A girl, disguised as a page, follows her lover to war, where he falls in love with her. (3) **Zaire.** Voltaire. 4 m., 1 f. A Christian princess, held as hostage in Jerusalem, wins the love and respect of the Sultan. Her father and friends are set at liberty, but

she will not leave her betrothed. Blank verse. All three for 35c.

(1) **The Fairest Flower.** Goethe. 1 m., 4 f. An earl passes by the rose, the lily, the carnation, and the violet, but finds in the forget-me-not the revival of hope. A delicate poem. (2) **The Happy Beauty and the Blind Slave.** Bulwer-Lytton. 1 m., 2 f. A dramatization from "The Last Days of Pompeii" of the scene between Ione and Nydia. Can be given in Greek or in Roman costume. (3) **Hugo Grotius.** Kötzebe. 3 m., 2 f. Grotius, condemned to life-imprisonment, escapes through the ingenuity of wife and daughter. The girl's lover, commander of the garrison, declares himself guilty. All three 35c.

(1) **Queen Isabella's Resolve.** Epes Sargent. 2 m., 1 f. Prose. (2) **The Return of Columbus.** Epes Sargent. 2 m. Prose. Both for 35c.

(1) **The Wooing of the Maid of Beauty.** 5 m., 3 f. From the "Kalevala." (2) **Edward II.** Christopher Marlowe. 3 m., 1 f. Queen Isabella, bewailing the loss of Edward's affection, conspires to dethrone him. (3) **Mary Stuart.** Schiller. 2 m., 3 f. The famous Garden Scene in which Elizabeth meets Mary at Fotheringay Castle. Mary at first feigns submission, then bursts into fury before the queen. (4) **Richelieu.** Bulwer-Lytton. 7 m., 2 f. The famous Circle Scene in which Richelieu resigns the office of prime minister in favor of Baradas, who is subsequently discovered to be in league against the king, and Richelieu is restored. All four for 45c.

In Pitti. Louise de la Ramée ("Ouida"). 1 m., 1 f. Romantic prose how a young lady and a man, strangers, are locked in an art-gallery. 35c.

(1) **Merely Players.** Clara Saville Clark. 1 m., 1 f. Prose dialogue between an actress and a doctor who, in attending a sick woman, find themselves husband and wife, separated years before. (2) **Wilfred Denver's Dream.** 2 m. Extract from "The Silver King" as played by Wilson Barrett. Intense description of a murderer's dream. (3) **Scene from "Hannalee."** Gerhart Hauptmann. Any number of males and females. This play made a sensation when produced in New York. This extract is a death-chamber scene, when the Saviour is supposed to appear and raise the dead girl. An unusually weird play. Full business given. All three for 35c.

The Farewell. 3 f. Pathetic scene in Biblical language between Naomi, Ruth, and Orpah at their parting. 35c.

A Drunkard's Repentance. William W. Pratt. 1 m., 2 f. In a drunken spree a father fatally wounds his only child. Her death causes his reformation. 35c.

(1) **Rosa Dartle's Revenge.** Dickens. 2 f. Little Em'ly, ruined and enticed away by Steerforth, is found and sheltered by Martha, a poor girl whom she had befriended in happier days. Rosa Dartle, whose whole life has been warped by her passion for Steerforth, seeks Em'ly out and curses her. (2) **The Death of Mildred.** Browning. 2 m., 2 f. Another overpowering scene, from "A Blot in the Scutcheon." (3) **The Death of Poe's Wife.** J. Mount Bleyer. 1 m., 1 f. Under the stimulation of opium, Poe composes his famous "Raven," while his wife is dying. All three, 35c.

The Execution of Louis XVI. 3 m., 3 f. A scene from "Marie Antoinette," as played by Ristori. Full business given. 35c.

His Unbiased Opinion. Grace L. Furniss. 1 m., 2 f. Chester Dabney,

Humorous, Serio-Comic, and Society Scenes.

author, meets Chillingsby Blight, a virary critic, at a fashionable reception. Owing to confusion of names, he does not recognize her, and pronounces most scathing criticism upon her last reel. 30c.

1) **On Trial for Voting.** 1 f., any number of males. Susan B. Anthony is led for voting for President Grant.

Cardinal Richelieu. Bulwer-Lytton. 2 m. The Cardinal dispatches agents after a valuable packet of state papers. (3) **Dona S.-I.** Victor Hugo. 1. 1 f. A study of Sarah Bernhardt, French and English texts given. Dona is accustomed secretly to meet her lover, who is a fugitive. Don Carlos, envious of her, deceys her to the meeting-place, but she defends herself with a dagger. (4) **Queen Elizabeth.** rendered by Ristori. Elizabeth's rage and grief upon learning of the death of the Earl of Essex. (5) **Mary Stuart.** 2 f. Translated from the Italian of Maffei. The famous meeting in the King's Park. (6) **Meg Merrils.** Scott. 1 m., 1 f. The meeting of Meg and Henry Bertram, who has returned to his native land, whence he was stolen by gipsies when a child. Musical Meg's lullaby. "Oh, Rest Thee, Babe," given. These scenes are in Helen Potter's Impersonations, each being marked diacritically, with description of costumes, etc., \$2.

The Spanish Gipsy. George Elliot. 1. 1 f. Scene between Chief Zarca and his daughter Fedalma, who, at the age of three, had been stolen from him, reared in a noble family in Spain. A day before her marriage to the Spanish duke Silva, Zarca persuades her to rejoin her people. In the "Delicate Recitation Book." \$1.25.

Fora's Awakening. Ibsen. 1 m., 1 f. From "A Doll's House." During ten years of married life, Helmer treats his wife as a plaything. To send her abroad, when seriously ill, she innocently forges her dying father's name as a forgery (as portrayed to her) preys on her mind. It is revealed to Helmer, and she denounces her cruelly. His selfishness is so revolting that she leaves him forever. Dramatic and suggestive. 25c.

Sister's Sacrifice. Augustine. 1 f. Louise loves M. Sartorys and proposes her affection returned, but he leaves his love for her frivolous kinsister Gilberte. She conceals her illness, promises to forward his suit, and gets Gilberte to accept him. 25c.

HUMOROUS SCENES.

The Artist's Model. T. B. Aldrich. 1 m., 1 f. A duologue bringing in the Music given. 30c.

The Confederates. 1 m., 1 f. To ridicule an objectionable suitor, two friends pose as an engaged couple. In the joke they become engaged in the most charming society sketch. 25c.

Fast Friends. De Henry. 2 f. In the best of friends, jealousy uses two women to become the "best" enemies. Complications are at last arranged up, and their friendship is concluded. 25c.

His Secret. Harrison Robertson. 1. 1 f. A girl promises to cherish a man's secret which is his love. 25c.

The Goodbye Season. R. B. Sheridan. 2 m., 3 f. Arranged from "The Fool for Scandal." The "School" is to pieces absent friends. One of George Biddle's best scenes. 25c.

An Ombre. Austin Dobson. 1 m., 1 f. A very bright bit of society repartee. Willie and Frank are on the outs, but they make up finally. Also an extended review of Dobson's works. 25c.

Writing a Play. Anne E. Trumbull. 1 m., 1 f. Dissatisfied with published plays, two amateurs decide to write one for themselves, in which they come hopelessly mixed. 25c.

Secrets of the Heart. Austin Dobson. 2 f. Two schoolgirls describe an ideal man so accurately that each recognizes in the portrait the other's lover. Full analysis of the poem. 25c.

What Old Mrs. Ember Said. Mary Kyle Dallas. 2 f. An old lady starts out to tell about Mrs. Ember, but has so many other things to say that she never gets to the point. May be given in costume. 25c.

(1) **At the Rug Auction.** Henry Baldwin. 3 m., 4 f. Description of the scenes at a fashionable auction. (2) **Suppose.** T. H. Robertson. 1 m., 1 f. A satisfactory ending of a lover's quarrel. (3) **Different Ways of Saying "Yes."** Any number of males and females. A school committeeman visits a school and hears the various ways the pupils have of saying "yes;" then he proposes to the schoolma'am. (4) **On the Beach.** 1 m., 1 f. A seaside romance. (5) **Fortune-Teller and Maiden.** Mary L. Gaddess. 2 f. A gipsy talks to a woman about her future husband when she is already a wife. Can be given in costume. All five for 25c.

(1) **A Cautious Wooer.** Miller Vinton. 1 m., 1 f. A prose scene between a young man and a young woman who thinks he intends to propose to her, but he finally asks to see her sister. (2) **Love Stronger Than Locks.** 2 m., 1 f. Prose account of an elopement. Just when two lovers are about to flee, the father thrusts his head out of the window and says: "Don't forget your trunk, Beattie." (3) **At a Dinner Party.** Any number of males and females. Prose. A tardy guest is asked to escort to the table a girl who has just refused him. They become reconciled. (4) **At the Restaurant.** 5 f. A party of ladies, after much debate, decide to take various kinds of ice-cream, but are told by the waiter: "Hain't got nothing but vanilla—what'll it be, ladies?" Prose. All four for 25c.

(1) **Helen and Modus.** J. S. Knowles. 1 m., 1 f. From "The Hunchback." Helen finds her cousin Modus reading Ovid's Art of Love and teases him for calling that an art that requires no study. She pretends to be faint and there being no chair, he has to hold her. Presently he begins to make love in earnest, and when she tries to break away, he says: "Nay, let me hold you, cousin. I like it." (2) **The Honeymoon.** John Tobin. 2 m., 1 f. Scene in Balthazar's house. He and the Count, who loves his daughter, have laid a trap to find out if the girl loves the Count. The lover assumes the disguise of a friar, but the girl detects him at once. Prose. Both for 35c.

(1) **Julia and Helen.** J. S. Knowles. 2 f. or 3 f. and 1 m. From "The Hunchback." Julia professes so great love for the country that she would not care to find out what the town is. But someone comes a-wooing. Lively dialogue with plenty of opportunity to contrast simplicity and archness. (2) **A Bush Study a la Watteau.** A. P. Martin. 2 m., 1 f. A city man and woman discuss how countrymen lead an idyllic life, free from evil, but their theory is dispelled by a "sundowner." Both for 35c.

Dorcas and Gregory. Molière. 2 m., 1 f. Husband and wife disagree, and she beats her. Another interlude, and he bears their displeasure. 35c.

A Consensus of the Competent. Dorothea Lummls. 3 f. Short prose dialogue of three girls engaged to the same man. 25c.

An Oak in a Storm. Abraham Dreyfus. 1 m., 1 f. An ingenious combination of monologue and pantomime between husband and wife as given by Agnes Booth and Coquelin. The wife does all the talking, while the husband replies in pantomime. An exceptionally fine piece. Full business given. 35c.

(1) **Ginger and the Preacher.** 2 m., 2 f. Negro dialect poem giving scene between a family and pastor who plays the violin. (2) **A Round-Up.** H. C. Bunner. 6 m., 2 f. A sensation is caused and humorous scenes result, when the eight married men, whom she requested to serve as her pallbearers, are

known to be the dead woman's discarded lovers. Prose. Both for 35c.

In the Royal Academy. Austin Dobson. 1 m., 1 f. A young soldier is about to propose to his cousin, when the appearance of her two maiden aunts spoils his plan. 35c.

(1) **The Corpse's Husband.** 2 f. Bridget while at a funeral becomes engaged to the widower. A choice bit of Irish dialect. (2) **Mental Arithmetic.** 1 m., 1 f. Prose story of a boy who, when asked how many peaches there will be left, says none, as he will grab them. Both for 35c.

Sackcloth and Ashes. Henry Baldwin. 1 m., 2 f. A society skit in prose, being a Lenten dialogue at a fashionable afternoon tea. Very amusing. 30c.

(1) **Women All at Sea.** 1 m., 2 f. A captain's fruitless attempt to teach nauticalism to ladies on board a yacht.

(2) **The Leading-Class.** 8 f., 11 m. The various renderings of Gray's "Elegy" by school-children. (3) **Jakey and Old Jacob.** 3 m., 1 f. The Bible story of Jacob is interpreted too literally by a young son and causes trouble between his father and mother. All three in Helen Potter's Impersonations, each piece being marked diacritically, with full description of costumes, etc., \$2.

(1) **The Discussion.** Dialogue in which one person speaks in pantomime. Affords exceptional opportunity for pantomime work. (2) **The B. B. Romance.** Edgar Fawcett. 1 m., 1 f. A satire in blank verse on the efforts of a wealthy pork dealer to marry his daughter to a person of rank. She elopes with a dry-goods clerk. Exceedingly bright. (3) **An Evolver.** Austin Dobson. 1 m., 1 f. (4) **Toward Arcadia.** Egan Mew. 1 m., 1 f. Two bright society sketches. All four in the "Delicate Recitation Book." \$1.25.

A Box of Powders. 1 m., 1 f. To cure a florid complexion, a man places powders on each ankle, and calls to court a dashing young widow. The powders begin to burn, and she suffers mentally and physically. After vainly trying to have her leave the room, he is rescued in a most unexpected way. Extremely funny and up-to-date. 25c.

CrUEL HEARTS. **Lying Popsy.** Mme. De Louise. 1 m., 1 f. A girl doubting the fidelity of her lover because he fails to meet her in a wood, tries to tell her fortune by plucking the petals of a daisy. Its verdict is against her, but her lover's appearance gives the popsy the lie. Music and full business. 25c.

The Examination. A Nicolai. 2 m., 2 f. A farce in three scenes showing the stupidity of a musical student. 20c.

Werner's Readings and Recitations, No. 17, contains 42 dialogues for children—from 2 to 9 m., from 2 to 5 f., and for from 1 m. and 1 f. to any number of males and females. 35c.

(1) **Franklin and the Gout.** Benjamin Franklin. Dialogue between Franklin and his Gout, who moralizes with the sufferer over the sin of sloth and overeating. (2) **Sisterly Confidences.** Rhoda Broughton. 2 f. A sedate sister takes her frivolous, flirting sister to task for jilting men unmercifully, and refuses to act as a go-between any longer. Both for 35c.

WERNER'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS, NO. 20

Humorous Collection Compiled by Pauline Phelps.

READY APRIL 24

Price, 35 cts. in paper; 60 cts. in cloth.

Werner's Readings and Recitations, No. 16.

DESCRIPTIVE CONTENTS.

- African Mother, The.** A negroes torn from her babe pleads to her master and dies under the lash of the slave-whip. Very dramatic.
- Barbara Blue.** Alice Cary. Fanciful poem narrating the fate of an avaricious old apple-woman.
- Bashful Man, The.** James Smith. A man tells of the trials and tribulations arising from his great diffidence. Humorous prose.
- Bliss.** Charles M. Lewis. Pathetic poem about two little boys.
- Butterfly's Ball, The.** Mrs. Henry Roscoe. Dainty poem describing a social event among the insects. Effective with waits accompaniment.
- Chariot Race in the Time of Christ, A.** Edgar Saltus. Vivid picture in prose of a sanguinary race.
- Christmas - Eve Redemption, A.** Hamilton Alde. A forsaken wife meets her rival at the bedside of her dying husband, and orders her away. The outcast begs for mercy, and the wife, hearing the notes of a Christmas hymn from a neighboring church, is softened into promising to care for her husband's child. Dramatic and pathetic, affording opportunity for singing.
- Crack-Mouthed Family, The.** The ludicrous experiences of a family having a peculiar way of talking. The daughter marries a crack-mouthed man. One of the best pieces for facial business ever written.
- Cupid's Arrows.** Kipling. Prose account of a romance in India. A girl deliberately loses an archery contest, to jilt an old suitor for the man she loves.
- Daughter of Herodias, The.** Powerful monologue for a woman. Herodias's daughter repents of her part in the beheading of John the Baptist, and curses her mother and her own fate.
- Deacon's Confession, The.** N. S. Emerson. A humorous old-fashioned country story of a deacon who kisses a neighbor's pretty daughter. On explaining the circumstances at meeting, he is exonerated, and the poem ends with the chime of wedding-bells.
- Death of Uncle Tom, The.** Harriet Beecher Stowe. An effective arrangement from this author's famous story.
- Death of Arnkel, The.** Edmund Gosse. Strongly dramatic poem in blank verse.
- Dilemma, The.** Holmes. Humorous account in poetry of a lover's difficulty in choosing between a blonde and a brunette sweetheart.
- Dr. Lanyon's Story.** Robert L. Stevenson. A dramatic arrangement from "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," giving an account of the physical metamorphosis of the demon into the philanthropist. Very strong.
- Egyptian Slippers.** Edwin Arnold. Verse reverie induced by the sight of a pair of slippers from a mummy's casket.
- Fairies, The.** William Allingham. Fanciful descriptive poem, suitable for encore.
- Faithful unto Death.** Clifford Harrison. Ten soldiers, lost in Siberia, strip the clothing from their bodies to save their commander from freezing. Strong and pathetic.
- Falstaff and Prince Hal.** Shakespeare. The rogue Falstaff's exaggerated account of one of his numerous adventures.
- Fiery Ordeal, The.** Short, humorous poem, suitable for encore.
- Files-on-Parade.** Kipling. Cockney dialect, descriptive of the hanging of a private soldier in India. Weird and impressive.
- "Good Enough for Me."** "An' the langwidge Shakespeare writ in is good enough fer me." Encore poem.
- Hagar.** Eliza P. Nicholson. Blank verse Biblical poem. Hagar, going forth into the wilderness, sees Abraham following her and vehemently accuses him of cruelly wronging her, ending with the prophecy that although she is now an outcast, the day will come when she will be avenged. Very dramatic.
- Hostage, The.** Schiller. A man condemned to death, asks for three days' delay to witness his sister's marriage, and leaves his best friend as a hostage. Innumerable obstacles beset him upon his return, but by terrible exertions he reaches the spot just as his friend is being bound to the cross. The King, touched by this fidelity, pardons them both. Recited by Charles Roberts.
- House on the Hill, The.** Edgar Fawcett. A woman magnanimously gives up her promised husband to the woman he loves. Very fine.
- How Dot Heard "The Messiah."** H. Butterworth. Dainty story of a soprano giving a ticket to a poor orphan boy whose presence so inspires her that she makes the triumph of her life.
- In the Children's Hospital.** Tennyson. A child, frightened at an impending operation, prays that the Lord will help the little girl "with her arms outside the counterpane," and dies while sleeping in that position.
- In the Nursery.** Jean Ingelow. Quaint little poem.
- In the Royal Academy.** Austin Dobson. A dialogue in blank verse between two lovers. Exceedingly bright.
- Japanese Lullaby.** Eugene Field. Artistic. Can be given with musical accompaniment.
- Last Time I Met Lady Ruth, The.** Owen Meredith. The story of an old sweetheart. Reminiscent and pathetic.
- Lost Leader, The.** Browning. A patriot's lament over the desertion of the man they had honored and trusted. Very impressive.
- Mountain Tragedy, The.** Dickens. A dramatic story of a man who drugs his rival and huris him over the cliff. The injured man's sweetheart vainly risks her life to save him. A magnificent recitation.
- Matrimonial Controversy, A.** The husband meant "gimlet" but he said "corkscrew," and there is trouble in the Throckton household in consequence. Humorous.
- Mr. Winkle's Adventure.** Dickens. Mr. Winkle, clad only in dressing-gown and slippers, obligingly opens the door for a belated lodger, who turns out to be a lady. The embarrassing complications that follow are very amusing.
- Nellie Walsh.** Charles Barnard. An amusing society monologue for a man, telling of his infatuation for a young elocutionist, and the subsequent disenchantment. Elaborate business.
- Paddy Moore.** Fred Emerson Brooks. Dialect poem. An Irishman finds to arrest a man for wife beating going that the curpiet has hanged himself, and makes an address to the corpse. Humorous.
- Rhyme of Jennie Eaglehart, The.** A poem written by a rejected lover to his sweetheart. Dainty and pathetic.
- Hide of Ichabod Crane, The.** Washington Irving. Description of a Yankee schoolmaster's pursuit by the Headless Horseman. Humorous. Excellent opportunity for dramatic work.
- Sohrab and Rostum.** Matthew Arnold. Sohrab is the commander of the Tartars and Rostum the champion of the Persians. Sohrab is Rostum's son, a fact unknown to the latter, who believes that his one child is a girl, his wife having forged this tale in order to prevent Rostum making a warrior out of him. Rostum challenges Sohrab to mortal combat, and slays him; Sohrab reveals his identity as he dies. No commendation can be too strong for this reading. Given by S. H. Clark, Walter V. Holt, and other well-known elocutionists.
- Story of Ruth Bonython, The.** Whittier. One of the most dramatic poems ever written.
- Surgeon's Child, The.** F. F. Weatherly. Dramatic dialect poem telling how a doctor, although his own daughter lies at the point of death, leaves her to minister to a shipwrecked crew.
- Tears of Tullia, The.** Edgar Fawcett. A Roman youth having confessed his love for a patrician's daughter, Calpurnia orders him to be blindfolded, while twenty maids pass before him. If he can not tell, by touching her face, which is Tullia, they shall be bound together and cast into the sea. The youth at last recognizes his sweetheart by the tears upon her face. Recited by Marion Short.
- To-morrow.** Tennyson. Pathetic Irish dialect poem.
- "Too Many Children, Pa!"** A little child asks his father if the reason they are so poor is because there are too many children. Semi-pathetic, with pleasant ending.
- Tricksey's Ring.** Alice Cary. Bright little monologue for a young girl, telling of the visit of a city cousin, and an exchange of gifts.
- Uncle Eph's Heaven.** Fred Emerson Brooks. Ducky dialect poem, with strong dramatic ending.
- Unrest in Paradise.** Humorous encore.
- When Sparrows Build.** Jean Ingelow. Pathetic poem. A woman laments the loss of her youth and lover.
- Youth and Art.** Browning. A wealthy and prosperous woman meets her old sweetheart, who has since become famous, and speaks of their boy having missed the love that is best in life. "This could but have happened once, and we missed it, lost it forever." A very popular recitation.

WERNER'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

Unquestionably the greatest series of Recitation Books ever published. Recollect, nothing is repeated, and you get the latest and best declamations and recitations, with no objectionable features. These books are eminently suitable to be read in the family circle, and are educational as well as interesting and amusing. Twenty numbers now ready. Send for descriptive catalogues of the other numbers.

Price, 35 Cents in Paper; 60 Cents in Cloth. Liberal reductions in quantities.

EDGAR S. WERNER, Publisher, 43 EAST 19th STREET, NEW YORK

The First Monologue to Thread the United States, Cuba, and the Philippines

A Bow of Emerald Ribbon. Monologue for a man. By Arthur Carmichael.

INTENSELY PSYCHOLOGICAL AND INTROSPECTIVE.

An American reviews soliloquizingly the love, passion and the duel that have exiled him to Cuba, where his new life will have for its main purpose the production of cheroots better than those of Manila.

PRICE, 25 CENTS. EDGAR S. WERNER, Publisher, 43 EAST 19th STREET, NEW YORK.

DRILLS

PARASOL DRILL. Mrs. H. Lottner. Cuts, diagrams, and full directions. 15c.

CHILDREN'S FLAG DRILL. Loula K. Rogers. For patriotic occasions. Music given. 20c.

MEXIC DRILL, THE. Mattie Hardwicke. Mexican costume drill for 12 girls. Directions for 42 pantomimes, while one person reads Whittier's "Angels of Buena Vista." 20c.

PROMENADE OF THE BROADWAY BELLS. Minee A. Cady. A drill for 12 or more girls bringing in various kinds of walking as may be seen on a city thoroughfare. Has parasol manoeuvres and gives opportunity for a clever song. 20c.

CHILDREN'S FAN BRIGADE. Ella S. Cummins. Drill for 8 or more girls. 24 figures minutely described. Full directions for costuming and presentation. In a book of 200 pages of good pieces. 35c.

INTERNATIONAL FLAG DRILL. Lily Hoffner Wood. For 23 girls dressed in national costumes and carrying national flags. Music of national airs given, with illustrations of the groups. Every-thing minutely explained. 20c.

GOSSIP PANTOMIME. L. May Haughwout. A drill for small girls of any even number. 54 different attitudes for the tots dressed as old ladies with spectacle frames. Full directions. 15c.

(1) **DOLL DRILL.** Adelaide Norris. For any number of girls. Full directions with lullabies by Brahms and from "Erminie," which may be given by an invisible chorus. (2) **SWORD DRILL.** Anna B. Webb. For 16 girls who drill to the poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Full directions with illustrations. Both drills are in "Delsarte Recitation Book" (40 pages of the best recitations). \$1.25.

(1) **HARVEST DRILL.** Sara S. Rice. Any even number of girls may take part. (2) **JAPANESE PARASOL AND FAN DRILL.** Mary L. Gaddess. For 12 girls. Music may be used from the "Mikado." (3) **TENNIS DRILL.** Mary Drew Wilson. Drill for 12 girls or for 6 girls and 6 boys. 30 different movements. All three drills are in a book of many other good pieces. 35c.

CHRISTMAS BELL DRILL. Lily Hoffner Wood. For 12 girls. Diagrams and full directions. 15c.

SCARF DRILL. A. Alexander. For any number of girls. Full directions and music, with illustrations. 25c.

GUN DRILL. A. Alexander. For any number of boys. Can also be given by girls. Full directions and music, with illustrations. 20c.

MAYPOLE EXERCISES. A. Alexander. For outdoor or indoor use for any number of boys and girls. Music given, with illustrations. 25c.

DRILL OF THE STARS AND STRIPES. Lily Hoffner Wood. For 12 girls. Diagrams and full directions. 15c.

CYMBAL DRILL. E. Josephine Harwood. For 12, 16 or 20 girls. Diagrams and full directions. 15c.

JAPANESE FANTASTICS. L. May Haughwout. Any even number of girls may take part. 10 half tone illustrations. 25c.

SCARF FANTASTICS. Elizabeth A. Middleton. Aesthetic drill for 9 young ladies. Time, 20 minutes. Finely printed; 12 full-page illustrations. 25c.

REVEL OF THE NAJADS. Elizabeth A. Middleton. Aesthetic drill for 9 young ladies. Most beautifully illustrated with 28 full page cuts. 25c.

AMAZON DRILL. Jamie T. Laird and Stanley Schell. For 12 girls. Very copiously illustrated with diagrams of Tableaux and Marching Figures. 25c.

(1) **DELSARTIAN PHYSICAL DRILL.** Lizzie White. For 5 girls 6 to 8 years old. Time, 6 to 10 minutes. Minute directions. (2) **SANTA CLAUS'S RECEPTION.** Jean Halifax. For 19 boys and 15 girls. Brings in various nationalities, including gipsies. (3) **RAINBOW DRILL.** C. H. Sherman. For one large girl (to recite the poem) and 7 little girls. (4) **NURSERY RHYMES DRILL.** Mary L. Gaddess. Any number of boys and girls to represent Mother Goose, Little Boy Blue, and other nursery favorites. (5) **DAUGHTERS OF THE REGIMENT DRILL.** Mrs. A. G. Lewis. For 16 girls. Military movements. (6) **DAISY DRILL.** Jean Halifax. For 16 girls with daisies fastened to their dresses. All six drills are in a book containing much other recitatorial matter. 35c.

GOOD NIGHT DRILL. For 8 little girls clad in white night-gowns and caps. 25c.

HATCHET DRILL. Clara L. Mabry. For 16 boys. 25c.

MARTHA WASHINGTON TEA-PARTY. Maud de Con. For 10 girls. Diagrams and full directions. 25c.

(1) **SILVER WAND DRILL.** (2) **RINGS.** (3) **BARBELLS.** (4) **BATAPLAN CHORUS.** (5) **HOOP DRILL.** (6) **BOLLS AND WANDS.** (7) **POLES.** (8) **SALUTES.** (9) **FANCY STEPS.** (10) **FANCY MARCHES.** H. S. Anderson. 63 half-tone illustrations and 18 diagrams of marches. All 10 drills in bound book ("Artistic Work"). 75c.

GENEVIEVE STEBBINS'S DRILLS: (1) Eastern Temple Drill; (2) Energizing Dramatic Drill; (3) Minuet Fan Drill; (4) An Aesthetic Drill. These four drills, 30c. Or the first three just named together with (1) The English Drill (the May); (2) The Spanish Drill (the Carmen); (3) The Roman Drill (the Amazon); (4) The Athenian Drill (the Victory); (5) The Greek Drill (the Nymphs), in a bound book for \$1.

FEAST OF ROSES DRILL. Mattie Hardwicke-Jones. For 12 girls. 25c.

Any Drill sent post-paid on receipt of price. A discount of one-third will be allowed when ten or more drills are ordered at the same time.

N. B.—This special offer is good only when you send to me direct, but is not good if you order through your local dealer. Cash must accompany the order. No accounts opened. Do not send personal checks.

EDGAR S. WERNER, Publisher, - - - 43 East 19th St., - - - New York

Pieces for Patriotic Occasions

HOW CONGRESS FOUGHT FOR SHERIDAN. Emma Dunning Banks. Dramatic description of the scenes in Congress and at Sheridan's bedside during the passage of the bill creating Sheridan General. With lesson-talk. 15 cents.

CHARGE OF FIRST MINNESOTA AT GETTYSBURG. H. L. Gordon. Spirited description of that terrible battle. Lesson-talk by Emma Dunning Banks. 15 cents.

(1) **PAT'S CONFEDERATE PIG.** Fred E. Brooks. An Irish guard captures what he supposes is a Confederate soldier; it turns out to be a pig. (2) **LET US REJOICE TOGETHER.** George A. Sheridan. Declamation. (3) **STARS IN MY COUNTRY'S SKY.** L. H. Sigourney. Patriotic poem. All three for 30 cents.

MEMORIAL DAY AT THE FARM. Emma Dunning Banks. Grand Army men come each year to decorate the grave of a farmer lad. With lesson-talk 20 cents.

MEMORIAL DAY. Kate Brownlee Sherwood. A poem for those who have fallen for the Red, White and Blue. 20 cents.

(1) **A SOLDIER'S MEMORIAL.** Helen L. Hadley. A soldier's daughter saves enough money to have her father's body removed to the family graveyard. She thinks the grave is forgotten, but the soldiers cover it with flowers. (2) **THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.** A young man dies on the battle-field. (3) **MEMORIAL DAY.** Libbie C. Baer. Poem. All three for 20c.

(1) **DECORATION DAY ORATION.** Bourke Cockran. (2) **DECORATION DAY ON THE PLACE.** James Whitcomb Riley. Pathetic poem telling how lonesome it is on the farm with all away to town. (3) **THE SKELETON SOLDIER.** Mrs. Findley Braden. A Southerner ploughs up the body of a Union soldier, and buries it by the side of his own son, killed in the war. (4) **CHANCELLORSVILLE, 1863.** Libbie C. Baer. Spirited battle-poem. (5) **THE GRAND REVIEW.** H. C. Kirk. Patriotic poem, bringing in Union generals. (6) **THE DYING SOLDIER.** Carmen Silva. Poem. All six for 25c.

(1) **MEMORIAL DAY STORY.** Hezekiah Butterworth. Fine patriotic poem of an old slave who offers a floral cross for Lincoln's sake. Organ music may be introduced. (2) **ON ARLINGTON HEIGHTS** Scene after the war. Both for 25 cents.

THAR WAS JIM. Capt. Jack Crawford. How the wildest boy in the village nobly sacrifices himself in making a charge on the enemy's banners. 25 cents.

(1) **KEENAN'S CHARGE.** G. P. Lathrop. Thrilling account of the battle of Chancellorsville. (2) **THE FIGHT AT LOOKOUT.** R. L. Cary, Jr. A veteran tells of it and of "Fighting Joe." Both for 20 cents.

COLUMBIA. P. S. Gilmore. Patriotic address. In a book containing other excellent pieces. 30 cents.

A SECOND REVIEW OF THE SECOND ARMY. Bret Harte. A vision of the nation's dead being mustered out for dress parade. In a book containing many other fine recitations. 30 cents.

(1) **WHISPERIN' BILL.** Irving Bacheller. Pathetic Yankee dialect story of a boy whose mind has been impaired by a bullet. His father ends by saying: "We only take care o' his body, but God takes care o' his mind." (2) **THE ARMY OVERCOAT.** Mrs. George Archibald. A shiftless youth, by dying for his country, becomes a hero. In a book containing other fine selections. 25 cents.

WAR'S SACRIFICE. After a battle two brothers, in opposing armies, meet as one of them dies. In a book containing other fine pieces. 25 cents.

(1) **THE COWARD.** J. N. Matthews. A boy, supposed by his comrades to be a coward, dies heroically in battle. (2) **THE DRUMMER BOY OF MISSION RIDGE.** Kate Brownlee Sherwood. An account of the bravery and death of a drummer boy. (3) **DECORATION DAY.** Ella Wheeler Wilcox. A poem suitable for either North or South. (4) **ABRAHAM LINCOLN.** Tom Taylor. A rebuke to London *Punch* for ridiculing Lincoln. In a book containing other fine selections. 25 cents.

(1) **A SOLDIER'S RETROSPECT.** Kate Brownlee Sherwood. Reminiscences after the War. (2) **ADVANCE.** Frank H. Gassaway. A trumpeter taken prisoner is ordered to sound "retreat" to his own army. He sounds "advance," and is shot dead. (3) **THE CAVALRY CHARGE.** George Lathrop. Unflinchingly the troopers rode to death, but the army was saved. All three for 25 cents.

SOMEBODY'S BOY. In battle a soldier notices in the enemy's ranks a boy, and his heart softens toward him. Twice the boy's life is saved, and the soldier cheers for joy. Stirring prose sketch. In a book containing other excellent selections. 25 cents.

(1) **BIVOUAC OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.** Grace D. Roe. The tunes of one army are responded to by those of the other army, but both join in "Home, Sweet Home." (2) **OUR HEROES.** O. F. Pearre. Poem. (3) **OUR DRUMMER BOY.** Fred Hildreth. The death of a drummer boy in whom Sherman was interested. All three for 25 cents.

(1) **THE TWO OLD SOLDIERS.** J. C. Macy. Pathetic reminiscences told in verse. (2) **THE MEN WHO WORE THE SHIELD.** Kate Brownlee Sherwood. Spirited patriotic address. Both for 25c.

AN INCIDENT OF '64. The supposed death of her lover in battle deranges a girl; he returns suddenly, only to have his sweetheart fall dead upon his breast. In a book of excellent selections. 25 cents.

(1) **GENERAL GRANT'S ENGLISH.** Mark Twain. (2) **THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.** H. Tuttle. (3) **DECORATION DAY.** E. P. Thwing. Three excellent prose declamations. 25 cents.

MUSIC ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK. C. C. Somerville. Story of Northern and Southern armies on a river's banks so near that each can hear the other's band. When one plays a war-tune, the other responds with its war-tune, until, finally, one side plays "Home, Sweet Home," which so touches the other side that it joins in. For a time North and South are one. Six pages of music, 50 cents.

(1) **THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.** Jessie F. O'Donnell. A soldier, with both legs mangled, is heard singing the "Star-Spangled Banner." Introduces the song at various places; orchestral music may be used with good effect. (2) **THE SILENT ARMY OF MEMORIAL DAY.** Julia C. Jones. A poetic address dedicated to the G. A. R. (3) **GRANDFATHER WATT'S PRIVATE FOURTH.** H. C. Bunner. Semi-humorous account of an old-time Fourth. All three in "Delsarte Recitation Book," containing many other fine things. \$1.25.

(1) **BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.** Julia Ward Howe. The celebrated Civil war hymn. Directions for costume rendition. (2) **MY OWN NATIVE LAND.** Poem. (3) **THE NEGRO BOATMAN'S SONG.** His joy upon hearing of the Emancipation Proclamation. Music and dancing may be introduced. (4) **EXTRACT FROM A SERMON ON LINCOLN.** Henry Ward Beecher. (5) **A VISION OF THE WAR.** Robert Ingersoll. Extract from the celebrated speech at the Soldiers' Reunion at Indianapolis. Suggestions for twelve tableaux. All in "Potter's Impersonations," with many other excellent selections. \$2.00.

AMERICA'S RECITATION BOOK. Compiled by Caroline B. Le Row. A collection of patriotic selections, many of which may be used for Decoration Day and for Fourth of July. 25 cents.

(1) **GEN. LEE AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.** The devotion of a Texan brigade causes them forcibly to restrain Lee from endangering his life, saying: "We'll retake the salient if you'll watch us from the rear;" and they kept their word. (2) **JIM.** T. C. Harbaugh. The funeral of an old comrade revives war-time memories. Both for 25c.

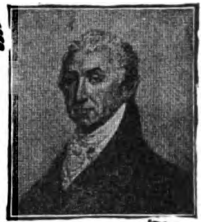
(1) **O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!** Walt Whitman. Exquisite poem referring to the death of Lincoln. (2) **A SOUTHERN VOLUNTEER.** Frank L. Stanton. An old soldier recounts his battle-life during the Civil war. (3) **SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.** S. H. M. Byers. Spirited description of this famous march. All three for 25 cents.

MY GRAY GUINEVER. Henry L. Turner. The life of a Union soldier, surprised by an ambuscade, is saved by his horse's fleetness. 25 cents.

THE UNFINISHED LOVE SONG. C. H. Tiffany. A Federal soldier, on guard, singing of his far-away love, is surprised by the enemy and shot. Music may be introduced. 25 cents.

(1) **AN UNREPENTANT REBEL.** Libbie C. Baer. A Confederate, saved in battle by a Yankee, writes years afterward saying that though he doesn't like the Yankees he'd forgive and pension them, if they were as generous as his rescuer. (2) **THE COLOR GUARD.** C. W. Harwood. The guardians of the Red, White and Blue are the children. Non-sectational piece. Opportunity to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." (3) **THE WEEDS OF THE ARMY.** Capt. Jack Crawford. A protest against the assertion that the G. A. R. never went to the front. All three for 25c.

(1) **CARMELITA.** Julia Mills Dunn. Darcy dialect account of how a Southern girl and her mammy, by a ruse, prevent a battle between the Federals and the Confederates. (2) **TWO OPINIONS.** Eugene Field. Two men, enemies from boyhood, make up on eve of battle. Next day one is killed. Yankee dialect. In a book containing other good pieces. 25c.



A Rich Reference Library

But it reads like romance.

YOU want to be able to find quickly what any and all of the Presidents have said upon our Foreign Relations, Territorial Expansion, Maintenance of Army and Navy, Rights of State and Nation, Financial System, Means of Revenue, and the multitude of important subjects alluded to every day in magazine articles, newspaper items and conversation. You want a thoroughly indexed reference library thus authentic and convenient, don't you? Well, you can have it.

So much for the utility—now for the entertainment.

A good government is not an accident. There are two forces at work; there have been from the beginning of our nation. The success of the one means prosperity, happiness and national pride; the other would mean inferior government and individual misfortune. How this nation has always, or nearly always, hit upon the proper course is an interesting story; it involves plot after plot, crafty and seductive intellect battling against statesmanship and wisdom all the time. It has its villains and its heroes, its conspiracies and intrigues, and its timely master-strokes. In reading it you realize truly "All the world's a stage." Every page glitters with revelation and surprise when the whole story is read in a connected manner, as told by the Presidents in their public addresses and secret diplomatic correspondence which, by act of Congress, have been collected together and published in ten magnificent volumes, entitled

"Messages and Papers of the Presidents"

Edited by Hon. JAMES D. RICHARDSON, by direction of Congress.

The carefully compiled, annotated and indexed utterances (official) of each and all the Presidents of the United States.



Inaugural Addresses, Annual Messages, Special Messages, Proclamations Executive Orders Veto Messages, etc., etc

TEN VOLUMES, PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED, WITH ENCYCLOPEDIA INDEX

A Committee on Distribution has been appointed with Hon. Ainsworth R. Spofford, of the Congressional Library, as General Secretary, for the purpose of placing this great work before the American people at a nominal price—but a trifle more than cost of manufacture and distribution.

On all requests for particulars, samples, etc., accompanied by a deposit of ONE DOLLAR, a set of the books will be laid aside and reserved pending further investigation. If you decide within ten days not to make application for the work, the amount will be refunded. ALL requests for further information will receive prompt attention in regular order if addressed to

AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD, General Secretary,
Committee on Distribution, Dept. (4), Washington, D.C.



CRANITONIC

**HAIR
FOOD**

**The Hair as well
As the body
Needs Food**



It suffers from exhaustion—becomes dry and thin—loses its color—all because it lacks nutriment. The roots lose their vitality, and in time die unless given life-sustaining, healthy food.

CRANITONIC HAIR FOOD gives life and vitality. It is invigorating, refreshing and strengthening. It gives a healthy gloss and promotes the natural growth of the hair.

DANDRUFF, unless cured, causes baldness. It is unpleasant and unhealthy. It can be cured by CRANITONIC HAIR FOOD, which is a scientifically prepared remedy for diseases of the hair roots and scalp. It penetrates to the roots and gives them new life and strength. It prevents the hair from falling out and stops dandruff.

FREE! We invite every reader of this paper who is troubled with falling hair or dandruff, to write for a free sample bottle, which will be sent by mail, on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to cover expense in shipping. A large bottle for \$1.00; express prepaid. Get it from your druggist or write direct to

CRANITONIC HAIR FOOD CO., 801 Temple Court, New York City.

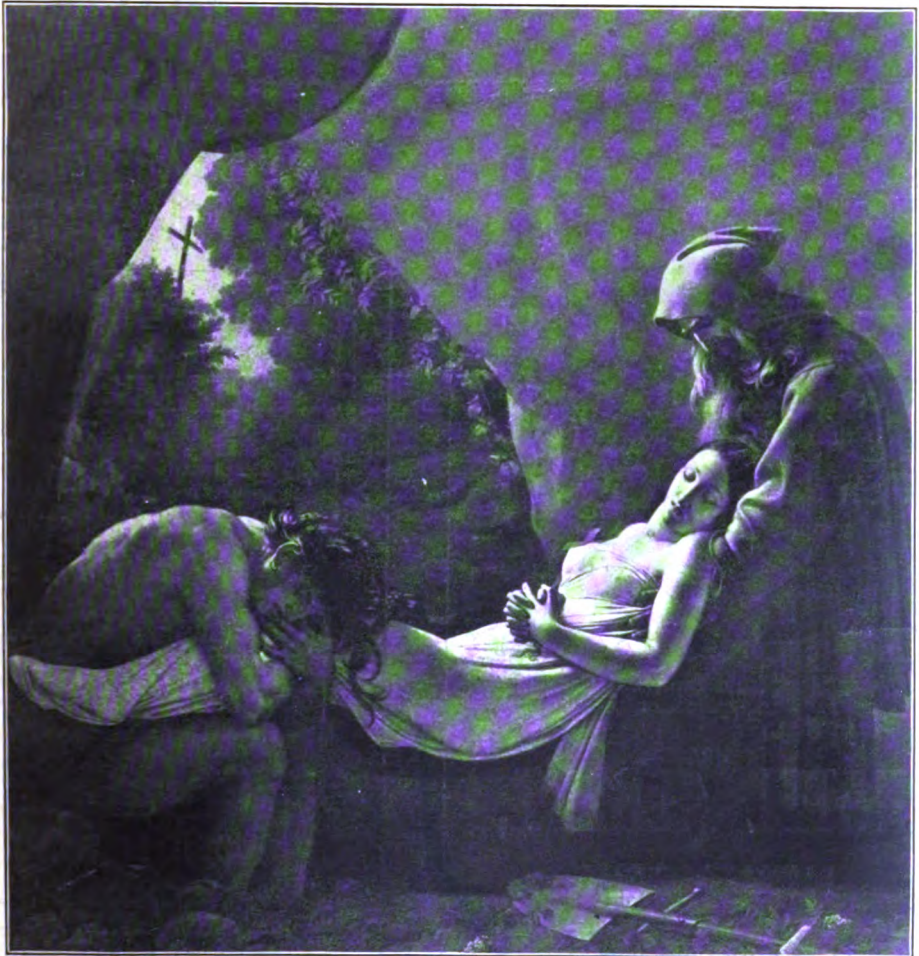
FITS Can Be Permanently **CURED**

If you suffer from Epileptic Spasms or Spells, Fits, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus' Dance, etc., have children or relatives that do so, or know people that are afflicted, My New Discovery, Epilepticide, will PERMANENTLY cure them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a Free Bottle and try it. It has cured thousands where everything else has failed. My 90-page Illustrated Book, "Epilepsy Explained," free. When writing, please give full name, AGE, and postoffice and express address. Correspondence professionally confidential.

W. H. FLAY, M. D., Flay Laboratory, 94 Pine Street, New York City.

Please mention WERNER'S MAGAZINE when you write to advertisers.

WERNER'S MAGAZINE



BURIAL OF ATTALA.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY-TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
EDGAR S WERNER 43 EAST 19TH ST NEW YORK

New, Humorous Monologue.

"Why Miss Ann Maria Simmons Never Married."

By the noted New England writer . . .

MARY E. WILKINS.

. . . *Written Especially for Readers* . . .

in Miss Wilkins's inimitable and most happy style.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

When ordering inclose stamp for circular describing other new readings, monologues, character sketches, and a *Beautiful, Symbolical Drill for twelve girls,*

"The Changing of the Seasons."

Address,

MARY M. BOYNTON,

Franklin, Ohio.

Please Remit by Money or Express Order.

FOR BUSINESS MEN

In the heart of the wholesale district.

FOR SHOPPERS

8 minutes walk to Wanamakers;
8 minutes to Siegel-Cooper's Big Store. Easy of access to the great Dry Goods Stores.

FOR SIGHTSEERS

One block from Broadway Cars, giving easy transportation to all points of interest.

HOTEL ALBERT, NEW YORK.

Cor. 11th Street and University Place,

Only One Block from Broadway.

Rooms, \$1.00 Up.

Restaurant Prices Reasonable.

The National Dramatic Conservatory

(Berkeley Lyceum)

23 West 44th Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Open The Year Round.

MR. F. F. MACKAY, Director,
assisted by a corps of competent teachers.

This is a practical training school, where are taught Reading, Recitation, Oratory and Acting. Students prepared thoroughly for the stage. Special attention to Voice-Culture. Classes in Dramatic Literature, Physical Training and Dancing. Private lessons at all times. Actors coached in special parts.

A Summer Term of Six Weeks, commencing 6th July, for the accommodation and convenience of teachers and others, whose occupations prevent their studying at other seasons of the year.

Regular Fall Term will commence on or about Sept. 26.
Prospectus and full particulars mailed free.

THE ART OF SINGING

By William Shakespeare

*Professor of Singing and
Conductor of Concerts,
Royal Academy, London.*

13 years spent in studying with the great masters and 22 years of teaching prepared the author for writing the "Art of Singing," of which Frank H. Tubbs, the New York teacher and critic, says in *The Musician*: "Any teacher can readily drop all he has ever held regarding the voice and make the truths advanced by Mr. Shakespeare a part of himself, and then forever after use them for his own purpose."

PART I. Second Edition. \$1.00.
PART II. In Press.

THE MUSICAL RECORD

Subscription Price \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 15c. A monthly publication edited by PHILIP HALE. The musical news of the world—reviews, criticisms and articles by eminent musical writers. Sixteen-Page Supplement of New Music by celebrated composers, with each number. Send for premium lists. Agents wanted.

MUSIC REVIEW

Published monthly. Subscription Price 25c. a Year. Send 2c. stamp for sample copy, containing two pieces of music. 1

All Musical publications.
Send us your orders.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON
C. H. DITSON & CO., NEW YORK
J. E. DITSON & CO., PHILADELPHIA



THE RECITING OF LONGFELLOW'S "SANDALPHON" BY EDWIN STAR BELKNAP, MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT COMPOSED AND PLAYED BY HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.

"Sandalphon," words and music, \$1, published by Edgar S. Werner.



THE FATE OF VIRGINIA.

Tableau as arranged by Mrs. A. M. F. Calkins.
For Macaulay's poem : See page 265 of this issue.



Vol. XXIII.

MAY, 1899.

No. 8.

“Singing for Jesus.”

Minnie Schnabel Abandons an Operatic Career to Save Souls.

IN the seven prayers of St. Ambrose, one of which the priest must recite every day through the week as a preparation for his Sunday Mass, the orator beseeches the Great High Priest pitifully to regard the sorrowful sighings of prisoners, the distresses of widows and orphans and “the ambitions and aspirations of the young.” It may seem strange to some that the ambitions and aspirations of the young should be included among things to be pitifully regarded, but it is not strange to those that rightly regard the responsibilities laid upon a young girl, when it is discovered that she has a magnificent voice. The widow suddenly bereft of her husband and forced to seek some way of providing for her children may find wise counsel almost anywhere she asks, but who shall discreetly advise the girl that may become the world’s greatest singer or may utterly wreck her voice, according as she is well or ill instructed?

Harassed by a thousand fears, encouraged by a thousand hopes of a brilliant career, she attains what is called success and—happiness? Such happiness as comes to one that knows that a false note by a careless mem-

ber of the orchestra will shatter the fragile structure of her song or that a breath of air too raw and cold will smite her voiceless for weeks; such happiness as comes to one that must make a home out of a hotel and, that the balances of life may poise with even pans, is forced to spend all but the brief and feverish hours behind the footlights in hushed conventual simplicity.

There were two sisters at Bethany. One was “careful and troubled about many things,” just as is the singer with the grand career. As for the other, there is the word of Him that is to come to judge all human conduct that she had “chosen the better part.” It is with such solace as this that Minnie Schnabel relinquishes her ambitions and aspirations for a place among the world’s great songsters. There are many to say: “Why, the girl’s crazy!” Miss Schnabel smilingly admits that this is the verdict of those that know her, but she declares: “I am happy now and I was unhappy before.” That would seem to be an end of the matter.

So far as one is able to judge, she ought to achieve success. She is a tall, well-built, graceful young

woman, with pleasing features and endowed with excellent health. She has a dramatic soprano voice, so large that she must always restrain it and with a compass extending from G below middle C to F *in altissimo*. (In public she never sings above D \sharp .) It was trained by Julius Stockhausen, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, for four years and by Frau Helena Gunter for three years after that. She has a wonderfully sweet speaking-voice, rather a remarkable thing in a singer.

It was while she was preparing for the operatic stage with Frau Gunter that an event took place that changed the whole current of her life. All her life she had gone to church, but without paying particular heed to religion. It had passed over her head like the clouds in the sky. One day she heard a revivalist preach in a private chapel maintained by a rich man of Frankfort. All of a sudden, the question came to her: "What is my life worth?" And thereafter there was no peace for her till she had answered it and then, as she says, "the heaven was opened and I saw what I had to do here on the earth."

She has but recently returned from Europe and, as she has long been a subscriber to WERNER'S MAGAZINE, she came to the office to pay a call and there told her spiritual experience in simple, direct language; for her English, while perfectly articulated, is that of a girl that has spent the eight years from 18 to 26 in Germany, thinking always in German and at a loss sometimes for the English equivalent, particularly if it is a word not in prosaic use.

"I thought to myself," she says, naively telling of the crisis of her life, "What is it to sing songs that can only please people and not bring them to Heaven? What is it if I am well spoken of in the newspapers and the people clap their hands

when they hear me sing, and I get many flowers and dance at parties and drink wine and have such good things to eat and such nice dresses to wear? I shall die sometime and I shall come to heaven and meet people there that I knew here and they will say to me: 'Yes, you sang for us and you pleased us, but you did not say one word to us about Jesus. You didn't do one thing for Jesus, only for yourself, that was all you ever did anything for.' So I said I would give my voice to God and always I sang at least one religious song at my concerts."

As she spoke, one could see that in her mind she had dramatized that meeting in heaven, with its golden splendor for a scenic setting, and felt in her own soul now, as she should feel hereafter, the pang of self-reproach and the steady gaze of those that said: "It is not through anything you did that I am here."

"I was singing at concerts for a year and made 7,000 marks. I would sing 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' and then I would sing afterward, 'Mein Schatz ist ein Reiter' and every time when I came home I would feel oh, so unhappy,—just like as if I stole a whole pile of money. Then I would say to myself: 'What foolishness! You must not be so silly a girl. There is no sin about singing in concerts.' But still I was unhappy and I thought I must follow on earth what I ought to do, that is, to give my voice to Jesus. So I got down on my knees and prayed and promised God I would sing for Him only. 'O God!' I said, 'you can try me. I will not take any worldly concerts at all any more.' When I made this promise I was so happy and had such peace what I had never had before. And yet I needed so much the money. Papa's business was going backward and there were my mamma and my two sisters and I getting educated in Germany, but

still I knew that God would take care of me.

"There was an engagement for me to sing in a concert an aria from 'Der Freischütz' and two songs and they should pay me 200 marks [\$50]. So when I told mamma the next morning that I had promised God I would not sing any more at worldly concerts, she said:

"'Ach! you are getting all crazy. Look at this music that you have in your heart and look what a voice it is that God has given you.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'God gave it to me to use for Him.'

"'But there is nothing wrong in singing in concerts and surely God would not be angry if you used it to get a living for yourself and to educate your sisters and to help your papa.'

"That was what mamma said and oh, how hard it was for me not to want to do as she told me!

"'I know it is not wrong in itself,' I answered her, 'but God wants me to sing for Him, and I promised Him I would sing no more at worldly concerts.'

"'You only think that He wants you to do that, but it stands in the Bible that you should your father and mother obey and that is certainly what God wants you to do. So I take the matter out of your hands and I tell you to sit down at the table and write to say that you accept the engagement.'

"Certainly I knew I must obey my mamma and I sat there with the end of my pen in my mouth and I said: 'O God, if you don't help me, I'll have to write' and I didn't know what I should do because I had promised God I would not sing at any worldly concerts. Just then the bell rang and I was so glad. I said: 'Oh, there! God sends somebody to help me?' and sure enough there was the preacher, and he had in his hand a letter that had been on the way three

weeks, hunting me up from one place to the other. It was all covered with postmarks. It was from Basle. A religious society there offered me an engagement to sing sacred songs for them and offered me 100 francs [\$20]. It was for much less money than the other engagement, but I saw that it was from God and that he would lead me.

"I sang for churches in Germany and Switzerland for about half a year. I went to all the penitentiaries and sang there, for while I couldn't preach to them I could sing, and may be that would somehow reach their hearts and make them want to love Jesus. I went to the poorhouses and to those sick people that have been a long time sick and have been a long time without one joy. The peace that I got from it was more as if I had a million dollars and plenty of flowers. Sometimes I had the chance to sing for people that were dying and if I could help them to see the way to heaven, I was double happy.

"I was on one tour of fourteen weeks and I sang so much that I overworked myself, and one night when I went to my room I fainted and fell on the floor so hard that my mamma heard me and was so frightened! My! But then I knew that God would take care of me."

To ask her how she was going to live and what her plans were reminded one of the scene in "Mignon" where Mignon declares that she will go out into the world to wander. As she chants on one note her determination, Wilhelm Meister interrupts her dreamy, ecstatic rapture with the spoken inquiry: "Who will protect you?" And just as in the opera, the singer puts her faith in God, and the even musical thought is not disturbed by the prosaic questions of where food and clothing are to come from, so Minnie Schnabel is not deterred by the problems of how her sisters

are to be educated, how she is going to get money to bring papa back from Idaho, where he has been for four years,—for all these she trusts Him that lets not a sparrow fall to the ground without His special care.

With the rippling laughter of genuine light-heartedness and joy of life she says: "God is greater than the whole world. If He wants me to earn a million dollars, I shall have it, and if he wants me to get along on nothing, I shall get along. Only I must give my voice to Jesus and Jesus will win the victory for me."

"But what special course of action do you purpose to pursue?"

"I have just come back from a tour of churches in New York State, arranged for me by the Rev. J. J. Messmer, of Schenectady. I hope to be able to arrange other tours like it. At the church there is first a prayer and then I sing 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' then the preacher says something explaining what I am trying to do for Jesus and then I sing, 'He shall feed his flock,' out of 'The Messiah,' too, and afterward, 'Hear ye, Israel,' and that tenor aria, 'If with all your hearts ye truly seek me.' Ah, then I get all on fire and I have to get them all up to heaven where I am. If I see that they are crying and the tears come, I don't say to myself, 'Oh! see what a fine singer you are,' but 'Oh, how good God is to give them a sight of heaven, where they will be happy like this forever, if they will only accept Jesus.'"

"But what do you get out of this?" How sordid that sounded!

"Oh, they give me part of the collection. Sometimes I get \$25 or \$13 or \$12, and once I got \$8. I could get a church-choir place at the Delaware Avenue Methodist Church in Buffalo, but I don't want to do this. I want to make a tour of the churches to sing for Jesus.

"I went to see Frank Damrosch when I came back to America last November, and when I told him I had given my voice to God and wanted to save souls with it, I think he thought I was such a silly girl, for he said: 'If you are going to save souls, what do you come to me for?' It sounds foolish I know. Oh, dear me, I am not honored for leaving off my career. There were such lovely people that I knew and so many fine things in the newspapers about me and now they laugh at me. Let them laugh," she said, laughing herself; "I am perfectly happy now, and I had a pain in my heart for a whole year after I had resolved to live for God and while I was still singing in worldly concerts. Prof. Stockhausen was mad at me for giving up my career. He said, 'It is a shame that you have such a voice,' for I was one of his best pupils; but when I told him what was in my heart, he said: 'There must be something of truth about God after all.'"

"He had a star in his eye—a sty—no, that is not it. What is it when a white spot comes and you can not see any more? A cataract? Yes, a cataract. The Frau Professor told me about how he would have to have it cut out. I said to her—I wonder that I was so bold as to speak to her about it, since I did not know how her soul stood: 'Der lieber Gott, der kann helfen.' God would help the Professor, I said. Then she looked at me so proud and said: 'Wenn der Artzt geschickt ist, dann sieht mein Mann wieder,'—if it was a good surgeon the Professor would get his sight back. Then I thought: Oh, how poor is she, with all the money and honor that is hers. When she dies she will suffer always and the doctor can't help her nor her husband nor anybody. Only Jesus can help her if she turns to Him now.

"But after he was operated on, he saw again and the Frau Professor

said to me: 'Ah, Schnäbelchen'—she always called me 'little Schnäbel'—she said: 'Ah, Schnäbelchen, Gott hat geholfen,' and then I knew that she did see that it was God that had given the Professor his sight again."

"But it was the surgeon that took out the cataract."

"Yes. He was the instrument in God's hands."

"How are you going to convert people, by singing to them that try to lead good lives, that would love Jesus if they could, but that can no longer believe in religion any more than they can in Santa Claus?"

"I do not know how I am going to convert anybody. I must just sing, and I know the song can reach the heart. I sang once in Berlin and there was a young man in the church that was helped by it. I didn't know about it then, only just as I was about to sail for America, I got a letter from a friend of his that told me so, and I know of others to whom God has blessed my song."

"A young man! What if—Suppose you should get married?"

"Oh!" she laughed, as gaily as a child, "that hasn't come to me yet. I don't love anybody or, rather, I love everybody. But if I loved some person, I should marry him—that is, if

he asked me. But I don't think anybody will ask me. See how plainly I dress. At first I didn't wear any jewelries. That was because my heart was set on them. Then I put them all away and now I wear a breastpin just to fasten the fichu. If I should get attached to that, it would have to go, too. Jesus only."

"Suppose after all, that that is not true, that there is no God—"

"I have often said that to myself. Suppose there is no God. Suppose that a great wise man dies and they put him into a coffin and dig a hole in the ground and set him into it and then pour the dirt on the coffin-lid; is that all of that beautiful, wise, great mind? Does it end so? Suppose it did. Then if I had it all to do over again, I'd do just the same as I have."

There is not so much difference, after all, between the career of Emma Eames, for instance, and that of Minnie Schnabel. Mme. Eames travels about and sings in opera because that is the only expressional outlet she has that is adequate to what she feels and would say. Minnie Schnabel travels about and sings sacred songs for the same reason. But there is a great difference in the pecuniary rewards.

I BELIEVE in God, Mozart, and Beethoven, and also in their disciples and apostles; I believe in the Holy Ghost and in the truth of the one indivisible art; I believe that this art comes from God, and dwells in the hearts of all enlightened human beings; I believe that whatsoever has but once reveled in the ennobling joys of this exalted art will serve it for all time, nor ever prove untrue; and I believe that through this art all may find salvation. I believe in a Day of Judgment, and that then all those will be damned who have dared in this world to deal sordidly with this chaste and noble art, putting it to shame and dishonoring it, out of badness of heart and mere greed for the pleasures of the senses. But, contrariwise, I believe that the true disciples of this exalted art will be transfigured in a heavenly commingling of sunny, sweet-smelling consonances, and will be united, for all eternity, to the celestial source of harmony.—*Richard Wagner's Musical Creed.*

The Permanent Value of Dr. Rush's Work.

BY LILY HOLLINGSHEAD JAMES.

[The accompanying article was read at the convention of the National Association of Elocutionists at Cincinnati last June, but by some mistake the manuscript was lost and another article by another member was printed with Mrs. James's name appended, in the regular report of the meeting.—EDITOR.]

I DO not wish to be understood as desiring to antagonize any system. It is not necessary, in presenting the claims of Rush, to do so. Neither does Dr. Rush's work need the assistance of any other system in order to give it value. It is in sympathy with all teaching, that has Nature and fidelity to her laws as a working basis; it is in sympathy with none the aim of which is other than to accomplish the best results in the most straightforward and common-sense manner.

It is to be deplored that the study of elocution is so seldom entered upon except by persons who look forward to making it a profession, either by teaching or by platform work. The study of elocution should form a part of every liberal education, or at least those rudiments of it which would enable everyone to use his voice and not abuse it and to handle our noble language with dignity, but without pedantry. Teachers would find their labors, arduous enough at all times, lightened by half if they were masters of their own organs and knew how to save themselves. Whether the object, however, in studying elocution is merely voice-cultivation or the broader and more artistic field of interpretation, the student will find the practical and analytic method of Dr. Rush of inestimable value.

The statement was once made that Mr. Murdoch (whose name is almost synonymous with that of Dr. Rush) said: "Voice, voice, voice! Get voice and you get everything." A greater misstatement was never made. Mr. Murdoch claimed, as did

Dr. Rush, that it was impossible adequately to express language of any character, unless the voice was so trained as to respond to the mental interpretation. But no one was ever more exacting in his demands upon the student with regard to the necessity for intellectual training. He held, as anyone of thought must, that nothing could be properly read or spoken that was not first thoroughly understood and appreciated. What Mr. Murdoch always maintained was that the keenest and most intellectual appreciation of any form of literature was of little value for the purpose of vocal presentation, unless the trained voice was there, the ready servant of the trained mind. Any student of Rush knows that he emphasized from first to last the necessity for the mechanical and the intellectual training side by side.

These premises would prove the mistake of a teacher who was quoted in a recent article, as saying: "I try to make a pupil understand that his voice must come not so much from his larynx as from his heart." The heart like the mind is a most important factor, but it is not all-powerful and the little instrument must play its part. Apropos of this idea, I will make a quotation from a charming little volume of comparatively recent date,—*"The Voice and Spiritual Education."*

"Enter into the spirit of what you read, read naturally, and you will read well, is about the sum and substance of what Archbishop Whateley teaches on the subject, in his '*Elements of Rhetoric.*' Similar advice might with equal propriety be given

to a clumsy, stiff-jointed clodhopper in regard to dancing: 'Enter into the spirit of the dance, dance naturally and you will dance well.' The more he might enter into the spirit of the dance, the more he might emphasize his stiff-jointedness and clodhopperishness. Of this distinguished advocate of 'natural' reading and speaking, Mr. Grant, writing in 1835, says: 'Oratory is not his forte; he goes through his addresses in so clumsy and inanimate a way that noble lords at once come to the conclusion that nothing so befits him as unbroken silence. He speaks in so low a tone as to be inaudible to those who are any distance from him. Not only is his voice low in its tones, but it is unpleasant from its monotony. In his manner there is not a particle of life or spirit. You would fancy his grace to be half asleep while speaking. You see so little appearance of consciousness about him that you can hardly help doubting whether his legs will support him until he has finished his address.' The writer of this justly says of the Archbishop's writings: 'They abound with evidences of profound thought, varied knowledge, great mental acuteness, and superior powers of reasoning.' But his 'natural' theory in regard to speaking did not, it appears, avail with him, even when backed by such abilities."

That Dr. Rush's work is flawless I can not claim; but what pioneer in any art or science gave at once to the world a perfect method of acquiring that art? What we can and do claim is that every *principle* as set down by Dr. Rush, seventy-one years ago, is a true principle and may be verified. The few things that can be questioned are of minor importance. To my mind, these mistakes would not have arisen, or, more correctly speaking, would not have been perpetuated, had Dr. Rush been a teacher as well as a scientist; but he never taught,

would not do so, while he wrote exhaustively. In this he was wiser than Delsarte, who left comparatively nothing in writing. Dr. Rush must stand or fall by his book, while poor Delsarte is made to bear the responsibility of having taught much that, in the nature of things, could not have entered into his mind, and there is no way of proving or of refuting because he "made no book."

It will be impossible to do more than mention a few of the valuable principles laid down by Dr. Rush.

Almost all writers on the subject, I think, accept Rush's classification of the inherent properties of the voice, except the very important one that he denominates "abruptness." This is to me one of the most helpful points upon which he treats. From it we obtain the clear, distinct opening or radical, which is a necessity in all clear-cut language and which is quite different from radical stress. The failure to produce this radical is always indicative of a lack of appreciation of one of the salient points in the Rush system.

Those who have glanced superficially at the Rush system are wont to say that he must produce stilted and mechanical readers, all cast in the same mold and without individuality. Is the musician of necessity stilted and mechanical because he has studied harmony and theory? We are dealing with an art as the musician is, and what art but has the sure and abiding foundation of mechanism?

Many people fail to understand the principle of the diatonic melody and its notation. It must be remembered that notated passages are simply used to illustrate the principle of the possibility of measuring the movements of the voice, and are not intended to be arbitrary reading. It is true that the teacher, in using these illustrations, should compel the pupil to reproduce them accurately,

as they stand. In this way only can the voice be brought under absolute control. When the *ear* is trained to recognize the difference between monotony and the agreeable variety that is produced by the use of the diatonic melody, and the *voice* trained to produce variety instead of monotony, he will make his own melody, which may be quite as correct as the notation he has been accustomed to, though differing widely from it in detail.

Every cultivated voice should have a range of at least two octaves, and the entire compass can be called into requisition while each individual concrete is kept within the strict limits of the diatonic melody.

In reading recently a chapter on inflections, I noted the following passage: "But inflections must not be multiplied, lest delivery degenerate into a perpetual singsong. The effect lies entirely in reproducing the same inflection. A drop of water, falling constantly, hollows a rock. A mediocre man will employ twenty or thirty tones. Mediocrity is not the too little, but the too much. * * * Mediocre speakers are always seeking to enrich their inflections, they touch at every range and lose themselves in a multitude of intangible effects." Such a paragraph as this strikes a student of Rush as utterly unreasonable, and the most elementary knowledge of the diatonic melody would enable him to refute it. Surely there is no art in that which would counsel monotony. On the other hand, Dr. Rush never advocates variation of pitch for the mere purpose of producing change, but to give vitality and agreeable effect to the syllables as they fall upon the ear. One of our most effective phrases of melody is the phrase of the monotone, a phrase that may consist of from two to a limit of five concretes, all having the same radical pitch; yet the effect is very far removed from monotony,

but monotonous it certainly would be if the movement was carried farther.

Diatonic melody is certainly one of the most entirely practical elements in Dr. Rush's work. Hiram Corson most beautifully describes it as "the choral atmosphere of speech" and one of its uses, when he speaks of "A lightsomeness of vocal movement over the subordinate parts of discourse, such as induces a spontaneous and unconscious reduction of attention on the part of the hearers." Another feature of especial importance is the measure of speech.

One difficulty to be overcome in almost every student is the tendency to follow so closely the metre of poetry as to produce monotony. Another pernicious habit is that of giving equal value to syllables, and losing entirely the effect of light and shade so essential in artistic speech.

The careful application of the principle of measure of speech will soon overcome these difficulties. Mr. Murdoch used to say: "The verse manages you; you do not manage the verse."

While the two subjects, rhythm and scansion, have much to do with each other, they are yet widely different. Scansion is separating or cutting up a line, rhythm is welding and making smooth. Because we divide language we do not change the accent of words. Rhythm belongs equally to poetry and to prose, while scansion deals exclusively with poetry. The principle underlying measure of speech or rhythms is one that is to be found deep in the nature of vocal organism, and for this reason is, as I have said, common to both poetry and prose. Sir Joshua Steele was the first writer to apply the muscular law governing language distinctly to rhythm, and Dr. Rush and Jonathan Barber carried the work on to a practical issue. The close study of the elements of our lan-

guage and the most careful and thorough development of them Rush considered of primary importance. He would never, however, have countenanced giving the full value to the vowel of an unaccented syllable, as is so frequently done in these later days, as "victor," "actor," etc.

We find no breathing-exercises in Rush's volume, and if we did they would probably be of little value today, as our knowledge of the mechanism of the voice is so much greater and more accurate than it was at the time in which he wrote. Much that was conjectured then is a matter of positive knowledge now, and our physiologists working in the light of revealed nature can and do give us laws upon which to build.

Dr. Rush has given us no system of gesture, yet would it not be possible for us—supposing we had no one else to help us—to formulate for ourselves a method, if we follow out his plan of trusting to nature? As in the case of vocal presentation the voice must be trained to do its work. So with physical expression every muscle in the body must be trained by study and by hard work to do whatever may be required of it; so that the mind may find sympathetic and ready agents with which to work, and the physical expression be in harmony with the vocal.

At no time should gesture overshadow vocality, yet how often do we see a recitation rather than hear it. Not long since I was one of an audience assembled to hear a young lady recite. She was a young girl possessed of education, refinement, and supposedly good common sense; yet in the recitation of a story purely and entirely descriptive, having actually no dialogue—she used so much extreme and entirely unwarrantable action that we forgot all about the story and were only interested in watching for the next gesture and wondering what more she could do.

I find in a volume written by a most enthusiastic Rushite the following extract, which is a better illustration of this overacting in recitation than I could possibly give:

"The absurdity of mimetic action is well illustrated in the following: A popular reader of Boston, giving last season Wordsworth's 'Daffodils,' when she came to the last two lines,

'And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils,'

put her hand to her heart, and with pleasure indicated by a sentimental flash of the eye upon the audience, danced a few graceful steps expressive of exuberant joy, and bowed herself off the platform amid the vociferous applause of the audience. The reader's taste in this case was no worse than that of the audience that applauded her. The incident shows how great the general lack of taste, and the need of the systematic study of fitness in the relation of thought to its expression."

The same writer gives one other incident, this one being his own experience.

"I was once present, by accident, at a lecture given by a Delsarte elocutionary woman, and in the course of the lecture she presented what, she said, would be false gestures in reciting Whittier's 'Maud Muller.' She then recited the poem with, according to her notions, true gestures, which were more in number than Cicero made, perhaps, in his orations against Cataline, or Demosthenes in his oration 'On the Crown.' Every idea of the poem told outwardly on her body. If a woman, in reading 'Maud Muller,' has emotions that must find vent in gesture and various physical contortions, she ought to be put under treatment that would tone up her system."

To the plea that attention to the positive principles laid down by Dr. Rush will destroy individuality and

produce stiff-mannered speakers, I can only say that this is not a necessary result any more than angularity and stiffness must be the result in the work of an artist who has had thorough instruction and practice in the rudiments or the mechanism of drawing and painting. Just as the artist after a while forgets the detail of instruction, but instinctively follows out the laws of construction, perspective, light and shade; just so must the speaker be so sure of his understanding of the elemental, or, if you will, the mechanical foundation, that in his finished effort, like the artist, he forgets detail. We are not furnished with a higher and a lower brain to no purpose, and the inferior properly trained is not going to desert us at the important moment. It was on this careful analytic work that Rush laid such stress, while, as we have seen, he urges and insists upon the higher, nay, the highest, intellectual training.

It is going much too far to say that everyone who takes up the study of Rush will become a great speaker. The teacher can instruct, lead the way by precept and by illustration; but there must be within the student himself, that which no instructor can impart,—a quick appreciation, a ready assimilation and, above all, a love for the work, or the highest results are never obtained. On the other hand, one possessed of the greatest talent is at a disadvantage, lacking the careful training of voice and mind advocated by Dr. Rush.

I do not think, however, that it is extreme to say that anyone who is impressed with the dignity of the work he enters upon and is willing to give time and energy to it, even if he has only good taste and no talent, may become a good and intelligent speaker or reader, and that is surely a great deal.

In everything, then, we find Rush

pleading for nature—for that which is natural; not natural to you and to me, but for nature on a higher plane. Nature's plan is for perfection in all things and though we can not hope to reach that point, we can work along those lines which will lead to at least a part realization of our ideals.

Natural reading is not necessarily colloquial reading nor flippant reading. Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, can not be read as Dickens, Hugo and Kipling are; yet each may be read in a perfectly natural manner, and it is only when they are so read that artistic effects result. Art and nature must work together. What does the poet say?

"Art is the child of nature; yes
Her darling child, in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face,
Her aspect and her attitude;
All her majestic loveliness
Chastened and softened and subdued
Into a more attractive grace,
And with a human sense imbued.
He is the greatest artist then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows nature. Never man,
As artist or as artisan,
Pursuing his own fantasies,
Can touch the human heart, or please,
Or satisfy our nobler needs,
As he who sets his willing feet
In nature's footprints, light and fleet,
And follows fearless where she leads."

I can not do better than to close this very sketchy paper by quoting the words of one of our broadest and most progressive educators, Prof. Hiram Corson, of Cornell. In his essay "The Aims of Literary Study," he says:

"I will here repeat what I wrote and published more than thirty years ago. Let the earnest student who knows that good things are difficult and who strives and labors to realize a lofty standard of vocal excellence, if he finds not the living teacher who is able to meet his wants, devote himself to a reverential study of 'The Philosophy of the Human Voice' by Dr. James Rush. The analysis ex-

hibited in this profound work will satisfy much of the curiosity of him who desires to read the history of his voice; 'for'—to adopt the words of the learned author, in the introduction to the first edition (1827)—'I feel assured, by the result of the rigid method of observation employed throughout the inquiry, that if science should ever come to one consent on this point, it will not differ essentially from this record. The world has

long asked for light on this subject. It may not choose to accept it now; but having idly suffered its own opportunity for discovery to go by, it must, under any capricious postponement, at last receive it here. Truth, whose first steps should be always vigorous and alone, is often obliged to lean for support and progress on the arm of Time, who then only, when supporting her, seems to have laid aside his wings.'"

Stuttering and Stammering.

Interview with Mr. George R. Phillips.

"As to the cause of stammering," said George R. Phillips, "I am unable to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to what it really is and how far the brain is involved. Several things occasion it,—scarlet-fever, fright, imitation, etc. Those that have acquired the habit by mimicking a stammerer are the easiest to cure. I have never found one that could not be made to pronounce every sound correctly. I have thought that it might be possible to get at the part of the brain that governs the speech-functions and treat it with electricity, but physicians tell me it can't be done."

"What is the difference between stammering and stuttering?"

"There is no true academic distinction. I differentiate them, though perhaps not scientifically, in this fashion: Stammering is the inability to speak; stuttering is the inability to pronounce. To give examples: A patient came to me and sat down by my side. His hands jerked, he frowned, his mouth twitched, his cheeks puffed out, and finally he jammed both fists into his eyes hard and said, after another struggle: 'I stammer badly.' He was a stammerer. Stutterers find it impossible to

pronounce consonants like, *b, p, m, d, t, k, g hard*, without repeating them a great many times. By the way, I had the most dreadful time breaking this stammerer I mentioned of the trick of jamming his fists into his eyes. I succeeded in curing him.

"The fundamental principle of the method of cure is control of the breath from the diaphragm. After that comes control of the voice. One of my pupils could not turn a tune. He said he couldn't. I said I could teach him, and more for the sake of showing that it could be done than anything else, I kept at him till he learned to sing two or three tunes, and a happier fellow you never saw. I will show you how I begin. Sit here, please."

The interviewer took a position next to Mr. Phillips, and assumed the role of a pupil.

"We want to get at breathing first," said the teacher. "Let your abdomen expand and, as it does so, let your breath go out smoothly and gently."

As he spoke he put his hand against the pupil's body at the edge of the floating ribs. It took a little care to swell out the abdomen while expiring air, for the subject had been used to push the breath out by contracting the abdomen.

"Gently, gently," scolded Mr.

Phillips. "One would think you were a hooked fish by the way your muscles jerked. That's better. Easily now. Again. Very good. Now make a pure, even tone."

Mr. Phillips emitted a sound flooded with breath.

"No, no. You make a tone that has an edge to it. It wavers. It is uneven. However, we will suppose that you have kept coming till you have acquired an even, pure tone. But that conveys no thought, does it? You might go on till the end of time saying *a—a—ah* and nobody would know whether you were expressing love, anger, pity, or your desire for dinner. You must have vowels and consonants. I take the vowels first and have the pupil throw them, one by one, on the sounding-board of the mouth, according to the proper place, *a* right back of the teeth, *e* a little farther back, *i* in the middle of the arch, *o* still farther back, and *oo* in the gullet. Curious, isn't it, that we English should be the only ones to pronounce *u* like 'you'?

"When I have all the open sounds, I take them in every possible combination, doubles and triplets. Then I begin with the consonants from *b* to *s*, showing the affinities of *b* to *p*, *d* to *t*, *g* hard to *k*, etc. By the way, there are a few letters that ought to be kicked out of the alphabet. They are more bother than they are good. The consonants and the vowels I combine, e. g., *ba*, *be*, *bi*, *bo*, *bu*.

"The case has not yet come under my hand where a pupil will stammer while doing these exercises. He may do so as soon as his volition is called upon for the framing of words. My system is so to effect the acquisition of a new and correct habit of speech that the pupil does not know when the transition from the old spasmodic utterance to the new and smooth utterance takes place. I led him on from one syllable to four. Then I

take up Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden,' which is a very convenient one, not because of the thought in it but because it seems almost to have been written to my order, so many lines are there which have four, five, six syllables is just the right order for my purpose."

"The stammerer can sing all right. Can he read poetry without difficulty?"

"No. The reason he sings well is because there is no necessity to produce words intelligibly. The tune is enough. Still in poetry there is a certain rhythm useful to the stammerer. Prose comes at the last stage. When the pupil can read without a fault, then he must learn to control his creative thought. Many a man can talk quite fluently in conversation, but put him on his legs to address an audience and he sputters and stutters and has the same sort of interrupted speech that a stammerer has. The essential difficulty of the stammerer is his lack of self-reliance. He will not trust himself. It is very hard work to go through all these drills, but the result is the acquisition of confidence in oneself and hence ability to speak.

"One of my pupils who stuttered badly is now in Mansfield's company, doing quite well. I have a patient who had some sort of a paralytic attack that drew her head back, set her face in a hard grin, and prevented her from using her fingers. She could not articulate. All she could do was to utter vowel-sounds. She could scarcely walk, and had to have an attendant lest she should fall over in the street. Now she comes and goes freely. Her head and face are held normally. She speaks tolerably, and she is recovering the use of her hands. I had a pupil that hung out his tongue so that his father would not allow him brought to the table. I strengthened it by exercise till he wholly recovered."

Catechetical Hints on Singing.*

BY MANUEL GARCIA.

QUESTION. What are faults of emission.

Answer. Guttural sounds, nasal sounds, tremolo, slurring. These are the most striking; others, such as flat, hollow sounds, or as shrieking, whining, weeping qualities of voice are easily corrected.

Q. Define the most objectionable of these faults.

A. The guttural sound is noticed when the root of the tongue weighs on the epiglottis, and that organ is pushed into the path of the sonorous waves.

Q. Is there a cure for this defect?

A. A very difficult one. The tongue must be kept limp, as it is when the mouth is shut, also as it is in yawning, or when breathing through the nose. The vowel *o* or the Italian *u* may serve, or the tongue may be forcibly kept in its place by the handle of a spoon. These methods are good, but they require a fixed resolution to keep the tongue absolutely flat, loose and still.

Q. What is the tremolo?

A. The trembling of the voice. This intolerable fault ruins every style of singing.

Q. How is steadiness of sound to be regained when once lost?

A. As it arises from successive jerks of the diaphragm and the oscillation of the larynx, or both, its correction is obtained by keeping the air submitted to a steady pressure of the diaphragm and the larynx perfectly quiet while producing a sound.

Q. How can you become conscious of the agitation of the diaphragm?

A. Any agitation of that organ is felt in the pit of the stomach, and experience proves that if the latter

and the larynx are kept free from agitation the unsteadiness of the voice ceases; but both, to be detected by the singer, require a keen observation, and, to be cured, an unyielding will.

Q. Is the tremolo difficult to correct?

A. It is very slow to cure, especially when it is brought on by the abuse of the chest or head registers.

Q. What is slurring the attack of a sound?

A. Next to the tremolo, it is the most universal and most distressing fault. It is the act of commencing a note by a rising slur. In correcting this habit, we must notice if the note begins with a vowel or a consonant. If with a vowel, the note must start with a clean stroke of the glottis; if with a consonant, the noise of the consonant must begin on the exact intonation of the sound.

Q. To what would you ascribe the fatigue of the vocal organs?

A. Besides the different ailments of the vocal organs that concern the physician — colds, swollen tonsils, elongated uvula, tumors, polypus, anæmia, etc. — there are other causes, such as misdirected study or overwork. The practice of singing three or four hours a day will ruin the most robust organ; three half-hours a day at long intervals ought to be the maximum of study, and should give flexibility without the risk of fatigue. Yet, if this should cause the least appearance of lassitude or uneasiness, it must be reduced or stopped at once.

Q. Are there any other symptoms?

A. Hoarseness, relaxed throat,

* From his book "Hints on Singing."

languor of the organ, which refuses to execute passages generally possible; dryness or heat in the throat, difficulty in swallowing, fatigue after a few minutes' exercise—all these symptoms may quickly disappear after a little rest, with good, simple, substantial nourishment. Should they persist, a doctor must be consulted.

Q. Will not the voice lose its quality through interrupting study?

A. The cessation of work for days and even for weeks will not occasion the loss of past study. On the contrary, after an enforced rest, when work is resumed, actual progress seems to have been made. To insist on singing while the voice is suffering may produce the worst results.

Q. Has the study of the piano any influence on the voice?

A. A bad one, if it is prolonged four or five hours a day. This, continued through the period of growth, keeps the vocal organ in a constant agitation, which, though quite imperceptible to the executant, weakens the vocal instrument.

Q. Has ordinary speech any effect on the voice?

A. Singers should be chary of their voices, speak little and not read aloud. "Clergyman's sore throat" is a well-known result of the latter exercise. "Silence is golden" should be the singer's device.

Q. How is agility to be obtained?

A. By the study of diatonic scales, passages of combined intervals, arpeggios, chromatic scales, turns, shakes, light and shade.

Q. How long will this study take?

A. Not less than two years. When properly directed it renders the organ flexible, even mellow, besides strengthening and preparing it for the florid style as well as for the plain and the declamatory.

Q. What are the elementary qualities of good vocalization?

A. First, perfect intonation; second, equality of note value; third, equality of strength; fourth, equality of degree of legato; and fifth, harmony of timbres.

Q. Are there many ways of executing passages?

A. There are five ways: First, the legato, in which notes should flow distinctly and evenly, "per-lées," i. e., smoothly, without either gliding or aspiration. This is the dominant characteristic of good vocalization; all the others may be considered as varieties of coloring. The legato requires no special sign or indication. Next comes the marcato, which means that an accent should be given to each note. This is produced by pressing slightly on the pit of the stomach, causing a sort of rebound for every sound. It may also be obtained by giving a vowel to every sound. The next is the portamento or slur, which is the gliding of the voice through every possible sound between note and note. Then comes the staccato, in which every sound is detached from its neighbor by an interval of silence. Lastly, the aspirato, which consists of allowing some breath to escape before every note,—viz., *ha, ha, ha, he, he, he*, etc.

Q. In what manner should exercises be studied?

A. The student must sing each measured exercise strictly in time, but at first slowly enough to give each individual note all the requisites already mentioned: Intonation, value, strength, legato, timbre.

Q. When ought the rapidity be increased?

A. As soon and as fast as these qualities can be maintained, but not sooner.

Q. What degree of rapidity ought to be arrived at?

A. As nearly as possible to ρ = 132.

Q. What kind of sound is to be used when studying single sounds?

A. The chromatic scale, comprising the three registers, limited as follows:

Chest - Register. — This register, which in the contralto, mezzo-soprano, and soprano starts at different points, must stop on the same note for all three—E, first line of staff, treble clef. If carried to its upper limit it would injure the organ.

Medium Register.—This register must begin on D, first space below staff, treble clef, for all three voices, or lower if possible.

Head Register.—In this elementary study the head-notes must not be extended beyond D sharp, fourth line of staff, treble clef, for contraltos; F sharp, fifth line of staff, treble clef, for mezzo-sopranos; or A, first line above staff, treble clef, for sopranos.

Men generally employ only the chest-register, which in this study ought not to embrace more than a twelfth: Basses from G, first line of staff, bass clef, to D, second space above staff, bass clef; baritones from A, first space, bass clef, to E, second line above staff, bass clef; tenors from D, first space below staff, treble clef, to A, second line above staff, treble clef. Those who would study in the falsetto will have to do it on the same notes as women, this voice in men being the remainder of the child-voice. As for the head-voice, with rare exceptions, very few notes are generally available, and these are usually for tenors.

Q. How do you regulate the breath when singing exercises?

A. When the pupil can not sing an exercise on one breath he should not take a hurried inspiration in the middle of it, but should stop on the

first note of a bar, employing the rest in refilling the lungs.

Q. What is the object of these frequent and long pauses?

A. To accustom the pupil to fill the lungs slowly and amply. A hurried inspiration is noisy, short and agitated. At first the pupil may stop after singing the first note of every second bar; later on it will suffice to stop after the third or the fourth bar.

Q. Do chromatic scales and passages require any particular attention?

A. They do. They are only pleasant when absolute purity and firmness of intonation renders each note of the passage easy of instant comprehension. Dissonances, timidly given, produce the effect of false notes. In descending chromatic scales, we nearly always introduce too many sounds, showing that the intervals have been less than semitones. We facilitate a correct intonation by playing the notes on the piano, and also by grouping them by two, three and four tones, and fixing in our memory the first note of each group; this note, which acts as a landmark, must fall on a beat. Chromatic scales must be studied slowly and carefully for months, and even when sung in public they must not be hurried if caterwauling is to be avoided.

Q. Are there different ways of emitting sounds?

A. Besides being equally sustained in any degree of power, sounds may be swelled and diminished, may receive inflexions, may be repeated and detached.

Q. Explain these differences.

A. Sounds of equal power sustain their initial strength with unvarying evenness. Pianissimo sounds, like pianissimo passages, can be sung with the mouth nearly shut. Swelled sounds (*messa di voce*) begin pianissimo and by degrees acquire increas-

ing force till they arrive at their loudest, which should happen at half their length; then the process should be reversed. At first it is necessary to cut this exercise in half, to swell a sound in one breath and diminish it in another.

Q. Is it difficult to swell a note while passing on it from the chest to the medium, or from the medium to the chest?

A. It is very difficult; but, once mastered, the change may be of great use to tenors.

Q. What is a shake?

A. A rapid, equal and distinct alternation of two notes at the distance of a major or a minor second, according to the position of the trill in the scales.

Q. How is it produced?

A. By a very loose and swift oscillation of the larynx. The note that bears the shake is marked with the initial *tr*. It is called the principal, and always combines with the second above of a tone or half a tone. The second note is called the auxiliary; a third note placed at a second below the principal is also employed as a preparation and a termination of the trill.

Q. What form is given to trills in diatonic succession?

A. If the movement will allow it, every trill, either in the diatonic scale or in a succession of disjointed intervals, receives the regular preparation and termination; but if the movement is too animated, each trill starts with the auxiliary note, the last trill alone ending in the regular way. The student must be able to submit every trill to strict measurement, and even to distinguish and count every pulsation.

Q. How are trills in chromatic scales executed?

A. In ascending a chromatic scale, each trill commences from the auxiliary note; in descending, it may be-

gin with the principal note, or with a skip of a third.

Q. What are the defects of the trill?

A. False intonation, caused by the intervals being too narrow or too wide; rattle of the glottis or short aspirations, producing the trill known as *trillo caprino* or *cavallino*; jerks of the diaphragm instead of glottic action; and the drawing in of the voice as soon as the oscillations begin, which causes a disagreeable noise. In singing a trill, the voice ought not to be drawn in, but decidedly pressed out with the same evenness of timbre as if it was a single sound.

Q. What further studies are required in a singer's training?

A. The study of articulation, phrasing, expression, and the knowledge of different styles.

Q. Of what importance are words to melody?

A. Music, though the language of the emotions, can arouse them only in a vague and general manner. To express any particular feeling or idea, we must make use of words. Hence, the importance for the singer of delivering these with the utmost distinctness, correctness and meaning, under the penalty of losing the attention of the audience.

Q. Is there any analogy between vowels and timbres?

A. The most intimate. We know that the changes of form in the vocal tube determine analogous changes in the timbre. Vowel shades and timbres are but two different names to express the same modifications of sonority in the voice. The result of this mutual dependence between pharynx, timbres and vowels is that a change in one produces corresponding changes in both the others.

Q. Is the great variety of timbres of any practical use?

A. They are the physiognomy of the voice. They tell the involuntary

emotions that affect us, and assume a more clear or covered tint, a timbre more brilliant or more obscure, according to the nature of those feelings.

Q. Can you explain by any examples?

A. Vowels will not preserve the same shade of sound in a phrase of tenderness as in mockery, in anger as in joy, in regret as in prayer or in menace, etc. Let us take the air "In native worth" ("Creation"), or "Endless pleasures" ("Semele"); the bright, open timbre, which would give a brilliant effect to both, would sound vulgar in "Deeper and deeper still" ("Jephtha"), or in "Jerusalem" ("St. Paul"). As a further illustration, let us suppose the question "Are you coming?" to be put by an imperious master, or an entreating lover, or a threatening accomplice. In each case the same vowels would assume a different ring.

Q. How do you graduate the strength of articulation?

A. The intensity of the voice and the extent of the space to be filled must regulate the degree of power to be supplied to the consonants. Declamation demands greater emphasis than speech, and singing requires more than declamation. But it may be said again that no jerks, no force of voice can be substituted for the clearness, precision and energy of articulation, which alone can carry the words to a distance. Violence would cause singing to resemble barking. The best method is to prolong each consonant as much as may be consistent with the character of the piece.

Q. How is steadiness of sound to be regained when once lost?

A. By keeping the larynx firm and the current of air uninterrupted from note to note, from syllable to syllable, as if the series of sounds was a single, continuous note. Intoning might prove a remedy.

Q. Is it always possible to keep the words as the composer has placed them?

A. When high notes have to be sung on unfavorable vowels or articulations, or when too many words embarrass the swift flow of vocalization, the singer is at liberty to displace and even to suppress certain words, provided he does not distort the sense. If it is necessary to place a consonant on a high note, there is the danger of slurring up to or breaking on that note. This may be averted by beginning the sound with the noise of the consonant. In Italian it often happens that syllables are in excess of the places assigned to them. This difficulty, caused by the vowels, is easily overcome by contracting two or more, as the case may be, into one syllable. This contraction is regulated by the presence or the absence of an accented vowel. If one of the number is accented it forms a distinct syllable with any other that may precede, and the vowel or vowels that follow, if any, form a second syllable. All other consecutive non-accented vowels are drawn into one syllable.

Q. What is phrasing?

A. It may be simply to carry out the musical punctuation, or, taken in a wider sense, to give to each phrase its proper effect in the general conception of the piece.

Q. With these two objects in contemplation, what are the principal subjects to which the student must devote his attention?

A. Prosody, rhythm, the formation of the phrase, the choice of the breathing-places, expression and style.

Q. What do you mean by rhythm?

A. The impression produced on us by the periodical return of movement and accent.

Q. What is a musical phrase?

A. In rhythmical music, four bars (less commonly three, and more

rarely still two) constitute a musical phrase. The last dimension is, however, more generally considered as a section than as a phrase, and generally takes a line in verse. In musical prose the number of bars is arbitrary. A single phrase would give a vague and incomplete impression, a second phrase of equal extent is needed to determine and complete it. Two such consecutive phrases may form a sentence or period. A further development of the musical idea will require periods of equal or different extent, and so on to the end of the piece.

Q. Where is the singer to breathe?

A. Mere common sense forbids breathing in the middle of a word or between words intimately united by grammatical sense. So, obviously, the singer must breathe where the punctuation of words and music agree.

Q. What if the melody, offering no rests, overtakes the breathing-power of the singer?

A. The knowledge of the extent of phrases, their sections and figures will assist to find places where to introduce rests, and even, if necessary, to make those places by the interpolation of words.

Q. Is it always possible to introduce words?

A. In cases where this device is not convenient, if it is absolutely necessary to divide a word by breathing, the singer must then dissimulate the action with such art that the audience ignores it absolutely. To betray the necessity by the slightest noise, pause or movement would be a great fault. As it is not always possible to breathe deeply at the last moment, this must be done at the nearest preceding long rest, while the partial expenditure needed in the interval is recovered by half-breaths.

Q. Is not a piece capable of various interpretations?

A. As sounds do not express ex-

act ideas, but only awaken sensations, a given melody may convey as various meanings as it may be variously executed. Nevertheless, certain musical forms, such as progressions, appoggiaturas, dissonances, prolonged notes and successions of the same figure, have accents that must be observed.

Q. How must the student determine the coloring of a melody?

A. Compositions express a dominant feeling, which is realized by various subsidiary ideas. Each of these, though subject to the prevalent effect, must preserve its own individuality. Some musical ideas demand a continuous suavity of delivery; others need gradual energy, others contrasts, etc. Moderate feelings will be best expressed by the "mezza voce," keeping in reserve both piano and forte.

Q. Has the pupil no method to determine his choice of effect?

A. The pupil must read the words of the piece again and again till each finest shadow of meaning has been mastered. He must next recite them with perfect simplicity and self-abandonment. The accent of truth apparent in the voice when speaking naturally is the basis of expression in singing. Light and shade, accent, sentiment,—all become eloquent and persuasive. The imitation of instinctive impulse must therefore be the object of this special preparation.

Q. What are the characteristics of the portamento?

A. Energy and grace. Applied to the expression of powerful feelings, it should be strong and rapid; less so for moderate or tender sentiments.

Q. What length is to be apportioned to terminating notes?

A. Notes ending short syllables, figures or sections of phrases, should be quitted lightly and instantly; if prolonged the effect becomes heavy and wastes the breathing-time. The

terminal beats of sentences and of instrumental recitatives receive value adequate to their importance in the idea, for then they represent the completion of the thought. These finals are stronger and longer in serious than in comic music.

Q. Is the singer justified in introducing ornaments or changes ?

A. When accent does not suffice to color a melody, recourse must be had to suitable ornaments. Italian music, until the beginning of the nineteenth century, was of this kind. The composers, while giving the idea, counted on the accent and the ornament that the singers supplied. Variations, rondos, polaccas, etc., from their nature, are left to the inspiration of the executant.

Q. What is the best place for ornaments or fioriture ?

A. It is a question that admits of various answers. Fioriture introduced at the end of a phrase have the charm of the unexpected. When an idea requires to be varied this should be done each time it returns either wholly or in part; but great discretion is needed lest the composition be injured. Want of accordance between the spirit of a piece and the style of its embellishment would have this result. The best composers never reproduce the same thought several times without rejuvenating it by new effects of voice or instrumentation.

Q. Has a singer no other occasion for introducing changes ?

A. When syllables are placed on high and difficult notes and make the voice unpleasant. When the composition is ill suited to the means of the vocalist, he may resort to changes or to transposition; but it is often wiser to abandon a work than to spoil it or to impair the organ.

Q. What is a cadenza ?

A. The cadenza is either a momentary suspension of the musical meaning or it is final. It gives the

singer an opportunity to display taste and the wealth of his resources. But whatever his imagination and facility, his cadenza must remain exclusively within the chord that bears it; the cadenza should never occur except on a long syllable; or if this is not convenient, on the exclamation "ah." The cadenza ought to be, as far as possible, on a single syllable and in a single breath. This rule, however, can be avoided by composing it of several words, the breath being taken between them. Syllabic cadenzas acquire greater effect by the power of the word.

Q. What considerations must guide us in the use of expression ?

A. Art comprehends all means, but employs only those suitable to special requirements. The severe and intelligent choice of means and effects constitutes what is called unity, which may be defined as a perfect accord of the parts of a whole. The science which thus converges efforts to one common end is based on the exact understanding of the comparative value of ideas. Nature attaches to every sentiment a characteristic accent. To threaten or to entreat in other timbres and other modulations than those suitable to menace or prayer, far from exciting fear or compassion, would simply give occasion for mirth. Each individual has also a distinctive manner of expression, which alone is truthful and impressive. Age, habits, organization, surroundings, modify a similar sentiment in different people, and the artist must vary his color accordingly.

Q. How can a singer transmit his emotions to an audience ?

A. By feeling strongly himself. Sympathy is the sole transmitter of emotions and the feelings of an audience are excited by our own, as the vibrations of one instrument are awakened by the vibrations of another.

Orotund Tone.

By GEORGE W. HOSS, A. M., LL. D.

AS we examine the various texts on the subject of the orotund tone with their diverse and at times contradictory definitions, we may justly exclaim, with Pilate: "What is truth?"

In classifying this tone, one author says one thing, another another. Indeed, in some cases the same author seems to say two or more diverse things. The central difficulty seems to be in determining whether it is a pure or an impure tone.

Prof. George L. Raymond, in "The Orator's Manual," published in 1880, page 100, says: "This quality [the orotund], though it may be given with every variety of force and pitch, is better adapted than the pure tone to the louder degrees of force." Here the clear implication is that the orotund is not a pure tone. On page 101 he says: "The orotund is the natural expression of delight, admiration, reverence, and adoration." Can these be properly expressed by any other than a pure tone? On page 103 we have: "The guttural used with the orotund adds hostility to the sentiments." On page 106 we have this: "The guttural is a real voice, so modified as to have an impure, harsh effect. It is the natural expression for malice, hatred revenge, etc." All will agree, I hope, that the sentiments of "reverence and adoration, hatred and revenge, are as unlike as light and darkness, hence their tones should be unlike. On page 102 he couples the aspirate with the orotund.

From these who can say what the orotund is?

Dr. Henry Day, in his "Art of Elocution" (1864), speaks of the orotund "when pure and decided," etc. Here the implication is that

there are times when this tone is not pure. He says little else save that "it is distinguished by a peculiar resonance and sonorousness" (page 68).

Says Mr. Hamill in his "New Science of Elocution" (1890), page 63: "A full, round, deep, musical tone." He adds: "It is distinguished from the pure tone by a fullness, clearness, strength, smoothness, and subsonorousness resembling the resonance of a musical instrument." Here he pointedly distinguishes it from the pure tone. Yet on page 51 he defines pure tone as "a round, smooth, musical sound," not much different from his definition of orotund. It is difficult to make an impure tone out of such a definition.

All these authorities class orotund as something other than a pure tone, which, I suppose, means an impure tone.

Versus these the following class it as a pure tone:

That noble Nestor among American elocutionists—James E. Murdoch—says in his "Analytical Elocution," page 150: "The orotund is classified as a pure quality, but it admits of different degrees of purity."

Dr. Rush, in his "Philosophy of the Human Voice," does not use the terms "pure" and "impure," but says this: "By the orotund quality is meant that natural and imposed manner of uttering the elements which exhibits them with a fullness, clearness, strength, and a ringing musical quality rarely heard in ordinary speech." This must mean purity of a high order.

Mrs. Anna Randall-Diehl, in her book "Reading and Elocution," page 4, says: "The orotund is used in

expressing the language of grandeur, sublimity, awe, reverence, courage, etc. It is round and full and may be said to be the maximum of pure quality." These last four words are admirable for clearness and conciseness, but in pectoral their excellence is put under an eclipse. She says: "Pectoral is usually accompanied by slow time, and is indeed a very low orotund." Here we have maximum purity allied to almost maximum impurity. To my mind the highest impurity is guttural, next to pectoral.

John Swett, in his "School Elocution," page 221, says: "The orotund has the smoothness of pure tone, but combines it with a much heavier volume of sound."

J. W. Shoemaker, in "Practical Elocution" (1889), page 60, says: "Orotund voice is the symmetrical enlargement of the simple, pure voice. It combines the two great essentials of speech,—purity and power." Succinctly and forcibly clear, in favor of pure tone.

Allen A. Griffith, in his "Lessons in Elocution" (1872), page 39, says: "The orotund is that pure, ringing fullness of sound, which is made deep in the throat."

Fulton and Trueblood, in their "Practical Elements of Elocution," (1893), page 94, say: "The orotund is a strong, clear, voluminous quality with the resonance in the upper part of the chest. It has the purity of the normal but is deeper in resonance." This, to my mind, is ad-

mirable, save the four words, "the upper part of." I regret to say that a foot-note mars this admirable definition. This note says: "The orotund is most easily produced in the low or very low pitch, but it ranges also into the very high." "Very high" is the rub. How can we get "voluminousness" in "very high?"

Can we not come to some agreement concerning this richest and most coveted tone in public speech? All seek it; all admire it; yet what is it? Pardon my boldness if I try to describe it. It is a tone of the highest purity. It ranges from medium to the lowest, richest when very low; always of the largest volume consistent with purity and full resonance; always smooth, bordering on the musical, and at times charmingly reaching it; and in its best estate always taking the quality of median stress,—the first half a symmetrical musical crescendo, the second half a corresponding diminuendo.

I rule out the expulsive and explosive orotund of some books. In place of these I say *low and large* expulsives and explosives. Thus we preserve the smooth or musical quality of the orotund. Expulsives and explosives are seldom smooth and never musical.

As this article has been written in the spirit of the utmost kindness, any corrections of my views, given in the same spirit, will be most thankfully received. My earnest purpose is to find the truth and to teach the truth.

IT has not yet dawned on the minds of most university authorities that music has a place in the general culture of our time. It is treated as a thing apart in all schemes for musical instruction in the colleges. The university is laboring to produce lovers of art, of literature, of philosophic thought. It is quite as much a part of its business to teach the young to comprehend and to enjoy the works of Mozart and Beethoven as to revel in the luxurious English of Coleridge or the more luxurious forms of Gothic architecture.—*W. J. Henderson.*

New York Singing-Teachers.

An Inquiry Into Their Qualifications, Their Theories, Their Practices, and Their Results.

SEVENTH ARTICLE.

[The articles, begun November, 1898, are written for the purpose of giving our readers an insight into the qualifications, methods, and results of various singing-teachers, and of enabling those in search of vocal instruction to select a teacher intelligently. Our aim is to present various nationalities and various schools. Comment by our subscribers on the articles will be welcome.—EDITOR.]

Mme. Lena Doria Devine.

"I claim to teach exactly as Lamperti taught: Singing on the breath, clean attack, the use of the legato, and the value of Italian 'ah' as a throat-opener."

THERE are other Lampertis and many representatives of Lamperti methods, but Mme. Devine stands for the Lamperti *père* method pure and simple. She acknowledges nothing that has not come directly from the renowned Francesco Lamperti, the last of the great masters of the old Italian school of singing.

Mme. Devine went over to Europe to study singing, expecting to take of Marchesi. While in Dresden she wrote to three teachers, making a sort of resolve that she would go to the one that answered first. That was San Giovanni, so Marchesi and Lamperti had to wait. She went to Milan and to San Giovanni, and purposely sang atrociously. Placing the voice? No need of that! God has placed the voice, and all that was necessary to do was to go ahead and sing! That did not look very encouraging, so that when somebody that was studying with Lamperti recommended him, she went along and heard the lesson, and thenceforward she knew what she had to do. The next three years she lived in Lamperti's house and studied. Mme. Devine's views and practices are outlined as follows:

"Men are more difficult to teach

than are women. They do not take the same interest in their work. While I disagree most radically with Frank H. Tubbs in many of the things he says in the March No. of WERNER'S MAGAZINE, I am compelled to say that he is right in his estimate of the brains and the ambitions of tenors. They have the most depressing way of giving up singing, even though they have perfectly lovely voices.

"I declare I do not see how Mr. Tubbs can say that the acquisition of the vocal art is at the most a matter of a few months. To know the thing that you want to do, to understand perfectly how it ought to feel and ought to sound, is not necessarily to be able to accomplish that thing. It is just as Lamperti says: 'If that were so, the world would be peopled with golden songsters.' Why, Lamperti told me it would take me six months of steady work to get myself into the condition where he could *begin* to teach me. In those six months I was unlearning,—among other things, the attack of the Garcia school. I had a teacher that taught me that method of attack and just about ruined my voice. I practiced the Garcia attack by saying

'Ah-ah-ah!' just as if you were warning a child to let something alone. 'Ah-ah-ah! Don't touch that.' That is all wrong. Try to attack the tone in that way and if you listen closely you can hear a slight pop preceding the tone. In the Lamperti attack the tone begins as clearly and distinctly as the edge of a razor. There is nothing, and then there is the tone.

"It is made in this way." Mme. Devine turned the back of her hand toward the observer and beckoned, as if waving something over her shoulder, and then the tone came, infinitesimally small and distinct, without any click of escaping breath. It is as if you made the tone by inhalation. Of course, you do not. The voice in singing comes from exhaled breath; but if, before beginning a tone, you open your mouth and inhale until the air no longer feels cool to the throat and start the tone, apparently inhaling, you get an attack that is cleaner than by the method that lets the tone explode with a preliminary gush of breath. Of course, you understand that this breathing in with the open mouth is used as an illustration, and not as an exercise. You might dry the throat and hurt it by the inhalation of air unwarmed and unfiltered by the nostrils."

"Some teachers say that even in a song the breath ought always to be taken through the nostrils."

"It ought to be wherever there is a pause long enough to permit of it. Oh, yes, without doubt. But there are times when one must catch a breath,—steal it, if you like to put it that way—when one can not shut the mouth and draw in the breath through the nostrils, without calling attention to the fact that one is breathing, and that ought never to be done. It is no business of the public how and when you breathe. They want to hear you sing."

"What is the Lamperti method of breathing?"

"Deep breathing; by the expansion and the contraction of the diaphragm. To expand and to contract that, of course the ribs move, but the point of effort is at the diaphragm. Other methods of breathing may make good physical exercises for the expansion of the lungs, but they are not good for the production of the singing-voice. There must be nothing that will stiffen the upper chest, for that tightens the throat. Lamperti would not even let us go rowing on the Lake of Como, because the unaccustomed and violent exercise would induce contractions in the throat. The chest must be pliable and easy, so that one could bend any way. All the work must be done by the muscles of the abdomen."

"Isn't that injurious to women?"

"It is, if a woman fastens herself up in a corset that does not give room for expansion. If the organs of the abdominal cavity are crowded up together and then a person tries to expand the diaphragm, something has got to give, and the result is bad. But it is not the breathing that is at fault. It is the corset."

"On the other hand, deep breathing is just as beneficial for woman as it is for man. How many people go through life using only the upper half of their lungs! They suffer in consequence. The best proof of the good results of deep breathing is the way one gets hungry after a lesson. It is the greatest thing for the appetite. I get thin, hollow-chested girls, and the way they fill out is something interesting."

"Do you have the pupils practice respiratory exercises by themselves, that is, without tone; and do you have them practice respiratory movements without breath?"

"A certain amount of respiratory

exercise should be given preparatory to the work in voice-culture. But much of this practice comes under the head of physical culture and is proper to the gymnasium rather than to the vocal studio. I advise my pupils to take physical culture and out-of-door exercise."

"Do you have the pupil retain the air in the lungs, neither inhaling nor exhaling? What is the maximum time in seconds for holding the breath thus?"

"As a result of practice it is possible to retain air in the lungs about forty seconds. Breath-control is the essential thing in the Lamperti method. 'Singing on the breath' is the motto. There are just a few principles that I particularly insist upon, and not I either, for I do not pretend to teach on my own authority. I am not presumptuous enough to insist that I am the authority. I claim to teach exactly as Lamperti taught. I have his book, and for everything that I tell the pupil I have tradition—what I remember that he said to me and what he said to others—and I have chapter and verse. The few principles are singing on the breath, the attack, the artistic legato and the importance of the vowel *a* (Italian *a*) as a method of getting the throat open.

"You will notice that when people do not sing well, the vowel *a* is not *a* with them, but *uh* or *oo* or *aw* or something like *ugh*. A pure *a* requires a clear throat. A good singer has a smooth legato, without being blurred or indistinct. That is what makes it such a pleasure to hear Sembrich sing."

"You spoke of a pure tone. Has 'purity of tone' any standard other than that of each individual?"

"I believe there is what might be called an absolute standard of pure tone, one in which there is a certain proportion of harmonics to the fundamental note. A pure tone requires certain physical conditions.

There must be a clean-cut attack and steady breath-control. When these are imperfect the tone can not be pure."

"Do you try to exercise the soft-palate? Should it rise and fall for different vowels?"

"I very seldom call attention to it at all. I go at it in a round-about way. Jenny Lind says something about the disappearance of the soft-palate on the high notes. I get, as Lamperti showed me, the lifting of the soft-palate by making the pupil smile and also by the little device of pretending that the higher the note is the farther up into the head back of the ear it is. Of course, the note is not there at all, but it assists the production if you imagine it is there."

An example was given later when the teacher swung round on her piano-stool and poked with her finger in the back hair of the pupil, and the tone, which was foggy and like that of a stopped diapason organ-pipe, instantly became clear and like that of an open pipe.

"Do you teach that the larynx should be held in the same position for all vowels?"

"I teach that no effort should be made except that necessary to control the breath. There must be no local effort about the throat."

"Suppose you had a pupil that sang out of tune, what would you do?"

"I have two pupils now that came to me with this defect. One of them could not 'turn a tune,' as she puts it. Another one had a tendency to sing off key, but had generally a good ear. She used to give me the horrors. All there is to do is to get them to sing on the breath and constantly to call attention to correct intonation. 'Not quite the note. It is this. Listen. Do you see the difference?' That is the way I go at it. Wait a little and you will hear the girl that could not 'turn a tune.'"

She came in presently, an intelligent looking young woman.

"Turn a tune?" she laughed. "I couldn't turn a corner of a tune. My friends laughed at me for thinking of taking singing lessons. They told me they'd take care of my money for me if I didn't know what to do with it. But I am so fond of music and singing and I wanted to be able to sing so that I wouldn't make enemies by trying, so I began."

Mme. Devine is a great believer in the correct posture of the body for singing, the chest well forward, the hips in, the weight on the ball of one foot and the other foot forward of that so that it will be easy to bow.

"You are ready to do something then. If you want to bow or if somebody hits you and you want to ward off the blow, you do not have to get ready for action. You are ready. In that poise you do not need to fret about what to do with your hands. They do not bother you. It is the easiest way to hold your sheet of music. Your stomach is not in your way as it would be if you were 'standing straight,' as they call it, after the military fashion. I have had people say to me: 'I don't want my daughter taught to stand all scrunched up that way,' but they did not know any better."

There was presently to be an illustration of this point, for the pupil settled back on her heels, and instantly the tone became dead and lifeless and apparently was propelled with an effort. But so long as she stood forward with the active chest, the tone was good, even beautiful, and only once or twice in all the exercises deviated in the slightest from the correct pitch.

All the pupils have to go through practically the same exercises. There is first the poise, then the hands go on the hips with the fingers on the abdomen so as to sense the action of propelling the breath from the bot-

tom of the lungs. Then some preliminary inhalations through the nose and then soft, sustained tones, the greatest care being taken that the beginning of the note is perfectly clean and pure. The vowel *a* (Italian) was used exclusively. Mme. Devine opposes the use of *oo* or *moo* or *koo* or any of the devices in vogue with some.

In some cases the pupil swelled out on the tone, but one girl, who had been with a teacher that encouraged shouting, sang through a whole lesson without the listener suspecting that she had anything but a light voice. In reality she has a very large voice and is inclined to bellow.

After the long sustained tones, Mme. Devine commences at once on the *do, do', ti, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do*, first time mezzo, second time pianissimo. Then to cultivate the ear the exercise is: *Do, do', ti, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do, re—(breath)—re, re', do', ti, la, sol, fa, mi, re, mi—(breath)—mi, mi', re', do', ti, la, sol, fa, mi, fa*, and so on. The advanced pupils do this without accompaniment in order to see if their ear is correct.

Another exercise is a sort of staccato arpeggio, in the middle of which the pupil expends all the breath in a sort of sob and then recovers it quickly to finish the arpeggio in a clinging legato style. The quicker the recovery the better. The object of this exercise is to develop the capacity to catch a breath quietly and quickly.

Another exercise is a light and rapid run of two octaves, up and down the scale. Its fellow that follows takes the last four notes staccato and very lightly and then runs down limpidly and evenly legato. Mme. Devine holds that when the notes are in the voice, it not only does no harm to touch them lightly and on the breath, but rather strengthens them and does the whole voice good.

Instead of pieces, the beginner has

the bravura studies of Lamperti, which contain every ornament known to florid singing and when sufficient progress is made, the pieces given are not "simple ballads," which really require the greatest possible art, but the ornate airs of the old Italian school,—“Una voce poco fa,” “Ah, luce di quest' anima,” “Regnava” from “Lucia,” the airs of Bellini's “I Capuletti e Montecchi,” or Rossini's “Semiramide,” most of them with the ornaments and roudades that Francesco Lamperti wrote and added. Bit by bit these are studied and worked over, and if the girl is very studious and picks up things quickly, she has as many as three of these in her first year.

“I do not expect to make an artist of her in that time,” said Mme. Devine, “but I expect to be able to set her just that much farther on the way to becoming an artist, by equipping her with the ability to do any mortal thing set down for her kind of a voice to do.”

The most confusing thing about Mme. Devine's teaching is that she does not use the word “natural.” Sing “naturally,” or “I teach my pupils to sing naturally,” is the commonest phrase heard in studios.

“‘Natural’ is the most abused word in the language. Everybody picks on it and I am doing an act of kindness to let it alone. Everyone says that his method is the ‘natural’ one, and those who have no method at all think they are more natural than anybody else because they do not oppose nature; they let the pupils sing their own way whether it does violence to the vocal organs or not. The term ‘natural,’ as applied to singing, has no logical sense unless it means that use of the vocal organs that puts no strain upon any part detrimental to its healthy condition, that is, to get the greatest result from the least exertion. Every skilful thing is done naturally, be-

cause it takes advantage of all the favoring environments, but it is not done without teaching or practice. We have to learn how to get out of our own way and not to oppose ourselves when we are trying to do something, but we have to learn to do that and so it is not natural in the sense of being ‘untutored.’”

“How many registers are there, and what is a register?”

“The idea that there are certain points in the voice where the method of production is changed is erroneous. Placing the voice upon the breath develops it into a perfectly even instrument. The consideration of registers in the sense of there being places in the scale where there must be a conscious change of the method of production does not enter into my scheme of teaching.”

“What happens when the pupil makes a ‘breathy’ tone or a ‘throaty’ tone?”

“A throaty tone results from tightening the lower jaw or from making other muscular effort of the throat in that neighborhood. A breathy tone comes from an improper attack, which permits the breath to escape before the tone. By the way, while I think of it, Mr. Tubbs opposes the ‘spoon-shaped tongue.’ I favor it. It certainly facilitates the exit of the voice. One great defect of singers is that they let their tongue rise high in the mouth and thus shut off the voice. The mouth should interpose no obstacle whatever and the flat and even spoon-shaped tongue leaves a free and open passage.

“It has become a fashion lately to make much of frontal resonance, but I dislike exceedingly the effects obtained by it. The tones that a soprano gets seem to me to be like nothing so much as a hoot. Lamperti calls particular attention to this ‘frontal’ tone and tells how to avoid it.”

"Besides Lamperti and San Giovanni, who were your teachers?"

"Mme. Sandri for voice-production; and, for interpretation, Shakespeare of London, and Cornelius Rübner, the composer and court pianist of Baden-Baden. But I put Lamperti first. It is amusing to me to see how many are claiming, all of a sudden, that they are pupils of Lamperti. 'I studied with So-and-so, and What's-his-name, and Lamperti.' They say this as easily as some people say 'and others,' when there are no more. Lamperti was first. No one ever studied with the old Lamperti long enough to know what he was driving at (and you could not do that in three or four lessons, because you could not understand his dialect), no one, I say, ever was with him any length of time, without feeling beyond all doubt that he was the greatest master of them all. Lamperti never took back a pupil that had left him to try another teacher. 'Whoever has not the intelligence,' he said, 'to see that I am teaching the truth, will never be an artist, and I can not bother with him.' You may call this egotism. It was rather the consciousness of supreme power possessed by a great genius. 'God may have made the voices,' he said, 'but I take notice that it is I that have to teach them to sing.'

"I challenge those who say they have studied with the great masters to tell me why, if they have really done so, they talk so much about a thousand and one trivialities and so little about the one great truth he taught—the secret of the Italian school—singing upon the breath."

"Who are some of your pupils? What results can you show?"

"The following are some of my pupils: Edward W. Gray, tenor of the Old First Presbyterian Church Choir; Mrs. Nestor Lattard, mezzo-

soprano; Edward Groeschel, soloist of the Schuberth Club, Jersey City; the sisters, Jessie and Bessie Abbott; Louise Gehle, contralto, and her sister Augusta Gehle, soprano; Mrs. Charles Sprague Lippincott, of Nebraska; Miss Florence Merritt, niece of the assistant editor of your magazine; Miss May K. Mason; Miss Ida Benedict, the composer and soprano of the Old First Presbyterian Church; Miss Mabel Denman; and the coloratura soprano, Miss Blanche Duffield. Among the professional teachers that have studied with me are: Mr. E. Springer, of Chicago; Miss Caroline Belcher, of New Jersey; Miss Mary Merrill, of South Georgia College; Marie A. Summers, of Brooklyn; Miss Katharine V. Dickinson, of the Alton, Ill., Conservatory.

"But the method I teach is not my method. It is Francesco Lamperti's and it is only because it is his that it is so valuable. The results that he got were such singers as La Tiberini, Jeanne Sophie Löwe, Cruvelli, Grua, Brambilla, Catherine Hayes, Desirée Artôt, La Grange, Angelica Moro, Paganinni, Galli, Risarelli, Augeleri, Peralta, Albani, Stoltz, Waldman, Aldighieri, Campanini, Vialetti, Derevis, Mariani, Palermi, Everardy, Shakespeare, Van Zandt (mother and daughter), Valleria, Lilli Lehmann, Sims Reeves, Sembrich, Volkman, Robinson, Reichman, Organi, Galassi, Gayarre, and Ripetto.

"Is not that a list? What a teacher he must have been to have got such pupils as Albani, Campanini, the Van Zandts, Lehmann, Sims Reeves, and Sembrich! Patti was at one time a pupil of his, but perhaps she got her method from him in a more indirect way. Shortly before Adelina was born Signora Barili studied singing with Lamperti. So when anybody asked the question that is so familiar, 'How old is she?'"

the maestro used to say: 'Tacete, tacete' (Wait, wait), and then he would count up. He knew."

"You studied abroad. What do you think of it? Is it necessary? Is it worth while?"

"Yes and no. There are in this country excellent teachers capable of making finished artists. So it is not absolutely essential to go to Europe 'to get the finishing touches,' as the phrase goes. At the same time, no student that has the means should be satisfied until he has spent a year or two abroad; in the first place, on account of the broadening influences and inspiration he will receive from such an experience. At home the singing-lesson is obviously one out of many interesting things that occupy the mind. But over there, there is nothing else. In the time when you are not directly studying the voice, you are either consciously or unconsciously learning Italian if you are in Italy or French if you are in Paris, and that is good for you and makes in the direction of your work. Not being with one's family or friends, you spend more of your time in the studio hearing the others and you get along so much faster than if you took two lessons a week and forgot all about it except when your lesson times came.

"In the second place, the public and the managers are prejudiced against one that has not had European study and something of a European career. One thing is certain, though; there is no excuse for going abroad to study until one has built a solid foundation. It is even harder to steer clear of voice-wreckers abroad than at home, because some of them have tremendous reputations."

"Is the piano the best instrument to use in giving lessons? How about the violin?"

"The piano is the most convenient, but I consider the violin a

most valuable aid in cultivating the voice. The legato can be illustrated much better on the violin than on the piano. I remember having a most interesting conversation with Sembrich on this point, while she was studying with Francesco Lamperti at Lake Como. She assured me that her knowledge of the violin had been of the greatest assistance to her in the cultivation of her voice.

"Speaking of Marcella Sembrich, I would state that she thought well enough of Francesco Lamperti to take lessons of him even after she had studied four years with G. B. Lamperti. She came to him from Hamburg, where, in an access of delight, the students had unharnessed the horses from her carriage and themselves had drawn it. She could not get the attack at all. Lamperti offered to send out for a pupil that could show her, but she wanted to try it herself. It did not make any difference to Lamperti that she was already a great singer; what he wanted was somebody that would do what he said. So he wandered into the next room to look out at the weather and—did not come back. Mme. Sembrich waited and then began to cry. Mme. Lamperti, coming in and finding Sembrich in tears, tried to comfort her by saying: 'But you are Sembrich.'

"'I had rather interest that old man than the crowds that do not know whether I sing well or ill,' she replied.

"Mme. Lamperti went and found the master and the lesson went on.

"But that just showed," continued Mme Devine, "that Lamperti did not pay any more attention to one pupil, just because she had a name, than to another that tried to do as she was told. It also gives one an inkling into what has made Sembrich one of the first singers of the modern world. She is not satisfied just to do well. She wants to do the best. She

hadn't a natural trill when she came to Lamperti. She has worked at it until now it is beautiful."

"When should a girl begin vocal lessons?"

"I do not believe she can begin too soon. Children that are not neglected begin at a very early age to sing, if they hear music and if their parents sing to them. To have no ear for music simply means that no attention was paid to the child in that respect. When they are yet 'little folks,' seven or eight or even younger, I think that they should begin systematic instruction, everything being done gently and lightly, even playfully. There should be no effort to develop strength in the voice because the tissues are too frail to admit of strength. But flexibility and suppleness can be gained, the child can be taught how to breathe and to control the breath. It stands to reason that the child is better fitted to do those general things that do not require fine, deliberate coordination of the secondary muscles than it is for writing in school or playing the piano.

"Then when the mutation of the voice comes, there is much less of a change in the girl's than in the boy's voice, and the suppleness of the voice remains. With it, too, remains the control of the breath. That has become habitual and does not have to be learned after the girl has acquired faulty habits of breathing from wearing corsets. The control of the breath is the work of a long time, and childhood seems to me to be the time for that. If a girl sets out with an operatic career in view, eighteen years is pretty late, considering what a lot she has to learn. To succeed, she ought to be able to sing in at least three languages. Besides the acquisition of technique, see how many roles she must learn. Mr. Tubbs (I hope he will not think that I have a personal grudge against him) says twenty-four is a good age.

I do not know about that. A woman of twenty-four feels that she must get results right away. She has no time to spare. She must make her appearance while she is still young and before she has begun to look *passée*. That is why there are not so many good singers, considering that so many are studying.

"I am delighted to find that Sir Morell Mackenzie in his 'Hygiene of the Vocal Organs' agrees with me as to the desirableness of teaching children. Christine Nilsson, Jenny Lind, Adelina Patti, Albani, and many other famous singers sang, when children, even in public. What spoils children's voices is putting too severe work upon them for too long a time, but lessons fifteen minutes long, in which the child sings on the breath and lightly, are not going to do the damage that the untaught screaming of children in public schools and Sunday-schools yelling at play, and the lack of interest in good production will do. Just to find out by visiting a studio once a week that there is such a thing as trying to make beautiful tones is an incentive to a child to try to imitate, and is an education in itself.

"I have one little girl pupil now. She is thirteen years old, and, while her voice is small, I do not attempt to develop it in strength. Everything she takes is lightly done and the lessons are only a quarter of an hour long. Some of the expressions she uses to illustrate her understanding of what I tell her are most interesting. Someone was telling her of another little girl's singing. 'Yes,' she says, 'she does like I used to. She freezes her voice. She puts too much breath in it.' Now, I never told her that, but it illustrates exactly the effect of mixing the breath with the tone. It makes the liquid water turn into a kind of cold slush.

"I think I should like to have a class of little girls to teach singing.

I used to be able to interest the little ones so, when I was a teacher in the public schools. I believe it is possible to bring children up to be singers, if you begin at the age when they are forming the habits of such elementary things as the use of the voice."

"Should a pupil practice out of the teacher's hearing? How long should one practice?"

"The pupil should not practice away from the teacher until he has mastered the correct way of taking each single tone upon the breath. A pupil should not practice more than fifteen minutes at a time. That must be supplemented by mental study."

"Does the vocal profession offer to a man as good opportunities as the law, medicine or a mercantile life?"

"Yes, to the man of exceptional vocal endowments, but to no others."

"Have associations of teachers helped the profession?"

"I do not think they have very much. They ought to, just as similar associations have done in other professions. But the trouble is, these meetings are used more as an opportunity for advertising than for mutual aid and the advancement of truth."

"Do you believe in State regulation of singing-teachers, such as there is for lawyers, physicians, engineers and plumbers?"

"I do not. I think it would be utterly impracticable. The ability to answer a number of questions would be no criterion whatever of the ability to teach. Some clever writers on voice-culture have shown themselves to be poor teachers. The only salvation that I can see is to get the public to know a good teacher by the results he gets and for honest publications to denounce incompetents and frauds and to expose their claptrap methods of fooling the public."

Wanted—Good Words for Songs.

BY CLARA ASTINGTON.

THERE are several questions that we whose profession it is to sing have a right to ask, and we are beginning to ask them urgently and anxiously. One is: "Can no one write us any songs worth studying?" When I say "songs," I mean words and music both. So much is said of there being no necessity for new ballads, while the rich stores of the past are still undrawn upon. Is, then, this form of musical art to dwindle, meanwhile, to a complete pause and standstill? Or, worse still, is it—being the earliest branch of the musical tree—doomed to shed its leaves the soonest and be the first to decay? Unfortunately, in music as in other things, when we do not advance we retrograde. Every year there are produced new symphonies, new

overtures, new operas (serious and comic); in each department of instrumental music novelties full of lasting merit, the outcome of genius or a scientific painstaking; but the contemporary songs destined to live and be kept in the hearts of English-speaking people can almost be numbered on one's fingers. Surely there is something seriously wrong herein.

Could the person who said that he would "rather make the songs of a people than their laws" try over a parcel of our latest ballads, he would forever recall that much-quoted remark. Our laws are admirable; our songs are despicable.

Let the reader not misunderstand me. We have Sullivan, who has given us masterly and musicianly work in his "Lost Chord," "Guine-

vere," "Thou art passing hence," and other less known but excellent songs; we have Frederic H. Cowen, who—before he became the prolific writer that he now is—used to delight us with an occasional ballad, which will become a classic. Charles Salaman's later works have some of the passionate grace to be found in his earlier lays, such as "I arise from dreams of thee." Besides these, there are others writing pleasant things, to be sung for a moon and then forgotten.

But where are the ballads that are to swell our national treasury, placed side by side with the melodious and heart-touching songs of other days? "The Last Rose of Summer," "Banks of Allan Water," "Auld Robin Gray," "The Anchor's Weighed," "Meet Me by Moonlight, Alone," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Home, Sweet Home,"—I name at random a few of the unfading flowers with which the ballad-makers of to-day expect *their* blossoms to be entwined in the future wreath of English song, and it must be left to posterity to decide if they are worthy of the honor. To some of their contemporaries it seems to be very doubtful.

In the world of painting, no ridicule is too keen, no contempt too great, for that desecration of art termed a "pot-boiler." Nothing but poverty can in any wise condone it. Yet in vocal music we have going on a shameless system of "pot-boiling," enough to weary the soul of any true musician. If you are a public singer you need only open the last roll of songs sent by the publisher, "with compliments," to be clear as to what I mean. If an amateur, call at your music-seller's, tell him that you want a new song, and a careful look at his wares will enlighten you.

You will find the vaguely sentimental effusion in which the words "old, old days," "yearning pain,"

"sad refrain," "never again," will occur as principal and telling features. What it is all about must be left to the imagination, for the poet intends that you shall. The title will be vaguer even than the words,— "Almost," "Perchance," "Unless," "Nearly," "No Telling." The melody—save the mark!—will be in an air that pathetically recalls half-a-dozen other airs. The accompaniment, either a bald set of school-girl chords in two-four time, twisting clumsily into a vapid waltz refrain at each verse end, or some tuneless and elaborate parody on a really good song. For instance, there are—mildly speaking—some hundreds of such parodies on Cowen's lovely "Regret."

Another style is the semireligious, wherein we hear much of "golden gates," "angel messengers," and "glorious visions," and are brought to a furious climax in the hope of a "heavenly meeting,"—in other words, a weak imitation of "The Lost Chord." Again, there is the pathetic type, where some unfortunate being is lost at sea, is on a raft, on a snow-clad mountain,—any place, in fact, that is uncomfortable. If he is rescued we have a double forte conclusion, with a final pause on one's loudest note, whatever it may be. If he is not rescued, you will find that there is always a choir (organ or harmonium accompaniment) to sing him to death with a soothing refrain. The number of saint-like children—both sexes—who every month "fall asleep" and wake to a "better land" in this species of song is incredible.

Then come we to the semicomical style, with its attempted archness and frequent lack of point; and the gavot style, full of affected admiration for all things old world and by-gone, from china to cotton gowns. The tenor, *rara avis* though he be, is expected to warble serenades that should be tender, but are oftener

merely "maudlin," while bass and baritone have a grand selection, varying from "gay cavaliers, tra la la," bold sea-ditties whose only smack of the salty ocean is contained in the constant "yo, heave ho's" and "hillee-haulee's" of their refrains, to the variety wherein ambitious basses descend to a "secret mine" in a series of abnormal grunts, for the ostensible purpose of "showing their low notes," as the popular phrase has it.

In all these how seldom one finds anything worth the patient analysis that a conscientious singer gives to a musicianly song!

Nor is this the worst. There are not only composers—some who ought to know better—who hastily turn out these miserable pot-boilers by the dozen, and verse-writers who string together meaningless and hackneyed rhymes to order—but there are singers who, for so many guineas for so many concerts or an advertisement in the daily papers, consent to waste their voices and degrade their profession by singing the aforesaid pot-boilers in public. For such, no condemnation can be too severe.

We claim to be a musical nation. We pay dearly and freely for it, and to some extent we are entitled to be considered so; but while apparently intelligent audiences continue to tolerate these dreary shop ballads as their principal vocal pabulum, our

foreign friend will still have to leave the concert-room with a gentle smile upon his lips that the English should think this music. Beautiful as our older songs are, one can not always sing them. Operatic airs are often lustreless gems when taken from their proper setting, and few ordinary audiences will listen with patience or liking to the perfect songs of Schubert. The modern ballad is therefore a chief feature of English platform music, and rightly so when it is worth the interpreting and hearing. Only it is time that "quality, not quantity" became the motto of composers; time that singers should learn respect for their art and use only such music as will elevate as well as amuse the people; time that the public should firmly refuse applause even to its most popular singer when the song is an insult to common intelligence. The effect of such a combined effort would soon be apparent. English vocalism would cease to be the half-tolerated, half-despised affair it is; ballad concerts would become places of amusement and enjoyment instead of, as they now are, places of boredom; and, above all, the ephemeral thing—minus poetry, melody, and harmony—which we buy and sing to-day would take its proper place in the waste-basket instead of some day calling for the mirth and the disgust of posterity as "a ballad of the nineteenth century."

COSTAL or rib-breathing we find to be the most efficient. It enables the singer and the speaker to take in the greatest amount of breath, and the effort is not great because it is shared by all those muscles whose function it is to pull the ribs upward and outward. If the thorax is unconstricted, the greatest expansion will be about its lower and middle portions where the ribs are more movable and where the angle of their inclination with the spine is most acute. Another reason why this type of breathing is the most effective is that this uplifting of the ribs puts the thorax into the best possible position for the expiratory control that follows during the act of vocalization. The diaphragm for artistic purposes is not an inspiratory muscle; it should be used only in the expiratory effort of singing and speaking.—*G. Hudson Makuen, M.D.*

The Use and the Abuse of Singing.

By JOHN TOWERS.

THE uses or advantages of singing are fourfold: Physical, intellectual, social, and moral. Of the physical advantage of singing, there can be no question. However much doctors differ on other points, they are practically unanimous on this: That properly regulated singing is more conducive to sound lungs, a healthy condition of the chest and the throat and a vigor and robustness of the "earthly tenement" generally than anything else at present known. They are also pretty well agreed that in order to get the full attainable benefits in the direction indicated, the practice of singing should begin at an early age,—the earlier the better. In fact, if children sang as much as they talked, they would turn out later on in life almost ready-made singers, and be far healthier men and women than many of them now are. Of course, it is a terrible idea, especially to folks of a nervous, irritable temperament, which, it is to be feared, is the normal condition of most genuinely musical persons, that the home of the future is to be superblessed with the never-ending vocal efforts of embryo Pattis, Albanis, Campaninis, Fischers, etc. This agonizing prospect is, however, fortunately minimized considerably by the consideration that the schoolhouse is the place where this vocal paradise or, if it is preferred, this vocal pandemonium ought to be located. Seriously: The teaching of singing in all public and private schools should be a much more prominent and earnest feature than in many cases it now is. It is at school, anyhow, that a solid foundation in musical as in most other knowledge should be laid, upon which the future superstructure may

safely and surely repose, and those school-managers and teachers who neglect the thorough teaching of singing in their schools are unfaithful to the solemn trust confided to them, and are guilty of depriving the oncoming generation of one of the purest and best of earthly pleasures and of one of the greatest safeguards against that fatal enemy to human life, consumption. As a matter of fact, this malady is almost unknown among persistent singers.

Intellectually, it may be claimed for singing that it necessarily involves acquaintance with its sister art, poetry. It brings the earnest student face to face with some of the noblest and most beautiful poetic conceptions of the human mind, and it is almost impossible to conceive that any student worthy of the name will rest satisfied with the few scattered and fugitive thoughts with which he may come in contact in the course of his vocal studies. He will rather strive to drink more deeply at the fountain of inspiration whence flow the sublime thoughts of Shakespeare, Jonson, Milton, Pope, Dryden, Byron, Moore, Tennyson, Longfellow, Berranger, Hugo, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Dante, Alfieri, and the other immortal poets who have written, not for an age but for all time. Surely, he will bless the name of music for having led him into such delightful and ennobling company.

Socially, too, there is much to be said in favor of singing. Very frequently the soft Lydian airs married to immortal verse, learned at school and repeated at home, are instrumental in elevating and refining the whole tone of domestic life, thus helping it to be a veritable heaven upon earth. Nothing more enjoy-

able can be imagined than a well-sung concerted piece of music in the home-circle. Few things are better calculated to enlarge and to deepen home-sympathies, to strengthen home ties and affections, and to keep at bay all those miserable, manifold ills to which human flesh is heir. If the practice of singing harmoniously together at home was the rule rather than the exception, there would be far less domestic infelicity in the world, and we should be spared a great deal of those sickening and revolting revelations with which the divorce courts make us, day by day, so painfully familiar. If we are to believe the irrepressible advertiser, "no home is complete without a sewing-machine." Now, without in any way undervaluing this wonderful and useful invention, I simply wish to record my conviction that no home is really complete without a more or less perfected concert-party, which thought must surely have been present to the mind's eye of Schiller when he wrote:

"Wo man singt, da lass dich ruhig nieder:
Boese Menschen haben keine Lieder."

As to the moral advantages of singing, it may at once be said that if the Psalmist's injunction—"Let the people praise Thee, O God, yea, let all the people praise Thee"—was duly and generally carried out, the modern temples of worship, which are too often imperfectly and indifferently filled with the half-hearted efforts of paid professional quartets, would rather be filled with "a mighty rushing sound" of melody from the hearts as well as from the throats of "all the people."

As regards public devotion, private virtue, or patriotic sentiment, there is no human agency more potent for good than vocal music.

The abuses or disadvantages of singing are neither very numerous nor particularly serious, but they are

nevertheless sufficiently so to demand at least passing attention. The first abuse crops up in childhood, when the voice is often maltreated just as though it was of no importance whatsoever. Although children should sing and sing as children, to their hearts' content, they should not be allowed to scream and howl and roar and bellow and do their best generally to ruin their voices forever. There is a peculiar danger of this in the school singing-class, where many children imagine that they would fail altogether in their duty, did they not outscreech their neighbors. This decided abuse can be checked, if not altogether eradicated, by the teacher, who should lose no opportunity of impressing on his young flock that every member thereof should try to see who could sing the sweetest and not who could sing the loudest. Apart from individual advantages, there would be this aggregate one that the public performances of school-children would be far more pleasing than they often are at present, and far less liable to crack the ill-fated hearer's long-suffering tympanum.

The next abuse is the recommending and even encouraging of singing during the "breaking" of the voice. There are authorities on this subject—some of them of great eminence—who do this unreservedly, on the ground that continuous practice during the period of mutation "keeps the muscles more or less flexible." The greatest and best authority in this world, on the other hand,—common sense—suggests absolute rest during this momentous period, for the natural reason that such rest is best suited to the abnormally excited, irritated and inflamed condition of the parts concerned. This view of the case is commended to the earnest consideration of those choirmasters and directors who have boy-choristers under their control, and who are

responsible for more damaged male voices than is generally supposed. To what extent this mischief prevails will best be realized when it is borne in mind that out of thousands of beautiful voices among boy-choristers not more than probably five per cent come to maturity in after life. Even after the final "settling down" of the voice, the greatest care should be exercised in its employment, especially in concerted singing, and above all at big festivals, where the aggregation of voices is large and is too often selected with far more reference to quantity than to quality. Admonitions to pupils who *will* join the festival chorus are of little use. Such pupils may honestly intend to use only moderate power, but as a matter of fact they are carried along with the stream and unconsciously, mayhap, and imperceptibly, but none the less surely, they bellow with the rest, and the mischief to the voice is done long before they themselves are aware of it.

A voice once impaired by overwork and by straining is impaired forever. It would be well, indeed, if this irrefragable fact could be brought home with all the force it deserves to those of our modern composers who copy, say, Wagner's overladen orchestration without catching one spark of his inspiration, and to certain eminent piano virtuosi who, when they step down from their giddy heights as soloists to accompany a favorite vocalist, are so enamored of their own pianistic qualities

that they quite forget the poor singer, who has consequently to rest satisfied for the time being with a decidedly "back seat."

Although there are other abuses of singing to which attention might be called, the last one to be cited is the trading on a past reputation, which is so common among public singers here and elsewhere. There have, it is true, been a few instances—Alboni, Brahm, and Sims Reeves—where the voice has retained its original sweetness, freshness and power until quite late in life; but these are rare exceptions, only proving the opposite rule. It may assuredly be said that there are scores of vocalists still before the public who ought to have retired into private life years and years ago. It is not a graceful nor a grateful thing to say, but it must be said all the same, that these artists are now the merest shadows of their former selves, mere wrecks in fact, objects of pity rather than of admiration or respect. It is to them chiefly that many of the vices and shortcomings of the younger generation of singers are to be ascribed, and it is high time for the voice of public opinion so to speak out that its trumpet tones can not be mistaken and those concerned will at once withdraw from public life and make room for others who are both ready and willing to take their places and from whom still younger aspirants for vocal fame may learn to use and to avoid the abuse of the noblest gift of an all-wise and all-bounteous Heaven.

IF one would derive the highest benefit from physical culture, he must have some definite method of conserving force when it is developed. It is easy to develop and waste power, but it is not an easy matter to conserve it. Yet I am satisfied there is a way, and that way is to transmute pure physical energy into psychological force, not in some accidental or fanciful manner, but through definite forms of psycho-physical expression.

THE human voice!—oh, instrument divine,
That with a subtle and mysterious art
Rangest the diapason of the heart—
Thine air-spun net around the soul doth twine,
Whether the heart of thousands lifts, as one,
The wild, deep anthem of its monotone,
Or the soft voice of love its silver line
Threads through the spirits innermost recess.
Thou moldst the blank air, that round thee lies,
To a rare tissue of fine mysteries;
Thou canst lift up the soul and canst depress—
And upon music's balanced wings canst fly
Straight through the gates of hope and memory.

—*W. W. Story.*

The Greek Drama.

BY MINNIE SWAYZE.

[Paper read at the convention of the N. Y. State Association of Elocutionists at Syracuse, April 4, 1899.]

THE history of the Greek drama begins in myth and dates from a fabulous antiquity. Greek tragedy was at first simply choral odes—a combination of song and dance—a scenic song. This soon and naturally fell into action. As a simple example it may be stated, that at the festival of Dionysius (the Greek Bacchus), subjects having reference to it were acted. On one occasion, for instance, a chorus of Athenian women represented the Theban Bacchantes tearing Pentheus to pieces. Then came the prologue. A person came forward and announced to the audience what they were to *see* and to *hear*. Then followed the advance made by Thespis, usually regarded as the father of the Greek drama, because he introduced dialogue. Two persons were put into relation with the chorus. This made the unities of place and time, which always afterward characterized Greek tragedy, a necessity.

Comedy was a parody of tragedy. The golden age of Greek dramatic poetry was during the period from the Persian to the Peloponnesian war, though Æschylus began to write before the close of the former.

Then came Sophocles, the fit poet of the age of perfect beauty. Comedy reached the perfection to which Aristophanes brought it, during the Peloponnesian war—comedy, which has been called “the child of the greatest energy and enjoyment of life.”

We are struck at once by the exuberance of this great literature. Æschylus wrote seventy dramas; Euripides ninety; Sophocles one hundred and thirteen;—an exuberance only paralleled by that of Calderon and of Shakespeare. Of all these tragedies it may be said that their purpose is indisputably high and moral. To excite terror and pity is usually considered the main purpose of Greek tragedy. But these were stimulated for no vulgar purpose. Aristotle says that they were used to purge the passions. Dr. Johnson in a conversation illustrated this. “The passions,” he said, “are the great movers of human actions; but they are mixed with such impurities that it is necessary that they should be purged or refined by means of terror and pity. For instance, ambition is a noble passion, but, by seeing upon the stage that a man who is so excessively ambitious

as to raise himself by injustice is punished, we are terrified at the fatal consequences of such a passion." This is rather a commonplace explanation, and it is confined to terror. Pity, the Doctor probably thought, is its own excuse for being. There are other and more ideal considerations, if we had time for them. John Sterling spoke better when he said that "everyone has in his heart the woes of *Œdipus* and *Antigone*. But it takes the *Sophocles* of a thousand years to utter these in the full depth and harmony of creative song." In accomplishing its greatest work, Greek tragedy scorned all mean and minor appliances and all vulgar appeals to the eyes and the ears of its auditors.

There are three great names that still support the grandeur and maintain the preeminence of the Greek tragic drama. Mrs. Browning has well characterized them:

"Oh, our *Æschylus*, the thunderous!
 How he drove the bolted breath
 Through the cloud to wedge it ponderous
 In the gnarled oak beneath!
 Oh, our *Sophocles*, the royal,
 Who was born to monarch's place;
 And who made the whole world loyal
 Less by kingly power than grace!
 Our *Euripides*, the human,
 With his droppings of warm tears,
 And his touches of things common,
 Till they rose to touch the spheres!"

Into the history of the Greek drama, it is impossible to enter at large, within the limits of this paper. It dates substantially from *Æschylus*. Before him all is myth. Instead of one actor or interlocutor, he introduced two. He is credited with the invention of scenery and the improvement of costume. If he is grand, he is also gloomy; his ideas of human conduct are high and sublime; he is always enthusiastic and forcible; and he ever threatens the guilty with divine vengeance. *Sophocles*, who succeeded him, had a finer taste and a more tempered judgment.

He, also, improved the scene by the introduction of a third speaker. Aristotle thought that in him tragedy had attained its perfection. *Euripides* shines with a milder lustre. He has neither the energy and the sublimity of *Æschylus*, nor the gravity and the stateliness of *Sophocles*; and his language, simple and eloquent, is not much elevated above the language of ordinary conversation. It has been said that *Æschylus* represents men greater than they can be; *Sophocles* as they ought to be; and *Euripides* such as they are.

Some account of Greek theatre-going may here be in place. We are interested at first by the question, whether women attended the dramatic representations in Athens—a point that has been much disputed. The best opinion is that respectable women were present at the representation of tragedies, but not at that of comedies. Boys went with their fathers, and slaves attended their masters. Substantially, the admission was without charge—the price of admission for each person was paid by the state to the manager. Large sums were personally paid by the wealthy for better seats. Certain parts of the house were assigned to certain classes, and the women sat separate from the men. The performance began early in the morning—even before breakfast, as some ate and drank in the theatre. Marks of approbation and of disapprobation were freely bestowed. Whistling and hissing were common and accorded to unpopular actors. Human nature was then the same, and audiences much as they are now, except that they were more critical than ours. Once when *Themistocles* came into the theatre, all the audience rose together. The method of applauding was by clapping the hands, as it is now. For an encore they cried "*Anthis!*" (*da capo*) and had the fine speech over again.

Actors who displeased them were sometimes beaten. Tragedies were listened to with becoming gravity; but comedy excited often an uproar of laughter. If the tragedies were acted in the morning, comedies were given in the afternoon. A curious custom is recorded of the efforts of the comic writers to obtain applause for their works, by distributing among the spectators figs and nuts—a device that no modern dramatist has hit upon. The tragedy was far above the level of social life; but the comedy was often a free and satirical comment upon and criticism of men and measures. The plays of Aristophanes, for instance, were political in a way that now would not be permitted. During the Peloponnesian war he continually attacked the system upon which it was managed. He was what we some years ago might have called “a copper-head” or “a peace-at-any-price man.”

In considering the technical peculiarities of Greek tragedy, none are more prominent than the so-called *unities*, which are constantly spoken of without being always understood. The unities were three—of time, of place, and of action—i. e., the play must not cover a period of more than twenty-four hours; the scene must never be changed; the action once begun must never cease until the conclusion. But the rule was not held to be imperative by the Greek tragedians. In several plays the unity of time is disregarded; in two or three the unity of place is equally so. Again, it has been thought that the rules of the Greek stage forbade a mixture of tragedy and comedy; yet Æschylus and Euripides both mingled them. Again, it has been believed that destiny formed the tragic pivot; yet in a majority of the plays destiny has no place, except as a religious conception coloring the composition. Perhaps no play will

better illustrate the stronger features of Greek tragedy than the “*Œdipus Tyrannus*” of Sophocles. This is the play that, through the representations of the Cambridge students, has become somewhat familiar to a portion of the American public. It is called “*Tyrannus*” (“*King*”) because it has been thought to excel all the other pieces of the author. It also well illustrates the Greek idea of fate. Laius, the king of Thebes, has been warned by the oracle that his new-born son should murder him, marry his own mother, and succeed him to the throne. To prevent these mischiefs, he delivered the child at birth, to one of his servants to be murdered; but his agent, moved with compassion, gave the babe to a shepherd of Polybus, king of Corinth, who gave him to that monarch. He was kindly received by that king and his queen, and brought up as their own. Œdipus, anxious to resolve the secret of his birth, and traveling to consult the oracle, chanced to meet and to kill his father. So the plot goes on darkening. A dreadful pestilence wastes Thebes and all the neighboring country, which was not to cease until someone should resolve the enigma of the Sphinx. This was done by Œdipus. The people of Thebes, as a reward of his services, gave him the widowed queen in marriage. When he learned the dreadful truth, he pulled out his own eyes, and his wife and mother hanged herself. All this is very terrible, but less so in the sweet and golden lines of Sophocles, than in this bare analysis of the story. To a modern audience, not even the grace of the dialogue could render it other than repulsive, though we tolerate much shame and sin only thinly veiled upon our stage. Perhaps the most terrible scene of all, the most pathetic, as well as the acme of terror, is that in which Œdipus, self-blinded, totters upon the stage, asking why

he should longer keep his sight, to behold naught but objects of horror and sadness. He asks his friends, the chorus, what there is left which he can see with pleasure? Who is there whom he can love, or with whom he can converse? Nor children, nor country, nor palace, nor the sacred images of the gods could afford gratification to his sight, he one of the greatest, one of the most unhappy men in Thebes. It would be sweeter still to be deaf, as well as blind, that he might not hear of these evils.

"By the gods," he cries, to the chorus, "as soon as possible hide me, kill me, or cast me into the sea, where you shall never behold me more. Deign to touch a miserable man. Do me this last service. The evils which I suffer can not befall any but myself."

These last words refer to the superstition of the Greeks, who supposed that if anyone touched a wicked man, he thus drew down upon him the anger of the gods. The play closes with the parting of Œdipus from his children before he goes into exile. The exquisite tenderness of his words may be preserved even in the baldest translation. Stretching out his arms and groping for them, he cries:

"My children, where are you? Come to your father's arms, who am your brother, who has cut out a father's eyes, that now I can not see you. I mourn your fate, my children, when I consider the remaining part of your wretched life, which you must live among men. In what assemblies of citizens will you appear, what feasts from which you will not come weeping home? But when you shall arrive to maturity of age who will marry you? Your father killed his father, and begot you of the same mother from whence himself was born. Son of Menœceus, since you are left sole father to them,

do not despise them in their wretched state, poor, friendless and unmarried, nor let them suffer that punishment which is due only to my crimes. But have pity on their misery and their youth, who have no friend but you; grant me to touch your hand, in token that you hear my prayer."

When the miserable man begs that his children may not be taken from him, he is met by the cold, wise answer of Creon:

"Do not insist to keep them. You know how often that of which you were most desirous hath been most fatal to you."

And so the curtain falls upon the deep, dark tragedy, and the wretched king wanders forth to friendlessness and homelessness and want.

It is generally conceded that Greek tragedy began to lose something of its original dignity in the hands of Euripides, as well as something of its religious significance. He comes nearer the dramatists of modern times, than either Æschylus or Sophocles. His characters have little ideal greatness; he is rhetorical and forensic; his chorus is no longer the representative of the feelings of unprejudiced observers, but mixes itself in the business. He puts lyrical songs into the mouths even of his heroes, and he was the inventor of tragicomedy.

What we have to say here of Grecian comedy must be limited. The three schools of this department are all illustrated in the successive works of Aristophanes. His plays have the highest interest, containing, as they do, a series of caricatures of the leading men of the day, and a contemporary commentary on the corruptions of his time. All admit the patriotism of this humorous poet, and his desire for the restoration of the state to its ancient virtue. He is the unrelenting foe of vulgar demagogues. He kept no terms with those who were merely ambitious, who used eloquence

only for worldly advantages and who, having great talents, like Alcibiades, misapplied them. He scourged the dicasts, who promoted litigation. He parodied the tragedies of Euripides, because he thought that they indicated literary decay, and lacked the moral dignity of Æschylus and Sophocles. In "The Clouds," he selects Socrates as the representative of the sophists, as an innovator, as the friend of Euripides, as the tutor of Alcibiades. He painted with irresistible humor whatever was strange, peculiar, eccentric, in the personal ways of the philosopher. He even attacked his dress and his person—his one robe, which he wore in all seasons, his snub nose and his peculiar face and figure. Socrates is also represented as corrupting a young man, who is wasting his father's money by an insane passion for horses and is sent to the school of subtleties kept by Socrates, to be still further set free from moral restraint, and to learn how more sharply to cheat his creditors. This young man is the brilliant and wayward Alcibiades. The modern stage has no earnestness that would lead it to a license like this, nor are modern playgoers competent to comprehend such satire, even though it should be presented to them. Aristophanes, too, is utterly unamenable to rules. Whenever necessary he compounded words of portentous length; one of them contains 170 letters. Animals figure in his plays. Frogs chant choruses. A dog is tried for stealing a cheese. A pig grunts iambic lines. He puts the gods themselves in the most ludicrous positions, although he was avowedly an advocate of religion. Often he is coarse—sometimes indecent.

Such was the great Greek humorist, of whom so many humorists have been imitators. It may be mentioned that he was occasionally

an actor, and one of considerable merit. When none of the professional comedians would assume the character of Cleo in "The Knights," the author played it himself, and had many bouquets thrown to him in recognition of his exertions. When Dionysius, king of Syracuse, desired to learn the state and the language of Athens, Plato sent him the plays of Aristophanes, telling him these were sufficient representations.

The definition given by Aristotle of tragedy shows how important a position it occupied in Greek letters. He calls it "the imitation of one entire and grave action of just length and which, without the assistance of narration by raising terror and compassion, refines and purges our passions." There might be doubts in Athens of the morality of comedy; there were none of the morality of tragedy. What strikes us as most wonderful, especially in Greek tragedy, is its popularity. Written with strict regard to artificial rules, making no concession to bad literary taste, always kept at a heroic pitch, it still held the populace, cheated it of its sympathies, robbed it of its tears and quickened its loftiest emotions. It was the people who made the stage, not the stage that made the people. Greek dramatic history disposes of all that sophistry. The great poets came because their auditors were ready for them. This accounts for the extraordinarily short time in which the Greek tragedy reached its culminating point. Sophocles came only twenty-two years after Æschylus, and only seventy years after the rude representations of Thespis.

Under some great influence, the nature of which we can not even conjecture, who knows but what a heroic time, like that of Elizabeth, may give us a drama something like that of Shakespeare?

Nationality in Vocalism.

Interview with Mme. Clara Brinkerhoff.

DURING a recent visit to **WERNER'S MAGAZINE**, Mme. Clara Brinkerhoff gave utterance to some views that, had there been other teachers of vocal music within hearing, should have provoked a lively discussion. She was speaking of the somewhat celebrated daughter of a very celebrated teacher and was describing how she tried to analyze the voice of this somewhat celebrated daughter. Critics say she hasn't any voice, but Mme. Brinkerhoff says she has but that her breathing is wrong.

"She was born of a German mother; she thinks as a German, her muscles move as a German's, and she breathes as a German does. Germans do not breathe as do the English, Americans, and Italians. That is why the German singers have not such beautiful voices. The English and the Americans are accused of not being musical, but they are the greatest patrons of music in the world. Mere nationality doesn't count in making singers, but race peculiarities do and language is the basis of breathing.

"It is the German's method of making vowels that requires a different system of breathing. Every vowel has a home and requires a different breath. *E* does not need the same kind of a breath that *o* does. Now in what other language does there occur the profound sound of *a* as in 'all' or in 'awe?' German hasn't it; French hasn't it; Italian hasn't it. The other languages I don't know, but their character is all shown by the ugly sounds made in breathing, by the people that speak them. They breathe gutturally, and that's what makes them spit with malice

when they get in a passion. That is why even Schumann-Heink, when she represents the rage of Fricka, dances and hops up and down.

"A young lady came to sing for me one day, and when she had finished, I asked her:

"'What language were you singing in?'

"'Why,' said she, 'didn't you understand it?'

"'No,' I replied, 'I did not.'

"'What language did you think it was?' she asked.

"'I caught just one word and that was "me,"' I told her, 'and from that I judged it might be English, but all the vowels were made like German vowels and the breathing was German.'

"Then she confessed that she, an American girl, had been taking lessons of a German singing-teacher and had acquired the German tone."

Lest it should be thought that Mme. Brinkerhoff has any particular grudge against the Germans, it should be said that she scolded the French for not having any particular use for the diaphragm. The Spaniards and the Italians came in when she denounced the Garcia method, which she says pinches up the abdomen incorrectly.

If Mme. Brinkerhoff's views are accepted—that foreigners can not teach English-speaking people to sing correctly, since they do not know the street and the number, so to speak, of the homes for the vowels—the converse ought to be true that English-speaking teachers ought not to teach Italian, French, and German songs, since they will be singing with English vowels instead of foreign ones.

Parlor, Platform, School, and Stage

I.

CRUEL, HEARTLESS, LYING POSY.

BY MME. EL DE LOUIE.

*A Musical Monologue and Duet for
Juveniles.*

CHARACTERS: { Delia.
Elezor.

SCENE: An opening in a grove. Enter DELIA rapidly, and very much out of breath, with wide-brimmed hat on, and hair flowing. She stops suddenly, looks all around and peeps behind the trees.

DELIA. I would not for the world he'd think I did not mean to keep my word. [*Fanning herself with her hat.*] That's why I run so fast. [*Looking west.*] "By set of sun," he said, and that will soon be past. [*Meditating.*] I wonder what it is he wished so much that I should know. [*Looking about.*] Nowhere in sight is he. [*Frightened.*] So soon the dark will come—and then—Oh, sure Aunt Jane will miss me then. It must be wrong for me to do as I have done, else why should I so frightened be, and fear such dreadful things. [*Looks 'or him.*] What fancies creep into my thoughts. If Aunt once dreamed that I would promise—[*starting*]—what noise was that?—to meet Eleazor here—[*frightened, then laughing*]. Why, what a silly girl I am! There's [*sadly*] no Eleazor here to meet. I'm sure he does not mean to come [*reproachfully*], and now [*wonderingly*] I really, truly fear he never meant to come. To tease me so was most unkind. [*Half weeping.*] I little thought that he could cruel be to me. [*Brightly.*] Ah, now I know [*laughing with satisfaction*]: He thought to laugh at me, because I would not tell him all that awkward, horrid Green boy said to me. [*Walks stage quickly.*] Why, if I thought Eleazor Grey would stoop to do so mean a thing, I'd almost tear my—[*suddenly listens*].—I thought I heard a step,—how much [*sighing*] I wish he'd come. Oh, well, I do not care at all [*indifferently sitting down*]; it makes no kind of difference with me. [*Very dignified. Fix trimming on hat.*] He has a perfect right to stay away if so he chooses [*most ready to cry*], but after asking me to come, and saying he had things to say to me [*tenderly*].—to me alone, which no one else must hear, and that of all the places, far and near, this was the only spot where he could all his heart reveal; I think it looks a little strange. [*Wiping eyes. Change style.*] I think it's better now Aunt Jane should know it all. I'll tell her every word. [*Disdain-*

fully.] She thinks Eleazor [*irony*] is so good a boy and always speaks the truth. It's very hard [*with reproach*] to be deceived in one whom we have always liked. [*Very melancholy.*] I don't want to think he's not as good as I believed. [*Sobbing.*] Oh, oh, if—my—my fe—fears were all relieved how hap—happy I would b—be. Never in all my life, fel—felt so lone—and—[*suddenly hearing a noise, wipes eyes and takes out a book from her pocket, feigning study but listening the while. Cautiously rising, she replaces book, and puts on hat.*] 'Tis time that I returned; the sun has sunk behind the golden west and gone the lonely day. [*Affectionately.*] Dear Aunt Jane, I know the very words she'd say. She'd think it such a dreadful sin. [*Imitating dramatically.*] "My child, to me 'tis clear as day. You stand upon a fearful brink." [*Make gestures in falling, look about, by action saying: I don't see any.*] So strange that he should make me wait, and still I fear to go. [*Argumentative.*] If he should come and find me not, what would he think? I promised him I'd come. I know if he'd wish to see me, it is the truth he'd prize the most. Yes, I promised him I'd come, when at the gate he said "Good night, my Delia dear," that I would go when set the sun into the woodland lot, and wait his coming there should he be late. [*A bird-whistle is heard. DELIA looks around startled.*] Was that a robin that I heard? [ELEAZOR seen in the background, laughing.] Dear me, I thought the birds had sought their beds and bade the day farewell ere this. [*Bird-call.*] There 'tis again [*searching for it*].—a little bird. [*Smiling.*] May be it said to me, "Stay!" How long the time—so lonely here. Ah, well [*very sadly*], I think Aunt Jane knows best. [*Shivering.*] 'Tis but a moment more I'll stay; it must be very, very late. No one could blame me if they knew him as I do, so good and brave and true, dear—[*bird-call again*]. Poor bird, I really think that little bird is calling me. What if it's calling to its mate? [*Shivers.*] How cold it grows. [*Sobs, and wipes eyes with hand.*] Why, there's a tear. [*Reproachfully.*] O Eleazor, how could you, could you, disappoint me so! [*He is seen watching her. Bird-call.*] Poor birdie, no one hears our call. [*Gathers a flower.*] Sweet daisy, broken on thy stem. [*Caresses it tenderly, pressing it to her lips. Cheerfully.*] Oh, my fortune now I'll tell! The flowers, sweet posies, I'll ask of them if he loves me and if he is as good and true as I [*bird-call*].—I hear you, birdie dear. [*Looking on the ground.*] What, not another daisy here? Oh, here you are. [*Gathers several.*] You'll not deceive me sure, [*As she pulls the flower to pieces, she sings:*

PARLOR, PLATFORM, SCHOOL, AND STAGE.

[Telling her fortune by pulling the leaves from a flower.]

Does he love me, love me tru - ly; Love me much - ly,

Oh, so much - ly? Loves me just a lit - tle on - ly,

Loves me, loves, - Oh. not at all; He loves me not,

ritard.

[Throwing down the stem and stamping on it.]

Oh, not at all, Cru - el, heart - less, ly - ing po - sy.

You're a cheat, I know, For he loves me, loves me on - ly.

[ELEAZOR seen watching, delighted, bird-call, she suddenly turns and sees him, meeting, puts his arm around her as they both come forward singing.]

[Throwing down the stem and tramping upon it.]

DELIA. Yes; he loves— loves me tru - ly, Cru - el, heart - less,
ELEAZOR. Yes; I love— love thee tru - ly, Cru - el, heart - less,

[Stamping.]

(D.) *ly - ing* po - sy, You're a cheat we know, For he loves me.
(E.) *ly - ing* po - sy, You're a cheat we know, For he loves me.

(D.) loves me wild - ly. This we know— yes; this we know.
(E.) love thee wild - ly. This we know— yes; this we know.

Dance.

[Stamping the fallen

(D. & E.) Oh, what bliss; what bliss to know; Cru - el, heart-less,

flowers reproachfully.]

(D.) *ly - ing po - sy*; What a cheat you are; For he loves me,
 (E.) *ly - ing po - sy*; Oh, to cheat her so; Yes, I love thee,

(D) loves me on - ly. Oh, what bliss, what bliss to know;
 (E) love thee on - ly, Oh, what bliss, what bliss to know;

Dance.

(D. & E.) Oh, what joy, what joy to feel, Cru - el, heart-less,

[Stamping.]

(D.) *ly - ing* po - sy, To de - ceive me so;
 (E.) *ly - ing* po - sy. To de - ceive thee so;

(D.) He loves me, loves me on - ly, E - lea - zor's true;
 (E.) I love thee, love thee on - ly. Oh! De - lia; I'm

(D.) as true as gold; Oh, what joy; what joy to know.
 (E.) you're true-heart bold; Oh, what joy; what joy to know.

Dance.

II.
 A SPRING SONG.

BY HENRY FRANK.

THERE'S a voice in the bough, and a
 tongue, I trow,
 In the leaflets bending low,
 Like the voice of my love from the heavens
 above,
 To my faint heart here below.
 And it sings, and it sings,
 And the whole air rings
 With the rhythm of resonant spring.
Chipper-ip, ch-wee,
Ch-wee, ch-wee,
 Fills the air with melody.

And a form in the skies, when the sunbeams
 arise,
 Coloring the cloud of the morn,
 Bids my wearisome heart from its sorrows
 depart,
 And smile in the calm and the storm.
 And it sings, and it sings,
 And the whole air rings
 With the rhythm of resonant spring;
 And "'Tis well, all is well,"
 Like a mellow-voiced bell,
 Its mellifluous melodies swell.

And the skies kiss the sea where they bend
 to the lea,
 And the waves come tripping and rocking;
 And gaysome gulls whirl where the merry
 waves swirl,—
 My foolish fears wantonly mocking.
 And birds and waves sing,
 And make the air ring
 With the ring of the resonant spring;

And gaysome gulls whirl
 Where the merry waves swirl,
 And the sun-colored spray-foams curl.

Then sounds sharp and shrill, like melodi-
 ous trill,
 From urchins and children at play;
 With the dogs cheery bark and the caroling
 lark,
 Blend to music in the dying of day.
 And they shout and they sing,
 And their loud laughers ring,
 With the ring of the resonant spring,
 While the birds' *ch-wee,*
Ch-wee, ch-wee,
 Fills the air with melody.

When the newly leafed boughs, which the
 morning winds rouse,
 Swing aloft their foliage-plumes,
 Then flowerets of blue and many a hue
 Tinge the earth with their gorgeous blooms!
 And they rustle, and flutter,
 And murmur and mutter,
 While birds in the tree-tops swing,
 Whose *chirrup, ch-wee,*
Chipper, ch-wee,
 Fills the air with melody.

Anon, clear liquid notes of a flute song
 afloat
 Glide in the moonbeams' quiver;
 When soft eyes of love, like the moonbeams
 above,
 Their pensive looks cast on the river.
 Now the cooing of doves,
 Like the whispering of loves,
 Commingle with birds of the spring,
 And the merry *ch-wee,*
Chipper, ch-wee,
 Fills the air with melody.

III.

"WITH THE SHADOW OF THY
WING."

BY MARY STEWART.

[This makes a charming musically accompanied
recitation.]

WHEN the war that shook our nation
From the centre to the shore
Had been over full a decade,
And peace spread her wings once more;
There chanced within a Southern city
One who erst had worn the blue,
Slowly down the street he sauntered,
Waiting till his train was due,
Wishing for some near amusement,
When he reached the open door,
Where a hurrying stream of people
Swiftly through it seemed to pour.
He, too, entered for the concert,
Hoping there to find relief
From the tedious hours of waiting—
Music makes the time more brief.

Soon the curtain is uplifted,
And the footlights' brilliant glow
Falls in histrionic splendor
As the singers come and go.
Many numbers have been rendered,
When a burst of hearty cheers
Rising from the waiting audience
Greets the man that now appears.
Low he bows in recognition,
Then his rich voice melts in song,
While a hush of breathless stillness
Falls upon the listening throng.
"Surely, surely," thinks the traveler,
"I have heard that voice before!
Was it in some other planet,
On some distant, mystic shore?"

When at last the song is finished,
Quick there rises from the crowd
For the singer who has charmed them
Rounds of plaudits long and loud.
Thus they cheer till he reenters
With an encore old and sweet,
From a page of sacred music—
Song of songs, the one most sweet:
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."
Eager bends the traveler forward,
Catching every note that falls,
While his thoughts are wandering backward,
And the past he faintly recalls.
Now the light of inspiration
Dawns upon his troubled face—
He remembers where he saw him—
Yes, he knows the time and place.

Scarcely is the concert ended
When he rises from his seat,
Hurries down the aisle to meet him,
For his mem'ry is replete
With the scenes this song awakened,
And he seeks the truth to find
Of the thoughts that have arisen
In his eager, anxious mind.

"Stranger," asks the traveler, trembling,
As he clasps the singer's hand,

"Were you in the Southern army
Under General Lee's command
On the night before Antietam?
Can you now its scenes recall?"
"Yes," he answers, smiling sadly,
"Even now I see it all:
'Twas the sixteenth of September,
Moon and stars were shining bright.
I was placed on patrol duty
Through that long and weary night.
Once there came an awful feeling,
Death itself seemed hovering near.
There was something in the silence
Filling all my soul with fear.
Then there came Divine assurance
While my thoughts were raised in prayer:
'He who, watching over Israel,
Slumbers not nor sleeps' will care
For his children if they trust him.
'With the shadow of thy wing'—
Rose the words without my bidding,
And I felt impelled to sing.
When the sacred song was finished
All my fears had passed away,
And I watched on safe, till morning
Broke in shades of twilight gray.
Know you not, then, how I love it,
Know you not with what delight
I have sung its sacred measures
Ever since that fateful night?"

"God be praised!" replied the traveler.
"He it was who stayed my hand,
Else that night your life had ended
On the plains of Maryland.
I was placed on picket duty
On that same eventful night,
With strict orders from McClellan:
If a soldier were in sight,
Keeping guard the Southern army,
I should shoot him on the spot.
Soon I saw within the moonlight
One who came in easy shot.
I was standing in the shadow
Of a leafy, branching tree,
Whence I saw his every movement,
But my form he could not see.
Up and down, his stately figure
Moved with slow and measured tread,
While I raised my gun to shoot him,—
But there came a nameless dread,
And I heard a voice within me
Saying: 'Do this man no harm.'
Then I thought my fears but weakness;
There was cause for no alarm,
And again I raised my weapon,
Seeking deadly aim to find,
When I heard a strain of music
Float out on the midnight wind:
'Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.'
Once again my courage failed me,
And my gun dropped by my side,—
Who could shoot a man while singing:
'Hide me, oh, my Saviour hide?'
But the memory of orders
I had never disobeyed
Rushed upon my stricken conscience—
'Must at last I stand dismayed?
No; I'll do my duty ever,
Be the cost whate'er it may!

Quick I raised my trusty weapon
From the ground whereon it lay,
Braced it strong against my shoulder,
Eager now the deed to do

Ere my courage thrice should falter—
I must take sure aim and true.
'All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head

With the shadow of thy wing—
Came the words like heavenly music,
Angels sing no sweeter strain.
Then the breeze took up the measures,
Echoing back in soft refrain:

'Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing,'
Did I see a heavenly radiance
Round the singer's presence shed?
Straightway all my courage left me,
All my resolution fled.

Quick I turned, and friendly shadows
Hid me from the watcher's sight,
While I stole away unheeded

Back into the starlit night.
When I heard you sing this evening,
Do you know what rapture dwelt
In my heart that beat responsive?
Greater joy no man ere felt,
And I thanked the gracious Father
For His all-protecting care,
When He stayed my hand from murder
By your singing of that prayer."

Fast the singer's heart is throbbing
As he grasps the stranger's hand.
Through the love that makes men brothers,
They as friends united stand.
Ere they part, their war-time colors
A holier meaning bear,—
Blue and gray that once meant foemen,
Emblems now of faith in prayer.

IV.

LADDIE.

Arranged by Neele Davis.

DR. JOHN CARTER was a London physician who, by untiring efforts, had risen in his profession, until he enjoyed a most enviable reputation and practice. He was of humble origin, which fact he neither concealed nor obtruded upon people's notice. But to those who had a right to be interested he would say, "My family were poor working people in Somersetshire, and I don't even know if I had a grandfather. I owe everything to the good old doctor who took me by the hand, and whose talents formed the ladder by which I have climbed."

So highly was Dr. Carter respected, that when he asked Sir John Meredith for his daughter Violet, the baronet unhesitatingly gave his consent.

Dr. Carter sat in his consulting room one evening, with a late *Medical Review* in his hand. He had been engaged to Violet Meredith just two days and to-night, instead of reading, he was dreaming rosy day-dreams, as was fit and proper after two

days' in fairyland. His reverie was interrupted by his man servant.

"Please, sir, there is someone as wants to see you, sir; I told her as how it was too late, but she would not be put off no how, sir."

"What sort of a person is she?"

"She seems to be from the country, sir,—quite a countryfied, homely old body, sir."

"Well, show her in."

"Countryfied, homely old body!"

Somehow the words brought back to Dr. Carter's mind his mother, whom he had not seen for fifteen years. He smiled to himself at the thought, and even as he smiled, the door was pushed open and there stood before him, with the background of the gas-lighted hall and his respectful servant—his mother.

"Mother! Why, mother!"

He kissed the furrowed old cheek wet with tears of unutterable joy, and repeated: "Mother! Why, mother!"

She was clinging to his arm, meanwhile, —sobbing: "Laddie, my boy! Laddie!" with her eyes too full of tears to see his face clearly, or to notice how tall and grand and handsome her boy had grown, and what a gentleman!

"I must have a good look at you, Laddie, boy," she said, and then her good angel must have spread his soft wing between the mother and son, to keep her from seeing the look that was marring that son's face. All the pleasure was gone, and pain and disquiet had taken its place.

"However did you come, mother?"

"I came by the train, dear, and it did terrify me more nor a bit at first, I'll not go for to deny; but, bless you! I soon got over it, and them trains is handy sort of things when you get used to 'em."

"Why didn't you write and tell me you were coming?"

"Well, there! I thought as I'd give you a surprise, I knew as how you'd be worrying about the journey, and thinkin' as how I'd not be able to manage. But I'm not such a helpless old body after all, Laddie."

"And when must you go back?"

"Not till you gets tired of me, Laddie."

Dr. Carter busied himself making the fire burn into a bright blaze. His mother rattled on, describing her journey. He paid little heed to what she said, for he was busy trying to devise some plan for getting himself out of his difficult position. He did not want to hurt or to wound her in any way; but it was altogether out of the question having her there to live with him. It would ruin all his prospects in life, his position in his profession and in society. As to his engagement, he did not venture to allow himself even to think of Violet then.

"Mother," he began at last; "mother, I wish you had written and told me you were coming."

"I knew as how you'd be glad to see me, Laddie, come when I might or how I might."

How could he make her understand and see the gap that lay between them—her life and his.

He talked on quickly and nervously,

telling her how they would go to-morrow and buy a nice little cottage, with everything pretty and comfortable that heart could wish; and how he would come to see her often, yes, very often, perhaps once a week.

"And you would like it, wouldn't you, mother?"

"I'm aweary, Laddie, too tired like for new plans, and may be, dearie, too old."

"Come, you must go to bed, mother. Think no more about it to-night; everything will look brighter to-morrow. I'll show you to your room."

He left her there with a kiss. She stood for some minutes quite still, looking at herself in the long glass.

"And so Laddie is ashamed of his old mother, and it ain't no wonder."

But before he slept that night Dr. Carter came to a different conclusion.

"Come what may, I will keep my mother with me, let people say or think what they will,—even if it costs me Violet herself, as most likely it will."

At dawn the next morning his mother stood outside his door, shivering in the cold November wind.

"I'll never be a shame to my boy, my Laddie; God bless him!"

When Dr. Carter found his mother gone, he said to himself with a sore heart:

"She has gone back to Sunnybrook. She saw what a miserable, base-hearted cur of a son she had, who grudged a welcome and a shelter to her who would have given her right hand to keep my little finger from aching. God forgive me for wounding the brave old heart. I will go and bring her back—she will be ready to forgive me, ready before I speak."

But she was not at Sunnybrook. He searched diligently all day, but with no success, and, tired and dispirited, he was obliged to put the matter into the hands of the police, who undertook with great confidence to find the old woman before another day should pass.

It was with a haggard, anxious face that he went to see Violet.

"I have come to tell you about my mother. I have deceived you shamefully."

Then he told her as plainly and carefully as he could, trying to set aside everything fanciful or picturesque and yet do justice to the kind, simple old heart, trying to make Violet see the great difference between the old country woman and herself. Then he told her of his mother having come to live with him, to spend her last days under her son's roof.

"I could not ask you to live with her," he ended, sadly.

"But it is too late to think of that now, for you asked me to be your wife a week ago; and I will not let you off. Besides, I never had a mother of my own and it will be so nice to have one, for she will like me for your sake, won't she? What does it matter what she is like? She is your mother and that is enough for me."

"Hate me, then, Violet, for I was base and cowardly and untrue. I was ashamed

of her and I wanted to get her out of the way before anyone, not even you, should know, and I hurt and wounded her who would have done anything for her 'Laddie,' as she calls me, and she went away disappointed and sad and sorry, and I can't find her."

"We will find her, never fear, your mother and mine, Laddie."

Eighteen months passed. The search for the old mother was altogether fruitless.

The wedding had been postponed from time to time, for Violet had said, "We will find her first. We must find her, Laddie, and then we will talk of the wedding." They had not given up the hope of finding her nor their efforts to do so, but it no longer seemed a reason for postponing the marriage, and the wedding-day had been set.

One morning, a few days before the wedding, Dr. Carter was making his rounds through a great London hospital. He had been bending over an interesting case in the accident ward, and, rising to pass on, found that he had dropped from his coat some flowers that Violet had given him. They had fallen by some quick movement onto the next bed. An old woman's arms were stretched outside the bedclothes, and one of the hard-worked hands had closed involuntarily over the flowers.

"Here they are, sir," said the nurse. "Leave go of the flowers; there's a good woman; the gentleman wants them. She's not been conscious since they brought her here. We don't know her name or nothing, and no one's been to ask about her. I fancy she is Scotch for I heard her say 'Laddie' several times."

The words seemed to catch the otherwise unconscious ears, for the old woman turned her head and said feebly, "Laddie."

"Mother, mother, is it you? Mother, speak to me!"

"Eh, Laddie, here I be."

"There is some mistake," said the nurse, "this is quite a poor old woman."

"Yes, and she is my mother. I will make arrangements for her removal to my house, if she can bear it."

But it wanted little examination to tell that the old woman was past moving.

"Ah, Laddie, I'm a bit tired with my journey. It's a longish way from Sunnybrook."

"Did you come from there?"

"Yes, dearie, by the train."

"Why didn't you write?"

"I wanted to give you a surprise, and I knew you would be glad to see me at any time as I liked to come."

And then it dawned upon him that the last eighteen months had been blotted out of her memory, and that she thought she had just arrived.

"And so this is your house, Laddie, and mighty fine it be, and I'm that comfortable if I wasn't so tired; but I'll be getting up when I'm rested a bit. But it do be good to see you when I opens my eyes. I've been thinking all the way how pleased you'd be."

As evening came on she fell asleep, and Dr. Carter left the nurse watching her and

went to Violet. She came without a question.

"She has not stirred since you left," said the nurse; but as she spoke the old woman opened her eyes, looking first at Laddie and then at Violet.

"Who is it?" she asked.

Then Violet, kneeling beside her, said, "Mother, I am Laddie's sweetheart."

"Laddie's sweetheart! He is been a good son to me, my dear, always good to his old mother. And you'll make him a good wife, my dear, won't you? God bless you, dears, Laddie and his sweetheart; but I'm a bit tired just now."

They laid her in Sunnybrook churchyard, and the village talked long afterward of the funeral and how Dr. Carter, "he as used to be called 'Laddie,' followed her to the grave along with the pretty young lady he was going to marry, and wouldn't the poor old soul have felt proud if she could have seen them? But she's better where she is, where there ain't no burying and no pride neither."

V.

SPRING FLOWERS.

THIS is a very showy selection for a June closing day. Eleven children may take part. One, holding a basket in which to receive the offerings of the others, represents Mother Earth. She recites the first verse, and then stands till the close and repeats the last four lines. Each of the others carries the flowers to which reference is made in her part, and as she repeats the lines referring to them, hands the flowers to Mother Earth. Two little ones recite in concert parts 3, 5, 6 and 7, and one takes each of the others.

1. Old Mother Earth woke up from sleep
And found she was cold and bare;
The winter was over, the spring was near,
And she had not a dress to wear!
"Alas!" she sighed, with great dismay,
"Oh, where shall I get my clothes?
There is not a place to buy a suit
And a dressmaker no one knows."
2. "I'll make you a dress," said the spring-
ing grass,
Just looking above the ground;
"A dress of green, of the loveliest sheen,
To cover you all around."
3. "And we," said the dandelions gay,
"Will dot it with yellow bright."
4. "I'll make it a fringe," said forget-me-
not,
"Of blue, very soft and light."
5. "We'll embroider the front," said the
violets,
"With a lovely purple hue."
6. "And we," said the roses, "will make
you a crown
Of red, jeweled over with dew."

7. "And we'll be your gems," said a voice
from the shade
Where the lady's ear-drops live;
"Orange is a color for any queen,
And the best that we have to give."
8. Old Mother Earth was thankful and glad,
As she put on her dress so gay;
And that is the reason, my little ones,
She is looking so lovely to-day.

VI.

BABY'S BEDTIME.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

THIS is baby's bedtime;
Dimplechin climbs on my knee,
With "Mamma, I's dest as s'eeepy
An' tired as I tan be."
So I take up the little darling,
And undress the weary feet
That have been making since daylight
A music, busy and sweet.

"Tell me a pitt'y t'ory,"
She pleads in a sleepy way,
And I ask, as I cuddle and kiss her,
"What shall I tell you, pray?"
"Tell me"—and then she pauses
To rub each sleepy eye—
"How ze big pid goes to market,
An 'ze 'ittle pids all c'y."

Then I tell, as I smooth the tangles
Ever at war with the comb,
How the big pig went to market,



This lit-tle pig went to mar-
ket,



This lit-tle pig stay'd home, This lit-tle



pig had roast beef And this lit-tle



pig-gie had none, This lit-tle pig cried



pee-we-we, I can-not find my home.

And I count on the rosy fingers
Each little pig once more,
And she laughs at the "pitt'y t'ory,"
As if unheard before.

Then I fold her hands together
Upon her breast, and she,

In her lisping, sleepy fashion,
Repeats it after me.

"Zis 'ittle pid went to martet,
Zis 'ittle pid stayed home.
Zis 'ittle pid had roas' beef,
Zis 'ittle pid didn't det a sindle bit,
Zis 'ittle pid cyed *pec-we-we*,
I tan—" [*Sighs and yawns.*]

Before it is ended, the blossoms
Of her eyes in slumber close,
But the words that are left unuttered
He who loves the children knows.

VII.

GRANDMA'S ADVICE.

BY DIXIE WOLCOTT.

[Have a little girl dressed in cap, spectacles, etc., as described in "Gossip Pantomime," by L. May Haughwout, recite this, while seated in a tiny rocking-chair, knitting.]

WELL, dears, the summer's come at last,
And ere you go away,
Some sage advice I wish to give,
So heed each word I say.

Don't play upon the sea-shore,
For the sun is far too hot;
And don't indulge in archery
For fear you will be shot.

And do not go out driving,
For the carriage might upset,
And pray don't go in wading,
Or you'll get your feet too wet.

And never swing in hammocks
For fear you'll tumble out;
Abstain from every kind of fruit,
For cholera is about.

New pray remember every word
That Grandma's said to you.
I hope you'll have a jolly time,
And now, my dears, adieu.

VIII.

THE POLICY OF CROMWELL.

BY HOMER LONGFELLOW.

[Prize oration of the Central Oratorical League contest of 1898. Revised and somewhat condensed.]

GRAND crises and great leaders appear simultaneously. Each is the necessary complement of the other. When vital principles are at stake, when reforms are to be wrought, when the people are to add a new clause to their charter of liberties, then the Ruler of nations furnishes the requisite great man. Such a crisis came in the fateful seventeenth century. Such a leader was the soldier, the reformer, the statesman, Oliver Cromwell.

Cromwell was preeminently fitted to lead a great revolution to an enduring victory, to swing the English nation into the orbit of new ideals, to turn a corner in the his-

tory of England and of the world. Feudalism still held society with a firm grasp. But the times were ripe for the final struggle for liberty, for breaking down the last barrier to progress. Would England remain true to the past, or would she shake off the principles of a decayed social order? King and Cavalier denied. Puritan and Parliament affirmed. The Cavalier, the champion of a personal government, fought for king and selfish license. The Puritan, the champion of civil liberty, fought for equality and justice. The king would rule by star-chamber decrees, high commission courts, and forced loans. The Puritan would substitute for these anomalies of a liberty-loving people, the blessing of constitutional rule. The stern demand of an injured but patient people was met by the insincere procrastination of a selfish court. When the strain became too great, passion awoke and civil war began. Charles I. was the fated victim of the revolution which his own absolutism had provoked. Cromwell was God's chosen instrument for leading to victory the Puritanism of which he was the chiefest product.

Entering the army, Cromwell finds it without organization, discipline, or able leaders. A John Knox in zeal, a Richelieu in organizing power, a Napoleon in indomitable will, now by sheer force of military genius, now by a New Model intrigue, he meets and crushes all opposition. Naseby, Dunbar, and Worcester are the swift and decisive steps in the overthrow of personal government and absolutism in England.

The war is over and the logic of events makes Cromwell the director of England's destiny. Genius for statesmanship, restrained by conscience and based on character unimpeachable, fits him to be England's greatest ruler. Violence and anarchy, brooding like foul harpies over hut and hall, vanish at his word. He reopens the fountains of law and order and once more the purified streams flow out to lave the body politic. Cromwell gave England responsible government without anarchy and freedom of conscience without intolerance. He found England threatening despotism. He left her the exponent of justice, freedom and equality. Not only this, but, clad in the majesty of her new-found self respect, England strode into the very presence chamber of continental tyrants, and compelled attention for her dignity, admiration for her power, and submission to her demand that intolerance should cease among men.

Two and one-half centuries have passed away; Cromwell's policy, carried to its logical conclusion by succeeding statesmen, has established the rights of men, and placed the masses on a higher vantage-ground. His spirit, the very incarnation of upright rule, has walked with each succeeding generation.

A century goes by and France would make the world her empire. Shall the policy of Cromwell or the absolutism of Louis XIV. dominate the world's future? Civil-

zation's destiny hangs on the decision. Behold another crisis and its leader! William Pitt, clothed in the truth, the sincerity, the uprightness, of Cromwell, lays hands of mastery on America, and the world is the Anglo-Saxon's heritage. Another century elapses when internal strife shows a threatening front. But Lord John Russell patiently and firmly persists; the danger vanishes like a muttering thunderstorm, and Democracy's radiant sun bursts upon the gaze of astonished Europe.

The Puritanism of Cromwell had crossed the Atlantic, there to propagate and perpetuate its enduring principles. Full civil liberty was not yet come. The deadly parasite of slavery had fastened on the young republic. The shackles of the slave chafed on the conscience of the North. The protests of agitators angered the Southern heart. Could this nation exist, half slave, half free? The decision must be left to war. The continent reverberates with the mightiest struggle the globe has ever known. The strife is terrible, but the North prevails and liberty is no longer a half-truth. The heroic Lincoln seals with his blood the liberties of a multitude whose devotion to his immortal memory will be the measure and the guarantee of their continual advancement. Ah, Cromwell! dreamer of justice, of liberty, and of upright government, didst thou wear out that iron will and patient endurance that a martyr-president might proclaim a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people?" Didst thou foresee that if thou ledst the hosts of right to victory, they would march on to conquer all the world?

Cromwell and his policy were the indispensable factors of his age. Before him lay the herculean task of adapting a people to new and untried liberties. England's kings were a menace to country and to freedom. Charles I. was striving to set up in England the despotism of Richelieu. Behold, then, a people growing in political sagacity, in love of civil rights! Behold a people believing the nation as divinely ordered as throne or prince! They could not and they did not trifle with their despotic king. The true overthrew the untrue, and Charles Stuart paid the penalty with his life.

Let the twentieth century give ear to these threatened warnings of the seventeenth. Did the problem of civil liberty threaten society then? To-day the sullen strife between labor and capital bursts forth in a Chicago riot, in the dogged struggle between miners and operators. Did they cut off a king's head for misrule? What of the government of our chiefest cities, New York and Chicago? Ah, no! human nature remains ever the same.

In the dawn of the 3d of September, 1650, the battle of Dunbar is raging. Charge meets charge; and steel smites steel, when across the German ocean, through the morning's mists, bursts the first gleam of the rising sun. Then with the cry: "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered," Cromwell and his hosts rush like an avalanche to the overthrow of their enemies.

The pursuit ends, and together commander and veterans chant their psalm of victory. To-day a like but vaster struggle engages every power. The wavering contest troubles all but dauntless optimists, who, inspired by the example of Cromwell, watch for the dawning of the twentieth century, and as the sun of Righteousness bursts through the fading mists, they rush with the same war-cry into kindred battle to win a grander victory, and to justify the wisdom of God in committing His truth to men.

IX.

IN THE WOODS IN MAY.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

FAR in the woods—the fresh green woods
—in May,
There sang a bird; but all it found to say
Was "Keep it! keep it!" all the merry day.

The bird? I never saw it, no,—not I.
I followed, but it flitted far on high,
And "Keep it! keep it!"—Echo caught the cry.

I was so glad, as through the woods I went!
And now I think that "Keep it! keep it!"
meant
"Child, keep each happy thought that
Heaven has sent."

X.

THE COMING OF SUMMER.

Arranged by Nina D. Cooper.

CHARACTERS.

Nature.	March.
Winter.	April.
Spring.	May.
	Summer.

SCENE: Winter scene, with throne in rear of stage. The reader stands at one side of the stage in first entrance. NATURE sits grieving on her throne.

DIRECTIONS: NATURE, SPRING, MARCH, APRIL and MAY should be young ladies, WINTER a man, and SUMMER a golden-haired young man. NATURE should be dressed in green with fur cloak and hood. As SPRING and her attendants come, she should gradually remove her furs and appear in the green gown. SPRING and her attendants (she can have as many as she cares for, besides the three, but they should be little girls) should have light summer dresses covered with flowers. Drapery is better than modern dresses. They should carry flowers. SUMMER should have light colors and flowers. WINTER would be very effective in white furs. A liberal quantity of cotton and diamond dust would make a beautiful winter scene.

READER. Within Time's wondrous palace
 of past years
 Nature sat grieving on her ancient throne;
 Her furrowed cheeks were wet with scald-
 ing tears,
 And from her trembling lips 'scaped many
 a moan;
 For she was brooding on delights long
 flown,
 When all was bright and happy, and the
 land
 Flourished in fruitfulness, and there was
 known
 No sign of sorrow, ere stern Winter's hand
 Gave right of spoil to all his ruthless band.

[*During next stanza WINTER enters and bows to NATURE, who tearfully turns from him.*]

Grim Winter came and girded on his sword
 To battle with the world. At each swift
 blow
 The wind hissed cold, and at the sound ab-
 horred
 Birds ceased their singing and the river's
 flow
 Stayed in its course; the sun's warm glow
 Reached not the flowers through the air's
 dark frown;
 The last leaves perished, and the crystal
 snow
 Paled the soft bosom of the earth so brown
 And all her pulsing life was frozen down.

WINTER [*sings tune: "On Yonder Rock Reclining," from "Fra Diavolo"*].
 On every vale and mountain
 My rage and fury now behold.
 In my hands the north wind hold,
 'Tis my best friend of old,
 I breathe upon the fountain,
 The flow'rets wither on my brow,
 And the dread storm-clouds hang low
 Over the earth below.
 Tremble!
 And while the snow is falling,
 Afar hear the wild winds calling,
 "Tremble! Tremble! Tremble! Tremble!"

NATURE. Ah, me! That ever son of Time
 should work such woe,
 And he of all the offspring I have had
 The eldest, unto whom my love did go,
 Like streams that meadow margins over-
 flow
 With rainy surfeit for the thirsty earth;
 When I had hoped from childhood would
 upgrow
 Rich in high thought, bold deed and noble
 worth;
 And yet Woe's curse fell on him from his
 birth.

WINTER [*sings*]. And all my foes are
 dying,
 I fight with hate and fury on;
 I'm never known to be sighing
 Over the wreck I've done.
 I smite the poor and helpless,
 I spread my pall o'er all the land,
 Touch North and South with icy hand
 And glory in their woe.
 Tremble!
 And while the snow is falling,

Afar hear the wild winds calling:
 "Tremble! Tremble! Tremble! Tremble!"

NATURE. And woe is mine, and fills my
 bitter cup,
 When through the land I watch him yearly
 start
 With that cold steel which freezeth all
 things up.
 Ah, break, my heart!
 I dare not view the wreck that he hath
 done.
 My soul hath felt enough of sorrow's smart.
 Would God had finished all he hath begun,
 Since all my best works perish, one by one.

[*During the reading of the next stanza, SPRING enters and gives pantomime indicated in the lines.*]

READER. In simple beauty Spring knelt
 gently down,
 Kissed the sad tears from Nature's care-
 worn face,
 Smoothed from her thoughtful brow each
 troublous frown,
 With tender hands that left of pain no trace,
 And then upstood in modest maiden grace,
 Saying:

SPRING. Behold! mine hour hath come
 to me.
 I go to make my love a resting place
 Against his coming from beyond the sea—
 A throne most fitting for his sovereignty.

NATURE. Fare forth, dear Spring, sweet
 daughter and delight.
 In thy brave hands I place a potent spell,
 To put fierce Winter's pillagers to flight;
 With this thou shalt bedeck the meads all
 bright,
 And fill the woods with sounds of music
 rare,
 While endless coming beauties shall alight
 From every breeze that stirs the perfumed
 air,
 To fill the world with joy beyond compare.

[*MARCH, APRIL, and MAY join SPRING, and all sing "Approach of Spring," a female quartet by N. Gade. Price, 25c. After the quartet they dance gaily around, to very soft waltz time, removing the winter decorations and replacing them with flowers. WINTER is gently chased around stage until at the end of the next stanza he runs off.*]

READER. So Spring went forth into the
 icy cold;
 And as her first soft footfall touched the
 earth,
 A joyous thrill on everything took hold,
 And from the spot a snowdrop white had
 birth;
 Then a bold robin piped across the dearth
 Of frozen land a loud defiant sound,
 When Winter knew his power was little
 worth,
 And sped him forth to higher vantage
 ground,
 With all his yelling rout fast flying round.

At every step of Spring new flowers sprang
 up—

Pale primrose, bluebell, crocus many-hued,
Lily and cowslip, daisy, buttercup—
Among the new-green grass in floral feud,
Each with the soul of rivalry imbued,
Till holts and meadows far from east to west

Shone like a scene of Paradise renewed,
Or some king's wedding-feast, where every guest
In brilliant splendor strives to pass the rest.

The birds set up a chorus of glad song,
Watching their nests among the shady trees;

Insects in quick, innumerable throng
Made live the earth and air; gold-laden bees
Scorned the fine butterflies that flew at ease
Among the blossomed beauties of the fields;
The strong young leaves defied the assaulting breeze,
Spreading the brightness of their verdant shields

To guard the nursing fruit that autumn yields.

[Lights begin to lower.]

Noons came and went, full of increasing bliss,

With nights wherein soft dews began to fall
Upon the sleeping land, like love's warm kiss.

The morning sky wove splendors over all,
And every sunset was a festival
Of blazing color.

[When the lights begin to lower the attendants of SPRING, one by one, begin to fall asleep, and SPRING in anguish kneels at NATURE'S feet. A red light is thrown on the stage and a tableau is formed at the words "a festival of blazing color." As the light dies out, the reader continues.]

READER. A pale young moon
Peered through the upper blue with languid face,

And led the laughing herald-hours of June,
That told of summer's coming all too soon.

Where the thin moonbeams cast their joys along

A verdured vale of rapturous delight,
Spring caught the echoes of the heralds' song,

And saw the flow'rets in the dead of night
Lift up their watchful faces, glad and bright.

And heard the birds' soft singing through the shade;

Singing for summer and the morning light;
Then sank her soul within her, and afraid
She watched the circuit that the fast moon made,

And then her sobbing breasts began to beat.
She fell down swooning at her mother's feet.

[Raise lights slowly to soft music.]

As Death, unseen, poised high his vengeful dart,

And Nature knelt beside Spring's fallen form,

Night's outer curtain 'gan to wave and part
Before the sun's first breath, so bright and warm.

The diamond dew to rainbows did transform.

The flowers raised up their heads to their full height,
The breeze bore on its wings a music storm,
As every bird sang forth in full delight
And loudest strain the sighings of the night.

[The attendants of SPRING sleep through the scene.]

And Spring revived a little, moved her head,
And to her mother said, in accents mild:

SPRING. Before he comes, alas! I may be dead;

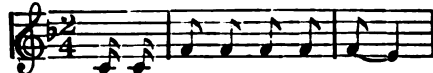
O hasten to him, mother, for thy child,
And give him this [*hands rose*]. I plucked it in the wild.

And tell him, ere King Death his mantle throws,

I would he kissed my lips, and on me smiled.

O haste thee, mother mine! take this white rose,

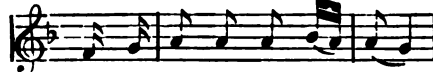
And bid him come my dying eyes to close.



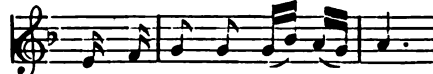
Moth-er Na-ture by thy pow-er,



Grant me yet an-oth-er hour;



Earth-ly pleasures I would prove,



Earth-ly joy, and earth-ly love;



Scarce-ly yet has dawn'd the day;



Moth-er Na-ture wait I pray.

With her last word the golden door swung free,

A blaze of sunshine scattered all the gloom,
Sweet music rolled in a voluptuous sea.

[Enter SUMMER.]

The radiant air was filled with scent and bloom,

And Summer stood, the bravest hearted groom

That ever bride had waited for and won;
But Spring lay like an image on a tomb,

Her too-short pilgrimage already done,
Her blue eyes closed her latest breath begun.

And as her soul forsook its frail abode,
Golden-haired Summer, with a cry of pain,

Across the threshold of Time's palace strode,
 With tears that fell in showers like to rain,
 Calling on Spring to come to life again.
 But tears could not disturb her last repose,
 And all the calling of his heart was vain.
 Summer still thinks of Spring—his grief he
 shows
 When golden rain drops fall upon the rose.

XI.

THE DECEITFUL DORMICE.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

A SLEEPY dormouse, who had passed
 The winter in her nest,
 Hearing that spring had come at last,
 Got up at once, half dressed,
 And, hastening from her downy house
 'To hail the new spring day,
 She ran against another mouse
 That lived across the way.

The shock was such, at first the two
 Could scarcely speak for lack
 Of breath. Then each cried, "Oh, it's *you!*
 Why, when did you get back?"
 "I've only just returned, my dear,"
 The sleepy dormouse said,
 "From Florida,—the winters here,
 You know, affect my head."
 "Have you, indeed?" exclaimed her friend.
 "I'm glad to see you home.
 I, too, have just returned—I spend
 My winters down in Rome."
 With many paw-shakes then, at last
 They parted—each to say,
 "I wonder where that creature passed
 The winter—anyway!"

XII.

SHORT AND SWEET.

BY ANNIE FARWELL BROWN.

"LEUCAN-THE-MUM VUL-GA-RE!" Oh, you have a long name,
 too,
 You poor, dear little daisy. I can sympa-
 thize with you.
 Does not your head feel heavy with that
 dreadful name to hold,
 And don't you feel, *Leucanthemum Vulgare*,
 very old?
 I do, dear, when I 'member, though they
 think my name is "sweet."
 And love to say it over,—"*Gladys Con-
 stance Marguerite*."
 And then when you've been naughty, does
 your daisy-mamma say:
 "*Leucanthemum Vulgare!*" in such a
 stern, sad way?
 My mamma does!—oh, daisy dear, how
 many times she's said,
 "Now, *Gladys Constance Marguerite*, go
 right up-stairs to bed!"
 And then I know I'm very bad, for that's
 my punish name.
 Oh, daisy dear, do you suppose all mammas
 do the same?
 But I love best to call you, dear, just
 "daisy;" for you see

That's my pet name, the very same that
 everyone calls me;
 And we are twins now,—are we not?—for
 both of us have woes,
 About our long, long "punish names" that
 no one ever knows.
 They may be "grand" and "dignified"
 and "sweet" and all the rest,
 But we both love, dear,—don't we?—our
 short Daisy names the best.

XIII.

CUBAN WAR TABLEAUX.

BY NINA D. COOPER.

CHARACTERS:

Cuba.	Goddess of War.
Spain.	Goddess of Peace.
Europe.	Columbia.
Cubans.	Uncle Sam.
Spaniards.	American Citizens.

DIRECTIONS: EUROPE, SPAIN, UNCLE SAM, SPANIARDS, United States soldiers, and part of the CUBANS should be men; the rest women. They should dress as near like the characters they represent as possible. The GODDESS OF WAR, a brunette, should be dressed in black and red, with bare arms and flowing hair. She should carry a lighted torch and a sword and have a snake coiled around her right arm. PEACE, a blonde, should be in white.

Tableau I.—CUBA in manacles at the feet of SPAIN, who looks defiance at EUROPE and UNCLE SAM. CUBANS in different attitudes of despair. SPANIARDS all sing Spanish National Hymn.

Tableau II.—SPAIN and CUBA in same places. COLUMBIA trying to release CUBA, SPAIN preventing. UNCLE SAM steps to side of COLUMBIA. EUROPE interested. Have hidden singers sing the first and fourth stanzas of "Rescue the Perishing," found in "Gospel Hymns," Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4.

Tableau III.—Scene I. GODDESS OF WAR with flaming torch leads United States soldiers—rear entrance. COLUMBIA and UNCLE SAM on each side of WAR. Scene II. SPAIN falls back, but does not release CUBA. CUBANS in their manacles join the United States soldiers.

Tableau IV.—Same, with GODDESS OF PEACE holding a white dove in left hand,—right hand aloft as though demanding peace. After holding tableau a short time, the soldiers led by the GODDESS OF WAR, slowly march out to very soft music.

Tableau V.—CUBA unshackled, in the arms of COLUMBIA. PEACE stands over them; American flag held protectingly over Cuba. EUROPE shakes hands with UNCLE SAM, who is laughing, as SPAIN, very crestfallen, leaves the stage.

Tableau VI.—CUBA between COLUMBIA and UNCLE SAM, PEACE standing over them. United States soldiers, CUBANS, and a number of American citizens grouped around with American flags. All sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

XIV.

FLAG DAY PROGRAM.

By Stanley Schell.

*(Flag Day—June 14th.)***1. ADDRESS: "Flag Day."** *By the Principal.*

To-day we are celebrating the one hundred and twenty-second birthday of our flag. When our flag was first adopted, June 14, 1777, it had only thirteen stars; now in its field of blue there are forty-five—a star for every State. What a glorious record! There is not one among us that does not look upon our flag with love and with pride. To-day we honor our flag; and, by so doing, we honor, not our country alone, but all those that gave their best blood to float it in liberty—in liberty and in peace.

If a longer address is desired use "The American Flag" by Henry Ward Beecher, in "Werner's Readings and Recitations, No. 10."

2. CHORUS: "The Star-Spangled Banner."
(From "Songs of the Nation.")**3. DIALOGUE: "Why We Love the Flag."** *For 8 Boys.*
By THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.

QUESTIONER.

Why should we love that starry flag?
 Why should we now rejoice
 To see it hung in beauty there,
 A happy nation's choice?
 Why should the heart with rapture thrill,
 The pulse beat quick with joy,
 When we behold our country's flag?
 Come, answer now, my boy.

AMERICAN BOY.

I love that starry banner, sir;
 For at the nation's birth
 'Twas chosen as the emblem of
 The fairest land on earth.
 Our patriot sires, with Washington,
 First gave it to the skies,
 And now on every sea it floats,
 In every land it flies.

IRISH BOY.

I love that starry banner, sir,
 For this to me it means:
 No Irish knee is made to bend
 To haughty kings or queens.
 Old Erin's sons and daughters, too,
 Of freedom here may sing,
 And every lass may be a queen
 And every lad a king.

GERMAN BOY.

I love that starry banner, sir,
 For in my fatherland
 No hope had I, a peasant boy,
 Among the great to stand.
 No royal blood was in my veins,

And so I left the Rhine
To seek this home of liberty,
And now that flag is mine.

FRENCH BOY.

I love that starry banner, sir,
For in my country, France,
We always cheer for liberty
And never miss a chance.
Proud Lafayette fought 'neath its folds,
And from all foreign lands
A beacon to these happy shores
Bartholdi's statue stands.

SOLDIER'S BOY.

I love that starry banner, sir,
For I'm a soldier's son,
And often I've heard father tell
Of battles fought and won.
He marched with grand old Sherman's troops
And Logan's Fifteenth Corps,
And from Atlanta to the sea
That flag he proudly bore.

NEGRO BOY.

I love that starry banner, sir,
For see, my skin is black,
And I a cringing slave would be
With bloodhounds on my track;
But on that flag brave Lincoln wrote:
"The black man shall be free,"
And that is why its starry folds
Are always dear to me.

YOUNG AMERICA.

I love that starry banner, sir,
And I've my reasons, too,
For surely 'tis a pretty thing,
All red and white and blue;
And let me see the boy or girl
Who'd like to live or die
Beneath a flag that would not give
A fourth day of July.

4. DRILL: "American Flag March."

BY STANLEY SCHELL.

CHARACTERS: 28 or more boys or girls (must be an even number, divisible by 4). The more persons taking part in this drill the more impressive it will be.

COSTUMES: If boys, dress in black. If girls, dress in pure white. Each one is to carry a flag about two and one-half feet long.

MUSIC: "Red, White and Blue March;" and the song, "Nobly Our Flag Flutters o'er Us To-day."

DIRECTIONS: Form into couples outside the back entrance to main room or stage. Hold flagstaff erect and close to side.

ORDER OF MARCH: 1. March in twos, up centre of stage or room, to the front. First couple march down right side, second couple march down left side and so on in the same order until all have reached the starting-place.

2. March in fours, up centre of stage or room, to the front. First four separate into couples, one couple marching down right side, the other couple marching down left side and so on until all the fours have separated into couples and have marched down sides of stage or room to starting-place.

3. March in twos, up centre of stage, two feet toward the front, separate, march right and left two feet, halt, face front, cross flags, keeping flags level at belt, flags just touching floor. March to front of stage or room. When all are in line, with flags crossed, halt four beats, and face back of room or stage.

4. Last couple at the back of room or stage raise flags to shoulders, separate, march up right and left side of stage or room to the front; each succeeding couple follow suit. At front, leaders march within four feet of each other, halt, raise flags as high as possible and put tops of staffs together, thus forming an arch. Next couple do the same, after passing under the arch to take positions close to first couple. Each succeeding couple do the same as second couple, until all are in line and one continuous arch is formed down the centre of the stage or room. Music stops.

5. Music for the song is played. All look at the flags and sing: "Nobly Our Flag," etc.

6. When the song is finished, march music begins. Front couple lower flags, cross them, pass under the arch and out. Each succeeding couple do the same, until all have marched out.

5. ESSAY: "The Symbolic Import of Our Flag."

ADAPTED BY S. F. FIESTER, from A. N. Whitmarsh's "Our Flag: Its Origin and Symbolism."

Our flag is a home production, indigenous to American soil. Its babyhood bore some resemblance to its English cousin's; but that was because it was a baby. It has outgrown the resemblances of childhood. Our fathers, with artistic taste, chose its appropriate colors, and with consummate skill harmonizes them in such fashion as to make the first flag distinctly American. As a storm-tossed wave, it reflected the changeful skies above it; but not one star yet glittered on its bosom. It represented the trembling and the transition of its times. Look at its beautiful colors! Consider their threefold significance, as they harmoniously unite to form the first American flag.

The red signifies Divine love; it is the language of valor and the emblem of war. It flashes daring and defiance; and typifies the blood our fathers shed to win their rights and ours.

The white is the symbol of truth and hope. It is the emblem of purity and peace.

The blue signifies loyalty, sincerity, justice. The Scottish Covenanters' banner was of blue, adopted by them in opposition to the scarlet of royalty.

As yet, no star had dawned upon the horizon. Night still hung upon the starless banner. But the spirit of Liberty, hovering above the troubled face of the national waters, parted the clouds asunder, and let the stars of heaven shine through. Congress acts, and lo! the bars of British rule are blotted from the blue forever, and thirteen stars come trooping down to take their joyous places in that favored corner of the sky.

Our flag is the touchstone of true patriotism. "Patriotism" is one of those overworked words that have suffered of late years at the hands of professed friends. Still it is a noble word, not a mere threadbare political commonplace. Its life is neither derived from nor dependent upon the proud-swelling strains of martial music, though its spirit hovers above the tramp of marching feet in any great and worthy cause. It beat in human hearts long before the birth of America. It is the master-passion of humanity.

Among all feelings, sentiments and principles, the love of country

towers head and shoulders. In the heart of every worthy American citizen it ranks first; it is redolent with the memory of great deeds and heroes; its ancestry is the noblest; it photographs the fairest oasis in the desert of human history; it speaks of Greek Thermophylæ, of Roman Horatius at the bridge defending at fearful odds the homeland against the invading hosts; it nerves an Arnold Winkelried to make a spear-pierced pathway of his heart for liberty; it inspires a Joan of Arc and Henry of Navarre with intrepid valor; it recounts the courage of Robert Bruce and his brawny clan of Scots; it sustains the heart and cause of Daniel O'Connell, and makes the green island a birthplace of patriots and the scene of that noble struggle that shall never cease till Ireland is free! It crosses the Atlantic to create for itself a home of its own. It gives birth to a son whose name shall be Washington, the father of the freest and greatest people the sun ever shone upon! It quickens and fires the colonists to organize resistance, till they arise and shake off the oppressor's chains.

It was patriotism that roused the spirit of old John Brown, of Osawotomie, and strengthened his arm to strike the signal of emancipation. It fired the tongue of Webster, flamed from the lips of Sumner, and thrilled in Wendell Phillips's trumpet tones. And when the loyal heart of the nation trembled with dread anticipation in the dark hour of our national crisis, it held the soul of Lincoln true as the needle to its pole, while his firm hand guided our Ship of State safely through the treacherous rocks and trying storms of conflict into the haven of peace. It gave edge and power and victory to that blade whose dauntless skill decided the issues of the war, and when the chief of commanders sheathed his sword forever, for the love of his country, he said: "Let us have peace."

In the armless sleeve and the shattered stump of the battle-scarred veteran we see the living witness of fealty to the flag. Fluttering over 400,000 flower-strewn graves, our starry flag speaks in loving memorials of that heroism which, fighting for flag and country, fell, wrapped in the stars and stripes, and lay down to peaceful dreams "on fame's eternal camping-ground." From the shining peaks of their undying glory echoes the notes of that grand old battle-song: "Down with the traitors and up with the stars!"

As to-day we gaze upon that beauteous banner, blazing with its countless coruscating victories, the memories of the past give momentary pause for the enraptured unrolling of its future triumphs. Laying aside the pen of the historian, and leaving the figures of our country's growth to the calculations of the statistician, and assuming the role of prophet, we say that if the States continue to multiply in the twentieth as they have in the nineteenth century, our flag will dip so deep into the welkin blue that the starry hosts, bending from their courses, will salute it, and the Father of Lights, looking from His throne in the heavens, shall smile and say: "The little one has become a thousand and the small one a strong nation."

6. MUSICAL RECITATION: "The American Flag."

7. SPEECH: "The Mother of Our Flag."

All the early battles of the Revolution were fought without the inspiration of a recognized general standard. The troops of the various colonies had flags of different patterns, according to local fancy or accident.

It was not until June 14, 1777, that a common flag for all the colonies was adopted. In that year Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia, named a committee to design a suitable flag for the nation. General Washington, Colonel Ross, and Robert Morris were members of that committee. They were acquainted with a milliner named Mrs. Betsy Ross, who conducted her business at 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and whose artistic taste and deft hands gave promise of furnishing what they required. They repaired thither and informed Mrs. Ross what they wanted.

General Washington, with his scrupulous attention to details, told her how it must be made, but wanted six-pointed stars in the union. Mrs. Ross protested and said that five-pointed stars were easier to cut out and would look better. She carried her point and was permitted to make the flag according as she had suggested. The money paid to her for making this and other flags amounted to about \$70.

On June 14 of that year Congress adopted the flag made by Betsy Ross as the national one of the United States.

It is but natural that the veneration felt for the flag of our country should be partly reflected upon the patriotic woman who first made it possible to display it to the admiring gaze of an emancipated people.

8. **TRIO AND CHORUS.** "There's a Beautiful Flag."
(From "Songs of the Nation.")

9. **ENTERTAINMENT:** "The American Flag." *For 8 Boys*
(In "Werner's Readings and Recitations, No. 17.")

10. **CHORUS:** "O Starry Flag of Union, Hail!"
(From "Songs of the Nation.")
Wave flags in parts of this song.

11. **ORATION:** "The Two Banners of America."
BY HERRICK JOHNSON.
(In "Werner's Readings and Recitation, No. 10.")

12. **CHORUS:** "Our Flag Is There."
(From "Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 1.")

13. **QUOTATIONS:** *For 8 Persons*

1. Fling to the breeze the star-spangled banner,
Greet it with cheers to the three times three;
Smiles chase tears in the good old mannner,
All for the love of mine own countrie.
—*Katharine Lee Bates.*

2. O glorious flag, red, white, and blue,
Bright emblem of the pure and true!
O glorious group of clustering stars,
Ye lines of light, ye crimson bars!
Once more your flowing folds we greet,
Triumphant over all defeat;
Henceforth in every clime to be,
Unfading scarf of liberty,
The ensign of the brave and free.

3. As at the early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then, as the sun advances, that light breaks into bands and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent; so on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever this flag comes and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no ramping lion and no fierce eagle; no embattled castles or insignia of imperial authority; they see the symbols of light. It is the banner of the dawn. It means liberty. Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty,—not lawlessness, not license, but organized, institutional liberty.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

4. There is the national flag. He must be cold indeed, who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. If he be in

a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself with all its endearments. Who, as he sees it, can think of a State merely? Whose eyes, once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry," and yet I know not if it has an intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because of what it represents that all gaze at it with delight and reverence. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air, but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen States to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of States constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new State. The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together—bunting, stripes, stars, and colors—blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country—to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.—*Charles Sumner.*

5. Great ideas always crystallize about a glorious centre. What the sun is to the planets, our flag is to the States: It centralizes, draws, and binds together our national system. Time, the old astronomer, swings his telescope among the nations. They look, and lo! into the field of their wondering vision, one after another, wheels a new star into its appointed orbit. Thus, as star after star is added to the nation's galaxy, our flag becomes the sublime symbol of national power.—*A. N. Whitmarsh.*

6. Our national flag! Behold it! Listen to it! Every star has a tongue; every stripe is articulate. "There is no language nor speech where their voice is not heard." There is magic in the web of it. It has an answer for every question of duty. It has a solution for every doubt and perplexity. It has a word of cheer for every hour of gloom or despondency. Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of earlier and of later struggles. It speaks of victories and sometimes of reverses on the sea and on the land. It speaks of patriots and heroes among the living and the dead. Best of all and above all other associations and memories, whether of glorious men, or glorious deeds, or glorious places, its voice is ever of union and liberty, of constitution and of the laws.—*R. C. Winthrop.*

7. Our flag means all that our fathers meant in the Revolutionary war; it means all that the Declaration of Independence meant; it means all that the Constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness meant. Our flag carries American ideas, American history and American feelings. It has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea, *divine right of liberty in man.* Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty,—not lawlessness, not license, but organized, institutional liberty. Our flag is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the government. It is the free people that stand in the government on the Constitution. Forget not what it means, and for the sake of its ideas be true to your country's flag.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

8. May our last feeble and lingering glance behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic with not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured. May it float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that sentiment dear to every true American heart, liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.—*Daniel Webster.*

14. CHORUS: ["Awake! Salute Old Glory!"]

BY KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

[This song may be sung to the tune of "Dixie."]

Hail, fairest flag on land or ocean,
Setting all the world in motion!

Awake! awake!

Salute the flag!

Its stars so bright, its stripes so fair.

Awake! awake!

No other can with it compare,

That sails the sea, that rules the air.

Awake! awake!

Awake! salute Old Glory!

Our flag has felt the tempest's rattle,
Blown by all the winds of battle.

Awake! awake!

Salute the flag!

For you its beauteous folds were torn.

Awake! awake!

But now by loyal legions borne,

It vies the splendors of the morn.

Awake! awake!

Awake! salute Old Glory!

O come, ye patriots, to the rally!

Come from every hill and valley!

Awake! awake!

Salute the flag!

The stars and stripes for freedom stand.

Awake! awake!

O come and for your country band,

And pledge your head and heart and hand.

Awake! awake!

Awake! salute Old Glory!

15. "FLAG SALUTE."

BY STANLEY SCHELL.

CHARACTERS: 8 girls or 7 boys and 1 girl, and the rest of the school.

COSTUMES: A Goddess of Liberty; seven girls or boys, in pure white if girls, in black if boys. Drape red, white and blue bands, diagonally across the waist or jacket, fasten at the side of belt, let the ends hang down as far as the knees. One of the seven is to be color-bearer, and carries a large American flag having a large gilt eagle at the top.

MUSIC: "American Flag March;" the song, "The Red, White and Blue;" and "Red, White and Blue March."

STAGE-PROPERTIES: A small platform covered in red; a high-backed chair on it draped in the American colors. Place the platform and chair at the side of the stage near the front. If the performance is given in a New York public school, place the platform and chair at the centre-front of the main room with its back to principal's desk.

Music begins. Enter Goddess of Liberty, followed by six girls or boys in a line (five feet behind her), and the color-bearer (four feet behind the line). The Goddess of Liberty walks to her platform, stands on it, and faces the school. The six boys or girls group themselves about the color-bearer at the centre of the stage or main aisle. They all look up at the flag. While this is being done, a signal is given on the piano for the school to rise and partly face the flag of the color-bearer. Look with deep admiration.

Goddess of Liberty looks at the school and says in commanding tones: "School Salute," or "Department Salute."

The whole school raise right hand in salute to the flag of color-bearer

and say: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands—one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

A moment's perfect silence must follow the last word and all must gaze, as if enraptured, at the flag.

The music of the song, "The Red, White and Blue," is played and the whole school sing the words, as they stand looking at the flag.

A few moments of perfect silence again.

Signal. School faces for marching out. The girls or boys around the color-bearer separate into two lines, two feet apart and running in the direction of the sides of the room or stage. Color-bearer steps to the front end of the right line and stands with flag in right hand held close to side. "Red, White and Blue" march is played and the Goddess of Liberty then steps from her platform and marches with stately tread down the centre of the stage or room between the waiting lines. After she is five feet beyond the waiting lines, they start, and when four feet is between them and the color-bearer, the color-bearer starts. While these are taking positions and marching out, the whole school is marching out.

NOTE.—In some schools, during the singing of the songs on the program, uniform small flags are waved by all the pupils at certain parts of the singing. If flags are used during the singing of the songs the same flags can be raised to shoulders as the school stand to march out and kept there while they march out. When the school march out, the scene will be a much more beautiful one if the school can march in and out the different seats or aisles.

("Red, White and Blue," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," from "Songs of the Nation.")

XV.

MEMORIAL DAY PROGRAM.

1. CHORUS. Tune: "Pleyel's Hymn."

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed?
By angel hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.

Fair Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

2. SCRIPTURE READING: Isaiah II., 2, 3, 4; Rev. XIV., 1, 2, 3, 12, 13.

3. ORATION: "Decoration Day."

By **BOURKE COCKRAN.**

(With other fine pieces. Price, 25 cts.)

4. RECITATION: "Memorial Day Story."

(Organ music introduced. Price, 25 cts.)

5. INTERLUDE.

The interludes are all to be sung to the tune of "Boylston." by singers seated on the platform, at the back or side, who sing without rising.

Enter groups of children (six to ten) bearing wreaths of flowers and smilax. Each group of uniform size and dressed alike. Each group recites in concert. As the group recites, it places flowers, wreaths or smilax upon, or around and at base of a broken column standing at stage-centre. The broken column can be made of wood and painted white or covered with white paper or cheese-cloth.

Bring flowers sweet and rare,
Bring wreaths of twined green,
A holy festival prepare
In mem'ry's sacred scene.

FIRST GROUP. We bring our tribute to the soldier brave,
 We lay our garlands on the soldier's grave.
 The common soldier—he it was who bore
 The toil and burden of the conflict sore,
 And while the records of his deeds shall live,
 We will not fail our love and praise to give.

SECOND GROUP. Our gifts we lay upon a sailor's grave;
 The gallant soldier—sailor; and we crave
 For him a place in all hearts good and true,
 Of love and honor, such as shall be due
 Forever more to those who do brave deeds
 On land and sea, for home or country's needs.

THIRD GROUP. To our lost leaders whose wise strength in time of need
 Was as an armed and buttressed tower, in counsel and in
 deed,
 We bring our wreaths, and though they soon shall droop
 and fade,
 They are with mem'ry's deathless green and fadeless flow-
 ers o'erlaid.
 These honored names we hold so dear, these names so
 blest,
 That from our hearts we grateful yield our richest and our
 best.

FOURTH GROUP. Flowers for the woman of the war!
 With courage born of tenderness she did her noble part.
 Her glory-field, the hospital; her gift, a broken heart.
 Unfailing and unfaltering, the battle's hurts she bound,
 Nor shrank from horror's ghastly sight, or terror's awful
 sound.

The four groups pass from the stage.

INTERLUDE. Be love and thanks and praise
 And boundless gratitude,
 That all the great of other days
 Have left to us their good.

Enter two more groups with flowers, etc.

FIRST GROUP. To all the good and true whose hearts have burned
 To raise the fallen, or to right the wrong;
 To all who from the paths of ease have turned
 To walk where sin's unhappy victims throng;
 To all who, self-forgetfully, have sought
 The rightful furtherance of noble aims;
 To such are our memorial garlands brought,
 And grateful memories cluster round their names.

SECOND GROUP. To all our loved and lost,
 If straight or broad their sphere,—
 The old, the young, the grave, the gay,
 We bring our chaplets here.

Enshrined within our hearts
 We bear their memory sweet;
 And with a tender reverence lay
 Our off'rings at their feet.

The two groups pass from the stage.

6. **CHORUS:** "Sleep, Comrades, Sleep."
(From "Songs of the Nation." Price, 75 cts.)
7. **TABLEAUX:** "Cuban War Tableaux."
(See page 254.)
8. **RECITATION:** "Memorial Day at the Farm."
(With lesson-talks. Price, 20 cts.)
9. **CHORUS:** "The Veterans."
(From "Songs of the Nation.")
10. **MONOLOGUE:** "The Silent Army of Memorial Day." - - - *For a Boy.*
(In "Delsarte Recitation Book," with other fine pieces. Price, \$1.25.)
11. **CHORUS:** "Cherished Names."
(From "Songs of the Nation.")
12. **MUSICAL RECITATION:** "With the Shadow of Thy Wing."
(See page 246.)
13. **MALE QUARTET:** "Comrades, Good Night."
(From "Songs of the Nation.")

XVI.

COMMENCEMENT DAY PROGRAM.

PART I.

1. **CHORUS:** "Ho-Ho, Vacation Days Are Here." - - - *By the School.*
(From "Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 1.")
2. **SALUTATORY.**
(See page 268.)
3. **SOLO AND QUARTET:** "The Little Bird."
(From "Songs of the Nation.")
4. **MUSICAL MONOLOGUE AND DUET:** "Cruel, Heartless, Lying Poxy."
(See page 240.)
5. **CHORUS:** "My Native Land." - - - *By the School.*
(From "Songs of the Nation.")
6. **ENTERTAINMENT:** "The Coming of Summer." - *For 10 Persons.*
7. **QUOTATIONS.**
(See page 271.)
8. **DRILL:** "American Flag March." - *For Any Number of Boys and Girls.*
(See page 256.)
9. **SOLO AND CHORUS:** "The Bugler."
(From "Songs of the Nation.")

PART II.

10. **CLASS ORATION:** "A Motto from the Catechism."
(See page 269.)
11. **CHORUS:** "Summer." - - - *By the School.*
(From "Songs of the Nation.")
12. **TABLEAUX:** "Cuban War Tableaux."
(See page 254.)
13. **SOLO:** "The Breaking Waves Dashed High."
(From "Songs of the Nation.")
14. **PRIZE RECITATION:** "The Policy of Cromwell."
(See page 250.)
15. **RECITATION:** "The Deceitful Dormice."
(See page 254.)
16. **CHORUS:** "Hail and Farewell." - - - *By the School.*
(From "Songs of the Nation.")
17. **VALEDICTORY.**
(See page 269.)
18. **CHORUS:** "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." *School and Audience.*
(From "Songs of the Nation.")

"Songs of the Nation," 75 cts.; "The American Flag," 75 cts.; "Werner's Readings and Recitations," 85 cts. each; "Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 1," \$1; sent post-paid on receipt of price, by EDGAR S. WERNER, 48 East 19th Street, New York.

XVII.

THE FATE OF VIRGINIA.

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

OF all the wicked Ten, still the names are held accursed,
 And of all the wicked Ten, Appius Claudius was the worst.
 He stalked along the forum like King Tarquin in his pride:
 Twelve axes waited on him, six marching on a side;
 The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed askance with fear
 His lowering brow, his curling mouth which alway seemed to sneer.
 Nor lacks he fit attendance; for close behind his heels,
 With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client, Marcus, steals,
 His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand what it may,
 And the smile flickering on his cheek, for aught his lord may say.
 Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky
 Shines out the dewy morning star, a fair young girl came by.
 With her small tablets in her hand and her satchel on her arm,
 Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm;
 And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
 With bright, frank brow that had not learned to blush at gaze of man.
 The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts his flight
 From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning light;
 And Appius heard her sweet, young voice and saw her sweet, young face
 And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race;
 And all along the forum and up the Sacred Street
 His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small, glancing feet.

Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,
 And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was singing,
 And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home.
 Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome!
 With her small tablets in her hand and her satchel on her arm,
 Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm.
 She crossed the forum shining with stalls in alleys gay,
 And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,
 When up the varlet, Marcus, came, not such as when erewhile
 He crouched behind his patron's heels with the true client smile.
 He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and clenched fist,

And strode across Virginia's path and caught her by the wrist.
 Hard strove the frightened maiden and screamed, with look aghast;
 And at her scream from right and left the folk came running fast;
 The money-changer Crispus, with his thin, silver hairs,
 And Hanno from the stately booth glittering with Punic wares,
 And the strong smith, Muræna, grasping a half-forged brand,
 And Volero, the flesher, his cleaver in his hand.
 All came in wrath and wonder: for all knew that fair child;
 And as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their hands and smiled.
 And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
 The caitiff reeled three paces back and let the maiden go.
 Yet glared he fiercely round him and growled in harsh, fell tone:
 "She's mine, and I will have her; I seek but for mine own.
 She is my slave, born in my house and stolen away and sold,
 The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours old.
 I wait on Appius Claudius, I waited on his sire.
 Let him who works the client wrong beware the patron's ire!"

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
 To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
 Close to yon low dark archway where, in a crimson flood,
 Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
 Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down;
 Virginius caught the whittle up and hid it in his gown.
 And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
 And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake:
 "Farewell, sweet child! Farewell!
 Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
 To thee thou know'st I was not so. Who could be so to thee?
 And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
 My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!
 And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
 And took my sword and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown!
 Now, all these things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
 Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
 And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
 Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.

The time is come. See how he points his
eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a
kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that,
spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father bath in his despair one fearful
refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch
what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows,
the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth
taunt and blow—
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which
thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more,
and give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there
is no way but this."
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote
her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and
with one sob she died.

XVIII.

SINGING IN GOD'S ACRE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

[Hymn sung at his funeral.]

OUT yonder in the moonlight, wherein
God's Acre lies,
Go angels walking to and fro, singing their
lullabies.
Their radiant wings are folded and their
eyes are bended low,

As they sing among the beds wherein the
flowers delight to grow:

"Sleep, oh, sleep! The shepherd guardeth
his sheep,
Fast speedeth the night away; soon cometh
the glorious day.
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may. Sleep,
oh, sleep!"

The flowers within God's Acre see that fair
and wondrous sight,
And hear the angels singing to the sleepers
through the night;
And, lo, throughout the hours of day these
gentle flowers prolong
The music of the angels in that tender
slumber song:

"Sleep, oh, sleep! The shepherd loveth his
sheep.
He that guardeth His flock the best
Foldeth them unto His loving breast.
So sleep ye now and take your rest,
Sleep, oh, sleep!"

From angel and from flower the years have
learned that soothing song,
And with its heavenly music speed the days
and nights along;
So through all time, whose flight the shep-
herd's vigils glorify,
God's Acre slumbereth in the peace of that
sweet lullaby:

"Sleep, oh, sleep! The shepherd loveth his
sheep!
Fast speedeth the night away; soon cometh
the glorious day.
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may. Sleep,
oh, sleep!"

XIX.

ENCORES.

1. It Ain't a Feller's Fault.

IF a feller likes drowsin' in this weather,
let him drowse!
Go dreamin' with the daisies, or loafin' with
the cows.
If the weather makes him tired, it is time to
call a halt,
For the good Lord made the weather, an' it
ain't a feller's fault!
If a feller feels like fishin' in this weather,
let him fish—
Stretched out there by the river, where the
winds an' waters swish!
If the weather's kind o' fishy, it is time to
call a halt,
For the good Lord made the weather, an' it
ain't a feller's fault.
That's sich a joy in freedom—when a feller
wants to be
As natural as a daisy or a bird a-flyin' free,
That I'm always full in favor of his callin'
of a halt,
For the good Lord, He made the freedom,
an' it ain't a feller's fault.

2. The Martial Spirit.

IF RECKON war'll be timely,
Fer the boys o' tender years
Air studyin' 'bout the soldier
Who wuz "dyin' in Algiers."
That "soldier o' the legion"
Fer the school-commencement's fine;
The feller "born at Bingen,"
Which wuz somewhars "on the Rhine."
An' all o' them air thinkin'
How they'll holler high and low
'Bout the battle fought on Linden
When the sun wuz sinkin' low.
An' the curfew's right onsteady,
But they're holdin' it in check;
An' the boy is gettin' ready
Ter be burnt up on the deck!
So I reckon war'll be timely,
An' they'll sail inter the fight;
But I hopes that awful curfew
Ain't a-goin' ter ring ter-night!

3. He Seized the Chance.

AN agent who has made a study of human nature stopped at a gate on Second Avenue, the other day, and asked of a small boy digging plantains out of the grass:

"Bub, is your mother home?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Changed hired girls within a week?"
 "No, sir."
 "House-cleaning all done?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Got her new spring bonnet?"
 "She has."
 "Children well?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Father go away good-natured this mornin'?"
 "He did."
 "Then I guess I'll ring the bell and try to sell her a picture."
 She took two, and asked him to call in a day or two with a \$7 family Bible.

4. A Friendly Hand.

WHEN a man ain't got a cent, an' he's feelin' kind o' blue,
 An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through;
 It's a great thing, oh, my brethren, for a feller just to lay
 His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear-drops start,
 An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart.
 You can't look up an' meet his eyes; you don't know what to say,
 When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.
 Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey an' its gall,
 With its cares an' bitter crosses; but a good world after all.
 An' a good God must have made it—least-ways, that's what I say
 When a hand rests on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

5. A Dream.

BY JULIA BRINCKERHOFF.

IN pensive mood she sat within
 Her dainty room.
 Twilight was drawing nigh—there stole
 A soft perfume
 Of roses, and the scent of new-mown hay,
 That mingled with her breath as sweet as they.
 And she was musing on the time
 When, two or three
 Short weeks gone by, a "sweet girl graduate"
 She'd be.

With bended head she pondered on
 The gown she'd wear;

"A pale gold tulle—so soulful—and
 'Twill match my hair.
 A bouquet of pink roses (ribbon tied),
 A sash to match—about—twelve—inches wide.
 She clasped her hands in ecstasy.
 Ah, me! I seem
 To see it here before me now,—
 'Twill be a dream."

And so, when papa home returned,
 To him she ran
 For cash with which to carry out
 Her dainty plan.
 But he, with brusqueness such as none could use
 But a hard-hearted parent, did refuse.
 Low sobs resounded through the room.
 Strange does it seem
 That she should ring her hands and moan
 "It was a dream!"

—Boston Ideas.

6. Effects of Influenza.

"GOOD bordig, Biss Biller."
 "Good bordig, Bister Sbith."
 "How's your ba this bordig?"
 "I do d't thin' she's buch better this bordig, Bister Sbith, I do d't at all."
 "Have you bade up your bides yet what is the batter with her?"
 "Do, dot egsactly. Dr. Buggids, our fabily physiciad, thicks it's the beasels. Bisses Jodes, who has it id her fabily, says it's the sball-pox, but I thick it's dothig bore thad an eruptiod of the skid frob eatig too buch beat, or sobthig else."
 "Has she taked eddy bedicid?"
 "Dot buch."
 "Have you tried bribstode add bolasses?"
 "Do. Is it cosidered good?"
 "Ad idfallible rebedy—cures everythig. Biss Browd's little dog was quite udwell dight before last—had a ruddig at the dose ade subthig like the bups; before puttig it to bed, she gave it half a wide-glass of the bixture, add last dight at tea it was able to seat itself in the cabé-basket, add help itself frob the sugar-bowl. It works like bagic,—just like bagic."
 "Astodishig! I shall adbidister the rebedy to ba ibbediately!"
 "Do so, with by copplibets."
 "I will. Good bordig, Bister Sbith."
 "Good bordig, Biss Biller."

7. Liza Ann's Lament.

WUSH'T I wuz a boy!
 So I could jump an' run
 An' yell real loud, an' whistle,
 An' fight an' have the mostest fun,
 Like boys duz.
 Wush't I wuz a boy!
 Wush't I wuz a boy!
 So's maw won't allus say:
 "Don't straddle the fence, now, Liza Ann;
 Nice girls don't do that way."
 But boys duz.
 Wush't I wuz a boy!

Wush't I wuz a boy!
 'N when they call me names:
 "Tomboy," "Tag-tail," an' "Whistlin'
 Ann,"
 'N I could fight same's
 Billy duz,
 Wush't I wuz a boy!

Wush't I wuz a boy!
 'N me an' John could play
 At "skin-the cat" an' "leap-frog," too;
 My dress is in the way—
 Boys' pants ain't.
 Wush't I wuz a boy!

Wush't I wuz a boy!
 All gurl's good fur—jist
 To dust an' sweep, an' scold,
 An' sew on buttons what yo mus't
 Sewin' on last week.
 Wush't I wuz a boy!

Wush't I wuz a boy!
 Wush't God 'd made gurls boys,
 An' made boys gurls—'t 'd bin the same;
 'N I'd bin "John," an' John
 Bin "Liza Ann," by name.
 Wush't He had!
 Wush't I wuz a boy!

8. When Pa Gets Sick.

WHEN pa gets sick he always knows
 He's go'n ter die, an' Tommy goes
 For Doctor Quack, an' 'fore he 'rives
 I'm hurried off for Doctor Ives,
 An' ma an' Bess an' auntie, too,
 For liniments an' gruels go,
 An' plasters an' the warmin' brick
 An' everything,—when pa gets sick.

No one of us is 'lowed to play,
 The baby's sent across the way,
 The 'pothecary's boy's about,
 The hull time runnia' in an' out.
 The house so with his groans is filled,
 Folks stop to ask who's gettin' killed,
 An' misery is piled on thick
 For everyone,—when pa gets sick.

We never have no table set;
 Cold vittles is the best we get,
 For cook is busy to the brim
 Contrivin' dainty things for him;
 An' studyin' it in my mind
 I'm good deal more'n half inclined
 To think—although I dassent kick—
 We suffer most when pa gets sick.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SPECIAL DAY ESSAYS.

SALUTATORY.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The gladiators of old Rome, when they filed into the arena, passed before the throne of Cæsar and cried aloud: "We who are about to die salute thee!" But to-day, as we pass in review before you, we cry aloud, not in despair but in most buoyant hope: "We who are about to live salute you!"

It may seem to you and to us that we have lived, that we are living now; perhaps when old age comes we shall look back upon these boyish years and sigh regretfully: "Ah, life was worth the living then," but yet in very truth there still remains to us to be, to do and to suffer.

To be the men we hope to be, to develop the character each one has, that underlying human nature modified by birth, environment, up-bringing and by education.

To do the things that in the coming century are to make the world a better place to live in; to earn a living, which means to render to our fellow-men a just equivalent and something more for all they give of food, of clothing, shelter and comforts, physical and mental.

To suffer, to experience joys and sorrows; to know the happiness of one's own home,—his *own* and not his father's; to know the grief of that home darkened and in one silent chamber set apart the still and lifeless form of one we loved; to feel the fierce glow of victory, and the cold chill of undisguised defeat; to endure all things as faithful soldiers, the dangers of too speedy success and the heart-sickness of a hope too long deferred, the hardships and misfortunes

that befall us either by our own fault or by an adverse fate, and not alone to endure with passive virtue but to conquer, to surmount them all and preserve the calm poise of the strong soul within.

It is for the reason that these things remain to us that this day, which marks the auspicious ending of the scholastic year, is called "commencement." Here ends the preparation; here begins the work. Here ends the dreaming; here begins the deed. But let no one say: "I have finished my education;" for while here ends scholastic training, here the real education begins. We have not gone to school all these years that we might learn the things we are to use in after-life, else we had all studied how to prepare a legal brief or learned to diagnose disease; how to deal wisely with a problem of conscience; how to distribute tension and to calculate the strain of structures; how to detect with an unflinching eye the very moment when the steel is fit to cool for tempering. All of these things can not be taught to all, for time is far too brief. But who of us, standing as we do on the mere threshold of a busy life, with but the briefest glimpse of all the manifold activities within, can say, with positive conviction, that he does himself strict justice: "This will I choose to learn and not the other, for thus and so will lie my pathway through the years to come?"

But to be prepared, to be ready to take up the work for which liking develops, what circumstance (the greatest mold of our fortunes) lays next to hand,—in a word, to follow worthily our Fate, that is, to have got the good of school. That is what they covet

for us,—parents, friends and those not bound to us by ties of blood or the uncertain bonds of liking, but who nevertheless desire for us the highest things, that we should grow to our full stature and, if possible, o'er top the world,—I mean our teachers.

None of us can say that he has profited to his uttermost by all the things prescribed for him in school, to supple and to strengthen him for the long struggle of life. To the question: "Are ye able to drink of this cup?" none of us can answer with the calm assurance of the Sons of Thunder: "We are able," but as we pass before the kindly Cæsar of the world, we lift our hands and cry aloud: "We who are about to *live* salute you!"

ORATION.

A Motto from the Catechism.

As the whole shining circle of the sky is reflected in one humble dewdrop, so is the horizon of life and its arching vault of aspiration contained in one terse phrase of the catechism: "To do my duty in that station of life unto which it shall please God to call me."

Search through the wide world of literature for some saying that shall more fitly set forth the dignified and solemn purpose of our being and you will find nothing so sturdy, nothing so plain, nothing so earnest. All that is to be achieved, all that is to be endured, the conquest of material things, the conquest of the inner self,—all are in that one word "duty."

To win success, fame, honor, glory, is no unworthy incentive to man's utmost efforts, but not the greatest. The desire for the approbation of his fellows burus in the breast of every man, and we can not scorn it as common or unclean. But what truly makes for progress in the race is that spirit within, ever unsatisfied with former work, yet ever striving for that far-off goal where self may honestly declare to self: "Well done, oh, well done!"

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it!"

If in the race of time the Latin peoples have been outfooted by the Anglo-Saxons, it is because the one lived and died for glory, the other for the sake of simple, English "duty." If glory be the meed of strife, why struggle when the battle's lost? But if the spur be duty then one must do his uttermost, regardless of the outcome. Half the victories that stir the pulse and set the teeth and make us proud of our illustrious race and lineage were won because our kinsmen still kept up the fight nor ever dreamed that they were whipped.

"Duty" is but a plain and homely word, curt and elemental. It has no linked sonority of syllables to commend it to the hired orator that celebrates the praises of a popular idol. It does not thunder on the

tongue; it does not flame with red fire nor quiver with the crash of bands of music. In the clear, white light that streams from it the highest heroism and the noblest self-denial seem but the things that should be, the only things a man could do.

There are those that decry this saying, but they read it wrong. They quote it: "In that station of life unto which it *hath* pleased God to call me," as if it were written to keep down the low-born and to make them keep the place assigned to them by a Providence whom it were impiety to strive against. They forget how much the Elizabethan age was like our own in thought and in feeling. The Western world was but new-found, and in the struggle for its spoils the little isle of England woke to deeds of high emprise. Merchant adventurers sprang up and from small beginnings became men of wealth and power. The ferment of new learning was working in the intellectual world. Kit Marlowe, ill-starred youth, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare (half-starved linkboy and poet of all time), were springing up. The quiet of the cloisters of the church was broken with tempestuous dispute. All that had once been taken on authority was now put to the question. The last was first, what had been first was last. The men that wrote the catechism were of the new faith,—"upstarts," so their rivals called them. Were they likely to throw down the ladder by which they had climbed and to drone out platitudes about walking in the old paths and doing as one's father did and never daring to aspire above the peasant's lot?

Not they. Their word shows it. They use the future, not the perfect tense. "To do my duty in that station of life unto which it *shall* please God to call me." In that one word lies all the difference between the spirit of the Dark Ages and the spirit of the Renaissance. The first looked backward, peering through the shadows of past years, declaring it discerned a constituted plan and scope of things, slave to be slave, king to be king, until the end of time. Thus it had always been, thus should it always be. But the Renaissance turned toward the light, presuming not to say what God had ordered for each rank and station, but, with a faith sublime, trusting each soul to hear the higher call and prove its worthiness by climbing up through every hardship that opposed.

There is no altitude too high to be included in that call; there is no breadth too wide but duty may stretch out to it. There remains, then, only the dimension of depth, gauged by the impelling force of each one's character. By these and these alone we must determine what is to be the space we are to occupy in the new life that lies before us.

VALEDICTORY.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:
In nothing does man challenge more respect than in the expression of a sorrow; in nothing is there struck with more sonority the common chord of oneness of all flesh. We

may give over seeking the philosopher's stone that changes all to gold, but we have found that the universal solvent is the tear.

In joy and in merriment there is no real kinship of the heart. What pleases one calls forth a pitying smile from others that human beings should be found so childish as to take delight in such a trivial thing. A laugh splits all the structure of society upon its cleavage planes.

But the tear obliterates all party lines. It dissolves distinctions made by wealth, position, education, and leaves only the democracy of sympathy. High or low, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, all understand the mother parted from her only son, the father from his daughter, the lover whose young bride is wooed and won by Death with his cold kiss. All understand and all respect. It is then that men grasp hands most fervently. The firmest friendship rests on sorrow, not on joy.

It were idle to pretend that to leave these halls of learning now conveys to us a shock of grief as great as if the news had come that someone near and dear to us had passed away. It differs in degree, if not in kind, from that. The essence of all sorrow is bereavement. We are parted from the things we love and, therefore, we are sad. Someone has said: "There is nothing, not in itself absolutely bad, of which one can say without emotion: 'This is the last time.'" How much the more, then, should there be to-day a gentle pang, a sombreness of spirit, a tender deep solemnity (as when one thinks on the higher, nobler things of life), a catch at the throat, and a mist before the eyes as one gazes on the old familiar buildings and the green campus, or into the faces of instructors, classmates, friends, and whispers to himself: "This is the last time."

The time has come to say farewell and "In that word—that fatal word—howe'er We promise — hope — believe — there breathes despair."

It is in vain that we assure ourselves that we shall meet again; that we will form associations of alumni and at recurring commencements visit once more the old spot. It will never be the same to us again. We know it in our heart of hearts, and so in the few golden drops of time that yet remain within the cup of college life, I pledge you, trustees, president, faculty, fellow collegians, and last and dearest of all, the class of '99.

First we salute you, gentlemen of the Board of Trustees: "Hail and farewell!" Never before this day have you and we looked each other full in the face, each knowing who and what the other was,—we the class of '99, you the corporate body that makes this institution what it is. And having met, we part. Hail and farewell! But ere we pass out of your sight and hearing, let us say that we should be less than men if there were not within our hearts one wish or aspiration that our Alma Mater should attain a yet grander future than even you have dreamed for her. In so much we are kinsmen. Hail and farewell!

Mr. President: The narrowing circle of

our college life has brought us nearer to you year by year. To-day—this hour is most centripetal of all, and ere the charmed circle breaks there is just room to say that we appreciate to the full what you have done for us. Whatever in us won your disapproval was what you deemed not for our final good; whatever in us won your praise was what you saw would make us large and noble characters. If in our grave and serious moments we have longed to clamber to a lofty plane, we may be sure your heart beat with us in that high resolve. If we achieve what you desire for us, we shall indeed succeed, not as the unthinking world records success and ganges it by money or by fame, but in that nobleness of character, that largeness of the brain and the heart, that steadiness of will and conquest of the lower self that mark the perfect man.

Gentlemen of the Faculty: With to-day ends that intimate relationship which, through the years of college life, has been maintained, but not, we trust, that deep, respectful friendship that could not choose but come from long acquaintance with men of your learning and serious purpose. And yet, though your purpose was serious, or perhaps because it was so serious, when we look back upon the hours we have spent together, we recall moments of light-hearted gaiety and the smile comes to our lips. In the years that are to come, we shall think kindly of each other and begin our reminiscences: "My old professor used to say—" and you: "There was a fellow in the class of '99—" Good-bye, God bless you. You have been good to us, better than we have deserved.

Undergraduates of the College: A slender dagger of regret pierces the heart, when the thought enters, that after we are gone from here, no one will miss us. "The king is dead! Long live the king!" You will take our places and the revolving year will still bring other students, after you are gone. It is like the world in little. We are but tenants, not the landlords of the universe. Though it seems the moon obsequiously follows us whichever way we choose to walk, and though our footing is on the exact centre of the horizon's ring, yet we know the moon also followed primeval man, and the spot where he sat flaking his flint arrowheads, was to him the exact centre of the horizon's ring. When we are as dead and forgotten as he, when the few broken shards remaining from our age are shelved and ticketed in museums, as we preserve the flinty tools with which he toiled, the moon will still follow the man and the blue circle of heaven struck with one compass-point centring in him.

"When you and I behind the veil are past, Oh, but the long, long while the world shall last!"

Fellow-Classmates: Truly of our meeting here we may say: "This is the last time." Though it should chance by some event miraculous that on another commencement day, we should be present and

answer to the roll call without one missing in the list, we should not be the class of '99, save in the name. Something would be lacking, something gone. The old bond of unity breaks this hour and when we take each other by the hand and look into each other's eyes, we know that as the class of '99 we part forever. We go our ways. If some of us should meet again, the light that shines upon the meeting will be so brief and

so illusory that "'twere like the lightning that is gone ere one can say: 'It lightens.'" It is the last time. If there lurk in any heart an ancient grudge against a class-mate, a jealousy, a root of bitterness, oh, pluck it out and cast it far away. And let us take each other by the hand, forgiving as we hope to be forgiven, and remembering that

It is the Last Time.

QUOTATIONS.

For Memorial Day.

1. Not costly domes nor marble tow'rs
Shall mark where friendship comes to
weep;

Let clustering vines and fragrant flow'rs
Tell where the nation's heroes sleep.

They rest in many a shaded vale,
By and beneath the sounding sea;
The forest winds their requiem wail,—
The glorious sons of Liberty!

—*Samuel Francis Smith.*

2. Garland our gallants with beautiful
flow'rs,
Peaceful their sleep through the long sum-
mer hours;
Deck them with chaplets, the tender and
true,
Wrapped in their glorified garments of blue.
Under the lily and under the rose,
Loved by the nation, they sweetly repose.
Sacred to-day is the ground that we tread.
Oh, how we cherish our beautiful dead!

3. Honor the dead with the richest obla-
tion!

Cover their graves with laurel and palm!
Honor the living for life's consecration,
Give to their pierced hearts love's healing
balm.

—*Hussey.*

4. They that die for a good cause are re-
deemed from death. Their names are
gathered and garnered; their memory
precious. Each place grows proud for them
who were born there. Tablets shall pre-
serve their names, and the national festi-
vals shall give multitudes of precious names
to the orator's lips.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

5. No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;

Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

—*F. M. Finch.*

6. Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave!
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;

Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

—*Theodore O'Hara.*

For Commencement Day.

1. Now the bright morning star, day's har-
binger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads
with her

The flowery May, who from her green lap
throws

The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire.

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing,
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

—*John Milton.*

2. There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is a society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these, our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all
conceal.

—*Lord Byron.*

3. Heaven from all creatures hides the book
of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present
state;

From brutes what men, from men what
spirits know;

Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery
food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his
blood.

O blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by
Heaven.

—*Alexander Pope.*

4. 'Tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,

Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

—*William Shakespeare.*

5. Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable. However, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

—*Lord Chesterfield.*

6. A little learning is a dangerous thing; Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring. There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain, And drinking largely sobers us again.

—*Alexander Pope.*

7. Catch, then, O catch the transient hour; Improve each moment as it flies; Life's a short summer—man a flower— He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

—*Samuel Johnson.*

8. We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; In feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—*Philip James Bailey.*

9. Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

10. Onward! throw all terrors off!
Slight the scorner, scorn the scoff!
In the race, and not the prize,
Glory's true distinction lies.
Triumph herds with meanest things,—
Common robbers, vilest kings,
Mid the reckless multitude!
But the generous, but the good,
Stand in modesty alone,
Still serenely struggling on,
Planting peacefully the seeds
Of bright hopes and better deeds.

Mark the slowly moving plough:
Is its day of victory now?
It defiles the emerald sod,
'Whelms the flowers beneath the clod.
Wait the swiftly coming hours,—
Fairer green and sweeter flowers,
Richer fruits, will soon appear,
Cornucopias of the year!

—*John Bowring.*

CRITICISM OF THE JANUARY, FEBRUARY AND MARCH RECITATIONS.

L

It is a little difficult for me to give you a clearly defined objection to some of the selections in these three numbers. It is a dissatisfaction that is difficult to express. The selections are not bad, but they seem a little commonplace; they lack style and distinction and a *je-ne-sais-quoi* that should make this department of the magazine as strong as the rest of it.

No matter how dramatic, exciting, or ludicrous the plot or the situations in a story, it can not be an effective recitation unless presented in language suitable for the purpose. For instance, "An Uncrowned Hero" in the March No. must fail of its purpose for this reason. Contrast it with "A Modern Elijah" in "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 7" and you will see what I mean. Both selections tell a pathetic story, yet how much more interest and sympathy must be aroused in both reader and audience by the "Modern Elijah" than by the first-named piece.

I believe in giving precedence always to the best authors, but we often find something of obscure origin that is noticeably good for recitation for the reason given above—that it has color and style.

Of the selections given in the January No. I consider especially good: "The Other One Was Booth," which gives a fine opportunity for impersonation; "Washington," a very good poem, containing beautiful

thoughts expressed in dignified language; "Nora's Awakening," a strong dramatic scene; "A Visitation," a bright encore.

I consider the following weak or not having the essentials of a good recitation, though they have many points to recommend them as literature: "To My Silent One," "Meg May's Valentine," "The Party at Odd Fellows' Hall," and "Second Fiddle."

In the February issue, "Her Cuban Tea" is worth more to me than a year's subscription to WERNER'S MAGAZINE. It is clever, up to-date, original in thought and in treatment, and bound to take. I like it immensely.

"The Madonna of Palos," "How the News Was Brought to Plymouth," "In Terror of Death," "The Country Reunited by War," and "What a Pity," all are excellent selections for recitation. I think, also, that the pantomime work in "The Conquered Banner," as directed, could be made extremely graceful.

The other numbers of this issue are not so noticeable as the ones above mentioned, though they all are fair. The February No. in this department I consider all-round better than the March issue.

In the March No. I am pleased with the "Reading from the Book of Job." It has great possibilities, and in the hands of such an artist as Miss Benfey can not fail to be impressive.

"Easter Tableaux" might be very pretty

if carefully given by girls accustomed to drilling together in such work. If attempted by a class in which there was any lack of harmony in step and movement, or the spacing bad, the effect would be entirely lost.

"The Old Bell-Ringer" is well written and good for school-work.

"Confused" is not at all striking, for the reason that there are so many pieces written in the negro dialect that they must be both characteristic and novel as to expression and to situations to command attention.

"I Got to Go to School" is bright and would be very noticeable if not for its similarity to other pieces of the same style—"Limitations of Youth," "Why He Couldn't Succeed," and "A Boy's View of It." The last two named, in back numbers of WERNER'S MAGAZINE, are among the best I have ever used.

The poem, "The Story of a Faithful Soul," is fine from a literary standpoint, makes a good reading, and I should think the pantomime would much enhance the effect.

I have the highest regard for the author of "The Grumble-Valley Grumbler," both personally and as an instructor; but with due respect to Mr. Pinkley, I can not say that I admire this poem as a recitation. The verse is good and the dialect is good, but it lacks distinction and is too long for a piece of this style. The philosophy of the whole thing could have been put into two verses and it is bound to become monotonous and tiresome to an audience before the end of nine verses is reached.

"Traits of President Jackson" is good for school and class work.

The scheme of "A Box of Powders" is certainly unusual. The dialogue is flat and silly. The entire piece seems strained.

"In Paradise" should make a pretty little recitation on the Easter program of a church entertainment.

"The Punctual Shad" should be amusing for certain occasions.

"Because 'Twas Lent" is decidedly bright and clever and a good recitation, because every verse reaches a witty climax.

"April to March" is good in style but lacks variety.

"The Birth of St. Patrick" is good, because the point of the narrative is well worked out, and the humor is typically Irish.

"An Uncrowned Hero" is an interesting and pathetic story, but rather poorly arranged and colorless for an effective reading.

The "Easter Program" is good and gives the right amount of variety.

I like all of the encores because they are bright, short, and pointed.

Ohio. Frances Loring Rathbone.

II.

"Reading from the Book of Job."—I am very glad to see a reading taken from the Book of Books, and still more so from a portion that holds within it the greatest

drama of ancient or modern times. The book of Job represents that aspect of human life that is of greatest interest to every man. "How shall we bear the evil that comes upon us!" has been the one great cry of humanity from the beginning. The story of Job alone answers it to any satisfaction. The dramatic power of this book has always been recognized by great minds. It has impressed all vivid, deep natures. It has been a consolation to all who seek a more intimate knowledge of the workings of the human soul in its relation to God. Such selections are becoming more and more acceptable to the public. The people are becoming tired of hearing the ordinary class of recitations. Dramatic readers are educators as well as purveyors of amusement to the public and it behooves them to select such readings as will further this great aim. Nothing could have been selected from the Bible that would be better for public reading than this number. It has been very well cut, for there is enough here to give the entire narrative and at the same time the most beautiful and well-known passages are retained. We congratulate WERNER'S MAGAZINE that its editor has shown such fine taste in including this in the Recitation Department.

"Confused."—I am afraid I feel like the old negro mammy! Negro dialect poems are being run into the ground, and unless it is a very, very good one, it is scarcely worth while to tire an audience with a dialect poem. This one has no great qualities of any kind. Such a poem should either be quaintly humorous, broadly witty, or beautifully pathetic. The only use this selection could be put to would be to emphasize the feeling of an audience upon the subject.

"I Got to Go to School."—Having met Mr. Waterman personally, this little poem especially interests me. Though not new in subject-matter, it is very attractive in style and in manner. Such a selection is very pleasing to young boys and, as it is often difficult to interest children and particularly boys, teachers are grateful for such aid from the Recitation Department of the magazine.

"The Old Bell-Ringer."—This story is characteristic of Russian life, with the deep pathos and patient suffering of the *moujik*. No story can so adequately stir the human heart to its very depths as a narrative of the wrongs and trials of these people. It is a well-known fact that people are vividly impressed whenever their sympathies are aroused and as in a recitation the object is to impress, this little story is very good for such a purpose. But unless the audience to which the story is to be told is well read and cultivated, its *best* meaning and tendency would be entirely lost; so that it needs a short, vivid talk on the social status of the Russian peasant. Religion being an all-important element in his life, it is fitting that a story relating to him should introduce this phase. This recitation has good local coloring, dramatic worth, picturesqueness, all of which are necessary for good effect in

public work. I would recommend it to any reader who thinks it would suit his audiences.

"*The Story of a Faithful Soul.*"—This is beautiful and has that element of spirituality mingled with its beauty that makes it touch the universal heart of mankind. It is a fitting selection for an Easter program, but would be pleasing at any time. May I suggest that the pantomime detracts from its dignity and the impression that a simple heartfelt rendition of it would make upon an audience. Some fine, solemn music would enhance its effect and would be enough of an addition.

"*The Grumble-Valley Grumbler.*"—The fact that this poem is by Mr. Pinkley should insure its adaptability for elocutionary purposes. The dialect is good and well carried out and in these days of morbid melancholy, it is well to present something to the public that has a ring of joyousness in it. This poem has also an element of beauty in it. The description of the coming of spring is very appropriate for the March issue. Altogether, we consider this a good selection for any reader.

"*Traits of President Jackson.*"—This fine little essay, as it were, is appropriate for a birthday celebration of Jackson or for any patriotic occasion. It is terse without being abrupt, short and still complete. The style is in harmony with the character of the man portrayed and therefore makes a good word-picture.

"*A Box of Powders.*"—Such little comedies are always pleasing to the public and though, as the editor well says of this one, the subject is not hackneyed, still the piece has not the charm and the air of refinement about it that many which have been published possess. One must of course consider his audience in choosing a selection, and with some, this would take very well, with more discriminating ones, it would not seem solid enough. Setting this consideration aside, "*A Box of Powders*" has good comic qualities, ends happily and is well put together.

"*In Paradise.*"—It has quite gone out of fashion to portray in any way, before the public, the sufferings of Christ as a man. Though we say "out of fashion," we mean that the mental attitude of people has changed in that regard. I need not say how or why. Therefore, though this poem may be very impressive for private readings, it is not suitable to put upon a program.

"*The Punctual Shad.*"—This selection would be very good to recite upon a special occasion, as, for instance, at a fish supper or at a fishing party or club. It is a good lesson in cooking, well written, with a few humorous touches that relieve its seriousness.

"*Because 'Twas Lent.*"—The small weaknesses of amiable woman always provoke an indulgent smile when presented in the guise they are here. The selection is charming, humorous, and "fetching," and if recited with daintiness would be acceptable to almost any audience. It would make a very good encore, also.

"*April to March.*"—The criticism of the former piece applies also to this one.

"*The Birth of St. Patrick.*"—Although the comic side of this poem might appeal to the Irish mind, as a literary effort it has very little worth. The reader's profession can be bettered only by his giving to men and women good thought at the same time that he amuses and entertains them, and satisfies their artistic instincts. This poem would not do much of any of these. I am sorry to have to say this of even one of so many good selections, but it is the truth.

"*An Uncrowned Hero.*"—Such pathetic stories always please and also teach. This one is pretty and at this time, when all hearts are stirred by the war, it would be particularly appropriate. Deeds of quiet heroism appeal to the deepest emotions and the best sentiments of humanity, and this is no exception. It would be a good number for any program or occasion.

Ohio.

Carrie R. Baldwin.

RECITATION AND DECLAMATION CHATS.

FOR the purpose of making these Chats practically helpful, we give, among other things, an analysis of an entertainment managed by Miss Nina D. Cooper at River Edge, N. J., March 31. The program was:

PART I.

TRIO: "The Reapers" . . . L. Clapison.
THE COURT OF CUPID . . . Mrs. A. M. F.

Calkins.

SCENE I: "Love's Dream—Cupid's Opportunity." With incidental solo,
"Wake Up, Cupid." . . . Willard

Spencer.

SCENE II: "Propitiating the God of Love."

SCENE III: "Victory and Defeat."

RECITATION: "The Young Man Waited."

J. E. V. Cooke.

SOLO: "To Sevilla." . . . Joseph Dessauer.

RECITATION: "Lelawalla." . . . Mattie

McCaslin.

TABLEAUX: "In snowy robe, in white canoe—
Her young companions round
her wept."

PART II.

RECITATION: "The Marriage of the
Flowers." . . . S. H. M. Byers.

WORDLESS POEMS: "Scarf Fantasies."

L. A. Middleton.

SOLO: "The Miller and the Maid."

Henry Marzials.

RECITATION: "Legend of Soap-Bubble

Land."

Marion Short.

DRILL: "Playday in Soap-Bubble Land."

TRIO: "Mammy's Lullaby." *Hendrick.*

There were thirteen young ladies and one little boy, who (the boy) took away whatever bad luck might have come from the so-called "un-lucky number." The stage was decorated in pink and white, with a canopy high overhead. In the middle of the background was a large frame covered with white, in the middle of which were the letters "A—Z," made of pink muslin. These letters were used because *A* and *Z* were the range of the initials of the names of the girls taking part in the program. Around this frame were draped the two colors sufficient to cover the whole background. The floor was covered with white crash, over which was strewn in happy carelessness a profusion of fancy cushions and several musical instruments, which were used in the tableaux in "The Court of Cupid." These tableaux were published in *WERNER'S MAGAZINE* for December, 1898 (25 cts.), and, to quote the report of one who was present at Miss Cooper's entertainment, "created a great deal of enthusiasm. Here we had great results with very little work."

"The Young Man Waited" (25 cts.) is a very laughable piece depicting the various emotions a young man experiences while waiting for his "best girl." She finally completes her toilet and is about to speak when "something about the maiden broke," and she hurries back "to the winding stair, and then he—evaporated."

"The Marriage of the Flowers" (in the "Delsarte Recitation Book," price \$1.25) is a beautiful flower-like piece, being as graceful as the wedding-flowers it tells of.

"Scarf Fantastics" (25 cts.) delights the eye, has harmony of motion, color, and sentiment. It is, indeed, a wordless poem. Contrary to the directions given by its author, the young ladies in the present entertainment were dressed in different

colors, and they looked very pretty in short-waisted tarlatan dresses,—pink, blue, white, red, yellow and heliotrope. When the scarfs were raised a very pretty picture was presented. Several more figures were added, which made this number longer and more interesting. Another teacher has informed us that in giving "Scarf Fantastics," she used garlands of smilax instead of scarfs, and that the effect was most charming.

Marion Short's "Legend of Soap-Bubble Land" (15 cts.) was used in a new way. Miss Cooper, dressed as "Little Maid Bubble," gave it in a novel way, using soap-bubbles to illustrate the legend. The bubbles, as she used them, were tough, and could be batted through the air with two zephyrs (a small paddle something like a tennis racquet), and rolled around the floor at leisure. She was soon joined by several more Maid Bubbles, who all carried pipes and bowls, and the air was soon full of bubbles, batted to soft waltz music.

By request, Miss Cooper recited "The Man Who Apologized" (30 cts.). This is a humorous story of how a fat man slips on the ice, and the attempts of a slim youth to apologize for his fits of laughter at the scene. For encore she sang "How Grandma Danced the Minuet" (in "Delsarte Recitation Book").

The soap-bubbles referred to above are made from a new preparation, for the agency of which we are now negotiating. If the preparation should prove all that the inventor claims, it will add a valuable and unique feature to many an entertainment.

* * *

Give your pupils quotations to memorize and, when possible, have the author's name attached. Bright, pure, good thoughts learned in youth will form a part of the pupils' after-life. The training of the mind resulting from such study is invaluable. You can often get a pupil to recite a quotation when, because of timidity or some other reason, he will not do anything else. Accustom him to the

sound of his own voice from time to time, and you can soon get him to attempt larger things, until in the end nothing is too much for him. He has felt his power and at last wishes to exert it.

In one school visited, the teacher had offered a prize to the pupil that could give the most quotations. She had the pupils take sides and called the game "A Quotation Bee." At the end of the "bee" the most awkward and timid-looking boy was still standing with an eager expression upon his face. He had won the prize.

A Quotation Bee is an excellent idea to introduce in a class monthly. In this way, quotations that have been learned and given from time to time during the month can be reviewed, and bright, new thoughts given.

In one school the principal announced from the platform, "Quotations." In a second a little girl in the front of the room stood up just where she was and repeated a brief sentiment. In rapid succession schoolmates in different parts of the room did the same, until at least ten boys and girls had risen and given beautiful thoughts. It was a novel and pleasing idea.

In another school ten boys marched to the back of the main room, formed a straight line across the room and faced the platform. The leader recited his quotation first in loud, clear tones and, in conclusion, gave the name of the author, as "Henry Ward Beecher." The giving of the author's name was a good piece of pedagogics. Each boy in turn did the same thing. The children that had heard those quotations will ever after associate with the thoughts given the name of the writers. In another school the selected pupils marched to the front of the room, forming a long line facing the school, and each in turn gave a brief quotation and went to his seat.

* * *

In the recitations this month are presented two or three new features, one of the most notable being the duologue or musical recitation, "The Heartless Posy." This is

recommended as much for its merit as for its absolute novelty, and should be a popular number upon programs. It can be given with good effect upon a stage or drawing-room, but is also especially appropriate for out-of-door presentation. The music is as catchy as the words, and the love-interest is of a kind that delights an audience the world over, besides being refined and dainty enough for class-work and school-exhibitions. Given two young people with a sense of comedy, and some slight knowledge of music, and this little duologue can not fail to score a great success.

"A Spring Song," is by Henry Frank, the preacher for one of New York's most liberal independent congregations. It breathes the spirit of May time and affords opportunities for bird-calls.

An effective recitation with musical accompaniment is "With the Shadow of Thy Wing." It is suggested that a reed organ outside the room play with the very softest stops, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," to the old tune of Toplady, and in the sixth verse at the line "He Who Watching Over Israel," the well-known chorus from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," "He Watching Over Israel."

Apropos of this recitation one is prompted to hint that all pieces that take one side or the other of the old Civil War strife have long been antiquated and, since the era of good feeling engendered by the Cuban War has come, should be laid away and forgotten.

"Laddie" will be found to be a very successful pathetic recitation. The human interest in it is so strong and there is so much legitimate opportunity for character-work that it is sure to make a valued addition to the repertory.

"Spring Flowers" will be welcomed as an exhibition piece for little ones at school.

"Baby's Bedtime" is *not* the famous "pig-piece" of De Wolf Hopper, so often asked for, but in the phrase so often used in politics, and so often ridiculed by the purists, it is "something equally as good."

"The Coming of Summer" has been tried and is said to have been eminently successful. "Cuban War Tableaux" by the same author is recommended.

Not only for Flag day itself but for any other patriotic occasion, will Flag Day Program be found useful, whether carried out in full or in part. Memorial Day Program has the original feature of the "Interlude" and directions as to music, Scripture readings, tableaux and the like.

For tall lads and young men the oration of Homer Longfellow on "The Policy of Cromwell," which won the prize at the Central Oratorical League contest in 1898, is presented not only as a suitable declamation but as a model on whose pattern other orations may be built. The same purpose is served by the Salutatory, Commencement Oration and Valedictory. They are meant to be samples of what is required in fervent speech semipoetical in thought and cadenced in language. They find a place in the program for Commencement day.

The following themes for orations are suggested:

Democracy.
 Bismarck and German Unity.
 Expansion. A Republic or an Empire?
 The Fate of the Philippines. The White Man's Right to Rule. The Consent of the Governed.
 The Leadership of Educated Men.
 Characteristics of Our Age.
 The Nineteenth Century the New Renaissance.
 Heroes of Science
 Man is What He does.
 Woman and the Ballot-box.
 The King and the Boss. Political Leaders.
 The Negro and the Nation. Burned Alive in this Year of Grace.
 The Fear of Poverty an Incentive to Excellence.
 Abraham Lincoln.
 The Dutchman and American Liberties.
 Trade Follows the Flag. Trade Follows the Price Current.
 Universal Peace. The Dream of the White Czar.
 Monopolies.

These are standard subjects but if someone nimbler with his fingers than with his pen wishes to construct an interesting address the following suggestions may be of use:

THE BASKET AND ITS INFLUENCE UPON CIVILIZATION.

Picture the primitive man, or rather the primitive woman (for it seems probable that the kindred arts of basketry, weaving and pottery were originated by her), without baskets or any artificial receptacle. Find out the different weaves in basketry, one over and one under, wattling, the bird-cage weave, two over and one under and so on. Show samples of each. Basketry led to pottery. The basket was lined with fine clay and seeds were cooked in it by putting in live coals and tossing them about till the seeds were roasted. This baked the clay lining and made an earthenware bowl. Indians still decorate their pottery in basketry patterns. Boiled meats became possible by pottery. Work out thoughts on this line. From weaving of splints, twigs and grasses into baskets came the weaving of long fibres into cloth. Work out that line. Then close with the moral reflection that the basket implies something to put in it and all that man has achieved has been in the line of providing for the future and storing up treasures not only to satisfy material cravings but the higher needs of our artistic natures.

KNOTS AND THEIR USES.

In the Standard Dictionary there are illustrations of the various knots and their uses. Learn to tie them all and show their properties with pieces of thin line during the address. Tell how useful they have been and are to man. He could not be where he is now but for string. There must have been a time when he could not tie a knot. Perhaps it was a restless boy fidgeting with a tough stem of grass that first learned it. It made the bow and arrow possible and gave man his mastery over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea, with his tethers, his nets, his fishing-lines. South Sea Islanders make their boats by lashing the strips together. Sewing is an extension of the knot. America could not have been discovered without the knot—there would have been no seamanship. Bring in the story of Alexander and the Gordian knot. The sword severed it but the mystery still remained unsolved. So the sword often ends the discussion of moral questions but because they have not been patiently unraveled they still remain to plague the nation.

SOUND IS VIBRATION.

Define vibration and show how it is isochronous like the swing of a pendulum. Sound sets the air to trembling by the vibration of a string as of a violin, by a column of air as in an organ-pipe or whistle, by a reed as in a mouth organ, a tongue of elastic metal. The vocal cords are like all three. They can be stretched like a string, they set a column of air a-tremble in the chambers of the head and they vibrate like a reed. By putting the fingers on the top

of a derby hat and speaking into it the vibrations of the air can be felt. See article, "Flowers of Speech," WERNER'S MAGAZINE for January and use apparatus there described for experiments. Or take a tin funnel with a wide mouth and tie a sheet of rubber over it tightly. Glue to its centre with Canada balsam a tiny bit of mica or a cover-glass used for microscope plates. Arrange it so that a beam of light shall fall on it and be reflected on a white screen. It will dance in different patterns with different tones.

* * *

So great are the benefits to be derived from judicious fault-finding that WERNER'S MAGAZINE repeats its request to its readers to criticize the recitations here presented. If you

don't like them, don't sit and suffer in silence, but express yourself. Write and say what you do like. Don't be afraid to speak your mind without fear or favor.

* * *

Note the change in the heading of this department from "Recitation and Declamation" to "Parlor, Platform, School and Stage." It is the intention of WERNER'S MAGAZINE to supply pieces suitable for use as indicated and special attention will be given to hints as to the composition and delivery of addresses and orations by youths in academies and colleges.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

I HAVE used many of the drills, recitations, etc., taken from your magazine and always with success. Last year I used "The Unfinished Song" as a pantomime to the music of Ryder's "Nearer, My God, to Thee," introducing singing, and a terrific crash at the climax, and many pronounced it the prettiest one they had ever seen. I mention this, as it might be a useful suggestion. I intend having "The Amazon Drill" this commencement. It seems strange that I was planning "The Story of a Faithful Soul" as a pantomime, when it appeared in the magazine for March. I have been a reader of WERNER'S MAGAZINE for years and could not do without it.

Colorado.

Sister M. Dolorine.

Regarding recitations, I find a lack of bright, short narrative selections—either in prose or verse. "Put Yourself in Her Place," in a recent number, I liked; also "Jim Bowker" by Sam Foss, which I have given a pupil and shall use myself as an encore. I like J. Edmund V. Cooke also. S. W. Foss writes much verse that is good for recitation, so does Frank L. Stanton. I should like to see the best of the numerous anecdotes, sketches and verses appearing in the current periodicals in WERNER'S MAGAZINE. During the war agitation your magazine was rich in timely pieces. The Christmas number of *Ladies' Home Journal* contained a poem "Dat Christmas on de ol' Plantation," by Paul L. Dunbar, and another, a juvenile, "The Chase of the Gingerbread Man," by Ella M. White, both good readings. The great demand here is for "something funny," but I find a story which has "go" holds the interest and wins approval. A strong dramatic selection that ends happily always pleases; while tragic endings are not desired. Most people have

too much hard work and sorrow in their own lives, not to prefer something which leaves them happy to something which leaves them sad. I for one would greatly value a column of references to stories or poems in the magazines or new books suitable for adaptation, or use without adaptation, as recitations. For instance, "The Jamesons," by Mary E. Wilkins, which has been running in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, contains good material.

Michigan.

M. Elizabeth Stace.

I gave the "Revels of the Naiads" (WERNER'S MAGAZINE, Dec., 1897), under the name of "The Red, White and Blue Fantastics." The girls were gowned in red, white and blue and the effect was most charming. I gave at another time "Scarf Fantastics." Instead of scarfs, we had garlands of smilax used. The effect was most pleasing. Another innovation was the introduction of interludes between the pictures. We had singing, speaking, and piano playing.

New York.

Emma L. Ambler.

In the February issue, "Her Cuban Tea" is worth more to me than a year's subscription price to WERNER'S MAGAZINE. It is clever, up-to-date, original in thought and in treatment, and bound to take. I like it immensely.


Ohio.

Frances Loring Rathbone.

I have your recitation "The Confessional," with lesson-helps, and must say it is the finest I have seen. The helps are what I like as we have no elocution teacher in town.

Missouri.

Mrs. George H. Idle.



CURRENT THOUGHT.

A SUMMARY OF CONTEMPORANEOUS LITERATURE ON OUR SPECIALTIES.

BABY'S MUSICAL TRAINING.

THE questions and answers in any English musical periodical are the most interesting part to Americans. They are so quaint and naive. A bass singer, eighteen years old, complains that there is no fulness of quality to his voice and wants to know what he shall do; a male alto and tenor wants to know if it will hurt his voice to sing falsetto. But this from an anxious parent, printed in the London *Musical Herald* for March, is really valuable:

"My little daughter is just three years old. As far as I can judge, she has no ear for music. She can not sing the simplest song correctly. I am most anxious to do all I can for her. How am I to begin? I am convinced that a great deal may be done by the right method. The way I was taught was miserable; I can see how mistaken it was, but do not know how to improve upon it. I want her to learn to read music easily and correctly, and to be able to transpose at sight.—A. G."

"ANSWER.—You must not expect too much of a three years old. Only exceptional talent will show itself at that age, and the child may turn out quite musical, after all. At present, her musical education can only be one of an atmosphere. Do not try to make her sing, but sing to her—or let the nursemaid do so—and by-and-by she may begin to join in, a note here and there. Never mind if it is not right, only let her like to do it, and it will come. The old nursery pat-a-cake sort of song is excellent—anything with easy catchy rhythm to which the child can clap or make movements in time to the music. Later, let her have a little drum or tambourine, and learn to tap it in time to the tunes you play. Any child who has a little sense of rhythm, even if she can not sing, may play the piano, and through the playing, the ear for tune may develop afterward. But let all this be fun and play, and do not keep it up a minute longer than the little thing wants to do it. If, as time goes on, she begins to sing, teach her little songs by ear. This kind of musical training is enough up to six years old, longer even. Then, if at six she can sing, try to get some tonic sol-fa teaching for her, with other children if possible. This is the best introduction to musical notation—easy and true. For pianoforte teaching, seven is quite early enough; harm is done by beginning too early; and kindergarten work, which gives the child control of her hands, prepares the way. Your ideal is a right one. Independent

reading power is possible to all, and transposition should be begun much earlier than it is. Music, unfortunately, does not get much time given to it during school-years, and teachers are tempted to spend the short time at their disposal in teaching the pupil to play pieces, instead of developing his musical intelligence. Hence the lack of interest on the pupil's part, and the drudgery for the teacher. Why should there be drudgery?"

THE NEUROPATHIC ORIGIN OF STUTTERING.

In a recent number of the *Philadelphia Medical Journal*, Dr. W. Scheppegrell, of New Orleans, has reviewed the statistics of stammering obtained by Holger Mygind, of Copenhagen, and compared them with those of Wyneken, Hunt, Kléncke, and Gutzmann. Mygind finds that out of 200 stutters 171, or 85 per cent. were males, and explains the discrepancy with other reports of the ratio, by saying that boys must have their speech-defects corrected, if possible, since they are to be bread-winners; but girls could stay at home and take the chances of outgrowing it. Of 417 stammerers in the public schools of Bremen, 70 per cent. were boys. Mygind shows that 189 of 200 cases of spasmodic speech-defects developed before the eighth year of life.

"Of 200 cases at the Danish institute, 85, or 42 per cent., had relatives who stuttered, or who had suffered from this defect. This is a much higher ratio than that obtained by Gutzmann, in a report by whom of 589 cases, only 28.6 per cent. had relatives with this form of speech-defect. The influence that heredity plays in such cases is still *sub judice*. Many believe that this factor is slight, and that the children of stutters develop the defect more from imitation, or what may be called a *contagium morale*, than from any hereditary taint. Mygind, however, believes that heredity has a definite influence, not directly, but as a predisposing factor, especially when there have been neurotic antecedents.

"Statistics show that 2.6 per cent. of the pupils who visited the institute had relatives who suffered from mental disease, this being 13 times the ordinary ratio in Denmark, where only 0.2 per cent. of the population suffer from mental disease. Idiocy was not found to be more common than the average, but epilepsy and other convulsive diseases were found to exist in the relatives of 16 per cent. of the cases. Chorea was not prominent, but neurasthenia, hysteria,

and migraine were above the average. Only three pupils had relatives who were afflicted with deaf-mutism.

"While the influence of diseases of the upper respiratory passages is generally admitted to be an important factor in non-spasmodic defects of speech, it has been usually considered of little importance in cases of stuttering. Of the Danish cases, 42 or 21 per cent. had suffered from chronic hypertrophic rhinitis, 78, or 39 per cent., from adenoid vegetations in the nasopharynx, 2 from atrophic rhinitis, 1 from nasal polypi, 8 from atrophic rhinopharyngitis, 32 from chronic pharyngitis, and 23 from hypertrophy of the faucial tonsils. While these conditions are not infrequent in children, still these statistics show a higher percentage than the average, with especial reference to adenoid vegetations, which must certainly be considered as a strong predisposing factor of speech-defects. In fact, it must be admitted that any condition that makes speech more difficult is not only a predisposing factor in the development of such defects, but must interfere seriously with overcoming them, unless the pathologic condition of the vocal apparatus is first corrected. While, therefore, Gutzmann, Mygind, Solis-Cohen, Makuen, and others admit the negative effect of the removal of adenoids in such cases, they also concede that the after treatment is markedly facilitated by restoring the vocal apparatus to a normal condition.

"An excitable and susceptible temperament has been considered by Gutzmann and other investigators as strongly developed in the majority of stutterers, but this opinion is not supported by the statistics of the Danish institute. Many of the pupils were of a quiet disposition, and not a few were even phlegmatic and indolent. Dulness of hearing was marked in 14 stutterers, or 7 per cent., although probably present to a less degree in other pupils. The intelligence was below the normal in 10 per cent. of the cases examined.

"The development of stuttering was found to be the result of association with others who stuttered in 13 per cent. of the cases. This corresponds closely with the statistics of Gutzmann, who found this to be the cause in 11.6 per cent. of 300 cases. In the same manner that children so easily develop peculiarities of speech and acquire the accents of those around them, they may also acquire spasmodic speech-defects, and this is an important consideration in the prophylaxis.

"Stuttering developed after infectious diseases, such as measles, scarlet fever, whooping-cough, diphtheria, and mumps, in 9 of the Danish cases, this being less than in the statistics of Gutzmann, who attributed the defect to these diseases in 13.6 per cent.

"A remarkable circumstance observed in these cases by Mygind, and also noted by Gutzmann, was the relative frequency of mirror-script (*Spiegelschrift*). The latter found this present in 2 per cent. of his cases, while Mygind found not less than 11 per

cent. who could write backward with the left hand. As this faculty has been found a characteristic symptom in certain nervous diseases, it is interesting, as indicating the relationship between stuttering and other psychopathic conditions. Gutzmann considers it as especially indicative of an unfavorable prognosis."

CYRANO'S TRIP TO THE MOON.

Apropos of Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" and the story about his trip to the moon, which Cyrano tells de Guiche to keep him back while Christian and Roxane are being married, is the recent republication of the real Cyrano's "Voyage to the Moon," translated by Lovell in the seventeenth century. It would take too much space to recount what his adventures there were. The problem is to get there. This is one of the ways he tried and failed at:

"I planted myself in the middle of a great many Glasses full of Dew, tied fast about me; upon which the Sun so violently darted his Rays that the heat, which attracted them, as it does the thickest Clouds, carried me up so high that at length I found myself above the middle Region of the Air. But seeing that attraction hurried me up with so much rapidity that, instead of drawing near the Moon, as I intended, she seemed to me to be more distant than at my first setting out; I broke several of my Vials, until I found my weight exceed the force of the Attraction and that I began to descend again toward the earth. I was not mistaken in my opinion, for some time after I fell to the ground again; and to reckon from the hour that I set out at it must then have been about midnight. Nevertheless, I found the Sun to be in Meridian, and that it was Noon."

The earth had turned, it seems, while the adventurer had been up in the air stationary. He thought himself still in France, however, for when he landed he was addressed in French. He was in Canada. The above passage should be compared with these lines of Cyrano's harangue to de Guiche in the play:

"First, with body naked as your hand,
Festooned about with crystal facons, full
O' th' tears the early morning dew distills:
My body to the sun's fierce rays exposed
To let it suck me up, as't sucks the dew!"

He makes an unsuccessful attempt to ascend in a flying-machine, which escapes from him. Some soldiers attach fireworks to it. As they are being set off, Cyrano arrives.

"I was so transported with Grief, to find the Work of my Hands in so great Peril, that I ran to the Souldier that was giving Fire to it, caught hold of his Arm, pluckt the Match out of his Hand, and in great range threw myself into my Machine, that I might undo the Fireworks that they had

stuck about it; but I came too late, for hardly were both my Feet within, when whip! away went I up in a Cloud. [See "Cyrano de Bergerac," Act III., Scene II.] . . . However, all the combustible matter being spent, there was a period put to the Firework; and whilst I thought of nothing less than to knock my Head against the top of some Mountain, I felt, without the least stirring, my elevation continuing; and adieu, Machine, for I saw it fall down again toward the Earth. . . . When I had according to the computation I made since, advanced a good deal more than three quarters of space that divided the Earth from the Moon; all of a sudden I fell with my Heels up and Head down, though I had made no trip; and indeed, I had not been sensible of it, had not I felt my Head loaded under the weight of my Body. The truth is, I knew very well that I was not falling again toward our World."

He drops on the moon.

"In fine, after I had been a very long while in falling, as I judged, for the violence of my Precipitation hindered me from observing it more exactly; the last thing I can remember is, that I found myself under a Tree, entangled with three or four pretty large Branches which I had broken off by my fall; and my face besmeared with an Apple, that had dashed against it."

THE RECIPE FOR ORATORY.

Impelled by the sense that newspapers are largely to blame for the decay, by disuse, of oratorical powers in this country, the *New York Evening Journal* was recently moved to print these editorial remarks:

"We say to young men most earnestly that they can not do better than devote their leisure to the study of public speaking. Nothing is more amusing, nothing more stimulating to mental activity. It may be painful at first to listeners, but there is no reason why the young orators should not practice on each other in clubs and at reunions, thus taking the criminal character from the early attempts.

"Learn to speak if you can, young men; and do not be discouraged. Many of you in the process of learning will become dreadful nuisances; but never mind that. The nation needs good talkers—and it will need them more and more all the time. There has got to be a shaking up of people's minds in this fair land before very long, and men who think something and know how to say it will be needed.

"Remember, however, that it is useless for you to learn to talk unless you first know how to think and to feel and to believe."

Then a correspondent, nineteen years old, asked the *Evening Journal*: "How shall I become an orator?" A good question, but an application to the wrong shop; as much as if one should go to a photogra-

pher to learn portrait-painting. Nothing daunted, the newspaper replies:

"Study the English language carefully. Read the best books, the *old* best books. Learn to think standing on your feet. Read aloud when alone, giving distinctness to each utterance, and striving for simplicity and for clearness before all else. Avoid mannerisms. Naturalness is the foundation of eloquence. Increase your vocabulary. A good supply of words is as important to an orator as agility to a boxer. Cultivate your imagination above all. Study the use of strong and accurate comparisons. Read Shakespeare, read Milton. Read Bossuet's 'Oraisons Funebres;' they are probably translated. Learn the correct pronunciation of words, and avoid carefully any affectations of pronunciation, whether English or American. Study words by themselves. Each has its beauty and its value. Read half a page of a good dictionary twice a week—that is Stevenson's advice.

"Think, *think*, THINK. That is the main thing. You can never talk well unless you have something to say. But while you learn to think, you may also learn to talk. Join some debating-society; or, better still, organize one among your friends. Arrange for a dozen men as old as yourself to meet to dine twice a week—no matter how simply. Let each take turns in talking for ten minutes. Select subjects in which you are interested and of which you know something. Criticize one another freely and applaud freely, too—that is important.

"Write what you want to say in advance. Learn it by heart at first. Extemporaneous speech of any acceptable quality is rare; it is never of the best quality. Learn not to be afraid of your audience—imagine that the people before you are cabbages."

A few days later advice came, which the newspaper insisted with the fittest of all capitals was good. It recommends reading aloud, three times a week, John Bunyan's sermon "The Heavenly Footman," and at every spare moment for a year, Burke's speeches at the trial of Warren Hastings, promising successful oratory in twelve months' time if these exercises are adhered to.

ABOUT A PATRIOTIC PLAY.

One of the most remarkable things about this very remarkable world of ours is that as soon as a man tells the truth or appeals to our higher natures, he sickens us and thereafter he can have only a limited audience. If he will only lie a little and trust to our second-rate virtues, we all will love him. So it happens that William Dean Howells, in the estimation of the public, is like the Clancys of whom Mr. Dooley says: "They waked their father with small beer and was little thought of." Nevertheless, what he says of Clyde Fitch's "Nathan

Hale" has a dainty savor for those that appreciate it. It was printed in *Literature* for Feb. 24.

"The other night I sat through a play that I wished so much to find better than it was that I had a sense of personal injury in the failure of my benevolence. It was the work of a dramatist whom I had always hoped good things from, and who is not yet too old to do them, but who had handled one of the most exalted episodes of American history with a very suppressed feeling for its sublimity and beauty.

"It was an incident of the War of Independence, and had the measure of noble tragedy in the fate of the young rebel, who, when he came to be hanged as a spy by the British, regretted that he had only one life to give to his country. But in compliance with the theory of the American playgoer that he goes to the theatre to be amused, the dramatist had provided so many reliefs to the tragic motive that one was not sure at all times that the motive was not comic. In these circumstances I did not find sufficient compensation in the strong patriotism with which the different sides were unmistakably characterized. The virtues all were in blue turned up in buff, and the vices were in scarlet coats; though once, when one of the enemy spoke with an Irish accent, in pity of the American prisoner, I saw that the British uniform might sometimes be buttoned round a feeling heart.

"The time was when this would have gone farther with me than it did; but what interested me more than its comparatively faint effect with myself was its apparent inadequacy with the audience generally. I wondered how much or how little a change in the popular mood toward England might have to do with the result. I have had my doubts whether there is any such change; but I could not help thinking it might be an unfavorable moment for a play dealing with an American hero hanged by the British as a spy, now when there has been so much talk, at least, about a *rapprochement* of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations for the exploitation of weaker peoples. I fancied that the time had been, not more remotely than the time of the Venezuelan difficulty, when its patriotic appeals would have stirred, certainly, the galleries more; and I had to ask myself whether the old grudge was really beginning to die out.

"We seem to have a present condition in which we can no longer appeal confidently to the old Revolutionary ardor of the popular audiences. During the last year, they have become so used to seeing the American and the English colors blended, and the portraits of the Queen and the President shown side by side in the kinematograph, and to hearing 'God Save the Queen' and 'Yankee Doodle' played together by the orchestras, that they are not so secure of their emotions as they once were. At any rate, I think that the day of the patriotic drama is past, and I am not altogether sorry. I have a fancy, which it might be better not to own, that in its literary expression

patriotism has never been very interesting. Patriotic song, patriotic fiction, even patriotic oratory, are all distinctly inferior to things in that sort which appeal to us not as Americans, or Englishmen, or Frenchmen, or Russians, or Spaniards, but as civilized men.

"For my own part, I confess that patriotism in people of other nationalities is extremely distasteful to me. I can not rejoice in their victories, which they make such a din about, and I find most of their monuments ridiculous; their material prosperity and territorial expansion are matters of indifference. I suppose this is the case with some aliens, regarding our own national self-love and its modest proclamations; they may not think our Americanism is the best thing in us; they may put our common humanity before that, and expect greater things from it."

A EULOGY OF RAG-TIME.

Mr. Rupert Hughes is not one of those Jeremiahs that sit amid the ruins of musical Jerusalem and bemoan the degeneracy of the age. He finds tidings of comfort and joy in the present—some think the all too present—"coon songs" of the day. Here is part of his message as printed in the *Boston Musical Record* for April:

"I doubt that American music will ever truly base its serious moods, its adagios 'and sich,' on negro modes; for, after all, to the average American the music of the slaves is almost as curious and as foreign as the Egyptian, before the streets of Cairo were brought here on Aladdin's carpet.

"Meanwhile, perhaps, the negroes themselves will rise to the emergency and develop the vast potential significance of their own school. A number of full-blooded negroes are now composing a class of music that is remunerative enough to stir them to ambition, and which is to-day only rivaled in vogue by Wagner opera. These men are musically illiterate, and do not write out their own melodies or accompaniments. But that is a detail which time will correct. Milton, you know, had to have his poetry taken down by his daughters. It was none the less his poetry; and the intervention of what is known to the trade as the 'arranger' does not separate the negro composer vitally from his work.

"The negro music of slavery days was largely pathetic; and no wonder! *Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen*—sang Heine and Franz. But out of grief came also the reaction; and if negro music has its 'Go down, Moses' (a theme of nobility and fervor hardly less than the Siegfried sword motif), so it had also its hilarious banjo plucking and its characteristic dances. It is the latter mood that is having a strange renaissance and is sweeping the country like a plague of clog-hopping locusts.

"Rag-time music meets little encouragement from the scholarly musician. I feel safe in predicting that rag-time has come to

stay, that it will be taken up and developed into a great dance-form to be handled with respect, not only by a learning body of negro creators, but by the scholarly musicians of the whole world.

"If rag-time was called *tempo di raga* or *ragus-tempo*, it might win honor more speedily. Or if the word could be allied to the harmonic *ragas* of the East Indians, it would be more acceptable. What the derivation of the word is, I have not the faintest idea. The negroes call their clog-dancing 'ragging,' and the dance a 'rag.' There is a Spanish verb, *raer*, 'to scrape,' and a French naval term, *ragué*, 'scraped,' both doubtless from the Latin *rado*—and in some such direction the etymologists may find peace, for the dance is largely shuffling.

"The dance is a sort of frenzy interrupted with frequent yelps of delight from the dancer and the spectators, and accompanied by the latter with banjo-strumming and clapping of hands and stamping of feet. The banjo figuration is very noticeable in the rag-music and the division of one of the beats into two short notes is perhaps traceable to the hand-clapping. Every American is familiar with the way the darky pats his hands with two quick slaps alternating with the time-beating of the foot. Something like this effect is seen in the bolero and in the accompaniment to the polonaise. The so-called 'snap' may be traced to the quick slap of the heel and toe of the foot in sharp succession.

"Syncopation is an unexpected visitant in negro music, and perhaps it is as well to admit at once, to avoid argument, that this is borrowed from the Cuban dance, the habanera. I must say that rag-time bears them only the faintest possible resemblance in letter and in spirit to the music of the Spanish races on this continent. It has almost as much kinship with the Hungarian Dances of Brahms and the Slavic Dances of Dvóřák. It has much of the abandon of a *Friska*, but in essence, rag-time is utterly distinct, racy, and shiftlessly chaotic. I defy the best reader in the world to catch the swing of it at first sight.

"To formulate rag-time is to commit synecdoche, to pretend that one tone is the whole gamut, and to pretend that chaos is orderly. The chief law is to be lawless. The ordinary harmonic progressions are not to be respected; the dissonances are hardly to be represented by any conventional notation, because the chords of the accompaniment are not logically related to the bass nor to each other nor to the air. It is a tripartite agreement to disagree. In this beautiful independence of motion the future contrapuntalist will fairly revel; the holy fugue itself offers no more play to ingenuity.

"The bass is metronomically exact, as a rule, and as thumpily discordant as you might imagine it to be if a heavy-handed negro should give all his eyes to his right hand, and let his left thump the piano where it would.

"The rimes are bad, but no worse than

those that delight the Gaelic ear; and the music is in every one of these cases marked with touches of originality and oddity most refreshing. The accompaniment to the song, 'I guess that will hold you for a while,' is simply awe-inspiring. I seriously consider it one of the most daring and irresistible songs ever written. It is well worth the effort of the student or teacher of harmony to make a study of it.

"The latest phase of the rag-time mania is the publication of such tunes as 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' Mendelssohn's 'Wedding-March,' and even the 'Trovatore' Miserere rearranged in rag-time. Their bad taste will serve at least this use: That it will display the elasticity and the energy and the captivation of rag-time as a special dance-form. It will doubtless find its way gradually into the works of some great genius, and will thereafter be canonized; and the day will come when the decadents of the next century will revolt against it, and will call it 'a hide-bound, sapless, scholastic form, dead as its contemporaries, canon and fugue.' Meanwhile, it is young and unhackneyed and throbbing with life,—and it is racial."

SPASM OF THE TENSORS OF THE VOCAL CORDS.

Dr. John Edwin Rhodes recently read a paper before the American Laryngological Association on the very obscure affection of the larynx called "spastic aphonia." Several cases are cited where the vocal cords spasmodically refused to act, among them being this:

"Sister C., aged twenty-five years, has been a teacher in a convent nine years, and has also led the singing in the choir. She has been subject to colds during the last few years, and has frequently become hoarse, often losing the voice two and three days at a time, but up to September last, the voice was usually clear and normal. About that time she noticed that, while the voice was clear a part of the day, at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon she began to be troubled with dysphonia, and was obliged to speak in a whisper during the remainder of the day. Since January the dysphonia has been constant, and the voice has been affected during the entire day. In using the chest-tones particularly, there is considerable muscular effort, and the voice will change from the chest-tones to those of the upper register involuntarily and very abruptly; at other times the loud voice is lost entirely, quite suddenly, but she can speak easily in a whisper. She noticed a curious condition in singing. She says that she seemed to have a double voice, as if she had an accompaniment similar to that produced by striking the A and E strings of the violin together. After using the chest-voice for a time, besides the pain in the larynx, there seems to be some swelling of the muscles externally, as she is obliged to loosen a silk handkerchief she is accustomed to wear about the neck. She says that the nose has

been treated for hypertrophy by cauterization, and some treatment has been applied to the throat. There is no heredity in the family. She is of an exceedingly nervous disposition. About three weeks ago she had a slight attack of acute pleurisy, from which she has not fully recovered. She now has a slight hacking cough and a poor appetite; has lost about twenty pounds in weight, and complains of general weakness and a great deal of headache. There is a history of no other illness. An examination of the throat and the nose showed that the nasal cavities were free and the tonsils moderately enlarged. There was some enlargement of the glands at the base of the tongue. Examination of the larynx showed the vocal cords clear and the upper portion of the larynx slightly congested. On phonation, at first the cords come together perfectly, but the ligamentous glottis falls to approximate perfectly, there being a space of about one millimetre. She has been seen but once, and was asked to avoid speaking in a loud voice, and was given arsenious acid, one thirty-sixth of a grain; strychnine sulphate, one twenty-fourth of a grain; quinine valerianate, two grains; camphor monobromide, three grains, four times a day."

It is but fair to add that the author says that there is no hope in any line of treatment.

BREATHING-EXERCISES IN CONSUMPTION.

The value of breathing-exercises as a cure for consumption has been largely discussed, and will be. Wide-open windows in the treatment of pneumonia in children is advocated by Dr. W. P. Northrup, in the *Medical Record* for Feb. 4, and James Arthur Gibson contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* a personal experience in the open-air cure for consumption. In 1895 he broke down completely and eighteen months later two doctors pronounced him to be suffering from acute phthisis. He took three months' milk diet in Ireland and then went to Nordrach in the Black Forest, where he spent three months and a half in the open air, increasing in weight from 138 pounds to 176 pounds and in chest-measurement 6 inches. He has been at his work three years since and says he is better than ever. As to air this is the program:

"From the moment of arrival until leaving Nordrach the patient never breathes one breath of any but the purest air, as Nordrach is in the Black Forest, at an elevation of 1,500 feet, surrounded by trees, and a long way off from a town or even a village. The casement windows of the sanatoria are kept wide open day and night, winter and summer, and in some instances the windows are taken completely out of the frames. Thus, it is practically an outdoor life the patient lives continuously.

There is, therefore, no danger of chills on going out in any kind of weather or at any hour, as the temperature within and without is equal."

The patients are stuffed to their utmost capacity, twice or three times what they feel like eating. No snacks between meals; breakfast at eight, dinner at one and supper at seven o'clock.

As to exercise, Dr. Walther, the medical director, says that more consumptives kill themselves by doing too much than in any other way. The doctor visits each patient three times a day and tells him what he ought to do,—lie in bed, or on his couch, to sit outside or go for a walk.

This very point was made at the meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine held on Jan. 17. Dr. Alfred Mann, of Denver, read a paper advocating the use of sodium cinnamate in the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis:

"It is a common mistake to think that a few hours spent each day in the open air is worthy of the title of the 'open-air treatment.' It is better than no life in the open air, but the benefit to be obtained from this mode of life is in direct proportion to the number of hours spent out-of-doors daily. Another very common fallacy is that exercise in the open air is always beneficial to the person suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis. When there is a febrile movement every afternoon, and there is evident prostration, then the less exercise taken the better. Mountain climbing and horseback riding are to be especially avoided. A great many patients die almost solely because they come west with the general direction from their physicians to keep outdoors and take plenty of horseback exercise. Any physician who sees much of his patients and observes the effects of such advice upon them, will soon appreciate the mischief done in this way. Some claim that the benefit from residence in high altitudes is largely that resulting from increased respiratory movements, but the benefit is derived in spite of such accelerated respiration. Constant exposure to cold air increases the strength of the body and its power of resisting disease."

In the discussion, Dr. S. Knopf said that if the patient's head was protected from the sun's rays, exposure to the sunlight was a very important part of the treatment. In his opinion, breathing-exercises constituted a most important part of the treatment, but, of course, they must be carried on judiciously, and not left to the will and the discretion of the patient. Breathing-exercises should never be taken except in the purest, clearest atmosphere, and when the patient was not fatigued, and when the head was turned away from the wind. Deep inspirations should be followed by a secondary

expiratory effort for the purpose of expelling a little more of the residual air.

Controverting this, Dr. Mann said that he had frequently seen deleterious results that could be directly traced to breathing-exercises. He could not see why lungs filled with ulcerated areas should be persistently stretched any more than a fractured limb should be subjected to frequent manipulations.

THE LECTURER AS A CHAMPION OF TRUTH.

This panegyric of the lecturer that follows is by Joseph F. Flint and appeared in the March No. of *Talent*. One may question whether it is true or whether it is what Mr. Flint wishes were true. Perhaps the great thinking mass in the smaller towns and cities do care for lectures of the higher type, but one doubts it, seeing that the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage is considered a great platform star, and that an address with the title, "Acres of Diamonds," is at about the top notch in point of popularity. "Acres of Diamonds" does not promise much intellectual nourishment, and if bad taste is wickedness then Dr. Talmage is the chief of sinners. But hear Mr. Flint:

"Every day it is becoming more impossible for the platform to be a mere echo of the pulpit, and yet never before has it proved itself so efficient an advocate of truth and righteousness. What pulpiteer excelled in his day, in the power of moral uplift, those preachers of righteousness, Emerson, Holmes, Gough, and Phillips? Where can we find to-day more influential and more popular men than those who on the public platform discuss serious moral issues?

"Into the arena of the world's thought are daily flung great and vital problems that will not down, sealed books holding the fate of empires, knotty questions, tangled skeins, bones of contention over which men wrangle and clamor as the wild beasts once fought one another in the Roman Colosseum. Into this bewildering arena of conflicting opinions steps the well-equipped, approved lecturer, calm in the consciousness of matured strength, holding aloft the shining torch of truth, bringing order out of chaos. The public lecturer who is a good, gifted and studious man has as many advantages as the champion of truth.

"In the first place, he can usually reach a class of men not found in the churches, and confessedly this is a large and growing class. For reasons that need not be here analyzed, multitudes of reputable and thoughtful men have long since ceased to look to the church for instruction in righteousness, yet are by no means indifferent to the truth. Fortunate is he that can gain the ear and reach the heart of these men. By spicing his message with wit and with humor, and exercising tact, the lecturer may often sow the good seed, which will in due time bring forth abundant fruit.

"Then again the itinerant lecturer is not

often suspected of special pleading. He has no axe to grind, no organization to boost, no party to please; hence his message is received on its own merits. Every point he makes is a nail driven in a sure place. But above all the lecturer has this immense advantage, that he usually enjoys a far wider outlook upon life than does the local pastor; has access to great libraries, and can take much more time in exploiting any given subject. Hence, the public may well look to the lecturer for a thorough, accurate and comprehensive discussion of great themes of general interest. This is the great desideratum. One solid shot from a thirteen-inch breech-loader can do vastly more execution than a hundred rusty smooth-bores. A community may involve itself in a snarl of errors that one strong lecture may dissipate. Long live the lecture-platform!"

THE CHILDREN OF THE STAGE.

At the benefit for the Actors' Fund given in New York on March 23, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll said, concerning the stage and theatrical people:

"The stage has ever been the altar, the pulpit, the cathedral of the heart. There, in spite of wealth and power, in spite of caste and cruel pride, true love has ever triumphed over all.

"The stage has taught the noblest lesson, the highest truth, and that is this: It is better to deserve without receiving than to receive without deserving. As a matter of fact, it is better to be the victim of villainy than to be the villain.

"The children of the stage are improvident enough to enjoy the present and credulous enough to believe the promises of the universal liar known as hope. So, when they have reached the ladder's topmost round, they think the world is theirs. But from the ranks of youth the rival steps. Upon the veteran brows the wreaths begin to fade, the leaves, to fall; and failure sadly supes on memory. They leave their palaces and thrones, their crowns are gone, and from their hands the sceptres fall. Then the silence falls on darkness.

"Some loving hands should close their eyes; some loving lips should leave upon their pallid brows a kiss; some friends should lay the breathless forms away, and on the graves drop blossoms, jeweled with the tears of love. This is the work of the generous men and women who contribute to the Actors' Fund."

STRONG YOUNG VOLUNTEERS.

If war must be, if any of our young men must offer their lives on their country's altar, it seems a pity that the weaklings, who could be better spared, can not be taken. But no, the very pick and flower of our youth are the only ones that can pass the examination. Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholas Senn, chief of the operating staff of the United States Army, who directed the ex-

aminations of recruits in Illinois, and was at the front for three months with the troops. In an interview printed in *Chicago Men* for April, says this about physical conditions in military life:

"The more common causes of rejection among 9,899 Illinois volunteers were hernia, varicose veins of the lower extremities, poor physique, heart disease, imperfect chest expansion, loss of teeth and flat foot. The general cause of rejection at Camp Tanner was debility and inaptitude for the work. The rejections for good and substantial causes were ten per centage. This was influenced somewhat by the thoroughness with which the preliminary examinations before the recruits came to us had been conducted. The cause of the general debility was a lack of natural sleep in most cases. It is not so much how a man is occupied during the daytime, but it is the loss of sleep and rest that makes the difference; young men suffer little from overwork, but more from underwork. They ought to be asleep hours before midnight. If a man can give a good account of himself the hours between six and twelve P. M., he will find an improvement in his physical condition. I found some cases of tobacco heart and bicycle heart, the latter more frequently among the officers than among the privates."

"Then you would advise a young man not to smoke?"

"Yes. From a general observation I should advise a young man not to smoke, for the younger he begins to smoke the more harmful it is. An older man can tolerate it in moderation for an indefinite period of time, but smoking is especially harmful to growing boys."

"It was said that the city boys stood the test better than the farmer boys and men from the country. Is that so?"

"The proportion of rejections was much larger in the country regiments than in those from the city. I was very much surprised to find that the men coming from the large cities were on the whole equal to the country men in ability to assume military duties. They stood the long marches better, and in many cases proved themselves superior to the country lads in physical endurance. It was surprising to note the amount of reserve energy the city-bred men possessed. They were able more easily to adapt themselves to continued outdoor life. They seemed to have quicker intelligence and perception, and to know better how to take care of themselves."

"We found that the men who make the best soldiers are the short, wiry, tough men. The six-footer is too bulky and heavy on his feet to stand the long and hard marches. The men from five feet five to five feet eight in height, hardy and wiry, like the Japanese, make the best soldiers."

"What will give our young men stronger physiques and greater powers of endurance?"

"I thoroughly advocate out-of-door games as one of the things that would properly prepare a man for military service, as well as

for a healthy life. Physical training in the schools and the gymnasiums should be encouraged for the physical development of the boy, giving him great advantage as a man, and especially is this true in the larger cities. The labor and the hardships encountered in hunting and in rugged out-of-door life are best calculated to prepare the body for a life of great activity and privation. I found that college men generally were in good condition, and showed the splendid result of the physical training they receive in recreative games, their athletics and exercises."

WHAT OPERATIC ARTISTS COST NEW YORK.

John C. Freund estimates that, counting the \$800,000 receipts of the Grau Opera-Company for the season just ended, the \$100,000 that the speculators cleared and what was paid for separate concerts, recitals and private soirées, a million dollars fairly represents what opera cost New York for twenty weeks.

"Jean de Reszké sang twenty-nine times, and received \$63,800. Adding his Boston and Pittsburgh season, it is safe to say he will take home about \$70,000, after paying all expenses. Edouard de Reszké sang forty-seven times, and received about \$28,000. Van Dyck sang only seventeen times, and received nearly \$30,000. Saléza sang sixteen times, and got \$10,000. Dippel sang fifteen times, and got \$8,000.

"Maurel was paid \$6,000 for twelve performances. Albers and Bispham received \$300 for each performance. Albers sang twenty times and Bispham twenty-five. Van Rooy made about \$12,000 for nineteen performances. Plançon made about as much for thirty performances.

"Among the ladies, Mme. Sembrich leads with \$28,800 for twenty-one performances, her fee being \$1,200 for every time she sang. Next comes Mme. Lilli Lehmann, with about \$26,000 for twenty-one performances. Nordica sang thirty-one times. She was the hardest-worked of all the singers, and received about \$25,000. Emma Eames sang twenty-five times, and got \$15,000. Mme. Brema sang twenty times, and got \$10,000. Mesdames Engle, Saville, and Mantelli received \$4,000 each. Suzanne Adams receives \$800 a month; so her New York season of a little over four months will give her about \$3,500. Melba sang three times for \$3,600, and De Lussan four times for \$2,000. Schumann-Heink had a contract for \$1,000 a month for twelve performances. After her great success Grau made a much more liberal contract with her.

"The average cost of each performance was about \$5,500, of which a considerable part went to the orchestra."

THE SCOTCH AIRS NOT SCOTCH.

In these latter days it has come to be a sort of passion to upset accepted beliefs, to set forth by many infallible proofs that George Washington was but a poor creature,

while Benedict Arnold, Judas Iscariot, and Cain were real gentlemen; that Shakespeare could not even write an order for free seats at his own theatre; that there never was any William Tell; and that the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor are the cold truth. Perhaps the strangest thing of all is that the *Scottish-American* for March 8 should print an article by James C. Moffet, proving that the Scotch airs are not Scotch at all.

"Maggie Lauder" is Irish. It was originally "Maggie Laird," "Strong Maggy." "Lochaber No More" was written by Miles O'Reilly, the celebrated harper of Cavan, born in 1635. It was early associated with a ballad called "Limerick's Lamentation." In Burns's time it was sung in Ayrshire to the old ballad "Lord Ronald, My Son."

The music of "Robin Adair" is based on and Irish air "Eileen Aroon," which dates back to 1450. Robin Adair was an Irishman and the words were written by Lady Caroline Keppel, in England about 1750.

"The Campbells Are Coming," under another name, is traced to Andrew McGrath, a Munster bard, and there are copies of it in Ireland that date back to 1620, whereas it was not published in Scotland before 1760.

"The Blue-bells of Scotland" is said to have been composed and sung by Mrs. Jordan in London in 1786. James Hook, an Englishman and the father of Theodore Hook, wrote "Within a Mile o' Edinboro' Toun." The Rev. William Leeves, a clergyman of the Church of England, rector of Wrington, Somerset, a friend, by the way, of Hannah More the novelist, wrote the tune for "Auld Robin Gray," the words of which were first sung to a tune named "The Bridegroom Grat."

Even "Auld Lang Syne," as we know it, is not the tune that Burns knew, but was first published in an opera called "Rosina," composed by William Shield, a North of England man, and brought out on Dec. 31, 1782.

But "Scots, Wha Hae" is genuinely Scottish and, though it has carried many different sets of words, is known to have been a hackneyed tune among minstrels as far back as 1512.

"Bonnie Doon," so Burns says, was composed by a Mr. Miller of Edinburgh, who wanted to make a Scots air. A friend told him to stick to the black keys and keep a rhythm and he could not miss it. Between them they made the air, but a lot of Irish people told the poet it was an old, old Irish air and a countess declared that she knew a baronet's lady that took down the notes of the tune from hearing a piper play it in the Isle of Man.

THE CAREER OF AN ORATOR.

While it is hardly possible that a father should deliberately set himself to bring up his son as a public speaker, it is not improbable that the impulse and tendency toward oratory, which might amount to something great, is smothered and overlaid at its critical period. The *New York Mail and Express*, moved by the trend of the times, points out how worthy is the career of an eloquent man in this language:

"It is said that all the stores are full, and fathers even pay for the privilege of placing a son behind the counter. It is said even the new profession of electricity has become hopelessly overcrowded. 'What shall we do with our boys?' has long been a hard question in good English families. Of late it has not been a simple one here. But there are other callings than the commercial. There are other rewards than riches. It must be an exquisite joy to the speaker himself nobly to sway for noble ends great audiences of his fellow-men, and there are so many causes now for which one might expect God's blessing on his tongue. There is such need, always, of a pure life behind the speaker. The inspiration of fearless speaking comes from fearless living. The bad man can not be an orator. The special pleader for wickedness has but a transitory power. It is the truth alone that can be set forth eloquently. That is the case with all great art, thank God! The whole tendency of the study and the practice of the true orator is, however, in a peculiar degree, toward virtue in himself and the knowledge of virtue that he would set forth. It is in the highest respect ennobling. Our schools should be watchful, in this prosaic age, that the practice of declamation does not fall out among the boys. It is a belonging of our flag. It is a factor in our liberty. It is a safeguard for the future."

THE BOY OF PROMISE PLAYS.

In the old books the good boy loved his book more than his play. The fierce desire to wring that good boy's neck has never died out. That it was a healthy hatred is shown by this from an article by John E. Bradley in *Boston Education* for March:

"Someone has said it is work that transforms a boy into a man; but it is also to be said that *the boy of promise plays*. If any boy says that he would rather sit and study than go to the playground, take a good look at him. Either he is sick or prematurely developed, or he is a little humbug, trying to get credit for studious tastes under false pretenses. If his schoolmates are at play, he ought to be squirming in his chair and impatient to join them. Unless he is a poor, premature bookworm, with flabby muscles and quivering nerves, he is an incipient little pretender. Let us not make our pupils ashamed of the fact that they love to play and that they sometimes leave their lessons behind with a sense of

relief and hurry away to the athletic field or the gymnasium or to the familiar haunts of their friends and playmates. Let us not make them prematurely blasé, or permit them to look on with lazy indifference and superiority while others engage in games and amusements."

BRIEF MENTION.

"The Glare of the Footlights." Jocelyne Joye. *London Outlook* for March. Tells how dispiriting is the life of theatrical people.

"Some Plays and Their Actors." Irvington *Cosmopolitan* for March. Among other things a gossipy sketch of Belasco.

"Handel's 'Messiah' Material." *London Musical Times* for March. Shows how Handel "borrowed" from some twenty-nine other composers and worked over his own love-duets into oratorio and choruses.

"Don Lorenzo Perosi." G. Franchi-Verney. *London Musical Times* for March. Sketch of the new Italian sacred composer.

"Sun Symbolism in Browning." Helen A. Clarke. *Boston Poet-Lore* for March.

"Banquo, a Study in 'Macbeth.'" Colin S. Buell. *Boston Poet-Lore* for March.

"School of Literature." Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. *Boston Poet-Lore* for March. Two invaluable and exhaustive study programs.

(1) A Shakespeare study program: "I. Henry IV."—The historical plot, the characters, a character contrast, and artistic design. (2) The *Œdipus* story in the Greek drama.—The *Œdipus* myth in Greek literature and in folk-lore, the *Œdipus* motive in Shakespeare's "Lear," the evolution of ideals, fatherhood in a modern drama. (3) Questions on "Macbeth."

"Cyrano de Bergerac: 'What It Is and Is Not.'" *Boston Poet-Lore* for March.

"Expression in Reading." Marcellus R. Ely. *Peru State Normal School Messenger* for March.

"Debating at Harvard." George P. Baker. *Boston Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for March.

"The Drummer." Vaughan Dryden. *London Idler* for March. Story about a drummer in a music-hall orchestra, whose daughter's fiancé nearly kills him.

"The Telephone." Alys Hallard. *London Idler* for March. Dramatic story of a Frenchman who hears over a long-distance telephone the murder of his wife and child.

"A Regimental Gaff." Philip Trevor. *London Idler* for March. Account of a musical and variety entertainment among the British soldiers.

"Sunlight on the Profits of Women Song-Writers." *New York American Art-Journal* for March 25. The rewards of Mme. Lisa Lehmann, who wrote "In a Persian Garden;" Mme. Guy d'Hardelot; and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

"The Progress of the Players' Craft." Olga Nethersole. *Albany Argus* for March 26. Address delivered before the Graduate Club of the University of Chicago. Describes the growing influence of the stage and the need of training schools for dramatists and for young actors.

"Mascagni's New Opera." *Newark Call* for March 26. The story of "Iris," a brilliant production by the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

"The Magnificent Madam Rush." William Perine. *Philadelphia Ladies' Home Journal* for April. Sketch of the remarkable woman who was the wife of the celebrated author of "The Philosophy of the Human Voice."

"An Old-Time Entertainment." George Stewart. *Akron Self-Culture* for April. A belated plea for the revival of the old-time minstrel show, and reminiscences of the pioneers of burnt cork, tambo and bones.

"Dr. Buck of Norwich." *London Musical Times* for April. A gossipy account of a most lovable old cathedral organist and his ways of training boys at the Norwich Cathedral from 1807 to 1877.

"New Music in New York." William J. Henderson. *Boston Musical Record* for April. A review of Mancinelli's new opera of "Ero e Leandro," produced at the Metropolitan Opera-House March 10, and of "Adstant Angelorum Chori" by Prof. H. W. Parker of Yale, an a-capella composition that took the prize of \$250 offered in 1898 by the Musical Art-Society.

"A Group of Native American Musicians." *New York American Review of Reviews* for April. Short biographies, with portraits, of Dr. William Mason,

Prof. H. W. Parker, Prof. John K. Paine, Prof. Edward A. MacDowell, William Sherwood, Albert Lockwood, and Miss Maud Powell.

"One of MacIaren's Stories." *Fordham Monthly* for April. A well-written review of "A Doctor of the Old School," from the Catholic standpoint, but valuable to readers of Ian MacIaren's stories for its clear analysis.

"The Philosophers' Play." John C. McNeilly. *Fordham Monthly* for April. A supposititious conversation with Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

"The Limits of the Theatre." John L. Farge. *New York Scribner's* for April. A noteworthy study of the gestures and the poses on the stage as contrasted with those of real life.

"A Lover of Music." The Rev. Henry Van Dyke. *New York Scribner's* for April. Pathetic story, partly in French-Canadian dialect, of a fiddler in the Adirondacks.

"The Violin and Some Famous Violinists." Frances C. Robinson. *Akron Self-Culture* for April. A compilation from musical dictionaries and encyclopedias of facts and alleged facts about the violin and its famous makers and performers.

"The Origin of Speech." T. Ribot. *Chicago Open Court* for April. A study in the evolution of general ideas.

"Jean Jacques Rousseau." L. Levy-Bruhl. *Chicago Open Court* for April.

"St. Paul and the Theatre Hat." William Weber. *Chicago Open Court* for April. An interesting article showing that the modern custom of women wearing head-gear in church and at the theatre had its origin from an old Christian apostolic institution.

"A New Law of Health." Elizabeth Bland. *New York North American Review* for April.

"There is a Fountain Filled with Blood." Alexander Whyte. *London Sunday Magazine* for April. The hymn, its author, and its spiritual content.

"Some Microphotographic Studies in the Art of Recording and Reproducing Sounds." Arthur J. Hall. *New York Photographic Times* for April.

"The Singing-Fly." Edward H. Robertson. *London Science-Gossip* for April. An account of a fly that emits a peculiar singing-sound without any vibration of its wings.

"Care of the Throat and Ear." W. Scheppegrell. *New York Popular Science Monthly* for April.

"In the Public Eye: A New Composer." Brief sketch of Fath'r Lorenzo Perosi, the young Italian priest whose oratorios are setting the musical world wild. "A New Orator in the Senate." Sketch of Albert J. Beveridge, the new United States senator from Indiana. *New York Munsey* for April.

"Only a Curtain Raiser." Matthew White, Jr. *New York Munsey* for April. A theatrical storiette.

"Lincoln and the Emancipation Proclamation." Ida M. Tarbell. *New York McClure's Magazine* for April.

"A Night in a Hospital." *London MacMillan's Magazine* for April. The story of an old violinist who in his death-delinium lives over again the scenes that transpire during a memorable performance of "Tannhäuser."

"How to Sing." S. Filmer Rook. *London Non-conformist Musical Magazine* for April.

"The Teachings of Friedrich Nietzsche." Charles M. Bakewell. *Philadelphia International Journal of Ethics* for April.

"The Merchant of Venice," as an Exponent of Industrial Ethics." J. Clark Murray. *Philadelphia International Journal of Ethics* for April.

"Opera-Seasons and Opera-Repertory." E. Irenæus Stevenson. *New York Harper's Weekly* for April.

"At Fashionable Entertainments for Charity." *New York Harper's Bazar* for April 1.

"Some Early Playgoing Memories." M. Jay. *London Sketch* for April 5. Reminiscences of the days when the late Mrs. Keesley delighted her audiences with "Jack Sheppard."

"Dress and Character." Frances H. Low. *London Queen* for April 8.

"The Composer and His Librettist." *London Saturday Review* for April 8.

"Birds and Their Songs." *Albany Argus* for April 8.

"Hygiene for Pupils." W. E. Hathaway. *New York Outlook* for April 22.

"Clarion: A New International Language." *London Year-Book*. Another attempt to formulate an artificial language on a romance foundation with undeviating regularity of terminations for cases, genders, adjectival and adverbial formations, persons, tenses, and moods.



EDITORIAL



SUMMER is at hand, and with it come the conventions, and particularly the two conventions in which **WERNER'S MAGAZINE** is vitally interested,—the Music Teachers' National Association and the National Association of Elocutionists. The Music Teachers' National Convention is at Cincinnati, June 21-23; the Elocutionists' is at Chautauqua, June 26-30. To both be greetings and wishes for success.

The existence of these conventions calls up the question of their benefit, which is so largely dependent upon their location. Both are held away from New York this year. Is the greatest good to be obtained thus?

Obviously, the *raison d'être* of these associations is the mutual benefit of the members, resulting from the meeting together of fellow-laborers from all parts of the country, their interchange of ideas as to how this or that difficulty is best met and solved, and the general broadening of ideas that comes from contact with many men of many minds. What reflex good may ensue from the presence of the public at large and the awakening of interest in the arts of expression is aside from the purpose, although it is not to be denied that the peoples' taste must receive instruction from the concerts of the M. T. N. A., and the recitals of the N. A. E.

That there are more music teachers to the thousand of population in New York than elsewhere in the country will hardly be disputed. Also that there is a larger population of music lovers to draw upon for support of the concerts will probably be conceded, though it must be granted that New Yorkers have been so thoroughly surfeited with grand opera and high-class concerts during the season that they do not respond with so much enthusiasm to the opportunity as perhaps the people of

Cincinnati or some of the other large cities of the interior. But it was to be the greatest good of the greatest number of music teachers that was to be sought. Now it is a somewhat remarkable fact that New Yorkers will not go to any other city. It may be narrow in them; it may even seem to be a species of cockneyism; but to a New Yorker, America does not exist south of the Battery, north of the Harlem, east of the East River, or west of the North River. There may be everything that heart could wish outside of those bounds, but the New Yorker will not willingly go to see. It is slow work, fighting a prejudice, and it is a safe prophecy that Manhattanites will be all too scarce at the M. T. N. A. convention at Cincinnati.

Without disparaging the merits of the music teachers of the rest of the country, it is probably true that New York teachers are on the whole the best in the land. Most of them have come to the Metropolis from the provincial cities when they felt that their abilities were such as to justify the hope of success in the larger but more crowded field, where if the competition is fiercer, the rewards are greater. A convention in a provincial city means that these abler men, whose experience should enable them to give good counsel, will be absent.

It were too much to expect that the other cities of the country should behold New York assuming an air of calm superiority, without feeling irritated and exasperated, particularly when New York is so far behind them in many respects. For instance, she still has horse cars, which would be positive curiosities in other cities where quite large children have grown up in ignorance that there ever were such devices. But, come to consider all things, New York has a superiority in this, that it is so many-sided. If there is a

session of a convention not especially interesting except to a certain class of delegates, the others can go sightseeing with pleasure and profit, whereas in another city all that one can do is to drive out to the water-works or go through the mammoth furniture factory. It is the very indifference of New York that charms, like the insolence of a coquette that believes she needs only to smile to have any man at her feet. So, more people can be found to come to New York than can be induced to go to any other city in the land.

While these observations apply to the convention of the elocutionists as well as to that of the music teachers, other considerations obtain with greater force, which lead one to think that a quieter place, such as Chautauqua, or Asbury Park, or Saratoga, is more fitted to be their meeting-place. Their field is more truly that of the deeper education of the intellect, which is best accomplished in an almost rural calm. Theirs is a less mature profession than that of music; it has little more than begun to feel sure that it has a right to be, much less has it impressed itself upon the mind of the world as a necessity. It needs no argument to convince the people that if one would sing well he must be well instructed, but the superstition still lingers that a man is all the better a speaker for not knowing how to speak. Music teaching has its specialized functions; this man teaches only the voice, that man only the piano. Another instructs on the violin and still another the wood-wind. But specialization in elocution can hardly be said to have begun. It is well, then, to tarry in Jericho until your beards be grown, which is, being interpreted, to hold conventions that shall be in fact summer schools where not only minor details of technique, comparable to the piano teachers' discussions about finger-action or the vocal teachers' wrangle about nasal resonance, shall be talked over, but the larger principles be developed of an art that is one day to be a great and a growing factor of twentieth century life.

THE studious observer of the musical magazines can not fail to note the querulous complaint of many teachers that parents are slack in compelling the children to practice the piano assiduously. Many devices are suggested likely to bring about the desideratum, which is that human beings, yet immature and in the process of growth, with neither bodily nor mental power of continued attention, shall fix themselves bodily on a stool and mentally on a page and stick there for hours at a time at work, which is the dreariest of all things to listen to and tenfold more nerve-exhausting to perform. But even if those devices should succeed, it may very well be questioned whether the world would be very much better off.

There can be no reasonable doubt that it would be worse off, so far as the supply of sound, hearty men and women are concerned. One does not gain red cheeks, sound sleep, good digestion and steady nerves by practicing at the piano. There will be no serious argument adduced to show that it is better for young folk to stay cooped up in the parlor than to be out playing tag or tennis, batting the ball, or bicycling.

One may be pardoned the doubt as to whether the taste for music is much forwarded by piano lessons for the young. There is mighty little art about the process of learning this commonest of instruments and it is the universal experience of singing-teachers that it is possible to rattle off tunes on the piano without having a conception of correct intonation. Besides, one gets little good from what one must do without interest. When attention flags, the teacher teacheth but in vain. To be frank, in this day when holes can be punched in a strip of paper and effects be produced in technique, tempo and dynamics that nine out of ten pupils could never obtain if they practiced ten hours a day all their lives, one is puzzled to know why people chain themselves to the oar of the piano and work like galley-slaves.

On the other hand, singing is strongly indicated, as physicians say,

for children. The physical benefits are apparent. That singing makes one hungry is recommendation enough as to its healthfulness. It should not require much argument, either, to show that musical appreciation is most likely to grow and develop when it follows in the individual the path it has pursued in the evolution of the race. The voice was the first musical instrument invented by man and until quite recently the limits of the acutest treble voice and the gravest bass voice were also the limits of all other instruments. Their range has been extended of late years, but the ear takes little pleasure in the additional notes, and, beautiful as may be the tone of strings, wood-wind or brass, nothing excels the human voice when artistically produced.

It is true that there are few vocal teachers that now do much of anything with children's voices, but that is not because they are not capable of training the immature organ so as to nourish it without overworking it, but because misguided parents are offering their children to the Moloch of the piano.

* * *

IN the *New York Times*, a paper unusually well edited, appeared recently the following:

"A young man is acting as the resident correspondent of a daily newspaper in an Eastern city. Although both deaf and dumb, this young man is so exceptionally clever at lip-reading that he has frequently interviewed for his paper, men of national repute, politicians, scientists, and theologians, and the subjects of the interviews have failed to discover that they were talking with a deaf-mute."

Now, persons are dumb because they do not hear and not because the organs of speech are absent. As a matter of fact, it is hard to see how the organs of speech could be so wholly absent as to make one dumb. If there were no vocal cords, still the man could whisper or, as in some reported cases, the false vocal cords could assume their work. Even if the palate or the tongue be missing, the afflicted person is not necessarily

dumb, since the other parts take on new functions and, though speech is impaired, it is not wholly lacking. If one does not hear, then speech must be taught by the synthetic operation of the imitative powers derived from the impressions upon sight and peripheral sensation. One sees the lips pop as for *p*, or feels that the voice vibrates the bony structure of the head for *b*. It seems incredible that one could learn to read speech by watching the lips and yet be unable to speak,—to be "dumb."

But this is simplicity itself, compared with asking us to believe that a mute could interview distinguished persons, without their discovering that they were conversing with a man unable to speak. This is like declaring that a cripple could dance the Highland fling without the spectators discovering that both his legs were off above the knee. As a matter of fact, it is next to impossible to find even the most accomplished lip-reader among the congenitally deaf that does not betray in some slight way that he does not hear. This is by no means to decry in the least the marvelous achievements and incalculable benefits of lip-reading, but it is to tell the truth.

* * *

MRS. ELEANOR GEORGEN, who for about fifteen years was teacher of elocution and physical culture at the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts, and for one year a co-principal with Mr. F. F. Mackay of the National Dramatic Conservatory, has given up professional work and retired to private life. Her professional association with Mr. Mackay was all the more interesting to those who witnessed the scene at the Philadelphia convention of the National Association of Elocutionists, when, as president, Mr. Mackay attacked the Delsarte system from the platform; and she, quite as vigorously and more convincingly, retorted from the floor. Mrs. Georgen has done good work, both as teacher and as writer. She was active in associational work. Her retirement is a loss to the elocutionary profession.



COOPER UNION ELOCUTION CLASS.

THERE were no diplomas and no affecting farewells to Alma Mater, but nevertheless, the "Closing Entertainment," as it was styled on the program, of the Cooper Union Elocution Class held on April 25, was of the nature of commencement exercises. Almost everybody knows in a general way what the Cooper Union stands for, and how it puts rungs ready to the hand of him that wants to climb. You can learn any useful thing at the Cooper Union, and though it is pretty far down-town nowadays, and the people with the old Dutch names and the Yankee names and even the Irish names have been driven away and dispersed by new arrivals whose patronymics—for at least one generation—end in *owsky* and *ovitch*; yet the old passion for learning and the desire to be somebody and to do something flames as high in the bosoms of these young persons, as it did in those of Peter Cooper's contemporaries.

The effect of many magazine articles has been to make even New Yorkers (who know less about their own town than anybody else) think that the East Side is hopelessly squalid, wretched, noisy, dirty, and devoid of ideals. The East Side is all that and more and yet more. It is as hard to form an idea of it as of any other place where thousands of men and women and children live, but this much is certain: That the East Siders have a craving for education, for the gratification of artistic impulses, that is almost pathetic.

On this night some 600 persons climbed five flights of stairs in Cooper Union, to listen to thirteen recitations by members of Miss M. Helena Zachos's elocution class, and three selections by four mandolins playing in unison and most of the time in tune.

Miss Zachos gives these students of elocution an hour a week. Naturally, there can be but little individual work. There is, of course, the lesson, which is a sort of lecture-talk on some point in its order of development in the course. Then two persons recite and Miss Zachos criticizes, not to find fault for the sake of finding fault, but to show the way of improvement. The results, all things considered, are remarkable and to nothing may one give greater meed of praise than to the admirable gestures. These are people that labor truly with their hands to get their own living, and working people, to be blunt about it, are not wontedly graceful. Nevertheless only one in that long program was not superlatively graceful and forcible, and he was laughed at quietly, because he threatened too much with the

index-finger, and far less obtrusively and awkwardly than many a habitual public speaker. All their arm-movements originated at the centre, began at the shoulder, and when the gesture had made its point, when the cracker, so to speak, at the end of the whip-lash had snapped, there was no puzzling question, "What shall I do now with my hands?" The arms fell, and the hands hung from the ends of the arms.

The voices, particularly of the girls, were hardly as well developed, but nearly all were quite young, and young people rarely speak on their resonances. One young woman with her hair in braids, Miss Carrie Halpert, showed that she possesses a power of comedy uncommon to her sex, in spite of a thin and nasal upper register; and Gertrude Livingstone, in reciting Gilbert Parker's "John Bagot," gave evidence of serious abilities that may justify the ambition that she perhaps unconsciously disclosed in the little address she made in presenting a floral piece to Miss Zachos on behalf of the class. She said then that if there should develop any Rehans or Mansfields from this class, in the days of their triumph they would look with gratitude upon Miss Zachos, who had given their first lessons and had done so much toward setting them in the right path. Perhaps she has her high hopes, too. Fernanda Eliscu, who won the gold medal at the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts and has such a brilliant future almost guaranteed her by the Frohmans, came from Miss Zachos's class at the Cooper Union.

Another noteworthy figure on the program was Mr. Richard Wilfred, who recited "Hamlet's Soliloquy." Mr. Wilfred is a teamster, and learns his recitations while he curries his horses. Yet his recitation was well thought out, and every point was made so that the listener's most intense impression was: How beautiful those lines are! Hackneyed and threadbare, yes, but how beautiful! The diction was not flawless and the elocution was not always ideal, but it was so plain that the man could think that it seems a pity that he must continue to be a teamster. But how can he study for the stage when his spare time is nights and Sundays?

One other thought was prompted by Mr. Ben Kern's vivacious recitation of "Sam Weller's Valentine." That was, the great glee it excited in the audience. It seemed odd to the outsider to hear the elder Weller's cockney confusion of the *v's* and the *w's* acquire a Yiddish flavor, and perhaps it would seem stranger still to Dickens if he could have heard it, but somehow it seemed

to be more living than if it were truly British. How delightful it must be to have all Sam Weller's drolling as absolutely fresh and new as it was to that Cooper Union audience!

Not one of those that appeared had been coached or rehearsed in the slightest degree. What they did was an example of what they can do of themselves, after attending the elocution class. Their selections are their own, Miss Zachos only reserving the right to exclude trash and sensational recitations that would tend to lower their standard of taste

The program included the following recitations:

"A Vision of War," *Ingersoll*; "That Old Sweetheart of Mine," *Riley*; "The Neapolitan," *Isidor Fried*; "Ask Mamma," *A. Melville Bell*; "The Organ Builder," *Dorr*; "Pagett M. P.," *Kipling*; "Scene from 'The Three Guardsmen,'" *Dumas*; "John Bagot," *Parker*; "Sam Weller's Valentine," *Dickens*; "Pyramus and Thisbe," *Saxe*; "Hamlet's Soliloquy," *Shakespeare*; "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," *Holmes*; "Scene from 'The Last Days of Pompeii,'" *Bulwer-Lytton*.

Elocutionary and Musical Conventions.

N. Y. STATE ASSOCIATION OF ELOCUTIONISTS.

SECOND ANNUAL MEETING HELD AT SYRACUSE, N. Y., APRIL 4-5.

Tuesday Morning, April 4.

THE convention was called to order at 10:30 by the president, Rev. Francis T. Russell, of New York. The invocation was delivered by Rev. Philip H. Cole, of Syracuse. Addresses of welcome were then given by Hon. James K. McGuire, mayor of Syracuse, and W. K. Wickes, principal of Syracuse High School. Mr. Wickes urged the need of naturalness, patriotism, and sincerity, in the teaching of elocution.

Following the addresses, the regular business of the Association was transacted. The reports of the officers were read and discussed. The convention then adjourned.

Tuesday Afternoon.

The convention was called to order at 3 o'clock. A paper was read by Rev. Francis T. Russell, on "Life as It Appeared to the Heroes of Shakespeare," with illustrative readings. The following characters were impersonated: Hamlet, Wolsey, Macbeth, Shylock, Jaques, and Mercutio. Criticisms were invited by Dr. Russell, as an aid to the work of the younger students.

The discussion was led by Henry Gaines Hawn, of Brooklyn. This paper, with the discussion, proved of such interest that it occupied the entire afternoon.

Tuesday Evening.

In addition to some excellent vocal music, recitals were given as follows: Miss Stella King, of New York, gave "Stradivarius," by George Eliot; "A Coquette Conquered" and "Accountability" by Paul Lawrence Dunbar; and "A Village Singer" by Mary E. Wilkins. Mrs. Charlotte Sully Presby, of New York, gave the Balcony Scene from "Cyrano de Bergerac." Mrs. Ella Skinner Bates, of Newark, gave a scene from "Twelfth Night," and "The Lost Joy" by Olive Schreiner.

At the close of the program, a reception

was tendered to members and invited guests by the elocutionists of Syracuse. Mrs. Evelyn Benedict Ayres was chairman of the Reception Committee.

Wednesday Morning, April 5.

At ten o'clock, the convention was called to order, and the election of officers took place, this session being open to active members only. Mr. Hawn was appointed judge of elections. The result was as follows:

President — Henry Gaines Hawn, of Brooklyn.

Vice-President — J. P. Silvernail, of Rochester.

Secretary — Mrs. Olivia S. Hall, of New York.

Treasurer — Mrs. Evelyn Benedict Ayres, of Syracuse.

Miss Philomena Cavanaugh, of Buffalo, was elected to serve on the Board of Directors.

A motion was then carried to hold the next annual convention in New York City, on the Tuesday and the Wednesday preceding Easter, April 10-11, 1900.

Votes of thanks were then offered to Mrs. Ayres and the ladies of Syracuse for their hospitality; to the press, for their generous consideration; and to the president and other retiring officers for their services to the Association. The business meeting then adjourned.

At eleven o'clock, the regular session was opened by Miss Frances Schermer, of Herkimer, who gave a students' recital from Tennyson's "Queen Mary," criticisms of which were given by an invited committee, consisting of Mrs. Emily M. Bishop, of Brooklyn, Mr. Silvernail, Miss Cavanaugh, Mrs. Bates, Dr. Russell, and Miss Wood.

A paper was then given by Mrs. Bishop, upon "Bodily Responsiveness a Factor in Literary Interpretation." This was followed by a hearty discussion. The convention then adjourned.

Wednesday Afternoon.

The convention was opened at 2:30, and the discussion of Mrs. Bishop's paper was continued, according to vote.

At 3 o'clock, the Question Box was con-

ducted by Mrs. Olivia S. Hall. Two of the questions were as follows: "Need a recitation be artistic to be natural?" "Are we to be natural according to our own nature or the nature of the character represented?"

Miss Leila O. Hume, of Buffalo, then read a paper upon "Naturalness." This was followed by a paper upon "The Greek Drama" by Miss Minnie Swayze, of New York (read by Miss Wood); and another paper entitled "A Professional Duty" by Miss Caroline B. Le Row, of Brooklyn (read by Mr. Hawn). The convention then adjourned.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, the following elections were made:

Chairman Board of Directors—F. F. Mackay, New York.

Chairman Literary Committee—F. Townsend Southwick, New York.

Chairman Ways and Means Committee—Lemuel B. C. Josephs, New York.

Chairman Extension Committee—Miss Philomena Cavanaugh, Buffalo.

Wednesday Evening.

Interspersed by vocal music, the following recitals were given: Scenes from "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet" by Mr. Ohrenstein, of Syracuse; two scenes from "Macbeth," by Mrs. Ohrenstein; "Judging from Appearance" and "An Elopement in '75" by Mr. Silvernail; Julia Dorr's "Vashti," James Whitcomb Riley's "Griggsby's Station," and a selection from Edwin Arnold, by Mrs. Olivia Hall.

LILY HOFFNER WOOD, *Secretary.*

MUSIC TEACHERS' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION TO BE HELD AT CINCINNATI, JUNE 20-24.

PROGRAMS.

Tuesday, June 20.

Delegate meeting to transact business. In the evening a reception to visiting members of all classes, delegate and otherwise.

Wednesday, June 21.

Addresses of welcome. Addresses of officers. Short business meeting. Lecture and discussion on "The Correlation of the Different Branches of Musical Art." Recital of piano compositions and songs. Orchestral concert by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

Thursday, June 22.

Separate sessions of teachers of piano, voice, organ, harmony and composition, orchestral instruments, public school music, etc. Recital of organ-compositions and songs. Orchestral concert by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

Friday, June 23.

General session on matters pertaining to all branches of musical art. Business meeting. Chamber-music concert. Orchestral

and choral concert by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, the Orpheus Club (male voices), and a selected chorus of 200 voices from the Catholic choirs.

Saturday, June 24.

Final delegate meeting to settle up business.

The compositions to be performed at the sixth afternoon and evening concerts are chosen by the Program Committee from the best works of the foremost American composers. No other than American compositions or works by resident American composers will be performed at these concerts. Among the composers represented on the orchestral programs are Templeton Strong, Charles M. Loeffler, George Chadwick, Frank van der Stucken, Henry Holden Huss, Frederic Grant Gleason, E. A. McDowell, J. K. Paine, Horatio W. Parker, Dudley Buck, Victor Herbert, Arthur Foote, John Beck, Hugo Kaun, and others.

N. Y. STATE MUSIC TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

ANNUAL CONVENTION TO BE HELD AT ALBANY, N. Y., JUNE 27-29.

On its program of concerts will appear the following musicians:

Pianists: William H. Sherwood, of Chicago; William H. Barber, of New York; and Harvey Wickham, of Middletown.

Organists: Sumner Salter and Will C. Macfarlane, both of New York.

Violinists: Miss Elsa von Moltke, of New York.

Cellists: Hans Kronold, of New York; and Miss Lillian Littlehales, of Syracuse.

Sopranos: Mrs. Harvey Wickham, of Middletown; and Miss Katherine Hilke, of New York.

Contralto: Miss Marie Parcello, of New York.

Tenor: Harry Thomas, of Rochester.

Bass: Louis Stremple, of Albany.

Essays will be read by Charles W. London, of Lynchburg, Va.; Miss Kate Chittenden, of New York; and Silas G. Pratt, of New York.

The Albania Orchestra of forty pieces and the Albany Männer Male Quartet will assist. There will be a grand convention chorus. Liza Lehmann's "In a Persian Garden" and Silas G. Pratt's concert-entertainment "The Soul of a Song" will be among the attractions.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ELOCUTIONISTS.

EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING TO BE HELD AT CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., JUNE 26-30.

Everything looks toward a very pleasant and successful meeting at Chautauqua. The Assembly management is desirous of

doing everything for our comfort and convenience, and has offered an excursion on the lake for Tuesday evening, which will take the place of the customary reception. At that season of the year and in such charming surroundings, this form of entertainment will certainly be preferable. It is proposed to start at 6 o'clock so as to see the full length of the lake by daylight.

The day sessions of the convention will be held at Higgins Memorial Hall, on Wythe Ave. The evening entertainments will be given at the Amphitheatre.

The headquarters of the Association will be at Hotel Athenæum, where members of the Reception Committee will be in attendance on June 26, to direct delegates to boarding-places and to furnish any other needed information. There will also be someone at Higgins Hall for this purpose.

A special rate of \$2 a day is offered at the Hotel Athenæum, which will be ready for guests on June 24. Board at cottages can be secured at \$1 and \$1.25 a day, or from \$6 to \$10 a week.

It is hoped that many of the N. A. E. members will find it desirable to remain at Chautauqua for a week or more after the

convention closes, thus availing themselves of the advantages of this delightful summer resort and of the opportunity for becoming better acquainted with one another.

It has been decided to accept the regular summer round-trip fare to Chautauqua and return, instead of using the certificate plan, which limits us very closely as to time. The round trip is in most cases little more than convention rates, and many will doubtless wish to remain more than one week.

No entrance fee to the grounds will be expected from members of the N. A. E. The matter of admission will be arranged by the Treasurer.

Among the readers to be heard at the convention are Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker, S. H. Clark, Henry L. Southwick, Katharine Oliver, and Miss Sutherland. Prof. A. Melville Bell will be one of the essayists, although he will not be present in person.

We should have at Chautauqua the largest meeting yet in the history of the Association. That is the record of other organizations; let us make it ours.

CORA M. WHEELER.

Chairman Ways and Means Committee.

Book Reviews.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. By ALBERT LAVIGNAC, *Professor of Harmony in the Paris Conservatory*. Translated by William Marchant and edited with additions on Music in America by H. E. Krehbiel. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This complete, well-printed, well-illustrated book is not for those musicians that sneer at scientific knowledge of the laws of acoustics as being useless to them. It is for those that recognize that a man, to be of any account, must not neglect any opportunity to inform himself on any subject. Least of all can he afford to neglect information concerning music, whether he be a professional musician or not. One might as well, in the age of Henry VIII., have been heedless of theology, for music is so nearly wholly the product, not to say the discovery, of this century and more particularly of the latter part of it that to be ignorant of it is to be wholly shut off from the spirit of the age.

M. Lavignac begins at the beginning and tells how sound is only one kind of vibratory phenomena, and explains the laws of vibration in strings and in pipes. Unless the reader is very wise he will have something to learn on every page. For instance: Does the material of which an organ-pipe is made affect the quality of tone? Of course it does, say you. Certainly not, says he, and shows why not. What makes the tone in a common whistle or flue-pipe in an organ? Why, why—and you must confess that you do not know. Neither does any-

body else, but it seems more than likely that the thin sheet of air from the slit of the whistle's mouthpiece acts as a kind of aerial reed.

Here is a pretty example of sympathetic vibrations. The author had a petroleum lamp that would never let him play on the piano the march from "Tannhäuser." As soon as he reached the chord B, D \sharp , F \sharp , in the trumpet call at the beginning, it went out. This chord corresponded to the nodes of division in the lamp chimney and threw the air into such a flutter that the flame was blown out.

The book is particularly full in its description of the compass and characteristics of all modern musical instruments from the human voice to the xylophone, explaining their mechanism and recommending methods and books treating more especially of each.

Nothing is so common as to hear musicians talk of "tone-color," but everybody supposes that they are joking and say "color" when they might as well say "flavor," for they mean only that two tones of the same pitch and loudness may be quite different in appearance. But M. Lavignac is quite serious and declares that the flute is blue; the oboe green; the clarinet is a red-brown, Vandyke red, garnet; the horn is yellow; the cor anglais is violet; the trumpets, clarions and trombones are crimson in all its grades; mixed with the horns they are orange; the cornet, trivial and braggart, is a very ordinary red, like ox-blood; the bassoon is a dark brown mixed with gray; the percussion instruments, like the kettle-

drums and the bass drums make great black holes in the mass of sound; the roll of the side drum is grayish, but the triangle is silvery.

As to the stringed instruments he is a little timid. The violin in its harmonics is as blue as the flute; its G string is as red-brown as the low notes of the clarinets; its mute may be as green as the oboe or as violet as the cor anglais, and its pizzicati are little specks of black. The piano is a black-and-white drawing of a colored picture. It is easy to see how much is imagination and how much is imagination of what a man ought to imagine.

The whole subject of the grammar of music is gone into quite fully and then the æsthetics of music follow. There is an interesting bit about scales and language, in which he says, after enumerating what sounds the French language has in excess of others and lacks that others have, that there are so many shades of accent that can not be indicated, "certainly more minute than the quarter-tones which certain theorists find in the music of the Eastern peoples. These quarter-tones arise simply from the imperfections of the instruments, or from a peculiar drawl, a kind of mewing, in singing." Now that sounds like sense. It is perfectly ridiculous that Orientals, so far behind us in melody and in harmony, should have a scale in which there were intervals of quarter-tones. It has always sounded like a traveler's lie, and it is a comfort to find a great authority of the same opinion.

The history of music is well written and wisely arranged and explained. It would be well if all church organists spent an hour a day over it for three months or so. Perhaps one would not hear such ungrammatical accompaniments to the ancient ecclesiastical modes. As the history of music is largely biography, there is plenty of that in the book, and Mr. Krehbiel has seen to it that American musicians are not left out. There is a pretty passage at the end where the author describes the musical genius that goes straight on, turning a deaf ear to deterrent advice; enduring calmly all privations and persecutions not for the sake of fame, for that must come unsought and later; not for success, which is ephemeral; not for tune, which is despicable; but for the sake of the ideal. "Genius," he says, "is a fate; and no human power could have stayed the step of great, poor Mozart in the glorious path which was to bring his body to a pauper's grave, and his fame to immortality."

THE MUSIC OF THE MODERN WORLD. 27 Vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00 per volume.

The rule has been, hitherto that a compilation of which music was the subject should be as largely as possible composed of rubbish, the supposition being that what the American people really enjoyed was that sort of thing. So the book was filled with yarns about the moonlight on Beethoven's

hands when he composed the "Moonlight Sonata," and instrumental pieces of such sterling worth as "Buy a Broom Waltz" and "General Smith's Grand March." In this present book there is something on which the mind and the taste can feed and be nourished. The historical articles are by such men as H. E. Krehbiel, Louis C. Elson, Henry Finck, Nym Crinkle, Max Maretzek, and F. O. Schwab.

Leafing over the volumes one notes, for instance, that William Adams Brown writes the history of orchestral wind-instruments and illustrates it from his own collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. What is perhaps more interesting to the readers of WERNER'S MAGAZINE than the articles of Tamagno on Italian Opera, Van der Stucken on Male Choruses, Maurel on Verdi, Max Alvary on Wagner, Lilli Lehmann on German Opera, Anton Seidl on Conducting an Orchestra, are twelve articles on vocal study, from such authorities as Victor Maurel, Mme. Melba, Madame Marchesi, Sbriglia, William Shakespeare, Stockhausen, and the like.

It is also noteworthy that an edition de luxe of this work, strictly limited to 500 copies, is to be published as a memorial of Anton Seidl. The actual editorial work has been done mainly by Fanny Morris Smith, an accomplished and competent writer. The work should be in the library of every person of culture as well as every lover of music.

THE MUSIC TEACHERS' MANUAL
By JULIA ETTIE CRANE. Potsdam:
State Normal and Training School.

EAR-TRAINING. By ARTHUR HEACOX.
Philadelphia: Theodore Presser.

Mr. Heacox's "Ear-Training" offends in its appearance. It looks as if it were lithographed from typewritten copy and its thin muslin cover curls up in exasperating fashion.

One could wish, too, that the two authors had held a conference and agreed about the syllables to be used in solmization. Miss Crane calls *sol* ♯ "si" and the seventh "ti," but Mr. Heacox calls *sol* ♯ "ti" and the seventh "si." It is not necessary to do more than half an hour of steady thinking to imagine how confusion might arise.

Miss Crane's book is full of extremely good suggestions. Here are some of them:

"Realizing that the voices of children are more easily affected for good or ill than those of adults, it is the plain duty of the teacher to keep their voices in the natural, unstrained condition. The quality of the voice depends largely upon the feelings, and to play upon the emotions of a child means to change the quality of his voice. This is why to rote-singing has been delegated the work of awakening and expressing emotion, and by this and other means the voice is trained. Not that the intellect is supposed to be idle during this work, but

that all the thoughts are concentrated upon the meaning and emotion in the song."

"To be able to read music is quite as important as to be able to sing. As the plans for teaching speech differ from the plans for teaching reading, so must our plans differ for teaching the singing and the reading of music."

"Never allow children to sing out of tune. If they are inclined to flat on a song, try making them sing more softly, more distinctly, more rapidly, more brightly, making unaccented notes lighter. A higher pitch often obviates flattening."

"If the ear of any child is very deficient, the teacher should deal with his case alone. She should let him start the song himself and then sing with him, taking the pitch he has chosen."

"Choose songs of high pitch. By singing down from the C above middle C, children carry a good quality downward, whereas if they sing up from middle C, they produce a heavy, thick, disagreeable tone, which causes a break in the voice and sometimes a loss of the high notes."

"Teach children to sing softly. The harsh, unmusical tone sometimes heard in boy-choirs and in schools is the result of imitation of forced tones in older voices."

"It harms the voices of children to sing constantly in any one part of the voice. The whole range should be used except the very highest and very lowest notes. . . . Boys should be kept singing high, not allowed to make forced attempts to sing like men. When their voices begin to fail, take

them by themselves, and pitch each exercise where it is most easily sung."

"Should the teacher sing with the pupils? Never, when sight-singing is the aim of the lesson." The unqualified "never" would be better still.

The musical curriculum is well laid out and if a child could go through it from beginning to end as planned, he should be a tolerably competent musician, if he has any brains at all.

Mr. Heacox's book professes to be "a course of systematic study for the development of musical perception," and that, after all, is the main thing needed in this American country of ours. To know what one hears, to see the bones, so to speak, in a composition, just as the good figure-painter is a good anatomist, is surely valuable. Mr. Heacox presents a series of exercises, which, if practiced as he directs, can not fail to enable one of the most ordinary intelligence to appreciate intervals, rhythm, and periods. He begins with the diatonic scale and works on, through the different modes, chromatic progressions and harmony to canon, free imitation and fugues.

The illustrations, however brief they may be, are all from the works of the great tone-masters, and should be of great educational value.

The chapter on notation, with its hints as to how the pen should be held in writing music, how the heads, strokes, hooks, ties and rests are made, is well worth the careful study of many who profess and call themselves musicians.

Obituary.

FRANCES STUART PARKER.

FRANCES STUART PARKER, wife of Colonel F. W. Parker, superintendent of the Cook County Normal School, died at her home in Englewood, Chicago, April 1, 1899, after an illness of more than a year. She was born fifty-one years ago in Boston, and had made a distinguished name for herself as a teacher of elocution and Delsarte in the Boston University School of Oratory, and the Boston School of Oratory, before she was married to Colonel Parker in 1883. He was then supervisor of public schools in Boston, and worked together with her in the Martha's Vineyard summer schools.

When Mrs. Parker went West with her husband, she took the keenest interest in the educational work in which he was engaged and together they lectured on the same platform in some thirty States. She was a strong advocate of dress-reform. Mrs. Parker's exquisitely modulated voice and grace of carriage, in conjunction with the message she had to give, made her a most successful lecturer.

She was a member of the Chicago

Woman's Club, and the first chairman of its educational committee; president of the Political Equality League of Women; a member of the Chicago Fortnightly, and the first president of the Englewood Woman's Club.

She left two daughters.—Mrs. T. L. Shepherd, of Brooklyn, and Mrs. George Rolfe, of Cambridge, Mass.

To the hearts of many friends, of those who knew her as a teacher, of many others who knew her as a writer, lecturer, and educator, comes as a great sorrow the death of this gifted, widely known, and beloved woman.

Frank Stuart Parker was first known in Boston, as a teacher of elocution, especially of voice-training and the Delsarte system of expression. Her absolute sincerity and fearlessness, her scorn of everything that savored of affectation, her broad and intelligent criticism, her clear insight, added to an unusual tact and charm of manner, gave her a wonderful influence over her pupils—an influence that must make itself felt

throughout their lives. Her study was the study of humanity. Everything that she did was instinct with love of truth in its highest forms. Although often struggling with physical weakness, her brave spirit enabled her to accomplish a wonderful amount of work. Her ideals were high, and she was ever critical of her own achievements, always seeking for some better or clearer way of presenting her subject.

It was as a teacher and friend that the writer had the privilege of knowing Frank Stuart Parker, and she would here lovingly and reverently acknowledge the great impetus and inspiration that she owes to the wise counsel, the tender sympathy and encouragement, and especially the searching criticism of this clear-headed, strong-hearted woman.

After making her home in the West, her interest in her husband's work led her to give herself more and more to the cause of

general education. Lecturing and reading at many institutes and clubs, she always illustrated, in her own attractive manner and finely-trained voice, the true principles of elocution, and in her influence, the power of the well-poised, broadly-cultured woman.

Those who have been privileged to join an informal home-group and listen to her reading from Browning or from Emerson, and her talk afterward about the inner meanings of the poems, have seen her at her very best, and may well be thankful for the remembrance.

Easter morning broke for her with the new light of divine revelation. Now, with yet clearer insight, she rejoices in the spiritual truth and beauty that through her earthly life she sought so earnestly.

"On the earth, the broken arcs: in the heaven, a perfect round."

Cora M. Wheeler.

Letter-Box.

ELOCUTION IN CALIFORNIA.

I HAVE been a subscriber to your magazine for a long time. It is in many of the best families here. I have exhausted every book and magazine in my possession, in selecting pieces for the sixty pupils in my class. The population of Los Angeles is over 100,000, and they say that there are over 300 elocution teachers. To secure any kind of success I was compelled to make my tuition-fee a nominal one of \$1 a month each pupil, in classes of six, one lesson a week. I have had much success in the work (at starvation pay). Nearly everything is trade out here, as money is scarce, and it is a fact that Californians live on the Eastern tenderfoot. There are many excellent, refined people out here, who, like me, are unable to get away after investing—and losing. All we have is—climate. We have that to perfection. I will get back East to prosecute my beloved profession of "the art of expression" as soon as I can do so.

California.

Annie F. Adams.

AN AMERICAN ELOCUTIONIST IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The people of Manchester have treated us with extreme courtesy, also the press. I have been made a member of the Arts Club, of which Sir Henry Irving is the president. I have already given two recitals there, and will give another, April 22, for their Shakespeare commemoration night, with Sir William Bailey, president of the Manchester Shakespeare Society in the chair and Mr. George Milner, president of the Manchester Literary Society as director. Mr. Milner is father-in-law to Mr. S. R. Crockett the novelist. Major Pond offered him \$30,000 for a lecture-tour in America. Our best sea-

son is now at hand. April, May, and June are the social months on this side. I have nearly every night filled, up to June 1, which is very encouraging. With the combined efforts of my sister and myself and seven good agents (three Americans) we are fast gaining a hold upon an appreciative but conservative people, who have only a few professional readers and to whom schools of elocution are almost entirely unknown. They would be more appreciative if there were a few such men as Trueblood, Curry, Southwick, Fulton, Pinkley, etc., to invest them with a desire to study elocution. In all the best private schools here there is taught everything from Greek down to hockey and tennis, *except* elocution.
Manchester, Eng. George B. Williams.

A TWELVE YEAR-OLD ELOCUTIONIST.

I received one of your magazines and found a piece which I like very much and I will cut it out and send it to you. [A slip describing "The Ivory Crucifix" and "The Legend of the Lily" was enclosed.] I am a beginner in elocutionary, and perhaps I will send and get a good many pieces from you, and I have confidence in you, for I have heard of you having a good many pieces. I am twelve years old and like speaking very much, as I have recited quite often, my address is:

Illinois.

Miss Mabel Burcham.

A COMMENDATION.

We would dislike to think of doing without WERNER'S MAGAZINE. We hear so much from our friends in the work through its pages and receive so many valuable lessons—hints that help us in our work. We are only selfish and wish it came to us every week instead of once a month.

Wisconsin.

S. Etta Young.

READERS AND SINGERS

Mrs. Libbie C. Baer is State president of the Wisconsin Woman's Relief Corps of the G. A. R.

Mr. Robert J. Burdette, the poet-reader, and Mrs. Elnora B. Baker were married at Pasadena, Cal., March 25.

Mr. Marcellus R. Ely was one of the readers at the meeting of the Southeastern Nebraska Teachers' Association.

Emile Erckmann, who in collaboration with Alexander Chatrian wrote many plays, died, March 14, 1899, aged seventy-seven.

Miss Clara Patterson Gillum will soon open a school of expression in Arizona. She has been successfully reading in the South and the West.

Mr. and Mrs. Hannibal A. Williams gave two Shakespearian recitals at Victoria, British Columbia, in March, viz., "I. King Henry IV." and "As You Like It."

Miss Josephine Bond recited "The American Flag" with musical accompaniment at an entertainment given by the Arkadelphia Methodist College in April.

Mr. George B. Williams gave two Shakespearian recitals at Withington, Eng., April 17 and 21, with "I. Henry IV." and "Much Ado About Nothing," respectively.

Miss Jessie Kleinman has been touring with the Ottumwa Male Quartet throughout the West for the last two seasons, and has given altogether almost 200 recitals.

The melodrama, "The Baron's Victim," was presented by the students of the Schenectady Union Classical Institute, April 6, under the direction of Miss Florence C. Esselstyne.

Dr. Luther M. Gulick will deliver a lecture on "The Psychology and Pedagogy of Play" during the physical training conference to be held at Springfield, Mass., June 14-27.

Miss Anna Bancroft, a pupil of Mme. Luisa Cappiani and of Max Maretzek in grand opera, has opened a studio at San Diego for the teaching of the old Italian school of singing.

Mr. Ed L. McDowell's character-monologue, "The Vagabond Prince," was recited at a benefit entertainment given under the auspices of the Fort Worth Catholic Cemetery Association, April 15.

The marriage of Miss Eugenia Williamson to Dr. John R. Hume and of Miss Mazy Williamson to Dr. Harry H. Helbing took place at St. Louis, April 18. WERNER'S MAGAZINE extends its congratulations.

Miss Alice Breen writes: "The new edition of Sir Morell Mackenzie's 'Hygiene of the Vocal Organs' is very interesting indeed, and helpful in every way to singers. Success depends upon 'the hygiene of the vocal organs.'"

Mr. Henry Ludlam stage-directed a performance of William Young's "The Rajah," a comedy in four acts, presented by the Manheim Dramatic Club, April 15. The program reflects great credit upon its designer,—it is an artistic gem.

Mrs. S. Etta Young's pupils at a recent recital presented the following numbers: "The Forum Scene from 'Julius Cæsar,'" "The Dead Doll," "The Face against the Pane," "Jerry an' Me," and the tableau "Night and the Fates."

Mrs. A. M. F. Calkins, whose tableau, "The Fate of Virginia" is the frontispiece of this number, delivered her lecture "Remedial Gymnastics and Practical Elocution" upon the lecture-course of the New York Board of Education, April 10.

Miss M. Hallie Cozine, who has been successfully engaged in elocutionary work in Mississippi for several years, is now beginning work at Lexington, where she is training a number of children for an entertainment to be given during the Kentucky Chautauqua.

The pupils of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts, gave their sixth and last performance of the season at the Empire Theatre, April 6. Two plays were presented: "The Weldons," a society drama by Hubert H. Davies, and "The Profligate," a four-act play by Arthur W. Pinero.

Miss Jennie Mannheimer has just returned from a reading-tour in the South, having appeared at De Funiak Springs, Florida Chautauqua, and Nashville. On March 21 the C. S. E. Dramatic Club, of which Miss Mannheimer is director, presented two farces—"A Cup of Tea" and "An Exciting Day."

Miss Marion Short was the reader at a concert given by the Lyceum Quartet at Chickering Hall, New York, April 17. Her numbers were two of Pauline Phelps's pieces,— "As the Moon Rose" and "Her Cuban Tea." For encores she gave "Since Birdie Commenced Her Delsarte," and "The Limitations of Youth."

Mr. W. H. Cooper recently managed an elocutionary entertainment at Hope College, Mich. The principal recitations were "What Worse than War?" by W. H. Venable, "At Aunt's House," by James Whitcomb Riley, "The Limitations of Youth," by Eugene Field, and "My Ships," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

We are in receipt of an interesting prospectus from Mr. Virgil A. Pinkley, containing thirty half-tone illustrations of himself in the various impersonations in his repertory. For the last sixteen years Mr. Pinkley has been director of the department of elocution and oratory in the Cincinnati College of Music.

Miss Emma Elise West was the reader at the matinee of the Empire State Society United States Daughters of 1862, on April 18. She recited "Penelope Penwick," "Mandelay," "The Vital Question," and "The Fairies of Buda Peth." A collection of recitations compiled by Miss West will be published during the summer.

Mrs. Miller Hageman, wife of the Rev. Miller Hageman, whose excellent recitations have appeared in various of our publications, died March 18, 1899, after a lingering illness. She was deeply interested in her husband's work and in musical matters, being herself a singer and a pianist. She was at the head of the Brooklyn Symphony Society.

A debate between the Philotexian Society of Columbia University and the Literary Society of the Twenty-third Street Branch of the Y. M. C. A. was held at Association Hall, April 7. The question was, "Resolved, That the method of electing United States senators by the direct vote of the people is preferable to the present system." The negative side won.

Miss Blanche Duffield, pupil of Mme. Lena Doria Devine, was the soloist at a concert given by the Columbia University Philharmonic Society, April 21. She sang "Ah, fors e lui," aria from "La Traviata;" "At Parting," by F. H. Rogers; and "A May Morning," by L. Denza. Miss Duffield demonstrated the value of the Lamperti method for the production of upper-register tones. Her altissimo notes were clear, full, and sweet.

The annual prize contest of Hebron Academy was held March 24. The prize recitations were "The Confessional," "Hand-car 412," "The American War," and "The Martyrdom of Lydia." Other declamations were "Eulogy on Wendell Phillips," "Storming the Castle," "The Painter

of Seville," "Death-Bed of Benedict Arnold," "The Governor's Champion," and "How the La Rue Stakes Were Lost."

Miss Grace V. Bail, instructor of elocution in the Boston School of Art, held her junior class recital, March 30. On the program were "Apples Finkey," by John Jerome Rooney; Kipling's "Recessional;" "The Music Stool;" "A Piece of Red Calico;" "The Legend of Van Bibber's Rock," by Emma Dunning Banks; "The Unfinished Love-Song," by Charles Tiffany; and "The Nation's Volunteers," by M. P. Murphy. Miss Bail will shortly pay a six months' visit abroad, doing Italy, France, and England.

Miss Marguerite C. Curley, a graduate of the New York School of Expression, managed an entertainment given under the auspices of the Church of Our Lady of Victories at Paterson, N. J., April 13-14. The program comprised Genevieve Stebbins's "Eastern Temple Drill;" the two-act comedy, "Handy Andy;" Eugene Field's "Seein' Things;" fifteen classic statue-poses; "Ursus and the Aurochs;" and the pantomime, "Nearer, My God, to Thee;"—the last three numbers given by Miss Curley herself.

Miss Mary Haviland Sutton seems well pleased with her reception in the West. She writes that she has had every minute full since she went there, Jan. 1, lecturing, reciting, and teaching her fourteen classes in physical culture. At a recital on April 11, her numbers were "The Bee's Mission," by Marion Short; a scene from "Quo Vadis," with which she has made an especial hit this season; "How Old Moses Counted the Eggs;" the Letter Scene from "Macbeth;" the pantomime, "Nearer, My God, to Thee;" and "Aux Italiens," by Owen Meredith.

The pupils of Mme. Katherine Evans von Klenner gave a song-recital of the compositions of Pauline Viardot, April 22. Among the songs rendered were "La Dinderrindine," "Hai Luli," "Coquette," "J'en Mourrai," "Havanaise," "La Calandrina," "Les Trois Demoiselles," "Gentilles Hirondelles," "Bon Jour, Mon Cœur," "La Réve de Jésus," "La Marquise," "Grands Oiseaux Blancs," and "Les Cavaliers." One of Mme. von Klenner's pupils—Mrs. Carl Piqué—recently made a successful début in Brooklyn at a recital given her by her husband.

Mrs. Anna Spencer Frost is the teacher of elocution at the St. Johnsburry Academy, Vt., where she finds the magazine and "Werner's Readings" of immeasurable value. "Ursus and the Aurochs" in "Werner's Readings No. 19" has been enthusiastically received. Some of the recitations that her pupils give at their monthly recitals are "The Transferred Ghost," by Frank R. Stockton; "Tiger Lily's Race," by Mary H. Fiske; "Put Yourself in Her Place," by Charles Barnard; "The Rivalry," by H. Greenough Smith; "Coming Home," by Alfred Berlyn; and Tennyson's "The Lotus-Eaters."

Miss Margaret E. Brooks gave a recital at the Bettie Stuart Institute, April 4. The feature of the program was the following series of Greek tableaux: "Salute to the Lilies," "Achilles Robbed of Briseis," "Calchas, the Priest, Warns Agamemnon," "Home Scene from the Greeks," "Homer, the Blind Bard," "Thetis at the Knees of Zeus," "Dressing the Bride," "Abduction of Helen by Paris," "Ajax and Tencor Defend the Ships of the Greeks," "Love's Offering," and "Victory and Defeat." Miss Brooks recited Tennyson's "The Revenge" and Aldrich's "A Set of Turquoise."

Miss Agnes Crawford, prominent among New York elocutionists, gave her annual recital at the residence of Mrs. Andrew Lester, April 4. She was assisted by Mr. Felix Leipniker, violinist. Her program consisted of scenes from Act I. of "Twelfth Night," the Balcony Scene from "Cyrano de Bergerac," "My Ships," "She Liked Him Rare Well," "The Tola of Mustard Seed," "Not Willin'," "Bridget O'Flannigan," "Fishin'," and two pantomimes: "Eastern Temple Drill" and "Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" Miss Crawford's pantomime work was in truth wordless poetry. Several persons prominent in Metropolitan elocutionary circles were present.

Miss Hallette D. Hall writes from Texas: "Every issue of your magazine is read with pleasure, and the wide-awake way in which topics

of the day relating to the stage and platform are discussed is refreshing to those of us interested in artistic development of that nature. We had the most enthusiastic recital of the season here on March 25. "The Coming Out of Miss Cummings" and "An Impecunious Actor," which were given, were greeted with applause and laughter every few sentences. "The Amazon Drill," from the January No. of WERNER'S MAGAZINE, was also presented. Other numbers were "Manila Bay," "The Legend of Van Bibber's Rock," and John Kendrick Bangs's farce, "The Bicyclers."

Mrs. Florence C. Sutro was honored with the degree of Doctor of Music at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Grand Conservatory of Music, held at the Waldorf-Astoria, April 22. She is one of the few women upon whom this honor has been conferred; but Mrs. Sutro deserves it, for few have done as much for the advancement of musical art in this country as she has. She gathered the first library of woman's work in music and in law for the Atlanta Exposition; she organized the women's department of the Music Teachers' National Association and was the founder and first president of the National Federation of Musical Clubs, numbering 20,000 members. We congratulate Mrs. Sutro upon her success,—the natural outcome of her zeal, ability, and progressiveness.

Mrs. Harriet Webb gave a dramatic recital at Carnegie Lyceum, New York, April 26, when she introduced Miss Virginia Jones, a pupil of hers. She was assisted by Miss Florence de Vere Boese, soprano; Mr. Albert Gérard Thiera, tenor; and Mr. Albertus Shelley, violinist. Mrs. Webb recited Act I, Scene 3, from "As You Like It," Aldrich's "A Set of Turquoise," and Bret Harte's "Her Answer." Miss Jones gave Act II, Scene 1, from "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Last Ride," by Peleg Arkwright. Mr. Thiers sang three Tosti numbers—"Mattinata," "Ninno," and "Could I," and Sullivan's "My Dearest Heart." A notable feature was his piano accompaniments played by Mrs. Louise Gérard-Thiera, who is spending a couple of months in this country previously to resuming her concert-work in Italy.

The following, culled from the 1890 prospectus of the Packer Collegiate Institute, shows the ground in elocution covered by that institution: "As ability to read with ready and intelligent attention helps the student in all her work, much care is taken at the outset that the reading-book selected be adapted to the child's intelligence, and that the first efforts in reading be marked by clear thinking and by natural expression. Thereby, much is done to insure continuous progress in the higher classes. For the power of expression keeps pace with thought and promotes its development. As the students advance, and are fitted to profit by the instruction, they are trained in elocution. Constant effort is made to secure correct pronunciation. Leading dictionaries are accessible to every student." Miss Helen K. Alt-Müller is the teacher.

Students of oratory in the University of Michigan, under the direction of Prof. Thomas C. Trueblood, have won all their intercollegiate debates this year. The first was with the Northwestern University, Jan 13, on the question: "Resolved that the United States should maintain permanently a naval power much greater than that which it has at present." Michigan opposed the measure. The second was with the University of Pennsylvania, March 3, on the question: "Resolved that, under existing conditions, the abolition by all civilized nations of their armies and navies other than those required for the maintenance of their domestic police, is feasible." Michigan supported the proposition and won the first victory of the West over the East. The third debate was with the University of Chicago, April 7, on the question: "Admitting it to be constitutional, is a federal, graduated income tax desirable in this country?" Michigan took the affirmative. The first two debates were held at Ann Arbor, the last one at Chicago.

The students of the National Dramatic Conservatory, under the direction of Mr. F. F. Mackay and Mrs. Eleanor Georgen, gave their first public rehearsal at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, on April 7, presenting Jerome K. Jerome's "Barbara;" John Howard Payne's farce, "Mrs. Smith;" and Charles Dance's two-act comedietta, "Marriage a Lottery." It was not to be expected that the pupils of this school should graduate armed at all points and as

capable of doing their work as those who have taken the longer and harder course at the school of experience. One does not ask that graduates from medical colleges, on whose diplomas the ink is not yet dry, shall be as able practitioners as physicians that have done battle with death for the lives of patients for many long years. One asks if they have learned what it is that they ought to know, and to find out how they may learn it. From this view-point, it may be said that the pupils that appeared at this public rehearsal were, on the whole, well-equipped. It was patent that wherein they came short was owing to lack of practice.

Mr. C. B. Hawley gave a recital of his own compositions at Mendelssohn Hall, New York, April 27. He was assisted by thirty-two artists from the Musical Art Society and the Mendelssohn Glee Club, including Miss Marie S. Bissell, Miss Ethel Crane, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tyler Dutton, Miss Marie Donovan, Miss Marguerite Hall, Mrs. Sarah Baron Anderson, Mrs. Anna Bulkie Hillis, Miss Edith Miller, and Messrs. Charles Herbert Clarke, H. E. Distelhurst, and Robert Hosea. The program consisted of: Part-songs for male voices: "The Clover Blossoms," "Nature's Lullaby," "Bugle Song;" part-songs for female voices: "Margareta," "Spring Song," "Sweet and Low," "Lullaby;" "A Song of the Seasons;" alto solos: "For Love of Thee," "An Echo," "O Haste Thee, Sweet," "When Love Is Gone," "The Nightingale and the Rose," "Where Love Doth Build His Nest;" soprano solos: "Were I a Star," "A Rose Fable," "Spring's Awakening;" choruses for mixed voices: "Trisagion and Sanctus," "Kate," "Oh, My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose;" tenor solos: "I Only Can Love Thee," "Awake to Love," "Sleep, Sleep," "The Song That My Heart's A-singing;" bass solos: "Good-night," "I Long for You," "Two Eyes of Brown." Mr. Hawley himself sang "The Sweetest Flower That Blows" and "The Bedouin Love-Song."

The end of the season of the Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School was marked by the matinee given at the Madison Square Theatre on April 30. Six pieces were set forth, three of them by Rachel Crothers,—"Crisis Cross," "Mrs. John Hobbs" and "Elizabeth;" a scene from Act III. of Bulwer-Lytton's "Richelieu;" "A Precious Lode," by Alfred Fisher, an instructor of the school; and "A Flirtation in Fetters," a farce by Herbert Stebbins. Mrs. Wheatcroft thanked all those who had lent their kind offices to the school during the season just passed, which she said was the most prosperous of its existence. There were fifty-two students in attendance, of whom twenty-seven had been applicants for the free scholarships, which had been awarded to Malcolm Duncan, of the men, and had been divided between Mabel Wright (who appeared during the performance) and Miss Mehrig, now engaged with a company playing in Chicago. The frequency of the public rehearsals that this school has enjoyed made itself known in the smoothness and facility with which the plays proceeded. A boisterous farce like "A Flirtation in Fetters" is a severe test of amateurs, yet it went with that hurry and bustle which is so essential to that kind of dramatic composition. The declamation of Thomas Crosby, as De Mauprat in "Richelieu," and Miss Wright's impersonation of the invalid Elizabeth, were the most salient histrionic features of the matinee.

Miss Nora Maynard Green gave her annual pupils' concert on April 6 at the Waldorf-Astoria. She was assisted by Mrs. E. Berry Wall, Miss Florence de Vere Boead, Miss Nellie Sabin Hyde, Mr. Heinrich Meyn, Mr. Robert Hosea, and Miss Isabel McCall. The following program was rendered:

Selections from "In a Persian Garden,"	<i>Lehmann</i>
"The Heart's Spring-time".....	<i>Wichede</i>
"Chanson Provencale".....	<i>Dell'Acqua</i>
"Die Jungfrau von Orleans".....	<i>Tschaikowsky</i>
"Ton Sourire".....	<i>Catherine</i>
"Vainka's Song".....	<i>Von Stutzman</i>
Recitative and Aria from	
"The Queen of Sheba".....	<i>Gounod</i>
"Diletto".....	<i>Luckstone</i>
"Hai Luli".....	<i>Coguard</i>
"Ave Maria".....	<i>Bach-Gounod</i>
Duet: "Bolero".....	<i>St. Saens</i>
"Ob heller Tag".....	<i>Tschaikowsky</i>
"Quest".....	<i>Smith</i>
"Sérénade du Passant".....	<i>Massenet</i>

"The Merry Miller" from "Rob Roy,"	<i>De Koven</i>
"Fée aux Chansons".....	<i>Bemberg</i>
"The Rosary".....	<i>Nevin</i>
Duettino from "Lakmé".....	<i>Delibes</i>
Cantilena: "Cinq-Mars".....	<i>Gounod</i>
"The Danza".....	<i>Chadwick</i>
"Cavatina".....	<i>Raff</i>
"My Heart Is the Shore".....	<i>Farmer</i>
Waltz: "Voce di Primavera".....	<i>Strauss</i>
Seguedille from "Carmen".....	<i>Bisnet</i>

As we go to press we learn of the death of Mary Tucker Magill at Laburnum, near Richmond, Va., April 27, 1899. As author, elocutionist, and lecturer, Miss Magill was well known in New York, where she spent the last twelve winters, when not traveling abroad. She was descended from some of the oldest and most distinguished families in Virginia. During the entire history of that State, from its settlement in 1607, some member of her family has been inseparably connected with its welfare. Her grandfather, Judge Henry St. George Tucker, was for many years member of Congress, president of the Virginia Court of Appeals, and professor of law at the University of Virginia. Her father, Dr. Alfred T. Magill, was appointed a professor at the University of Virginia at the early age of twenty-eight years. Thus, Miss Magill inherited her taste for literature. She began writing while very young and gave it up only a few years ago, upon the failure of her eyesight. His thrilling personal experiences in the South during the Civil war form the foundation of one of her most entertaining books—"Women, or Chronicles of the War." It is a sequel to "The Holcomes," a story of Virginia home-life during ante bellum days. Perhaps her greatest work is a "History of Virginia," which has been used in the schools of that State since its adoption in 1874. Miss Magill also contributed to the leading periodicals of the day. Many of her short stories are quaint, sympathetic pictures of negro life. Miss Magill is known to almost every elocutionist in this country and in Canada by her last book "Pantomimes, or Wordless Poems" (1894), an elaboration of a series of exercises originally prepared for one of her classes. The principal passions are illustrated and for several of the primary passions different phases of their expression are given. A choice collection of recitations from Miss Magill's repertoire, many of them original, is included in the book. Miss Magill was an adept in presenting the old-time negro, with his soft melodious dialect, and her sketches are welcome contributions to this line of recitatorial literature. All of the pantomimes have been arranged with appropriate music. One—"Ginevra"—is an opera in pantomime, being divided into regular scenes. A book of this special music for the "Pantomimes" was published in 1895, forming a unique and valuable supplement to it. For several years Miss Magill was a successful teacher of elocution and pantomime. Her failing sight led her to platform work, and her readings soon made her well known. Miss Magill traveled extensively in this country and in Europe, her last visit abroad being during the cholera siege at Hamburg, where she was detained practically a prisoner for several weeks. Her personality was that of a charming, cultured woman.

Pantomimes, or Wordless Poems.

By Mary Tucker Magill.

- 36 Full-page, Half-tone Illustrations of Expectation, Listening, Looking, He Comes, Affection, The Vow, Anger, Sorrow, Joy, Fear, Religious Devotion, Parting, Seven Times One, "Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" Rory O'More. Minutely described Pantomimes of Seven Times One, Queen Katharine's Vision, Ginevra, "Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" Seven Times Three, Goldenhair and the Bears, Scene from "The Winter's Tale, Rory O'More. Pantomime Exercises with Music of Expectation, Affection, Anger or Hatred, Sorrow, Joy, Fear, Religious Devotion, the Farewell.

Price, \$1.25, post-paid.

EDGAR S. WERNER, Publisher,

43 East 19th Street, New York City.



NASHVILLE YOUNG LADIES IN SWORD DRILL.

AN ENORMOUS INDUSTRY.

Our enormous facilities, tremendous output, rapid movement of goods always fresh in the hands of consumers, insures the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk the first place in American homes.



IMPERIAL.. HAIR REGENERATOR

Restores to gray, bleached, streaked or spotted hair, the beautiful, fresh, natural color and condition of youth. It makes the hair glossy, wavy, soft, and silken, a charm to the eye and a delight to the touch.

IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR

never knows failure, because it is based on principles scientific and sure. It is harmless, odorless, clean, invigorating to hair and scalp and invaluable for moustache and beard.

Price \$1.50 and \$3.00 per bottle. Made in seven separate shades. Send sample of your hair and we will color it free. We make a specialty of scientific applications, and guarantee privacy.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL M'FG COMPANY
292 FIFTH AVENUE

Between 30th and 31st Streets. Elevator to Parlors



THIS IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE DEIMEL LINEN MESH UNDERWEAR

THE enthusiasm which the DEIMEL LINEN-MESH UNDERWEAR is arousing among its wearers and the sincerity with which they speak of it among their friends is very gratifying.

Just fancy the delight and luxury of a porous Linen Underwear—crisp, cool, cleanly—and strange, but true, keeping the body warm when warmth is wanted, and cool when the temperature is in the nineties—a positive delight for the skin. It is such great relief after wearing sticky wool or clammy cotton, that a trial is all that is necessary to gain for it a most enthusiastic friend and advocate.

A little booklet on its healthfulness and comfort can be had by addressing



**The Deimel
Linen-Mesh
Company**

491 Broadway, New York

Wheel Chairs ALL... KINDS

FOR
**INVALIDS AND
CRIPPLES**

built on new and practical methods at moderate prices.

We manufacture a variety of good things for you. ✱



If it's Comfort You Want

at low prices, we can provide it.



Reclining Chairs

FOR LIBRARY OR SICK-ROOM.

Every known position for comfort. Full particulars on application. Special discount to the hospital trade. Write us for free illustrated catalogue—new one just out. Mention this paper.

Stevens Chair Co.

211 Sixth Street, - Pittsburg, Pa.

Rambler
BICYCLES

"20 year old favorites"

Price \$40

WE FEEL THAT NOTHING MORE NEED BE SAID OF 1899 RAMBLERS

Agencies Everywhere

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York.
Brooklyn. Detroit. Cincinnati. Buffalo.
Cleveland. London, Eng.

HOW TO BECOME STRONG

Health Attained; Ill Health Prevented

A Book of 64 pages on the Physiology, Anatomy and Pathology of the Anus and Rectum; together with a description of Rectal and Anal Diseases—their Diagnosis and Treatment without Surgery. Fourth and enlarged edition, with over 100 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

Price 25c. post-paid

Address the author:

DR. JAMISON

43 West 45th St., New York City

For a help toward punctuality use the Prentiss Calendar Clock. It is the only key-wound clock capable of maintaining a constant rate for many weeks at a time. It always automatically shows the correct date. Prentiss Tile Clocks are handy clocks for travelers, as they stand alone, or can be fastened to a wall. Price, \$1.50. The Prentiss Fryng-Pan Clock is a real fryng-pan made into a clock. Price, \$3.25. Send for catalogue No. 7397.

THE PRENTISS CLOCK IMPROVEMENT CO.
DEPT. 45, 49 DEY ST., NEW YORK CITY.



A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 50 years; no other has; and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the *hauton* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin Preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada, and Europe.

Also found in N. Y. City at R. H. Macy's, Wanamaker's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of Base Imitation. \$1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of anyone selling the same.

Operettas, Cantatas, Entertainments.

Columbia. Belle T. Speed. Drama and drill in one act for 81 females, bringing in a queen, girls representing principles of the Republic, girls the navy, and girls the army. Patriotic and poetic dialogue, and a concerted piece. Directions for costumes and evolutions. 25c.

Crowning of Easter, The. Mrs. Lucie H. Carpenter. The days observed by the Christian churches convened to do homage to Easter. Can be given by all young ladies, but two boys can take part. Time, 30 minutes. A charming entertainment. Full directions and music. 20c.

Columbia's Floral Emblem. Ella S. Cummins. A floral festival and public school entertainment for the purpose of awakening an interest in choosing a national flower. Good for any occasion, but especially for Arbor day. National costumes and costumes of an artist, a cowboy, college boy. Music and full directions. 25c.

Christmas in Peril. Alice E. Freeman. Any number of males and females. An entertainment good for all times, but especially for Christmas. Brings in Kris Kringle, Santa Claus, Cousin Harry and Cousin Lil. Drums, Sled, Books, Tools, Rocking Horse, Doll, Trumpet (personified misused toys), etc. Music may be introduced. Full business and costumes described. 25c.

Humanophone, The. Mrs. A. G. Lewis. Novel entertainment suitable for hall, home or church. On a large white curtain is painted a music staff, with holes cut in for notes. At the holes are the performers' faces. A director stands in front, while the faces go through various things, both in singing and in speaking. Illustrated. 15c.

Ivy Queen, The. Mary L. Gaddess. Cantata for 4 m. and 4 f., or for all f., and a chorus of 50 girls. After comparing the merits of jewels, flowers, and other gifts, each one decides to give the queen a wreath of ivy as being the most beautiful, lasting and appropriate present. Introducing singing, marching, and charming groupings. Particularly

suitable for Arbor day. Full music and directions. 25c.

Japanese Fantastics. L. May Haughwout. Charming entertainment for any even number of girls dressed in Japanese costume, with fans. Full directions are given, there being 68 different movements and attitudes. Illustrated by ten full-page, half-tone cuts. 25c.

Life's Day. Mary L. Gaddess. Tableaux for 13 f. appropriately costumed and representing the twelve months of the year. Introduces singing. Music given. 35c.

Little Vagrants, The. Helen A. Gregg. Operetta in two acts for 8 m. and 16 f. Searching for children stolen by gipsies, a lady is arrested for a spy by a stupid official, while the children are taken for vagrants. Plenty of fun. Music from "Olivette," "Carmen," "Il Trovatore," and "Chimes of Normandy." 25c.

Messages in Many Voices. For any number of children. May be given with music. Full business given. 25c.

Montezuma Cotillon, The. Col. H. Lotzner. New and fascinating parlor entertainment with a Mexican air, got by the author while with Emperor Maximilian. Any number of couples may take part. Full directions and music. 15c.

Revels of the Queen of May. Mary L. Gaddess. Cantata introducing 25 f., who pay homage to the Queen of May. One of the features is a Maypole dance, in which different colored ribbons are woven round the pole. Several pretty choruses are sung. Music and full directions for costuming and presentation. 25c.

Reception of the Months. Louis Alexander. Play-entertainment in one scene for 15 m. and 11 f. Besides the months there are the characters of Liberty, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, April 1, Labor Day, Christmas, Day, Night, Old Year, New Year, Long Day, Short Day, Father Time, Thanksgiving. Introduces various recitations. 15c.

Scenes from "David Copperfield." Scenes for 1 m. and 1 f., 1 m.

and 2 f., or may be given by 28 girls. Time: 1 hour and 45 minutes. A most unique and delightful entertainment, with full descriptions and complete stage-business. Characters introduced: David Copperfield, Micawber, Mrs. Copperfield, Peggotty, Mrs. Gummidge, Little Em'ly, Mrs. Micawber, Miss Micawber, Betsey Trotwood, Janet, Dora, and Agnes. 35c.

Search for Happiness, The. Mary L. Gaddess. King and twelve or fourteen ladies and gentlemen in court costume, await the return of messengers sent out to search for happiness. Other characters are: Wealth, a Lady, a Warrior, Genius, Fame, Power, Music, Beauty, 8 ladies and gentlemen for quadrille in Pleasure, 3 for Young Love, 2 for Old Love. Properties: Books, music, flowers. In a book containing many other good recitations. 25c.

Scenes from the Life of Frances E. Willard. Stanley Schell. A unique dramatization of the most thrilling events in her life. Suited for school, church and temperance entertainments, and for various other public occasions. Each scene is complete and may be given by itself, or all the scenes may follow each other for a full entertainment. Minute descriptions of costumes, copious directions, full stage-business and all the music. 25c.

The Carnival of the Bats. Mrs. L. K. Rogers. For 7 little boys in costume. 25c.

The Crowning of Christmas. Mary L. Gaddess. A dainty entertainment for 4 m., 2 f. The seasons with their fairies and flowers meet to decide which one is best beloved by mortals. Full music and directions given. 25c.

Under the Greenwood Tree. Carolyn E. Huse. Christmas operetta in one act for 15 children. Whard Killjoy, who tries to put down Christmas sports and says there are no fairies, is bewitched by elves and can not rise until he consents to leave Christmas alone. Jack Frost and Snowflake make weather for sledding and skating. Music bright and easy. 25c.

EDGAR S. WERNER, Publisher, 43 EAST 19th STREET, NEW YORK.

..FREE FOR 15 DAYS..

300 Instrumental selections for the piano. 1,100 pages } Over 2,200 pages } 350 songs for all voices, with 1,100 piano accompaniment. pages

Editors and special contributors:

Victor Herbert
Reginald De Koven
Gerritt Smith
Helen Kendrick Johnson
Fanny Morris Smith

This valuable permanent collection of musical masterpieces can be obtained by those who act promptly, at

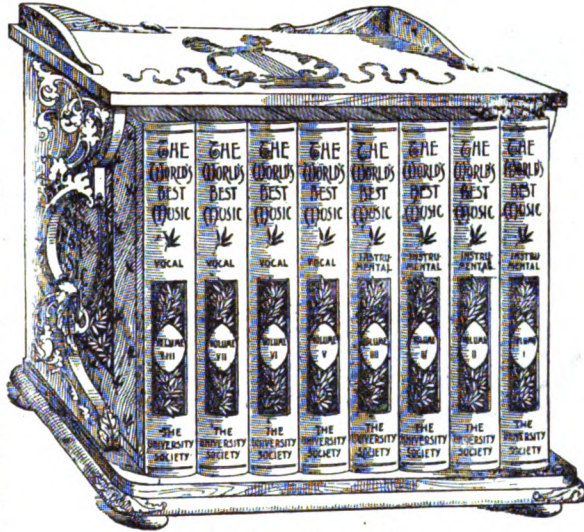
Less than one-tenth the cost in sheet form.

"The most complete and valuable Musical Library ever published."—*The Keynote*.

"Nothing so fine and well worth having in one's home."—*Margaret E. Sangster*, Ed. Harper's Bazar.

"It is a publication we can recommend. There is something that will interest all."—*The Etude*.

"A vocal and instrumental library of rare excellence and comprehensiveness." — *The Pianist*.



Size of volume, 9 x 12 inches.

Library of the WORLD'S BEST MUSIC

In a New Enlarged Edition of 8 Volumes,
4 Vocal and 4 Instrumental, Containing....

Instrumental selections by the greatest composers; melodious, not too difficult, and including popular and operatic melodies, dances, funeral marches, nocturnes, adagios, military pieces, and classic and romantic piano music. The best old and new songs, duets, trios, quartets, and choruses upon every subject. Upon friendship, admiration, love and home; upon absence, sorrow, reminiscence and reverie; upon humor, patriotism, nature and morality; no hymns, however. 400 portraits and illustrations, over 500 biographies of musicians, and more than 100 new and copyrighted selections by American musicians. The work is planned for cultured homes and sympathetic performers.

It Will Cost You Nothing to get this Treasury of Music, Art and Biography into your home. Use the volumes for 15 days. If they are not satisfactory, return them at our expense. If you are fully satisfied, make payments as stipulated below.

Marvelously Low Price. The Library of the World's Best Music consists of two sets of subscription books, bound together in a new uniform edition. The subscription price for the two sets was never less than \$30.00 in cloth and \$40.00 in half leather. Our low club prices are \$17.00 in fine cloth binding, and \$21.00 in half leather binding. A beautiful case for holding the volumes will be sent FREE to each subscriber.

MUSICAL LIBRARY CLUB
CARE OF EDGAR S. WERNER
43 East 19th St., New York

Gentlemen: Please send me on approval a set of the "World's Best Music" in half leather. If satisfactory I agree to pay \$1 within fifteen days and \$1 per month thereafter for 20 months; if not satisfactory I agree to return them within 15 days.

Signed.....

Stand. Address.....

In ordering cloth, change 20 months to 16 months.

Send \$1.00 at once and secure the benefit of this valuable offer, or send for beautifully illustrated pamphlet.

The Musical Library Club

Care of EDGAR S. WERNER
43 E. 19th St., New York.

All these and over 400 other Composers represented in this matchless collection:

- Kelley
- Arditi
- Emmett
- Strauss
- Buck
- Damrosch
- Mozart
- De Koven
- Faure
- Gilbert
- Tosti
- Brahms
- Gleason
- Foster
- Gounod
- Chopin
- Handel
- Benedict
- Haydn
- Kreutzer
- Mattei
- Czibulka
- Molloy
- Pinsuti
- Robyn
- Hutton
- Bartlett
- Schumann
- Beethoven
- Schubert
- Balfe
- Sullivan
- Wagner
- Bishop
- Chwatal
- Cowen
- Dibdin
- Adam
- Faure
- Godard
- Lange
- Lover
- Moore
- Wilson
- Payne
- Russell
- Smith
- Verdi
- Bendel



Artistic HomeDecorations

We can show you effects NEVER before thought of, and at moderate prices too.

Why have your house decorated and painted by inferior workmen, when you can have it done by skilled workmen—by Artists—for the same price.

If you intend Decorating, if only one room, call or send to see what we are doing, and for whom.

TAPESTRY PAINTINGS.

2,000 tapestry paintings to choose from. 38 artists employed, including gold medalists of the Paris Salon. Send 25 cents for compendium of 140 studies.

WALL-PAPERS.

New styles just in—from 10 cents per roll up. An amazing and bewitching lot of beautiful patterns. Parlor, Music-room, Library, Dining-room and Hall specialties. Antique metallic, French, pressed silk, and Iida effects in special colors to match all kinds of woodwork, carpets and draperies. At all hazards see our fine French, pressed and parlor papers with draperies to match. If you will pay express or freight will send you sample books of papers and draperies.

DECORATIONS.

Color schemes—designs and estimates submitted free. Artists sent to all parts of the world to do every sort of decorating and painting. We are educating the country in color harmony. Relief, stained glass, wall-paper, carpets, furniture, draperies, etc. Pupils taught.

DECORATIVE ADVICE.

Upon receipt of \$1, Mr. Douthitt will answer any question on interior decorations—color harmony and harmony of form, harmony of wall coverings, carpets, curtains, tiles, furniture, gas fixtures, etc.

MANUAL OF ART-DECORATIONS.

The art-book of the century. 200 royal quarto pages, filled with full-page colored illustrations of modern home interiors and tapestry studies. Price, \$2.00.

If you want to be up in decoration, send \$2 for this book; worth \$50.

SCHOOL.

Six 2-hour tapestry painting lessons, in studio, \$5. Complete written instructions by mail, \$1. Tapestry paintings rented; full-size drawings, paints, brushes, etc., supplied. Nowhere, Paris not excepted, are such advantages offered pupils. New catalogue of 135 studies, 25 cents.

Send \$1 for complete instructions in tapestry painting and compendium of 140 studies.

TAPESTRY MATERIALS.

We manufacture tapestry materials superior to foreign goods and half the price. Book of samples, 10c.

Send \$1.50 for 2 yards No. 6, 50-in. goods, just for a trial order; worth \$3.

All kinds of draperies to match all sorts of Wall-Papers, from 10c. per yard up.

THIS IS OUR GREAT SPECIALTY.

GOBLIN PRINTED BURLAPS.

Over 100 new styles for wall coverings, at 25 cents per yard, 36 inches wide, thus costing the same as wall-paper at \$1 per roll. 240 kinds of Japanese Iida leather papers, at \$3 per roll.

GOBLIN ART-DRAPERY.

Grecian, Russian, Venetian, Brazilian, Roman, Rococo, Dresden, Festoon, College Stripe, Marie Antoinette, Indian, Calcutta, Bombay, Delft, Soudan.

In order that we may introduce this line of New Art-Goods, we will send one yard each of 50 different kinds of our most choice Patterns for \$7.50.

JOHN F. DOUTHITT, 286 Fifth Avenue,
AMERICAN TAPESTRY DECORATIVE CO. Near 30th St. New York.



ASBESTOS

ASBESTOS ROLL FIRE-FELT,

For Covering Heater and Furnace Pipes.
Saves Coal, Prevents Radiation, is Fire Proof.

Asbestos Fire-Place Curtain Blowers.
Asbestos Stove Polishers and Stove Mats.
Asbestos Iron Holders and Iron Rests.
Asbestos Baking Paper, etc.

Complete Catalogue on request.

Chicago.
Philadelphia.
Boston.

H. W. JOHNS M'FG CO., Columbus.
100 WILLIAM STREET, Pittsburgh.
NEW YORK, Detroit.

DIXON'S GRAPHITE

IN STICK OR PASTE



lubricates a bicycle chain as no other lubricant can.
Sample size of above, sent free of charge.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

WE PAY POST-AGE

All you have guessed about life-insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-8-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

SHORTHAND

MADE EASY. COMPLETE BOOK, 10 cents post-paid.
J. Mason, Monticello, N. Y.

Typewriter Bargains:

All standard \$100 Typewriters sold by us (under full guarantee) at \$25 to \$50, little used. Shipped, allowing examination and trial. Send postal for handsome colored Fin-de-Siecle Descriptive Price-List of the Standard Machines. All makes exchanged and rented on liberal terms. Desks, one-half cost. Colored Price-List of the AMERICAN STANDARD PITMAN SHORTHAND BOOKS (arranged for self-instruction) sent on application.

Consolidated Typewriter Exchange,

NEW YORK. 241 BROADWAY.
TELEPHONE: 5389 CORTLANDT.

Bind Your Music and Magazines at Home



THE WEIS PATENT BINDER

Looks and binds like a book
No punching, needles, thread, etc.
No bother—each complete

Our Exquisite...

De Luxe Music Binder

In Half Morocco binding, embossed in gold on side, holds 80 copies sheet music. Music easy to put in or take out. A beautiful gift. Sent prepaid on receipt of \$2.50. Full cloth music only \$1.00.

Binder in cloth to hold six copies of Century, Harper's Mo., Scribner, Munsey, McClure, Cosmopolitan, prepaid for 50c.

Send for lists.

Agents Make Money selling these binders. Write for terms.

THE WEIS BINDER CO.

73 Jackson St. - - - Toledo, O.

Buy No More Sticky Mucilage Bottles

Use the Clean and Convenient



Weis Brush Tube & White Mucilage

Far superior to ordinary mucilage
Goes twice as far
Sticks quick

The Brush makes it so Handy for bank, business house, mounting photos and general purposes. So Dainty for library, kindergarten, paper flowers, etc.

For sale at Stationers, Photo Supply Houses, and Druggists, or one sent prepaid for 15c., six for 75c., twelve for \$1.25.

THE WEIS BINDER CO.

73 Jackson St. - - - Toledo, O.

HAY'S HAIR HEALTH
 WARRANTED TO RENEW YOUTHFUL COLOR and life to GRAY HAIR. Covers BALD spots. Stops dandruff, hair falling, scalp diseases. Don't stain skin. Absolutely harmless. Perfect satisfaction. Best HAIR GROWER DRUGS. Be sure to use DR. HAY'S HAIR HEALTH. Refuse all substitutes. Large bottles 50c at druggists.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED
 by Fick's Invariable Ear Cures. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold FREE by F. Hancock, 243 B'way, N.Y. Write for List of proofs

**An Old Nurse
 For Children**

**Mrs. Winslow's
 Soothing Syrup,**

**For Children . . .
 . . . Teething,**

Should always be used for Children while Teething. It Soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pain, Cures Wind Colic and is the Best Remedy for Diarrhoea.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

PROMOTES HEALTH
Jaeger
 PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR
 Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
 New York: { 16 West 23d Street.
 166 Broadway.
 Brooklyn: 504 Fulton Street.
 Boston: 169 Tremont Street.

**WYETH'S
 Red Gum Lozenges**
 Astringent, Styptic and Antiseptic.

This Lozenge is admirably adapted and effective as a remedy in all cases of relaxed Uvula, inflamed Mucous Membranes and Bronchial Tubes, ulcerated Sore Mouth and Gums, and its local action as an astringent, styptic and antiseptic, is most marked. Its peculiar styptic effect upon all mucous surfaces, particularly the fauces, deadens the sensibilities, thus sheathing and producing a soothing, calmative effect, lessening the tendency to cough and relieving the soreness.


Dose.—Dissolve a Lozenge slowly in the mouth every two or three hours; or, two or three may be taken in succession if the cough is irritating.

Price, 25 cents a box; will be sent by mail on receipt of the price.

JOHN WYETH & BROTHER,
 Manufacturing Chemists. PHILADELPHIA.

BROWN'S Bronchial Troches
 the popular cure for
IRRITATED THROATS.
 Fac-Simile Signature of *John C. Brown* on every box.

"POSITIVE" CORN CURE
 Absolutely Painless.
 No cutting necessary.
 No Gress; No Acid.
 Something entirely new.
 Your money back if not satisfied. By mail 25 cts. Agents wanted.
 Medicated Rubber Co., 25 Riblet Bk. Cleveland, O.




HYPNOTISM!

LEARN TO HYPNOTIZE! WONDERFUL WORK ON HYPNOTISM FREE TO ALL.

Reader, why not be able to use the most mysterious and powerful force of nature? By my method you can learn to Hypnotize in a few hours time, without leaving your home. You can perform all of the many marvelous feats that are possible to the Hypnotist. Through Hypnotism you can cure disease, conquer pain, win reluctant affection, gratify your ambitions, and produce amusement by the hour. It costs you nothing to find out all about it. I have just issued in book form a mammoth illustrated **LESSON or Key to Hypnotism**, which fully explains the mysteries and secrets of the Art. It contains hundreds of beautiful and artistic engravings, and is the most elaborate and expensive thing of the kind ever published. For a short time I will send this magnificent work absolutely **FREE** to all who apply. I will also include a large amount of other valuable, interesting and elegantly illustrated literature, without charge. Remember, all this costs you nothing. A postal card will bring it. Order today and learn to Hypnotize. It is a chance of a life-time. Address, **PROF. L. A. HARRADEN, Hypnotist, Clerk 26, Jackson, Mich.**



Trash or treasure? If you wish to know, send your ms. story, essay, history, poem, to the New York Bureau of Revision for skilled correction or for a letter of faithful criticism. Such work, said George William Curtis, is "done as it should be by The Easy Chair's friend and fellow-laborer in letters, TIRUS M. COAN, A.B., A.M. Dr. Coan sees books through the press, suggests titles, and negotiates between author and publisher. Send for circular W. to N. Y. Bureau of Revision, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

In Ten Lessons I impart perfect control of the vocal apparatus for....
...Purity in Singing

No mystery— simply an intelligent use of nature. Voices tried free.

MRS. D. L. DOWD'S VOCAL STUDIO

9 East 14th Street New York City

Mrs. M. Werner's Employment Bureau

NO. 40 THIRD AVENUE

Between 9th & 10th Sts., New York.

Office Hours: 9 to 5.

Male and Female Servants

Only well-recommended servants furnished for city and country.
 Reliable and prompt attention given to all orders.

The PHONOGRAPH As an EDUCATOR...



Children are best taught by novel methods. They will learn, in half the time, their French exercise, or their "piece" for Friday afternoon, or their Golden Text for Sunday school, if they hear it over and over and over, coming from an Edison Phonograph.

THE STANDARD COMPLETE, \$90
 ALL MUSIC DEALERS BELL THEM

It plays 1,000 tunes. You can make records of your own voice, too. More fun than any game.

National Phonograph Company,
 St. James Building, 26th St. & B'way, N.Y.

The latest edition of our Catalogue No. 20 tells the difference between the several models and why each is best for its particular purpose.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS

TRADE MARK

Thomas A Edison

When you write, ask also for our entertaining little book of Phonograph short stories, "What Mr. Openeer Heard."

NEW IDEA IN TRUNKS



THE STALLMAN DRESSER TRUNK

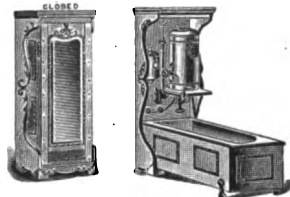
Is a portable dressing-case, with drawers instead of trays; the bottom is as accessible as the top. Costs no more than box trunk. Shipped C. O. D., with privilege to examine. 2-cent stamp, illustrated catalogue.

F. A. STALLMAN,

No. 5 West Spring St., Columbus, Ohio.

110,257 Now In Use

Big Service Little Cost



Gas, Gasoline or Oil

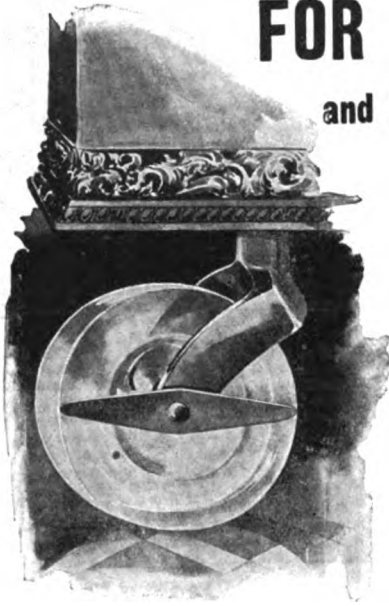
Its Convenient Hot Water Supply

...so necessary to any bath, and that it may be used in a bath or any other room to equal advantage, in connection with water service, or independently, is what is making the "Mosely" famous. Complete with heater, \$26.50 up, delivered East of Rocky Mountains. Monthly payments if wanted. 20 styles. Send for catalogue of Tubs and Heaters.

MOSELY FOLDING BATH-TUB CO.

K 358 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

FREE TREATMENT FOR RHEUMATISM and SLEEPLESSNESS.



These ailments, in the vast majority of cases, are greatly relieved or permanently cured by the use of **SLAYTON'S ELECTRIC SWITCH GLASS CASTERS** on the patient's bed. The treatment is on the theory of Dr. Brown-Sequard that these diseases and all others arising from **weakened vitality or nervous energy** were caused by an excessive flow of electricity from the body to the earth. In health this flow is natural and beneficial; but in certain disordered conditions of the system it must be stopped. To do this is the work of the **SLAYTON'S ELECTRIC SWITCH CASTERS**, which insulate the occupant of the

bed completely from electrical connection with the earth.

Such is the theory. The effects are truly wonderful; but we do not ask you to accept our word. We ask you this: When 3,000 sets of these Casters have been taken on trial and paid for only after proving their power over these obstinate diseases, isn't it worth while, for your own benefit and that of your friends, to take a free trial of this treatment, which cannot possibly harm you?

THESE LETTERS CAME UNASKED.

TECUMSEH, Mich., Jan. 14, 1899.

THE SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO.

Gentlemen:—I have tried your Glass Wheel Electric Switch Casters and I am happy to state to you that the results were indeed very gratifying. The first night I had them on my bed I slept four hours more than I did the previous night. I am and was fully convinced that retained electricity is a sleep producer. I am 84 years old, and a man of my age is naturally restless the latter part of the night. Very truly yours,

B. L. BAXTER.

(Hon. B. L. Baxter, of the old Tecumseh law and banking firm of Bills & Baxter.)

TECUMSEH, Mich., Sept. 9, 1898.

THE SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO.

Gentlemen:—Since using your Electric Casters, neither Mrs. Frost nor myself have been troubled with rheumatism. Mrs. F. was scarcely ever free from it before using the Casters, but now says she never has a twinge of it. Yours sincerely,

W. E. FROST, M.D.

(Dr. Frost is the leading homoeopathic physician in Tecumseh.)

FREE TRIAL FOR ONE WEEK. We will gladly send any reputable person a full set of the Slayton Electric Glass Casters on receipt of 17c. for postage. Try them for one week according to directions. If they do not help you send them back by mail and no charge will be made. If they do help you, send us \$2.00 in full payment.

Be sure to state whether for brass, iron or wooden bedstead.

THE SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO., 72 High St., Tecumseh, Mich.


WERNERS MAGAZINE



JOB

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY-TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
EDGAR S WERNER 43 EAST 19TH ST NEW YORK

PETTIJOHN'S



THE WHOLE OF THE WHEAT
EXTREMELY DELICATE
DELICIOUS AND NOURISHING
UNEQUALED FOR CHILDREN

At all Grocers. Cut of Bear on every Package

Breakfast Food
FEEDS THE BODY AND THE BRAIN

THE AMERICAN CEREAL Co. CHICAGO

AT ALL GROCERS

FOR BUSINESS MEN

In the heart of the wholesale district.

FOR SHOPPERS

8 minutes walk to Wanamakers;
8 minutes to Siegel-Cooper's Big
Store. Easy of access to the great
Dry Goods Stores.

FOR SIGHTSEERS

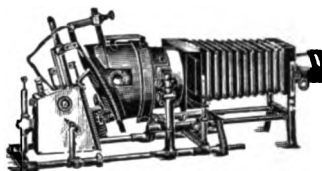
One block from Broadway Cars, giving
easy transportation to all points
of interest.

**HOTEL ALBERT,
NEW YORK.**

Cor. 11th Street and University Place,
Only One Block from Broadway.

Rooms, \$1.00 Up.

Restaurant Prices Reasonable.



**THE
TEACHER'S
DUTY...**

is to impart knowledge by the best means known. Our

**MAGIC LANTERNS
& STEREOPTICONS**

supply this "means," we having made this subject a
SPECIALTY. Write for new catalogue giving new
prices.

J. B. COLT & CO., Dep't C-4
8 to 7 W. 29th St., New York

**MUSIC BY...
MAIL**

Our stock includes the best musical
publications of the leading publishers
of Europe and America. We are
equipped for filling mail orders
promptly.

Our Prices are Low

Send us your orders. If we haven't
what you want in stock we will get it
for you.

MUSIC REVIEW

25 Cents a Year

Published every month—two or
more pieces of copyright music re-
produced in each number. Biographi-
cal sketches and portraits of compos-
ers, with reproductions of their com-
positions, musical news and notes.
Send 2c. stamp for sample copy.

THE MUSICAL RECORD

Subscription Price \$1.50 a Year. Single
Copies 15c. A monthly publication edited
by PHILIP HALE. The musical news of the
world—reviews, criticisms and articles by
eminent musical writers. Sixteen-Page
Supplement of New Music by celebrated
composers, with each number. Send for
premium lists. Agents wanted.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON
C. H. DITSON & CO., NEW YORK
J. E. DITSON & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Unique Collaboration of Author and Elocutionist



Marion Short
ELOCUTIONIST



Pauline Phelps
AUTHOR

A CONSPICUOUS illustration of WERNER'S MAGAZINE'S theory that the final test of a recitation is the reading of it aloud, is found in the collaboration of Pauline Phelps, writer, and Marion Short, reciter, whose portraits appear on this page. They are the first, we believe, to make such a combination, which is sure to have a beneficial effect not only on elocutionists but also and mainly on authors. If authors could hear a competent reader read what they have written, their manuscripts would undergo considerable revision before they were put into type. The world's literary masterpieces were written by men and women who had the gift of listening to their words even if the same were not read to them by another person. The subject is a most interesting one. Miss Phelps publishes no recitation unless it has been tested in public and approved by Miss Short. This is the best proof that her pieces have the elements that make them effective recitations. Among her recent successes may be mentioned: "Thanksgiving Day at Grandma's," "A Telephone Romance," "Her Cuban Tea," "As the Moon Rose," "Aunt Sarah on Bicycles," "The Cook," "A Shakespearian Conference," "The Minister's Black Nance," etc. Miss Phelps writes for WERNER'S MAGAZINE exclusively.



DRILL WITH CASTANETS.
BY MRS. A. M. F. CALKINS.

See page 344 of this issue.



Vol. XXIII.

JUNE, 1899.

No. 4.

“Cyrano de Bergerac.”

REACTIONARY INFLUENCES THE CAUSE OF ITS SUCCESS.

BY EDOUARD ROD, *the French Author and Critic Who Recently Lectured in This Country.*

[Lecture delivered in French at the Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y., March 22, 1899.]

Reported stenographically and translated especially for WERNER'S MAGAZINE.

ON Dec. 28, 1896, the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin put upon the stage for the first time this new piece, “Cyrano de Bergerac,” by an author also comparatively new,—Emile Rostand.

From the day of its first rehearsal a wave of enthusiasm ran through Paris, which soon gave place to a veritable fever, and there were witnessed manifestations of enthusiasm at the first night's performance that rarely find expression in the breast of the blasé first-nighter. People supposed that by Monday, after reading their *Temps*, their mental equilibrium would be reestablished; but in vain, they were just as bad then.

Francisque Sarcey, who usually keeps a cool head, lost it on that occasion. The criticism of Emile Faguet in the *Journal des Débats* of Jan. 3, 1898, could well be preserved as illustrating the general state of feeling at that time. Everybody ex-

pected a work of value, but they could not know that it was to be the finest dramatic poem that had appeared in half a century; that a great poet had just appeared, who, at twenty-nine, had inaugurated a new period, and on whom the eyes of all Europe were directed, and who is the hope and pride of France.

M. Rostand, how grateful I am that you exist! That is a tone critics seldom accord to authors. Few pieces have ever been acclaimed in this way, and the enthusiasm which, for the last fifteen months, has sent crowds to the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin still continues, and even outside the limits of France. There exist even in this country several interpreters of the play.

The author calls his play a “heroic comedy.” This is a literary style but little known at present, but one cultivated by the authors of Louis XIII., under the influence of Spain.

Corneille, in several of his plays, adopted this denomination of "comédie héroïque." The heroes of his plays explain its meaning in substance. The adventures that befall them have nothing very tragic in them, and this condition produces a certain embarrassment. How can we get out of this?

You will agree that we can not have a tragedy between mediocre personages. But as it is necessary to elevate the personages of a comedy, the word "heroic" has therefore been added to the word "comedy."

Under these circumstances "comédie héroïque" approaches as near as possible to tragedy. Corneille always fought against the old mold into which tragedy was cast. He always stood for the intermediary style, of which he found numerous examples in the Spanish theatre, a theatre he loved so well and whose tendencies he was desirous of introducing on the French stage. But the time was not then ripe for such an innovation. By the appearance of "Le Cid" he succeeded, however, in producing the romantic drama, which was the glorious precursor of the "comédie héroïque."

The "comédie héroïque" being, then, none other than the romantic drama, the result is that "Cyrano de Bergerac," which we now know as a "heroic comedy," is but a romantic drama.

After rendering all due homage to the author, one wonders why this piece should have commanded such universal admiration.

Let us take the subject. We are obliged to recognize that this is not very marvelous; it is simply the adventures of a brave man who is afflicted with a very ugly nose and who falls in love with a woman to whose hand, by reason of his physical deformity, he can not aspire, but consoles himself with seeing his

friend the object of the love he covets so much. The subject, you see, therefore, has nothing very extreme about it.

As to the versification,—well, we find about the same conditions there. Though possessing the most beautiful qualities of gaiety and verve, we are reminded of the great verse of Corneille, Racine, and Victor Hugo. The impression forces itself upon us that these are not of the same quality for which these writers have been famous. Whence comes, then, the success that this work has received? It is one of those caprices of taste that reproduce themselves in literature just as in politics. The work itself has much charm. Moreover, it is worthy of the tradition so thoroughly French, of the time of Dumas *père*. The adventures of Cyrano make us think of D'Artagnan. They are both mousquetaires and Gascons. Both have the same qualities; they have the same inclinations (*penchants*); the same utter disregard for danger and for death. Their adventures are amusing and light reading—without a tinge of pathos. "Cyrano de Bergerac" possesses many of those charms that have lately shown a tendency to disappear from our literature. Although I wish to render Rostand justice, let me pause a moment before this unanimity, before this splendor of success, that the author has received, and seek the reason for it—the external reasons, which come from others and not from the piece itself.

If we could find in the history of literature a similar success to that of "Cyrano," we could perhaps more easily explain it by analogy. We look back at the memorable dates in the history of the stage. We find that "Le Cid" was accepted only after much discussion and many quarrels. It was adversely criticized everywhere. So, also, were Racine's "Britannicus," "Phèdre," and "Le

Mariage de Figaro" of Beaumarchais. Hugo's "Hernani" was also the cause of a long literary battle. Many other works of the first half of this century were also the objects of considerable controversy.

As I look back at the successful plays, there comes to my mind the name of a poet incomparably inferior to M. Rostand, but one who had also his share of good fortune. I refer to François Ponsard, the author of the "Lucrèce" of 1843. The public were clamoring for a change, for something new, and it was at this moment that a young man, unknown, only 29 years of age—the age of M. Rostand—produced at the Odéon a classic tragedy that was a veritable deliverance from the old style of plays. We were called upon to witness the disappearance of all those (as we French would say) *héroïnes de mauvais aloi*,—heroines of bad alloy. Here was a brave fellow coming back to the simplicity of the drama. He showed us an honest woman, a model of virtue, who spoke in Alexandrines, in their proper place. It was the great French dramatic art that reasserted itself and that drove from the stage all that false romanticism which came originally from Spain. What the papers then said of the "Lucrèce" of Ponsard, people are saying to-day of "Cyrano de Bergerac:" "At last we are going to be delivered from romanticism! from Ibsenism and the like!"

This is true as far as it goes, that the history of ideas—like the fashions—is nothing but a recommencement. One sees at different periods the same question in another form. That is precisely what has occurred with "Cyrano de Bergerac," and before proceeding further I will specify them, though I do not desire to establish any comparison between "Lucrèce" and "Cyrano de Bergerac." Although I do not wish to cast any reflection on Ponsard's "Lucrèce,"

"Cyrano de Bergerac" is infinitely superior to it.

The drama in verse has been temporarily out of fashion, a fact easy to establish. You have only to look at the repertoire of the last twenty-five years to convince yourself of this. Many of Victor Hugo's works have met with little success during the last twenty-five years. The old romantic drama has fared even worse. The great plays are not those of François Coppée nor of Richepin. We see to-day in all the theatres the plays of Porte-Riche, Lavedan, Hervieu, Donnay, and Curel. Almost all their remarkable work arose out of this school, which marked a curious chapter in the history of French literature and was a revolt against such institutions as the Théâtre Libre—the "Théâtre Rosse," I should say, if you will excuse the word—where we have been shown the exact reproduction of what the naturalist novelist has given to the novel; where the fancy occupies but a small place. At last a reaction takes place and an intelligent public has observed the remarkable successes that have so frequently repeated themselves of late.

"Le Vieux Marcheur," by M. Richepin and "Pour la Couronne," by Coppée, were brilliant successes of pure poetry for their authors. These were among the first symptoms that marked a desire to return to this style of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Why did the public want this return?

A summary examination of our contemporary literature will answer this question. Since the end of romanticism—a quarter of a century ago—we see our literature going in the direction of the research of truth, while resting between the extremes of naturalism and realism. Ten years later the psychologists brought this same test to bear upon the analysis of life. Then came the symbol-

ists, who tried to give to their pictures of life a significance more general, more universal, and in this way came nearer to poetry. But none of them cared in the slightest degree to cause their hearers an agreeable sensation—"to gallop them across the fresh green fields," as it were. They were often reproached with being tiresome and monotonous (*ennuyeux*), a reproach not unmerited. They are suggestive, significative, curious; that is, they make us think, and in this they have some merit. Their subjects retain the attention more than they excite the emotions. I like the serious penetration there is in their works, and think they are on the right track, even if they have not always succeeded in following it. I think that truth in the study of human life ought to be the supreme object of the romantic drama. That is the great tradition of our French literature since Malesherbes fixed its destinies.

I think that the men of my generation, whose tendencies I have characterized in a word, have had their defects, and it is precisely these defects that have prepared the way for the reaction that has taken place, and of which the success of "Cyrano de Bergerac" is the symptom. There has existed a kind of dryness of imagination, which has often bordered on ennui. Dramatists and romancers have lacked benevolence; it is without sympathy or tenderness that they have observed life, and they have treated their personages like enemies. There was always a tendency to exaggerate cruelty and voracity. You recollect "Le Corbeau," which will remain the type of the class. You will also recall the repertoire of the Théâtre Libre; how its dramatists treated poor humanity; how one found nothing but the disgusting and repulsive fellow with his infamous diseases. Look at humanity; it is all bad. That was the re-

frain we have been hearing for the last ten years. At last there came a voice that protested. We looked at those personages, but we did not recognize our friends. This literature we could justly reproach as being too true; it painted nothing but so many cruel pictures; created a painful atmosphere, which weighed on us. We must distinguish between these products, however unequal in their character. The laws of selection will eventually do them justice. The works that are the honor of our generation have finished by distancing those that are bad.

The literature of the last few years discloses to us traits on which we must insist. The excesses that have pervaded it have prepared the reaction of which "Cyrano de Bergerac" is an example. The enthusiasm for foreign plays has also been an important factor. Ideas do not allow themselves to be stopped at the Custom House; they go beyond the frontiers. These elements, the caprices of fashion and the snobbism of authors and of readers have somewhat neglected to take into account. When Henrik Ibsen came from Norway, who could imagine the success that he received? The general public never paid very much attention to his plays, and but few of them have had anything like the success of "Cyrano." The welcome he received he secured mainly from the body of lettres, writers and specialists. Ibsen's style was the ambition of a number of dramatists, and traces of it can be found even in the works of M. Maurice Donnay. In fact, Ibsen has invaded the theatre of the last few years.

Some critics have for years lamented the disappearance of the good old plays that our fathers used to make,—dramas that treat of the rights of the married woman, of the education of our daughters, and all sorts of questions relating to law and to morality. All at once a play comes

upon us full of gaiety, without the least trace of Ibsenism in its make-up,—a beautiful work; the snow of the north has thawed, and we have become gay. That, with all its variations, is the theme of the critic of to-day, and I hasten to recognize it.

Let us analyze for a moment this enthusiasm. Let us try to distinguish its main elements. Let us measure it by the work that has inspired it. What do we find? We find that "Cyrano" is a work of reaction, and it is for that reason that I have compared it and its triumph with the "Lucrece" of Ponsard. There is no resemblance, of course, between the two works but in the popularity they each have achieved. "Cyrano" has been compared, side by side, with all the works of the last few years and been passed upon favorably. I recognize its charm; I even acknowledge that I read it with more pleasure; but I must confess the tenden-

cies that it represents are but of an ordinary order. I recognize the merits of M. Rostand, but I do not understand why his work should be considered as eclipsing that of Hervieu, Lavedan, Porte-Riche, and Curel. Rostand's qualities of imagination, fancy and verve please me very much, and my sympathy goes out at all times to those who know how to write from the bottom of their hearts and give us their true experiences. This constitutes the real glory of our French literature,—the painting of passion and character.

You will note that what I say is not a protest against M. Rostand's success. Nothing is better than a great success, especially when it crowns a work that is worthy of it. What I have wished to convey to you in this lecture is that the success of "Cyrano de Bergerac" can be more effectually traced to the outside causes of which I have spoken rather than to the author—brilliant though he be.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" as a Reading.

Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker's Estimate of "Cyrano de Bergerac" as a Reading, as Given in an Interview with "Werner's Magazine."

MY reading is an adaptation from several translations. I took the original of Rostand, the authorized translation by Misses Thomas and Guillemard, Gertrude Hall's prose translation, the Kingsbury version, which Mansfield uses, and more recently I have compared also the German translation by the well-known playwright, Ludwig Fulda. Out of these I culled the best. Where none of the versions satisfied me, and I thought I could improve on a word or a line, I did so.

My conception of the play differs from that of Mansfield in more respects than one, and I hope it is not presumptuous to say that I find his first act, especially, far from satisfying.

The abounding high spirit, heroic valor, generous soul, which to my mind characterize the gasconading swash-buckler as I find him in Rostand's play, seemed in Mansfield's hands to become a peevish, irritable, somewhat cynical boaster who could not make good his boasts.

To me Cyrano's is preeminently a poetic nature, with exquisite sensibilities and large impulses, no matter how rough the armor he chooses now and then to don. He is a man of magnificent spirit. What he does, he does consummately. There is no half-heartedness about him in thought, word, or deed. He is immensely greater than his most extravagant boasts, and, so, these latter

seem but the ringing of the spurs and the clanking of the sword and the armor. The soldier, the man, the poet, are within and always supreme. Dramatic he is, to a degree; would rather make a scene than eat a dinner, yes, would go hungry for a month rather than spoil a good scene—as is shown in the episode of the purse and “What a gesture.” I have no doubt some might question why that scene should be retained in an arrangement that drops out so many good ones. But that scene is a very pertinent index to his nature and, therefore, looks to me one of those important details which can not be sacrificed. Such a man would enter *con amore* into each of the deliciously extravagant variations he plays upon the theme of his own nose. In this, as in the scene with Montfleury, and later, in the famous scene of the ballad and the duel, Mansfield put a disdainful sang-froid, which I do not conceive in Rostand's hero. On the other hand, I can not understand any reason for his fierce, explosive manner of uttering the speech of introduction: “The bold cadets of Gascony.” Lysander, had he been present, might have again objected that “he rid his prologue like a rough colt.” The house always bursts into applause after this speech and you may hear exclamations and bits of conversation like this: “Wasn't that splendid?”

“What did he say?”

“Oh, I don't know, but he put such a lot of energy into it.”

I have no doubt that Mansfield has excellent reasons for doing these things, and he would probably scorn to give his reasons, though they were as plentiful as blackberries; but to me the spirit of those lines is one of playful raillery with a touch of irony. Mingled with his scorn of de Guiche, he is enjoying a private laugh at the expense of these baron-cadets, with their ribbons and their airs and their many-jointed names.

The first important turning-point in the character comes, of course, in his first sacrifice—“I will protect your little baron.” Sacrifice refines, ennobles him, and the development of Cyrano's soul is, from this point on, the chief interest. He proves equal to all the tests, each severer than the last. The action of the play becomes simpler in one sense; the development is psychic and rises to the ethical climax in the fourth act, when Cyrano stoops over Christian, dying, and says: “I have told her all. She loves you still.”

Strangely enough, this supreme act of renunciation is entirely lost to many who have seen the play and that, too, more than once. Persons often say: “Isn't that a beautiful passage?” or, “Why, I didn't know that was in the play at all.”

Such remarks would seem to be a good argument in favor of reading, as an art, an interpretative art, having its own excuse for being, quite apart from acting. There is no doubt that the literary qualities of a work can be brought out better in a reading, where there are no stage-sights and stage-sounds to distract. The medium is simpler, the transference of thought more directly mind to mind, and the imagination is free to supply the stage-setting more perfectly than the best carpenter and scene-painter and costumer can ever combine to make. Recently I heard “Die Walküre” again and was greatly impressed with Van Rooy's wonderful work in Wotan's farewell to Brunhilde. A few evenings later the same artist sang this portion of the opera at a concert. He stood perfectly quiet, a man in modern evening dress. His voice and the orchestra were the only things to occupy the attention. I can not tell you how much more intensely and deeply I was moved. There are things to be said against as well as for stage-setting. Literal and excessive

realism crowds upon the various senses. The mind is clogged, befogged, with too many sensations. Sometimes I am on one side, sometimes on the other; sometimes sympathize with Charles Lamb in his opinion that Shakespearian drama should never be acted.

Do I think that there are people who would go to hear a play read in preference to seeing it acted? I know that in many cases my audiences for "Cyrano" included persons who have seen the play several times, not only here in America but Coquelin's representation in Paris as well.

There are numbers of smaller cities that do not afford a good theatrical season. Where there is, however, a goodly number take keen interest in all that is best in the world's prog-

ress. They are glad to have the great poems and dramas interpreted. There are few people, not technically trained in this direction, who enjoy reading for themselves a work written in dramatic form. I am not infrequently told, in substance, what one gentleman, and a very intelligent one, said: "I understand now the greatness, the charm, of this work. I tried to read it and, do you know, I couldn't make a thing of it. There were whole pages of 'oh's' and 'ah's.'" The reader must have the dramatic imagination. To him the dialogue that lies so disjointed upon the page is full of life and meaning. The cold, dead printer's type he melts again in his own heart and mind and pours the living words, burning with emotion into the minds of his hearers.

Elocution as a Means of Teaching English Literature.

BY FRANCIS X. CARMODY.

I PURPOSE in this paper to emphasize a matter quite generally disregarded. I mean to dwell upon the relationship of two subjects usually dissociated. I hope to show that these two subjects, admittedly of great importance, are *now* taught in high schools, colleges and universities without any explicit reference to each other, whereas in their very nature they are so inextricably interwoven that, to understand either well, one must have a considerable knowledge of the other and to attempt to teach either independently of the other can not but result in a distorted comprehension of both. These subjects are elocution and English literature.

First, I shall endeavor to show that the methods at present in vogue of teaching English literature, particularly the English classics, in poetry are inefficient. In criticizing

them, I shall judge the tree by its fruit. A method is but a means to an end. If the end is not reached or if the end is nowhere in sight when we get through, it must follow that the method is bad. That the present common methods of teaching English literature do not reach the end sought will, I think, become painfully evident on investigation.

It is universally agreed that the end to be sought in teaching English literature is not so much to impart to the student a knowledge of authors and the history of their writings as to inculcate a taste for the beautiful in English composition. The end sought is not so much to familiarize the student with what this or that critic has said about a certain author and his works as it is so to develop his æsthetic faculties that he will be able to discriminate between the good and the bad in literature and to

want to read the good and ignore the bad. The proper test of a student's knowledge of literature is not the quantity of literature he has read, but rather the quality of literature he likes to read. In other words, I believe it will be universally conceded that the student of English literature that has a taste for Shakespeare and for Browning and takes real pleasure in reading these reputable authors, even if he believes Shakespeare to have been born on the Wabash and still living in the Hoosier State, has an infinitely greater knowledge of English literature than has the student that knows the history of every composition from Beowulf to de Bergerac but had rather read "Twelve Buckets of Blood, or the Hackman's Revenge" than Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Granted, then, that the proper test of a student's knowledge of English literature is not so much the extent of his knowledge of authors nor yet his familiarity with the criticisms of their works but rather the quality of his æsthetic tastes, I shall endeavor to show that the present knowledge of English literature, particularly English classic poetry, is extremely limited, that it is shockingly out of proportion with the time spent in its study, and that the barren results from the present methods of teaching English literature seem quite sufficient for their condemnation.

During my last two years at college, I associated largely with students of English literature and had there a convenient opportunity for studying their tastes. On one occasion, before I began to have doubts as to the efficacy of current methods, I called on a friend of mine, a student of English classic poetry and one that always stood in the foremost ranks of his class. I found him deeply interested in a book.

"Well, Fred," says I, "at your old favorite, Swinburne?"

"No," he answered, "I am reading a story called 'The Wives of the Prophet,' by Opie Read."

"Why!" said I, somewhat surprised. "I thought that you read nothing but poetry, judging from the way you recite in class."

He laughed, thanked me for my compliment, and then explained:

"I seldom read poetry except as a preparation for class. When I have an hour to myself I generally read an easy novel. The reputation of the author does not seem to make much difference to me. To be sure, I feel in duty bound to read the works of good repute and I frequently do so, contrary to my inclination; but a person can not always be on his good behavior, and for my own pleasure I had as lief read those authors that our professor heartily condemns as those that he never tires of praising."

I thought the matter all over on my pillow that night, and wondered if there were many like my friend, who read the good authors as a duty and the poor ones as a pleasure.

I began an investigation of the class, hoping that I should find my friend to be an exception. He proved to be the rule. With three or four exceptions, all admitted that their tastes inclined to *Puck* and *Judge* or, in general, to anything in which there was an easy play on words or a dialectic joke, but that it required a strenuous exertion of their will-power to drive them to a reading of the classics.

I extended my investigation later to other institutions, with the same general result. In one in particular I made a thorough canvass of the students in the junior and the senior classes. To these I put such questions as the following:

What do you read when you are at leisure and are disposed to enjoy yourself by reading?

Aside from class-work and college duties, do you often read classic poetry?

If so, who is your favorite poet?

When you do read these masters, are you prompted to do so by a sense of duty or by a relish for the pleasure they give?

The result of my inquiry was that, out of about fifty students, I found one that answered thus: "When I am at leisure I read poetry or high-grade prose. My favorite poet is Tennyson. I read these masters for the pleasure they give." Another said that he read Browning a good deal, but that, if he had an hour to spend just as his inclinations directed, and before him lay Browning and a modern love-story, he would probably read the love-story. All the others, however, were like my friend, Fred. They read the masters when compelled to, otherwise never.

This was very discouraging, but "it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope," and I still hoped. I excused this neglect of the gems in literature by college students on the general principle that all men, no matter in what walk of life they may be found, turn, in their leisure moments, away from the humdrum of daily toil and seek recreation and enjoyment in some foreign pursuit. The lawyer, I reasoned, goes fishing; the minister takes long walks through shady lanes and leafy dells; the shop-laborer goes to the theatre; and it is no more than might have been expected that the student who burns his midnight oil in preparing duties on the sonnets of Shakespeare and the lyrics of Wordsworth would in his restful hours turn to these roof-gardens of English literature. I consoled myself with the thought that when his college days were passed and he became a unit in the busy throng of toilers, he would revert to the classics in his leisure; that what were formerly his duties

would now be his pastime, and the authors that then added most to his troubles would now contribute most to his delight.

This question is more difficult of satisfactory investigation than the others; but from all the evidence that my limited experience could collect, I have been forced to conclude that the university graduate enjoys the classic poem no better than the university student, and that as soon as the pressure of the classroom duties was removed, the gems of the language were laid upon the shelf, to mark the passage of time by the accumulation of dust. I have improved every opportunity for some time to inquire into the likes and the dislikes of university graduates. I have found them, in general, to be men of broad views and noble sentiments. I have found them well versed in economics and social questions; I believe that they contribute to the purification of politics and are the strongest influence for good now existing in the country. But judging them according to the test of their literary taste, they do not know and do not study the masterpieces of our English tongue. They will read the papers; they will read political pamphlets; they will read the magazines; they will even read works on scientific topics; but they will not read the masters, and so far as their literary taste is concerned, they are but little improved over those that followed the plow and turned the furrows of the glebe while they were turning the leaves of the poets.

From my high school days, I had known that the masses of the people were but little acquainted with literature, but my faith in the college graduate was unbounded. In the universities, at least, I fancied that the masters were read and enjoyed. When I went there I had expected to find men whose conversation

sparkled with apt quotations from the sages. University men were my hope. As their numbers increased and their sphere of influence widened, they would, I fancied, be as little universities all in themselves, to bring up by living contact the struggling masses of humanity to an appreciation of the beautiful and the true. I had expected that from their lips would fall not only the wisdom of the philosophers and the maxims of the statesmen but also the divine conceptions of the poets. I had dared to hope that in time under their mighty influence this Republic, bordered by the waves and capped by the azure vault, would smile throughout its broad expanse in the glad sunshine of their wit, until the Rockies would skip like rams and the New England hills like the young of the flock. But I am now convinced that this eternal blazon is not soon to be; that the university men, from whom I expected all my light, are, like their humbler neighbors, groping in the gloom, and that the æsthetic taste, the taste for the beautiful in English poetical composition, the greatest gift possible for a department of English literature to bestow, is not given to students in college nor is that given to them which will develop into an æsthetic taste later.

I believe that the only adequate way to teach English literature is by the agency of elocution.

I can truthfully say that my own taste has been much improved within the last few years, and that this improvement is entirely traceable to the artistic reading by elocutionists of certain commendable poems. A few years ago I read little or no poetry. I took no pleasure in reading it and what I did read was largely done as a matter of duty. On one occasion, however, I heard S. H. Clark read Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum." He gave a short in-

roduction to the poem and told nothing in particular about its history. He did not relate what the critics said about it, nor did he treat it in any such way as would the ordinary class in literature or a lecturer on literature. He simply read it so as to bring out its meaning and its feeling; so that we could see its every image, whether static or in progression; in a word, so as to transfer to the mind of the listener the thought it contained and to his heart its varying emotions and its rhythmic beauty. From the hour I heard him I had a liking for that poem, and I have often read it since. From his reading I got its literature and, what is of still more value, my inclination toward the beautiful in poetry was strengthened. Since that time I have heard other readers interpret other poems and the effect upon me in each case has been similar, varying in degree as the readers varied in proficiency.

From my own experiences in this regard I became convinced that the proper way to inculcate a taste for the beautiful in literature, and particularly in poetical literature, is by the agency of competent readers. I can not believe that I was an exception to the general rule. I can not believe that a scheme that worked so well in my case would be useless in the case of others and my subsequent inquiries among those that seemed to have a taste for poetry have confirmed me in my conclusions. Most of those that have a liking for poetry enjoy those selections best that they have heard read well and the extent of their private reading of the poets is determined largely by what they have heard read or acted. I have moreover tried the experiment of teaching English literature by readings among students in the preparatory school at Notre Dame. The trial was on a small scale; but the results were favorable beyond expectation.

But this method of teaching English

literature through elocution does not rest wholly upon empirical grounds. Strong analytical reasons may be urged for its adoption. Prof. Baker, in his "Principles of Argumentation," states that all well-balanced compositions, whether of prose or of poetry, must contain two things: Thought and feeling; the one appealing to the intellect, the other to the emotions. All literature—using the term in a restricted sense—is made up of these two elements. As an example of composition comprising only thought, we might cite geometrical demonstrations. These have the thought but not the emotions and would not be included under the term "literature" when used in a restricted sense. I can not give a good example of a composition that contains nothing but emotions, but some parts of Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" come near it. At any rate, it is certain that in good literature both elements are present, and to appreciate a composition we must not only form a clear conception of the thought but must also reproduce the feeling. We must not only understand the logical sequence in the thought, but we must also respond in our sensibilities to the varying emotional states, and form in our mind's eye the succession of images. The reader that gets the thought merely, and misses the feeling, is ignoring that in the composition which is necessary to entitle it to the name of literature.

In our common systems of teaching English literature, while the thought is brought out, the feeling is neglected. In these systems much attention is paid to the logical sequence, but no endeavor is made to reproduce the emotions and the succession of images is slighted. To put the case somewhat concretely: What is the average student's knowledge of a play of Shakespeare's, after he has studied it in a course of English literature at

college? He knows the plot and could probably tell you what the critics have said about the piece. How much does he know of the play that he could not get from Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare?" From this book alone he could get the answer to nearly any question likely to arise in his class. In fact, I have known students that did not read the selection under discussion and derived their only knowledge of the piece from a fellow-student's description of the plot.

I contend that no student can learn the literature of Shakespeare from simply reading Lamb's "Tales," nor can he get it from hearing a fellow-student tell about it. He may get the plot, but the emotion, the feeling, that which gives soul to the piece and entitles it to the name of literature is lost, ignored, trampled upon. On the other hand, a competent reading of the piece will not only impart to the student the thought but will also rouse in his soul the feeling.

For these reasons I favor the creation in high schools, colleges, and universities of the position of reader. The occupant of this position should have for his sole duty the artistic reading of the masterpieces of English literature before classes of the students. The readings should be arranged by grades, beginning with some easy narrative poem, like Longfellow's "Hiawatha," gradually introducing more difficult selections until in the closing years of the university course the domain of classic literature has been pretty well covered.

The benefits of such a scheme would not be limited to the field of English literature. Students learn to become readers and speakers largely by hearing good reading and speaking. They learn to use their voices in new ways, by hearing the voices of others used in ways hereto-

fore unknown to them. The original and necessary method of learning to use the vocal apparatus is by imitation. If, when children grow up, their voices are not flexible, the reason is largely that they have not heard voices used frequently enough in a flexible manner to set into operation their imitative instinct.

I do not wish to be understood as favoring that method of teaching elocution in which the student reproduces his teacher and shapes his every gesture, his every skip and slide of the voice, his every change of quality or position on the model of his director. Carrying the method of imitation this far would destroy all individuality in the student. Nor do I wish to derogate from the present common methods of teaching elocution. But I do insist that imitation may be used and not abused. I do insist that the more good speakers a student hears, the better able will he be to express his psychic states.

We have a dramatic department at our Notre Dame College, and at regular intervals the students produce plays. I have noticed repeatedly that the students from the large cities become far better actors with far less training than the boys from the country and the small towns. After talking with the boys individually on the matter, I have become convinced that the reason is that the

boys from the cities have been hearing good actors from an early age. They have seen the various emotional states expressed so often that when they understand the spirit of the speech at hand, their nature responds and they give expression to the feeling. The boy from the country, on the other hand, has not often witnessed the expression of these various emotions. Perhaps he has never experienced some of them. He can not put himself in the mood of the character he is trying to represent, and can not readily give expression to what he has never felt.

Another advantage to the department of elocution from this scheme is that, after hearing a good reading, the student is stimulated by the ambition to become artistic himself in this line. The fantastic tumbling in the circus stimulates a boy to become an athlete quicker than anything else, and he goes home and practices turning somersaults in the haymow. The boy whose musical taste is aroused by the brass band will for weeks afterward beat time on an old tin pan to the melodies he hears in his soul in a manner gratifying to himself, though perhaps annoying to the neighbors. The splendor of the uniformed army awakens in him the desire to become a soldier. Why should not the grace and the art of a proficient reader create in him the desire to become an elocutionist?

SONG is for Germany a breathing; it is by singing that she respire and conspires. The music-note being the syllable of a kind of undefined universal language, Germany's grand communication with the human race is made through harmony,—an admirable prelude to unity. It is by the clouds that the rains which fertilize the earth ascend from the sea; it is by music that ideas emanate from Germany to take possession of the minds of men. Therefore, we may say that Germany's greatest poets are her musicians, of which wonderful family Beethoven is the head.—*Victor Hugo.*

Character, the True Basis of Oratory.

BY CHARLES F. THWING, *President of the Western Reserve University.*

[Paper read at the annual meeting of the Ohio State Association of Elocutionists.]

CHARACTER is what one is. Character is intellect plus feeling, plus will.

When one thinks of oratory, one thinks of the purpose of the speaker; of a method or means that the speaker uses in securing that purpose; and of the material the speaker uses in accomplishing that purpose.

Character is the basis or factor in oratory when one thinks of the purpose of oratory. Suppose we say that the purpose of oratory is simply persuasion, the orator wishing for a specific end to be accomplished by what he says through those to whom he speaks.

During my college course I was a worshipper at Trinity Church, Boston. Phillips Brooks had none of the affluence of historic hearing that belonged to the great Brooklyn orator. Brooks had more of that inspiring eloquence which we attribute to Webster. He lacked that keenness of repartee and discrimination that belonged to Wendell Phillips; but there was something in Phillips Brooks that made every man and woman who heard him feel his power in the development of his personal life. Beyond the power of speech, beyond all expression, beyond his intellectual worthiness, beyond the inspiration of the spiritual quality of utterance, there was something in the man that made all he said a rallying cry to each man to be his best and do his best.

Garibaldi, in one of the crises of his life, when defeat stared his followers in the face, called them together and said: "Over there are life, warmth, and plenty; here are starvation and want of every kind,

and the probability of death. Which will you choose?" It was not the words of the Italian, but the character of the man that made his words necessitate their conclusion and answer. We ourselves have heard addresses that were ornate, splendid, magnificent, full of happiness in illustration, and teeming with rich historic material, the maker of which was himself learned and elegant and eloquent in specific relations, which yet seemed to pass over us as lightly as the wind in the upper skies. Again, we have heard and seen a man, uncouth in manner, without the training of schools, whose only master has been a rich and abounding experience, to whom life was the deepening of all the vital streams of his being. With such a man standing before us, we have found ourselves moved to the innermost parts of our being by the simple suggestion of a character that lay behind the stumbling, stammering words, and gave force to them as they entered the heart and the mind. Therefore, I say character is the basis of oratory in respect to the purpose of persuasion.

But character is also the basis of oratory in respect to method or the means that the orator uses to secure this supreme end. This immediate end or means is speech. Men have spoken of the value to the orator of a good form, of a pleasing face and an expressive countenance. While these elements are of worth, yet speech is the supreme end, I may almost say, unique element that the orator uses. But through speech character is manifested, and speech gets its value from the character of him who does the speaking.

I know very well a son of Edward Everett—William Everett, who has himself inherited certain elements of the genius of his illustrious father. I once asked Mr. Everett, "What method did your father employ in preparing himself for those great orations?" The answer was, "My father usually knew months in advance of any occasion where he had to speak. As the days passed by we found that into his library there seemed to fly books upon the subject germane to the occasion. By and by he began to write, and by and by he began to practice or speak what he had written." I asked if his father practiced before a mirror, and was told that there was a long mirror in the library and that his father probably did practice before that mirror occasionally.

Edward Everett and Robert C. Winthrop represent a type of the orators of the earlier generation of the middle of this century. Everett, like Winthrop, was studied. In an oration that he gave at Amherst College, apparently with the utmost ease and naturalness, he dipped his finger into a glass of water standing by his side, and with the water collected at the end of his finger, said: "If any one of us thinks that he has mastered the mysteries of creation, let him direct his microscope upon the thousands of animalculæ that are struggling for existence in this tiny drop of water." It was apparently the most innocent and natural method for giving illustration to his thought, yet for weeks before that oration was pronounced that exact form of illustration, the water and the glass, had all been carefully prearranged.

One of Everett's last public appearances was at the dedication of the field of Gettysburg. At the same time there spoke another man, whose speech was apparently short and unstudied, but which contains more that has moved the hearts of both

North and South than the polished and eloquent speech of the Massachusetts statesman. When Abraham Lincoln said "with malice toward none, with charity for all;" and when he prayed that the government of the people, for the people and by the people might not perish from the earth; it was not simply a speech of words, it was the whole heart and life and character of Lincoln that spoke. It is the manhood, the being, the personality, that give value to speech.

The character of the audience also gives oratory its effectiveness. Many an orator knows that the only element that can give value to his speech is the responsiveness of the audience. Given an audience of intellect, of warm emotions, sympathetic with the occasion and the speech, eager the truth to know and the duty to do which that truth makes known, with a will that lies quiet and passive but conscious of its own omnipotent power of accomplishing results—given an audience of this character and an orator adequate to the occasion, and the result is simply superb, magnificent. But if the audience is lacking in any one of these things; if there is in place of intelligence, ignorance; in place of sympathy, indifference; in place of strength of will, weakness; neither Everett, Brooks, Phillips, nor Webster could accomplish his purpose. The results of the orator's quest depend upon the relation between the character of the audience and the character of himself. Given an audience of great character and an orator of great character and the result is great and doubly great.

Therefore, character is the basis of oratory in respect to the purpose of oratory, which is persuasion; character is the basis of oratory in respect to the means of oratory which is speech; character is the basis of oratory in respect to material with which

the orator deals, to wit, the audience. In college we often find that a student has reached the limit of his power as a writer, except as he himself comes to have a larger power. To make this man a better writer, we have to make him a better man. Therefore, the college takes him in hand and gives to him the mathematics, the classics, the philosophies and the histories, in order to deepen and to enrich his nature. Then we find that his writing takes on the resulting effects of that deepening and enriching manhood. The same conditions frequently obtain with those whom you are trying to teach to talk

well. They probably are speaking as well as they can under present conditions. To make them speak better, with richer persuasiveness and ampler material, we have to make them better men; we have to make their character larger in intellectual resources, finer in feeling and more powerful in choice. Therefore, if character is the basis of oratory, in order to make oratory beneficent, persuasive, larger, richer, finer, we must make a richer and finer and nobler character in the speaker himself. Therefore, our common work in making speakers is also the divine work of making men.

The Duty of the Elocutionary Profession.

BY CAROLINE B. LE ROW.

[Paper read at the convention of the N. Y. State Association of Elocutionists, at Syracuse, April 5, 1899.]

NOT long ago one of the prominent teachers and readers of New York City answered the question: "Would you advise a young man to take up elocution as a profession?" by saying "No, because it is not manly enough for a man. My God! Do you suppose that if I were a man, I should be a reader, a teacher of elocution? No! Not much. For a man to go messing around with afternoon teas, and truckling to women, to curl his hair nicely and recite all sorts of stuff—ach!"

This is not only interesting in itself as an expression of individual opinion, but far more so as an indication of the universal opinion concerning this particular line of work; for every member of the profession must concede the lamentable and depressing fact that in the general public mind elocution is considered a synonym for humbug and an elocutionist a trifer and a mountebank.

At the time of the formation of the National Association of Elocutionists,

there was a long and spirited contest before the last word of the title was adopted. The general disrepute in which elocution was held was the argument used against its adoption, and the same argument was urged as the best reason in the world why it should be adopted and redeemed. Fortunately, the latter counsel prevailed, and the word has been—as a result of much labor, many meetings, and profitable proceedings—partly rescued, already, from the obloquy that for so many years has been attached to it.

It is cheap and easy work to memorize; it is easy to appropriate other people's ideas and to repeat them—after a fashion—as our own. It is easy to be made a fool of by the praise of friends as ignorant and as conceited as the performer, and it is not difficult for the performer to feel that he is competent to instruct and to entertain audiences when in reality he may be scarcely competent to receive instruction. Society is full of just such "readers" and "enter-

tainers." Is it any wonder that elocution is judged by these representatives? I sometimes marvel that it has not fared even worse than it has.

The cause of this sad condition of things is so apparent as to need no explanation before a professional gathering. We all can easily and logically account for it; we all equally deplore it. The one thing needful is to set ourselves vigorously to work to correct it.

To my mind there is but one way in which this can be done.

With every new organization of elocutionists, I take fresh courage; every item of their proceedings I read with the greatest interest; every movement they make in an upward direction has my heartiest sympathy and cooperation. But not yet has one of these organizations touched the root of the matter, or touched it to any practical result. To do this, every one of them—national, State, city, or neighborhood—should work strenuously and continuously toward one essential end—the introduction of elocutionary training into all the schools of the country.

Each should have an eye single to this one matter until it has been accomplished. Not until then will there be laid any satisfactory foundation upon which to work in any direction, never until then will the words "elocution" and "elocutionist" be "purged of contempt."

This proposition is fundamental. If we have—as we claim—a science and an art, there is no firm reason to be rendered why it should not be taught as are other arts and sciences that are considered worth teaching.

Music has had for years a high and honored place in all our public schools. Of late years, drawing has begun to receive almost as much attention. This is cause for rejoicing. I would not take from either study one iota of the time now given to it. I would increase the amount if possible. It is not because I love these

branches less, but because I love elocution more than I would say: "While this should be done, other things should not be left undone." Music and drawing are, broadly speaking, exceptional with the average boy or girl, man or woman. Human speech is a matter of every hour of every day, one of the paramount necessities of life at every turn, for social, business, and professional life. Yet nothing in all education is so universally ignored or neglected as the proper use of the breath of life and the organs of articulation.

The pupil, scrupulously taught to discriminate between intervals in the scale, or to reproduce on paper a bit of historic ornament, is allowed to mutter and mumble his arithmetic or grammar lesson, without the slightest criticism of his enunciation, or any attempt to improve it. This muttering and mumbling is the rule, too, and not the exception. Every teacher in the land will testify to the truth of this assertion.

This same miserable manner of speech is carried from the school and the college into the world, into society and into business, hindering, perplexing, exasperating all along the road, largely discounting the time, comfort, and convenience of the majority of human beings,—to say nothing of infinite loss in mental, artistic, and spiritual elements.

Reading is certainly taught in all our schools. From first to last it has always formed one-third of what is counted as the indispensable trio—the "three R's." Thousands of hours in the life of every pupil are consumed in what is called "learning to read." Yet where, in all our school-course, can there be found anything so utterly nebulous, chaotic, and bottomless, so sloppy and slovenly, so generally imbecile and absurd, as this so-called "teaching of reading?" It is seldom more than a mere utterance of words, and

a spelling-book would serve as well as any other for this purpose, which fails even to be distinct and satisfactory utterance. This teaching is as far as possible from being scientific. It has no rules or standards. It is a regular "go-as-you-please" pursuit, each instructor being a law unto himself. The teachers themselves do not know how to teach reading and to their credit, be it said, the majority of them frankly admit the fact. How should they know? They were not themselves instructed in this branch.

From the time a child enters school until he leaves college he should be required to articulate distinctly, and every one of his teachers should be competent to instruct him in the proper formation of every element in the English language. This, of course, means the teaching of phonetics, but nothing under the sun is so short and simple as the teaching of phonetics if rationally done, for we practically utter all these elements every time we utter a sentence.

The whole art consists in noticing the manner and trying to secure accuracy.

But, as a rule, even the word "phonetics" suggests untold difficulties both to pupil and to teacher. The work, in the few places where it is done at all, is usually overdone a thousandfold, and becomes exaggerated, unnatural, often grotesque, and, consequently, worse than useless.

I assert that every teacher should be as competent to teach the few essential phonetic facts as to teach the four rules of arithmetic or the parts of speech in grammar, and the claim is still further made that they are as necessary and useful as anything that can be taught. But the teachers are not to be charged with neglect nor blamed for ignoring the matter. Even the definition of the word "phonetics" is not wholly clear to their minds, and certainly not its practical

application. There is but one thing desirable and possible for us to do, and this can and should be done without delay,—to create a realization of the value of this work; to have the necessity for vocal training and reading recognized as fully as the necessity for any other kind of instruction; to see that properly-equipped persons—those fitted by the best kind of professional training as well as by scholarship—shall have charge of this line of work; to see to it that no person is considered a candidate for a teacher's position who has not a well-trained voice in addition to a well-filled brain; to make muttering and mumbling speech, mouthing and mechanical reading, as disreputable as misspelled words or misplaced punctuation points. All this should be advocated for the sake of health considerations also, for we are prepared to prove that there is no gymnastic exercise superior to the proper and vigorous use of the voice, no sound health without proper development of the lungs. In addition to the great physical advantages of vocal and phonetic training, it is impossible to overestimate the intellectual benefit to be derived from proper instruction in reading. I do not hesitate to affirm that such instruction is more valuable in the way of awakening, stimulating, and logically directing thought than all other studies combined.

Never will this be done till we, as a profession, do it, and we can do it if we energetically set about it, working in season and out of season without weariness, impatience, or discouragement. The result will be long in coming and few of us can hope to live to see it, but it will come as surely as the sun shines. It is well worth working for. Never until it is accomplished will elocution be considered manly enough for a man, never will the world appreciate the incalculable benefits to be derived from our grand and glorious science.

New York Singing-Teachers.

An Inquiry Into Their Qualifications, Their Theories, Their Practices, and Their Results.

EIGHTH ARTICLE.

[The articles, begun November, 1898, are written for the purpose of giving our readers an insight into the qualifications, methods, and results of various singing-teachers, and of enabling those in search of vocal instruction to select a teacher intelligently. Our aim is to present various nationalities and various schools. Comment by our subscribers on the articles will be welcome.—EDITOR.]

Louis Arthur Russell.

"The difficulty of learning to sing is not that there are so many problems as that the methods of solving them are so subtle that one finds it difficult to understand what the teacher means.—The whole process of culture in man is in a direct course away from what is his wild, untaught condition.—One might suppose that a heaven-born genius would do artistic things without culture. On the contrary, the greater the native gift the more severe should be the culture."

IF one may make a phrase and a contrast at the same time, it would not be far out of the way to say that as a vocal instructor, Louis Arthur Russell belongs to the "new American" rather than to the "old Italian" school. This is not to say that the ideals he hopes to approach are widely different from those of the others. He, too, was born in Arcadia, but with him, Arcadia is not synonymous with Italy, and Tuscan is not the tongue in which his soul utters itself in exalted moments.

He can not even see the great value of Italian *a* as a working vowel to open the throat, because he is unable to distinguish between it and the common English *a* as in *father*.

"It is immensely simpler to sing in Italian," he says, "than in English, for in Italian you have but a few vowels. In English there are about twenty vowel-sounds, counting the diphthongs and the long and the short vowels. To complicate it still more, many of our vowels have vanishing sounds, which require at-

tention. *A* as in *fate* has *ee* at the end of it and *o* as in *old* has *oo* at the end of it. To learn to sing in Italian will not help one much to sing in English; but if one has learned to sing English properly, he can sing Italian as soon as he learns to read the language.

"*A* as in *father* is not the most natural of vowels. It is the most refined, the most artistic; it is, as you might say, the cultivated one of the vowel-family. In English we have a vowel that is nothing more or less than a grunt, *u* as in *bud*, and the singer must learn how to produce it as beautifully as *ah* or other vowels."

This last was said as he was giving a pupil an exercise on the words, "the bud," on the major triad, thus:

The bud
d d m s m d
The bud
d' d' s m s d

Mr. Russell, in the tone-work, does not go near the piano except, perhaps, to strike the first chord, or to show the student that, in coming

down the scale in a quick run, she is not quite true in her intonation of the sixth or whatever it is. The exercises are mostly words sung to some form of the triad and scale, special attention being paid to the intonation, the forward placing of the tone, the attack, the purity of the vowel-sound and the cleanness, but not the exaggeration of the consonantal sounds.

He did not begin with the long sustained tones, in the cases heard.

"Do you not think that they are useful as voice-builders?"

"Not as a first principle of voice-building. When used as an exercise, they are good for learning how to make a sustained tone as it will come in a song, just as one learns to make an ornament; but they do not supple the voice."

Mr. Russell does not have such easy speech-exercises as some teachers, as "I will sing," and "Sing a sweet song," which naturally sing themselves; but such as :

"He did it not."

"How, how, how, how."

"At last he has come."

"How round it is."

"How red they are."

"It is, it is, it is, it is," etc., using all vowel-sounds and all consonants, in every possible combination, with various lengths of tone. Each of these phrases may have as many settings of tune as Mr. Russell chooses, but, generally speaking, they all are chanted to some permutation or other of *d, m, s, d'*, though toward the last of the tone-work they come running down the scale with their description of the big winter apple, how red it is and how round it is and all that, Mr. Russell explaining to the pupil that the *r* needs to be trilled more, or that it is not "It 'tis, it 'tis," but "It is." Singers have a great hankering for "ev-ver" and "heaven," and Mr. Russell has a good

deal of constant practice in the art of keeping his temper, when a pupil does the very thing he tells her not to, actually sometimes before he can shut his mouth.

Another point of his teaching was work on the word "come," in "At last he has come."

"Don't bite it off so," he would say. "It would be hard for me to tell whether you were singing 'come' or 'cub.' *M* has a nasal continuation. 'Com-m-m-m.' Try it again."

Great care was taken with the diphthongs, as in *how*, and the vanishing sounds of the vowels, that they should neither appear too soon nor be neglected entirely. Especially was he painstaking to impress upon the pupil the necessity of retaining the color and the position of a vowel after it is once started, without change to the end of the tone or the passage. Also an even tone-color must be maintained throughout a phrase, whatever variety of vowel-sounds may be in the text. As to consonants Mr. Russell shows his pupils how much the legato that we all seek depends upon the correct articulation of the consonantal joints. Great attention is given to the proper softening of consonants.

"Is vocal training, as distinguished from musical education, a matter of a few months, as Mr. Tubbs says, or of years?"

"If one could instantly comprehend the instructions of the teacher and put those instructions into practice, the process would be short, for the difficulty of learning to sing is not that there are so many problems as that the methods of solving them are so subtle that one finds it difficult to understand what the teacher means. Then, when this is once comprehended, it takes some time before the automatism of the body is fixed to an habitual correct production of tone. The instruction is there and the pupil understands it and can

sometimes sing rightly, but it has not yet become second nature. It is for this reason that a pupil notes improvement after she has stopped taking lessons, or she comes back in the autumn after the summer's idleness, singing better than in the spring. She has been digesting and assimilating the instructions and, perhaps unconsciously, the automatic part of her nature has been accustoming itself to the correct production. People that have thus habituated themselves to sing well declare that they do so naturally. They mean they do so habitually. The whole process of culture in man is in a direct course away from what is his wild, untaught condition. Take, for example, the matter of breath-control. I inspire deeply, and the untaught impulse is to let it all out again in a hurry. But for artistic purposes I want to retain that breath, letting it escape in a very small and even stream. So I use the artificial device of pretending that I am still breathing in, while making a tone. As a matter of fact, the tone is made by the exhaling of a stream of breath and the inspiratory muscles are simply opposing the expiratory muscles. When I have schooled myself so that I automatically resist the escape of breath, it seems so much a matter of course that I say it is of nature, but it is really of second nature.

"One might suppose that a heaven-born genius would do artistic things without culture. On the contrary, the greater the native gift the more severe should be the culture, so that no defect of technique shall mar the expression of the message that the endowed one has for his fellows.

"As a matter of fact, what we call 'natural singing' is a more or less combined imitation of other people's singing. In the beginning, we try to do as we have heard others do. There is no natural singing, any

more than there is natural speech. Nature supplies the materials, but culture must supply the method of using the materials, retaining the correct ways, rejecting the incorrect until the right habit is established. It is of no use to say: 'Be natural.' It is better to say: 'Copy true models, get freedom from wrong muscular habits, keep art-results in view and cultivate correct habits.'"

"Is there any use in training the vocal organs of a child, prior to the period of mutation?"

"I think so. Supposing that a child's mind and body are early directed toward the acquisition of beautiful tones, control of the breath and artistic development of song from the plane of speech. I believe that there is every reason to suppose that after the period of mutation all these good habits will persist and the girl or the boy will be so much farther along the road toward becoming a good singer."

"Should the pupil practice alone? How long should one practice?"

"Some items of voice-culture may be practiced at once alone by the pupil as soon as their principles are comprehended. If a pupil is taking two lessons (each half an hour long) every day, no further practice is necessary or advisable for the first month or two. But where the pupil takes one or two lessons a week, his work should be definitely laid out so as to allow fruitful self-practice. The practice-spell should be of from fifteen to thirty minutes, the teacher's discretion to decide that."

"Pupils stand in a certain prescribed position in the studio, but in the opera the dramatic situation may demand that they take different poses. Do you make any provision for that?"

"A singer must have such control of his entire muscular system as to allow him to sing with his body in any position. Preparation for such emergencies should be made in the

early stages of study. A variety of physical exercises are useful in this culture, leading to the acquirement of firm, but flexible body and limbs and a free throat, neck, and chest in any position of body."

"Do you have your pupils practice respiratory exercises without tone?"

"Breath-control must be automatic, without voluntary effort during singing. In training, the student learns the means of muscular control and at once applies it to speech and finally to song. As soon as there is a power of respiratory control, it should be applied to the voice."

"Do you require the pupil to hold the air in the lungs, neither inhaling nor exhaling?"

"For physical development a certain amount of this class of practice is admissible, but not for song. The singer's effort is to *release* the air properly and not to imprison it at all. A great quantity of breath in the lungs is not the desideratum, but rather how to make good use of even a very little. Yet a large thorax with firm, elastic walls is a great aid to singers, not so much because of its capacity as of the increased control such a physique affords."

"Do you make any difference in the respiratory drill between men and women?"

"Men and women should breathe alike; yet because of peculiarity of dress-habits, we often have to treat women with special exercises to overcome abnormal development through wrong habits. The respiratory muscles are the same in both sexes, therefore they need fundamentally the same treatment."

"Has the term 'purity of tone' any measure other than the standard of each individual?"

"That is a pretty deep question. My judgment is that purity of tone is a real thing and not the whim of the individual. Personal preference

for a certain timbre has nothing to do with *purity* of tone, which implies a condition subject to analysis, as also subject to the appreciation of the correctly trained ear."

"Do you try to exercise the soft-palate? Should it rise and fall for different vowels? Dr. Muckey thinks not."

"The soft-palate in most cases takes care of itself in singing. In extreme cases, where the student shows undue relaxation and depression of the palate, it is advisable to give exercises tending to increase vitality and responsiveness of the muscles. Dr. Muckey has not yet satisfied me with his theories, but I confess to not having given them as yet a full consideration. If Dr. Muckey really means to say that a relaxed soft-palate and a uvula dropping to the very tongue are correct conditions for song and for speech, I must disagree with him. The theories of any conscientious scientist, however, are worthy of close investigation by the professional voice-teacher. I believe Dr. Muckey to be sincere."

"Do you teach the direct attack, that is, have the tone and the breath come together; or the indirect attack, that is, have the breath open the glottis first and the tone follow?"

"The direct attack is the normal action in art; to teach the indirect attack is liable to lead the student into very grave errors of tone-emission, and especially into the quality of 'breathiness.' The direct attack is the finest art, one of the most delicate of the several fundamental items of tone-emission. In searching for it, theorists have been led into all sorts of difficulties and heresies. The destroying 'shock of the glottis' is one of the results of false theories as to attack. The pure, noiseless start or attack of a tone without abrupt explosive quality, or sound, either of breath-escape or of muscular action,

is the very gem of bel canto—rarely found.

“With all this, however, there remains the fact that no teacher can work with many pupils without in some cases the use of the indirect attack as a corrective measure, leading away from the habit of explosive, noisy attack. Then again, there are emotional requirements for the indirect or breathy attack. The standard is pure tone with pure, i. e., direct attack, no mechanism visible or audible.

“The elder Lamperti, we are told, taught the so-called ‘drinking-in’ of the tone, as if it were made by inhalation. It was in that way that he got the direct attack. But I believe, from what I have heard, that he was a man perhaps without much vocal education, but endowed with a tremendous amount of good common sense. I do not doubt that if he found that a pupil had an excessively hard voice, he would teach him an indirect attack to overcome that defect. I think this may account for the seeming discrepancies we find in what profess to be accurate statements of what and how the maestro taught.”

“What is the expressional value of very high tones? Are they not for emphasis or climax? Do they in themselves possess emotional values?”

“High tones have two uses. They are fioritura and emotional or expressional. If they are for climaxes or emphases, they are surely of expressional value. If, on the contrary, they are used for a scale or flourish, their expressional value is doubtful. In anything but coloratura singing, no tones beyond the singer’s range of expressional voice should ever be dignified with the name, ‘singing-voice.’ Brilliant passages please us, surprise and delight us; but, after all, trills, rapid scales and the like are tricks or the voice stolen from the orchestra, to which they belong. The

human voice transcends all instruments of man’s making in that one quality of emotional expression of which we say, figuratively: ‘Tis colored with heart-blood.’ Song combined with articulate speech is the crowning art of man’s expression. High or low, the voice lacking human emotion is pretending to sing and is not correctly singing.”

“Do you advocate the fixed or the movable larynx? Should there be an effort to hold the larynx still for all vowels?”

“Fixed larynx! No! Nothing fixed about the throat. The larynx has nothing directly to do with vowels per se. Its position doubtless qualifies the tone-color or timbre, but all vowel-shapes are controlled by muscles in *front* of the pharynx. Probably the line of the soft-palate fixes the limit of the vowel color-line, though the back mouth to the very glottis and all the hollow spaces above modify tone-quality. There is the happy medium, which all art requires. In this case, the open throat *without stiffness or fixedness* is the requirement of singers. There are, however, cases where experimental practice with depressed larynx (for the moment only) proves helpful in showing the sensation of the open throat.”

“What is the falsetto and what is its use and value in song?”

“What do you mean by ‘falsetto?’ Do you mean the Continental falsetto; the baritone-alto falsetto of English choirs; the ventriloquist’s falsetto; the so-called superhead tones of women’s voices; the badly sung high G, A, B, and C, of tenors, which lack color and expressiveness? What do you mean?”

“The question is what do *you* mean when you use the term in teaching?”

“The falsetto voice is passionless, colorless, without power of emotional expression. It is the ‘boy-voice,’ such as we hear in male choirs. For its mechanism I refer you to the scores of theories that fill the books.

In women we call this voice 'super-head voice,' and many voices are wrongly taught to carry this character of voice down to the 'medium' range (so called). In all such cases the voice is deprived of its true beauty. Many voices of women are ruined by this training of all tones written above the staff into a real falsetto, misleadingly called 'head tones.' This characterless quality is accepted frequently, yes, generally, as indicating a lyric natural tendency; it is produced so easily, is so 'pure,' free from breathiness or apparent stiffness, that everything appears to answer the demands of the teacher for freedom, etc. Yet this voice is valueless in art. Its continued use soon destroys the human quality, and the singer finds herself at last with nothing but flexibility to warrant her claims as a singer. The middle voice is always injured by this process of culture, a few chest-notes alone show the original possibilities of these small voices of falsetto quality.

"There are many notable examples of this quality of voice, and they all live in the public eye but a few seasons, then drop out of sight.

"They sing the 'high' arias and the audience is delighted. 'How like the flute,' they say; and it is true, the tones are flute-like, not human, and soon nothing is left but a hard thread of tone.

"In men the falsetto is endurable only in male quartet or chorus, or as alto in boy-choirs. The falsetto voice in men is an emasculated quality, boy-like, but stronger, harder, less beautiful. The well-protected artistic upper tones of a tenor may be thought to possess falsetto quality, but no real falsetto tone can have a 'ring' or emotional color. That quality in a male voice's upper tones, which we call 'heady,' is but a proper placement forward and an artistic control of color, in the mouth and the pharynx, while the vocal cords are

at the tension required for the high tone.

"Speakers that force their low voice often find physical relief in a lapsing of the voice into falsetto. We call it 'piping up' of the voice. This relieves the speaker physically, but at the same time it injures the quality of voice and above all is a fearful thing to listen to. The voice that breaks on an upper tone lapses for the instant into falsetto."

"How do you correct defects? Do you say 'don't,' or do you give the pupil something to 'do' that will obviate the necessity of saying 'don't?' The point here is the pedagogical one that the effort not to do a thing often brings a stronger impulse to do it."

"To teach only with 'do' is ideal—and impossible. It reads nicely to say: 'Never confuse the pupil with *don't's*, always give him something to *do*;' but in practical pedagogy, *it won't go*. If you ask a man to sing a high tone and he squints his eyes, lifts a shoulder or a leg, or makes a snort of some sort, the quickest way out is to say, 'Don't!'"

"So much is said about 'local effort.' Do you give localized exercises? Does not analytical teaching and exercises tend to self-consciousness?"

"To teach without local effort or local thought is to teach in the dark. Every exponent of the non-local-effort theory contradicts his theory every time he talks of it. This statement can be proved at any time by any sincere thinker and investigator. There are some items in voice-production that, if surrounding conditions are favorable, *take care of themselves* (dare I say?) naturally. But there are other items that call for local thought or care—effort, if you will. After proper training of the muscular system, especially with reference to song, *all items take care of themselves*, for automatism, involuntary action, sets in with the art-habit and local effort has finished

its course. We sing as one mental effort. Every muscle, to the most minute, falls in line and answers the call, 'To voice!' Breath takes care of itself, larynx, throat, tongue—everything—takes its own part, *without local effort*. We then sing as freely and as spontaneously as we talk. The added intensity asserts itself as readily as emotional intensity finds expression in heated speech. All the items have been under culture, severally and together. Now we think only of one thing, the *concrete result*. The mind wills; the body obeys. Some singers call this 'singing naturally,' but it is far beyond nature. It is art; and art passes beyond natural, fundamental potentialities, passes through cultivated habits of individual parts and reaches the result that may now be well called 'second nature'—*remade nature*—where we refer our minds only to results; the means are at once in response.

"This culture is, of course, synthetic. Yes, it often leads to self-consciousness; but some stiff souls would never learn to sing without 'a method,' and their self-thought would not be overcome by a process of culture that first looked for results and said little or nothing of means. Self-consciousness is a fault of the spirit of the man. Intellectual processes are not likely to change the temper much.

"As to local effort, as a catch phrase, either pro or con, I think it is worn out. Things that have to be learned have to be thought out, and that is local effort. The question is not: Shall there be effort, local or general, in singing? but rather: What is the effort and where, and then how shall it be reduced to its minimum of evidence with the maximum of result? The effort ought to be as slight as possible with the required result, and there should be, of course, no interfering effort at all.

"After all, this interfering effort is what the theorists are raging about, though they call it 'local effort.' To understand the vocal effort implies a knowledge of intrinsic and extrinsic muscular action, the functional and the voluntary actions, the limits of natural powers and the proper functions of art."

"What do you do to cultivate ear-perception?"

"A student with a 'bad ear,' who lacks the tonal sense in any degree, should be put into a solfeggio class at once and receive plenty of rote-song practice. The power of differentiating pitch is, of course, cerebral. With most persons it is an involuntary cerebration; with many it requires more or less culture; with some it appears to be impossible to acquire. In these there is probably a cerebral deficiency, especially as relating to the sense of hearing. It is always worth while to put the subject under culture. The hopeless ones are rare. Disuse or non-use of the faculty is the commonest cause of tone-deafness."

"Do you believe in State regulation of singing-teachers?"

"I think that all teachers of voice should be subjected to State examination or some other process that will determine at least that they are men and women of intelligence and experience in the study of the voice."

"Have you any theory as to the part played by the false vocal cords in tone-production?"

"My only faith in this matter of true and false vocal cords is in the assured fact that no resonance or other quality of a tone once uttered through the glottis can be affected by the conditions of the opposite side of the closed or active glottis. Whatever influence the under side of the vocal apparatus exerts on a tone is felt before the breath is really made into tone."

"What do you mean by the terms 'throaty,' 'breathy,' 'open,' 'covered?'"

"Generally speaking, the two main errors in singing are 'throatiness' and 'breathiness.' A 'throaty' tone is one that displays by its quality an interference with its production directly at the throat, through contraction. This undue effort or interference at the throat can be detected generally by the eye or by the hand laid on the throat outside. The stiffness is not always sufficient for this, though the tone-quality announces the wrong condition.

"Breathy tones are not pure voice. The breath is heard about the tone, with more or less of a rush or rattling sound. The tone shows a relaxed, flabby condition and firmness is lacking.

"An open tone is of childlike blandness, utterly natural in its worst phases.

"A covered tone is one properly controlled so that its color shall be recognized as artistic.

"Low tones are more bearable open than are the higher ones. An extreme case of open tone is one bawled or howled. The closed tone is held in restraint by the cultured ear, which has learned to determine correct forms of beauty in the voice, and, of course, this implies a correct method of vocal management.

"All refined speech, as well as song, is covered to a degree. Open tones are vulgar. They belong to children and to dwellers in the backwoods. Yet for some emotional moments in dramatic singing open tones are required."

"How many registers are there?"

"Too deep, too deep, a question. The conditions known as registers certainly do exist. It is the teacher's duty to show how these changes of mechanism and of quality shall be kept from the auditor's ear. An even scale is what we all seek. I should

number the so-called registers as five."

"Should a teacher attempt to teach in a language foreign to him?"

"A teacher may teach anything he knows—if he can. Shall language in song be an exception to this plain rule?"

"Is European study necessary?"

"European study for pure voice-culture is a folly for Americans. As good as the best teachers are right here at home. For experience, broader musical horizon, for grand opera, for foreign national idiom, let us go to Europe and on exactly the same lines, except opera-study, let the European student come to America."

"Are the majority of your pupils men or women, and why? Are they mostly amateurs or professionals?"

"The majority of vocal pupils are women, for obvious reasons. Amateurs take precedence in numbers over professionals."

"What is the best instrument to use in giving lessons?"

"The best instrument for the teacher's use at lessons is *his own voice*. A fork or a pitch-pipe is all else that is absolutely necessary, until the pupil requires accompaniment for songs. Then, of course, the piano is needed. The violin is of no practical value to the vocal teacher, notwithstanding the many things said about the similarity of a pure tone of voice and a tone of the violin."

"In what way have associations helped the musical profession?"

"I am a firm believer in associations for the profession. They help in general and in particular."

"Does the vocal profession offer to a man as good opportunities as law, medicine, or a mercantile life?"

"The vocal profession pays a few finely; but save in the case of

singers, large fees are impossible and the music teacher grows rich slowly—if at all. Big hauls are not to be had. All other professions offer far better opportunities for riches, but, then, they all are incomparably less delightful to work in and they all deal with less subtle and beautiful problems. As to the relative dignity and importance of the other profes-

sions as compared with our own, I can only say that I think we have the best of it, though the world may judge otherwise."

"What songs do you use in lesson-giving?"

"I use any good song, but prefer the classic repertoire and the best of our modern American songs. This all depends upon circumstances."

Physical Education in Colleges.

BY H. S. ANDERSON.

ACCORDING to the majority of thinking people, physical education should have a place in the life of every student, and in most American colleges some course of gymnastics is usually found. Notwithstanding that most colleges have well-equipped gymnasiums, it is often found that a small percentage of the pupils take regular work. This may be owing in a measure to the comparatively inferior position that the college gymnasium holds in relation to other departments of required work or to the indifference of the students.

At Harvard the work is voluntary, though a certain percentage of the students make use of the gymnasium. The gymnastic association formed some years ago at Yale has been quite a success, though the idea is based upon a spirit of competition. To make a record that shall be talked about and put on the bulletin-board, or to receive a prize, is the ambition of many students who give a great deal of their time to exercise. The prescription book now in use at Yale and at University School, Cleveland, is of great benefit to a majority of students. Knowing their weak points, they are interested in body-building exercises, and in this way a larger number derive benefit from gymnas-

tic work. At Johns Hopkins the work is obligatory upon undergraduates, but those engaged in out-of-door sports can substitute them for practice in the gymnasium. In a large number of the women's colleges regular work is required. In many cases students are conditioned and obliged to make up time lost in the gymnasium.

At the University of Chicago (in the Women's College) no student can receive a degree unless her gymnasium record is satisfactory, though the course is not necessary for graduation. At the present time it would seem almost impossible, in every instance, to establish such courses as the ones at Leland Stanford University and at Haverford College, where the department of hygiene and physical training is on the same basis as other departments. But just such a course would do a great deal to impress students with the importance of the work. The general impression is that many of the students only play baseball and football, and that only the strong men go into the teams; that is true, but the other students are interested and play the games, and get the vigorous exercise. Winning races and lowering records are interesting things to do, but success in these feats is no test of the excel-

lence of a system of physical education in a college or a school. A few fine athletes are good for a college, as it sets the pace for the average student to follow.

Young men who study need exercise, and that exercise, to be beneficial, should be regular and systematic. How to make bodily exercise interesting so that a man will want to take it, and not regard it as a duty merely, is something to think of, when we undertake to prescribe exercise.

At Yale gymnastic work is compulsory for freshmen; at Amherst compulsory for four years; at Brown compulsory for four years; at Wesleyan compulsory for two years; at the University of New York for two years; at Princeton no regular scheme is adopted.

A hurried review of the subject shows that physical training has had a beginning and is experimental in the higher institutions of learning for both sexes in America. One not a careful observer will soon perceive one cause of the slow and uncertain advance made along the lines of physical education; it is a lack of uniformity and harmony among instructors. A weakening of the *cause* of physical training is occasioned by dissensions, which have their origin in the existence of "systems," and finally the failure, on the part of gymnastic teachers, to prove the results they have promised. It is of vital importance that the colleges agree. If they do, then and not till then will the departments of physical education be strong.

In handling the solution of this question we must first remove the causes of failure,—much easier said than done. The latest and most important step taken by college gymnastic directors was a meeting held Oct. 30, 1897. Yale, Harvard, Amherst, Princeton, Columbia, University of New York, University of

Ohio, Cornell, and Wesleyan were represented at this meeting. It was decided to adopt a terminology, agree on strength tests and to organize; but *above all* they decided to agree. Harvard, Yale, Oberlin, Cornell, and Leland Stanford Universities have elective classes where a student may elect physical education as a part of his college course, and may receive credit on his diploma for such work. The special lines of research work are along not physical but mental lines (so called),—the physical basis of memory, attention, the will, etc. We need recognition in colleges, and the work should be compulsory to a certain extent. Rev. Dr. Hyde, president of Bowdoin College, says: Physical education is of sufficient importance to receive the same intelligent and business-like consideration that is given to any other department of education in a college.

If the faculty of every college and preparatory school would arrange the recitation hours so that a proper amount of time could be given to exercise, without interfering with study, and would encourage gymnastic work, the result would be better brain-work and more good strong men. The gymnastic work at the University School of Cleveland is compulsory, and one reason why the department has been successful is on account of the support it receives from the faculty. The prescription and competitive class-work is the same as was used by me for four years at Yale Gymnasium and has been found to act as an incentive to good work from each pupil in the school. We found that at Yale Gymnasium the University School, and Chautauqua Summer School better results came to pupils if the work was made interesting by introducing games and a certain amount of competition in class-work. This would apply to colleges and to preparatory schools.

Orotund Tone.

BY GEORGE LANSING RAYMOND.

THE May No. of WERNER'S MAGAZINE contains an article by Dr. G. W. Hoss on "Orotund Tone." In that article, he quotes from several books, among others from my "Orator's Manual." I have had too much experience of the difficulty of one's making himself understood, especially by those who come to his writings with preconceived theories of their own, to find fault with anyone for the misapprehensions that are almost necessarily attendant upon a cursory reading; and I do not write this because I find fault with Dr. Hoss, but there are certain omissions in the Doctor's quotations—natural and unavoidable, perhaps, under the circumstances—which, if not made, would as I think interpret somewhat differently the meanings that he derives from my words. Moreover, if there are any large number of the readers of this magazine who really misunderstand—as this article suggests—the nature and the significance of orotund tone, the facts ought to be made clear to them. These considerations will sufficiently excuse the explanations that follow.

The Doctor correctly quotes what is said on page 100 of "The Orator's Manual," as follows: "This quality [the orotund], though it may be given with every variety of force and pitch, is better adapted than the pure tone for the louder degrees of force." He then goes on to say: "Here the clear implication is that the orotund is not a pure tone;" then, quoting in part what I affirm of the phases of feeling represented through this quality, he asks: "Can these be properly expressed by any other than a pure tone?" The Doctor's criticism and question are based upon a meaning assigned to the word

"pure," which seems different from that assigned to it by most elocutionists or, in fact, in most of the arts. According to his meaning, anything that is not *pure* is *impure*. But this is not necessarily the case. *Pure music* is instrumental music considered aside from the additional significance and emphasis imparted to it through the use of words. But ballad music or operatic music, though not *pure*, is not necessarily *impure*. "*Pure tone*," in the technical sense in which elocutionists use the term, is a tone which, as a tone (I am not now referring to inflection or to stress) is produced according to the method, and therefore has a quality, which is not at all different from that of ordinary conversational utterance. Fulton and Trueblood have very happily applied to it the term "normal;" but even if called this, someone might object to it on the ground that, therefore, they meant to say that the orotund tone is *abnormal*. Carrying out the analogy between pure music and operatic music, it may be said that *pure tone* becomes *orotund* when, for the sake of imparting additional significance and emphasis, there is a change in its method of production and, therefore, of its quality. It is no longer *pure* in a technical sense, but *pure with an addition*. At the same time, it is not *impure* in the non-technical sense in which this term is sometimes applied to the mixed tone that we hear in the aspirate and the guttural. I am aware, too, that a man who writes a text-book ought not to use a technical term in such a way as to obscure his meaning. But I hoped that I had avoided doing this, by inserting another sentence, which immediately follows the one on page 101 quoted

by Dr. Hoss. It reads thus: "It [the orotund] is a pure tone, to which is imparted unusual body, force and resonance, which cause a difference in the volume of the tone." Nor does the "Manual" leave in doubt exactly what is meant by this definition. "This difference," it says, "is produced because in it [the orotund], as contrasted with the position of the organs in simple pure tones, the abdomen is more tense, the larynx (Adam's apple in throat) is lower down, the back of the tongue is flatter, the soft-palate higher, all the vocal passages wider, and the breath seems to be directed toward the roof of the mouth instead of straight to the lips; in short, the organs of speech are about in the position of wailing. To acquire it, practice exercises 8-12," etc. These differences between the production of pure and of orotund tone are here given in the order of their importance. In pure tone the abdomen may be limp, and it and the lungs may move only at the front. In orotund tone, the abdomen is often as tight as a drum, and the muscles of the sides and the back are brought into service. When these different methods of using the lungs are mastered, the other methods of causing the orotund to differ from the pure follow almost necessarily. What is important to notice is that the orotund is not pure or normal in a technical sense. As stated in "The Orator's Manual," page 101, it "is almost always acquired rather than natural."

The explanation of the difference between these two tones will enable the reader to understand why it is that I sometimes "couple," as Dr. Hoss says, the orotund with the aspirate and the guttural. The reason is this: There are only two ways of using the lungs properly,—that which produces pure tone and that which produces orotund tone. What we call "aspirate quality" is produced

in the larynx, and what we call "guttural" in the articulating organs between the larynx and the lips. If we wish to produce either quality in the right way, it must be in connection with that use of the lungs which underlies pure tone, or else orotund tone. So much for the physiological explanation of the reason why, at times, the pure or the orotund may be connected with the aspirate or the guttural. Now for the psychological. If there is anything that I thought that I had avoided in the "Orator's Manual," it was the statement that any particular idea, as an idea, is expressed through quality. On page 40 it is said: "When natural causes have such an effect upon utterance as to close, choke, or expand the throat—as in whispering, the guttural sound, or wailing,—it is because one's excitement, one's feelings, have mastered him. Volume, or the qualities of the voice, therefore, which are determined by just such actions of the throat, represent the degrees or kinds of mental feeling." Dr. Hoss quotes me as saying, on page 101: "The orotund is the natural expression of delight, admiration, reverence and adoration." Then he quotes the following from page 96: "The guttural is a real voice, so modified as to have an impure, harsh effect. It is the natural expression for malice, hatred, revenge, etc. All will agree, I hope, that the sentiments of 'reverence and adoration, hatred and revenge,' are as unlike as light and darkness, hence their tones should be unlike." These passages will illustrate what I said, at the opening, of certain omissions in the Doctor's quotations.

Substitute for the quotation from page 101, the whole sentence of which it is a part, and it will be found to accord both with my general theory with reference to the expression through quality of *mental feeling* and with the combination, at times,

of that which is expressed both by the orotund and by the guttural. Here is the whole of what is said on page 101: "The orotund is the natural expression for deeply agitated moods, whether pleasurable or otherwise, i. e., of delight, admiration, reverence, adoration, boldness, determination," etc. Then I say, on page 96: "The guttural is a real voice"—which corresponds to what I have just affirmed of the two methods underlying pure and orotund utterance—"so modified by the drawing back of the tongue and the contraction of the throat above the larynx as to have an impure, harsh effect. It is acquired by practicing the consonants *g*, *j*, *k*, *r*, *t*, and *d*; and, in any given passage, is produced largely by articulating these consonants with great distinctness. On page 97, I say: "The guttural, like the aspirate, may accompany other qualities (though seldom the pure);" and on page 103: "Used with the orotund, it imparts hostility to the sentiments, causing them to express detestation, defiance, vengeance." Then follows a quotation, in which to the "bold-

ness and determination" of feeling that may be represented by the orotund is added the effect of "hostility:"

"Have we fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms,
disdained,
Dishonored; and if we dare call for justice,
Be answered with the lash."

This passage requires orotund tone with guttural quality upon the emphatic words. In the same way, the aspirate, "a tone," page 94, "almost flooded with breath," is sometimes used to give intensity of feeling in connection with both pure and orotund quality. In fact, the orotund never expresses the deepest feeling without some combination with the aspirate, a fact that corresponds to what is said on page 101 of the "Manual" of "the richness of its full tones, suggesting often"—notice that I do not say always—"a slight degree of hoarseness."

The reader will understand that pectoral, oral, and nasal tones have not been mentioned in this paper, merely because they were not the subjects of discussion.

The Reading of Shakespeare.

BY ALBERT CAMPBELL.

WHY should it be said, by people in the front rank of art and literature, that the time has come when the plays of Shakespeare should be read and not acted? Why was it that a few years ago Edwin Booth could draw full houses for an indefinite period in some places, and in some instances it became necessary to remove the orchestra to a place behind the scenes, in order to make room for the increased attendance for all of a two weeks' engagement?

Luis A. Baralt, in WERNER'S MAGAZINE for January, says: "The

drama is the poetic and realistic representation of human life in its three-fold aspect of will, intellect and emotion, the last predominating and ever resolving itself into action." This is a powerful argument against the mere reading of Shakespeare's plays. Shall the soul of the play be left out, for the mere purpose of enlightening the understanding? The skilled reader can, by inflection, pause, emphasis, and gesture, make plain to the average intellect, even the obscure passages of Shakespeare; but that is all. The audience will understand the play and may be enter-

tained. Even if they are not, it matters little so long as there is an opportunity to appear to be literary. But does it satisfy the interpreter of the great dramatist to be subservient to such an audience? If he feels the full force of the emotions that seem to call forth his utterance, he must hold himself in check or run the risk of offending the fine sensibilities of his hearers. Earnestness is impolite and an exhibition of emotion is shocking. He must quietly and secretly stab to the heart the living spirit of his discourse, and shake before his audience the dry bones of its skeleton.

The objection is sometimes made that in stage-representation the principals may be good, but the minor parts are often given to very inferior actors; while a good reader would render all the parts well. Perhaps. But what does it matter if the Soothsayer in "Julius Cæsar" is a wooden man, with a phonograph concealed somewhere in his mechanical frame, so long as his words are audible and distinguishable?

There is no emotion to be expressed, but only a warning uttered in as few words as possible and with as little feeling as the town crier has. I do not presume in this article to tell how anything should be read, nor do I claim that an actor should try to become the character he represents; we have outgrown such ideas.

I have no desire to preach or to scold. I like comedy and burlesque as well as anyone, but I do not like to see the stage entirely given up to them. My aim is to show the fallacy of the belief that the mere reading of the classic drama is sufficient even in this critical age. No one blames audiences at a Shakespearian play for not becoming interested, or even for being disgusted, when those essaying the leading parts fail to measure up to expectation. When an

honorable and dignified man is brought to trial on a charge of witchcraft and abduction and is asked to give his testimony, it is painful to see him shamble along the stage and smile carelessly, as he strikes an attitude, preparatory to beginning. I have seen such things done by actors well known as Shakespearian actors. If a man in real life was to behave in such a manner, he would bring down upon his head the displeasure of everyone that saw him. This is not holding the mirror up to nature, and when this man as an actor of Shakespeare's plays fails to draw, he himself, the manager and the newspapers say: "The public does not want Shakespeare." Perhaps not. They do not want that kind; they would rather see buffoons, comedians, and dancers that know their business, and no one can blame them. It is beyond question true that the public are as quick as ever to recognize art and to applaud it, and they are just as quick to resent shams.

It used to be said by certain people, that not only was it unnecessary to have a knowledge of elocution in order to be a good actor, but that such knowledge was a positive hindrance, causing unnaturalness and making the actor a mere talking-machine. Prejudice and ignorance were to blame for this opinion among actors, and audiences were not so critical. But how does the case stand to-day? We seem to be drifting to the other extreme and may be no nearer the truth than before. If so, there is small hope for either the actor or the elocutionist. Possibly we are going through a transition period and the light may be not far distant. Let us hope and wait.

I do not know that I should ever take the trouble to advise anyone, man or woman, to take up the study of elocution either as a profession or

merely as an accomplishment. I think if anyone does not know what he himself wants, it is useless to advise him. But if an earnest seeker after the truth should inquire for light, I would do all in my power to assist him. Such a one needs not to be advised in the choice of a profession; his soul hungers and thirsts for one

thing, and that he will have, and the only way to discourage him is to kill him. Did Mozart or any of the great masters of art need to be advised? On the contrary, some of them had to steal their knowledge, and that showed determination. This is what a young man wants, and then he will need no advice.

Woman as a Public Speaker.

BY GEORGE W. HOSS, A. M., LL. D.

PAUL'S injunction for women to keep silent in the churches, together with the bondage of the darker ages, almost completely shut the door of public speech to woman. Rarely had any woman the courage to break through these double bars, conventional and ecclesiastic. Only at long intervals was her voice heard above the clamor of lust and the din of war. From out the mists of the centuries comes the voice of Miriam, the sister of Moses; that of Deborah, the just judge; that of Huldah, the faithful prophetess. Later there were other voices, as

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light."

Within the last century, chiefly in the last half, has woman had the liberty of speech. True, the law imposed no bar in this country, but public opinion did; and this to sensitive natures was stronger than triple bars of brass.

It is not our purpose to name those that lead in this work, or to note the steps of progress, or the obstacles to be overcome; but rather to consider briefly some of the qualifications of woman as a speaker.

1. *Woman has by nature a greater facility of expression than man has.* This is proved by the testimony of nearly all teachers of languages. Thirty years' experience in the coed-

ucation of the sexes proves this to the writer's mind, beyond doubt or question. As a rule, the same holds in conversation. Seldom does she hesitate for a word, while her slower brother at her side halts, repeats, or draws, because he can not find his word. This facility is clearly manifest in the earlier stages of written composition, language lessons, etc. Who has not been impressed and pleased with her facile pen in narration, description, and poetic imagery?

2. *She has quicker and more delicate sensibilities.* This true, she is better equipped by nature, for both eloquence and persuasion. While conviction is reached through the intellect, the heart is moved and action compelled by the feelings. Who has not experienced the persuasive power of woman's tongue? Who has not is either above or below average humanity. I can imagine a being all intellect, hence moved only by cold reason. I can also imagine a being with only brute instincts, hence in the main, below the level of the tender tones of entreaty. Neither of these would be affected by woman's pleadings.

Persuasion is a large factor in nearly all public speaking. Preeminent is this so in the pulpit. In this enlightened age, few are wanting in knowledge of the truth of the Scriptures, and the consequent obligation

of obedience, yet all are not ready to accept that truth as the guide of their lives. Hence, a large part of the speaker's work in the religious and moral field is persuasion. Paul said: "Knowing the terror of the Lord, I persuade men." He did not say instruct and convince men, but *persuade* them. If persuasion was needed in the early ages when the fundamentals of Christianity were so little known, how much more now?—now, when the truths of the gospel have been demonstrated over and over again. That this phase of work has been effective has been proved by evangelists in nearly all the churches. Woman has been efficient in this field wherever doors have been opened.

3. *Woman has quicker intuition than man.* She does not touch every link in the chain of argument as does her plodding brother. She looks—i. e., looks intellectually, and sees and says, "Tis so." Her brother, who has not yet threaded the process, asks, "Why is it so?" She answers, "Because it is." It is a jest that woman's reason is "because." Just so. Here the stale criticism is turned into an honor. She sees the end without the intermediate steps and so states the reason in "because."

This is a quality of high value to the speaker, especially when dealing with human nature, when character is to be read at once, sometimes at a glance.

Every husband knows the wife's skill here, and often has he repented when he declined to heed the potent words: "Husband, I warn you, you are dealing with a man not to be trusted." Her intuition makes her the safe reader of character.

4. *Woman's spiritual nature is superior to that of man's.* This fact is too obvious to need illustration or proof. The churches, the schools, the homes, all verify this. Hence, she is a power as a speaker in the higher spheres. This power will be greater when the race shall rise out of the physical and brutal, as exhibited in drunkenness, sensuality, pugilism and wars; greater still when the Golden Rule shall be a practical reality and Christ's spirit and teachings shall be as truly in men's lives as in their professions and creeds. In a word, when the upper rim of humanity shall touch the lower rim of Divinity, then will woman be the peer or the superior of man in persuasive and inspiring speech.

The Teaching of Music in the New York Normal College.

[In the March issue of this magazine appeared an article on "Music in the Primary Grades," and in the April issue an article on "Music in the Grammar Grades of the New York Public Schools."]

SOME idea of the way a subject is taught may be obtained from a pen-picture of the teacher. George Mangold, Mus. Doc., is a German by birth and still preserves a German accent and some idioms. His hair is in silver ringlets. He is not a tall man, and his deportment is grave and dignified in the extreme. All the slips of paper and books that he uses are arranged just so, prim and mathematically in line. These details are

to be considered as they would be seen by 2,400 girls at the gigglesome period of life, when they are likely to pay more attention to a funny mistake in English than to any kind of instruction. Dr. Mangold's father was a pupil of Garcia; so he holds in general to that school of voice-production, though of late years he has modified his views somewhat, tending now more to the method of Julius Stockhausen. Naturally, there can

be but little specialized teaching of correct methods of forming the voice to classes as large as those of the Normal College, but whenever there is occasion for a young woman to sing to the class, as, for instance, when she is called upon to play the part of teacher, Dr. Mangold calls attention to faulty tones and tells how to avoid them.

"In regard to teaching the elements of music," said he, "I can not well use the syllables *do, re, mi, fa*, etc., the Aretinian syllables, or the tonic sol-fa system, because these teachers are to go to schools where the fixed *do* or any one of the numerous systems may prevail. If I teach them the arithmetical names of the intervals,—second, sixth, fifth, major third, diminished seventh, etc., I am teaching what is recognized as musical nomenclature the world over. The scale is taught, step by step, and then the intervals. You will understand that I must teach after this fashion, but I may say that if I had my own way, I should not proceed by the dissonances; that is to say: First 1, or *do* if you like to call it so, and then 2, or *re*, which when sounded together make a dissonance. I should go by consonances, first the tonic, then the octave as the most perfect consonance and yet differing so greatly that the dullest ear can perceive that there is a distinction; then taking the tonic and its fifth; then taking the octave of the tonic and sounding the fifth below that, which would be the fourth from the tonic, or *fa*, and so working out the whole scale. I believe that is the way to develop ear-perception, which is not too accurate even to-day, when there is a piano in every house. Perhaps it is because there is a piano in every house, where the note is already made for the player. If it was a violin, the players' ear would have to determine whether or not the tone was just the right intonation."

Dr. Mangold is a deep student of Helmholtz and his work on the relations of the tones of the scale and of the temperament of keyed instruments. He propounded a little paradox, which was that if a chorus should sing Abt's "Vineta" and end it true to the key in which it was begun, the chorus had been singing out of tune. The piece is written to be sung a capella—without accompaniment. It begins in the major, changes into the relative minor and then returns to the major again.

"It is in the change that the loss of the intonation occurs," said he, "and it is impossible that the keenest ears should guide one absolutely right. The difference, though, between the correct pitch and the one that is taken is so slight that it may be neglected. I defy anyone, however, to sing the plain major scale up and down twelve times and end with exactly the same tone that he starts with. We tend constantly to make the seventh a little too flat. But when the minor mode is introduced, the difficulty becomes still greater; for in the melodic form of the minor we have this scale:

A, B, C, D, E, $F\sharp$, G \sharp , A.

From F to G \sharp is a tone and a half, which is a long interval and one that is difficult to get accurately. Then there is the harmonic minor, which is:

A, B, C, D, E, F \sharp , G \sharp , A.

The minor mood generally has the melodic form going up and the harmonic form coming down. This I teach to the young ladies, for they must know the fifteen scales and the characteristics and parallels; for example, that F \sharp is the characteristic of the key of G, and that its parallel scale is E minor."

A typical class was visited one day, by the courtesy of President Hunter and Dr. Mangold. The young women were busy copying into their books what Dr. Mangold said about

enharmonic changes, and how a composer, in modulating from one key to another, might find it necessary to write a note in one bar C \sharp and in the next bar D \flat . Then he went through the scale and asked the young ladies what would be the enharmonic change from F \sharp , for example. He made sure that all understood it, and then came the dictation exercise. Slips of music-paper were given out and Dr. Mangold sat down to the reed-organ in the schoolroom.

"What I am going to play for you is in the key of C and in triple time, three quarter notes to the measure. I will count it, one, two, three; one, two, three. I begin."

He played the first bar over.

"This is to let you know what the tones are."

He played it again, counting so as to show whether the notes were synchronous with the beats, or were dotted notes, or half notes, or whether there were rests. Then he played it a third time, still counting, in order that the pupils might combine both tune and time. A fourth and a fifth time the bar was repeated and a short pause was made.

The next bar began with: "This is the last note of the preceding bar;" "this is the first note of this bar." Then the process was repeated for each of the eight bars of the phrase and then the slips were collected. Most of those that the writer saw were in the main correct, though occasionally the wrong note was dotted or the head of the note was on the wrong side of the stem. One young person apparently could not get the talk about enharmonic changes quite out of her head and laboriously and unnecessarily wrote E for F, every chance she got.

The students are required to transpose music written in one key into another, and the writer saw some slips where "My Country, 'tis of thee" had been transposed from the key of G into E and F. Just how

thoroughly one young woman knew what she was about may be inferred from the fact that she copied down the treble and the alto on one line and into part of the next and then began the tenor and the bass where the treble and the alto left off. The common practice is to set each bar of the bass directly under the same bar of the treble. She had not heard of this, evidently.

One young woman was then called on to teach the class what a rest was. She came to the platform and acted the part of a teacher of a school. It was evident that when Dr. Mangold had taught this lesson, he had said that it was *not* a sign that the voices were tired and needed to stop awhile, but that the composer wanted to obtain a certain effect by the cessation of singing for that moment. But the young lady overlooked the trifling and inconsequential word of three letters and went on to explain that the reason why rests were put in was because the voices were tired. Dr. Mangold made a little note and probably at the next recitation the teacher found out wherein she erred.

She drew on the blackboard a staff of four lines and wrote a short exercise taking the note below the staff for *do*. There were quarter rests in it made correctly, and the young woman evidently understood what they were for. She gave them a note to start from and they read the exercise off with alacrity. The tone she made was perhaps a little nasal and the general quality of the tone made by the class was not very pretty, nothing like as full and sweet as those made by the girls of the upper grammar grades. There were in it elements of the "scooping," breathy, nasal, shrill, throaty, too-far-back qualities to be heard in choruses of untrained girls at Sunday-school. There were good voices in plenty, but the tone-production was not pleasing.

One must confess a certain disap-

pointment at the results obtained from the chorus drill held in the chapel, immediately thereafter. When 800 young women from sixteen to eighteen years of age, all looking the picture of health, many of them radiantly beautiful and all of them evidently intelligent, sing together; there ought to be something that one can hear. It may be that it was because it was just before the hour for luncheon, and they were tired; it may be because they came in marching in single file in an institutional sort of way that would take the interest out of almost anything,—one after another, like prisoners, a chord,—bang! down came all the seats; another chord,—bang! all the girls sat down. But whatever the cause, certain it is that not one in ten sang at all, not one in twenty sang continuously or seemed to be interested.

Part of this lack of interest may be ascribed no doubt to the way music was scamped when these young women were little girls in the public schools. Another part is without doubt owing to the parsimony of the Normal College in not spending money for music; for of all the dull things on earth, the dullest is for a grown person to be set to learn a piece of music by rote, with nothing to learn it from. It takes something more than heaven-born genius to teach 800 young women, Mozart's "Ave Verum" in two voices, to English words of Dr. Mangold's own arranging, without copies, and to keep all of them interested. It is perfectly marvelous to the writer that Dr. Mangold should have got the results he did. The college has been getting along this way for eighteen years and will probably get along in much the same way for eighteen years more.

They had learned one piece in three voices, by Moffat,—“The Morning Sun,” and sang it very prettily, though with that quality of voice that comes from a few timid voices scattered here and there among a large, silent chorus. The parts were distributed not according to the natural range of the singers but by divisions, so that all the young women sitting in one section sang the deep alto part, though presumably there were high sopranos among them; those in the middle sang the middle voice; and those on the other side the treble, though they might have been contraltos.

These choral drills are to teach the students pieces to use at the chapel exercises at commencement and other functions. One that they had pretty well learned was Albert Holden's setting of “Nearer, My God, to Thee,” as sung by Emma Abbott. They came in with surprising accuracy of attack at the difficult places. The song is a soprano solo and, of course, was taken in unison. As soon as the melody got up near F, though, the voices weakened in a surprising manner. As many deductions as one cares to make may be drawn from that and from the statement of Dr. Mangold that he gives no special exercises in breathing.

Dr. Mangold sings a phrase occasionally to illustrate what he wants brought out, but generally he corrects an error in this wise: “Young ladies, it is not—” he plays on the piano the wrong way—“but it is this.” Then he plays the right way.

The text-books used in the music course at the Normal College are A. B. Marx's “Elements of Music,” Richter's “Manual of Harmony,” and “Ritter's Sight-Singing.”

How Gestures Are Regarded.

By EMILY M. BISHOP.

AS regards their mental attitude toward gesture, the people—whether students, teachers, readers, speakers, professional or business men and women—who present themselves to teachers of expression and elocution may be separated into six general classes.

First: Those who “know all about gesture” and want the teacher’s aid only “on the lines.”

Second: Those who are satisfied with their own interpretation of the lines, but confess that they feel awkward and constrained in body and, therefore, want to be taught where and how “to put in some gesture” so that their embarrassing, crippling self-consciousness may be overcome.

Third: Those who believe in gesture and who declare that they use a great many gestures, “they have, in fact, great freedom,” but who believe that the ability to express thought and feeling through the body—by bearing, attitude, action, gesture—“comes by nature” and is not to be taught. Such people usually come to the teacher of expression for aid regarding some particular vocal need, defect, or idiosyncrasy; they wish to learn how to overcome nasality or a throaty voice, how to enrich a thin, high voice, how to make a dull, monotonous voice sympathetic and magnetic, how easily to project the voice, to give it carrying quality, how to prevent having a tired or sore throat after speaking, etc.

Fourth: Those who are enamored of gestures and of floating feather movements; who think such and such a reader’s gestures are “so pretty,” and want to learn how “to make some lovely ones.”

Fifth: Those who know nothing

about gesture—nor want to; who are deeply interested in the rendering of the lines and desire to study literary analysis, vocal technique, the psychology and the pedagogy of expression,—in fact, anything and everything, save gesture. These students “detest gestures—they are so silly, unnatural, affected, and detract so from the thought.”

Sixth: Those who are without prejudice for or against gesture; who come just “to take lessons;” who are ready to receive whatever the teacher has to give.

Let us briefly consider these different mental attitudes of possible prospective students, and see if they do not give teachers of expression and elocution food for serious thought.

Little need be said of the last or sixth class,—those who have no preconceived ideas regarding what they especially desire or require; who only know that they want to know more about literature, art, and life; who want to study expression, that they may be self-possessed, at-home with themselves and with others; these are the students who are “a joy forever” to the teacher who appreciates the educational, the ethical, *the human*, possibilities of his work. Under right guidance such students can not fail eventually to give to bodily expression its due recognition and appreciation as a primary, *essential* factor in public speaking and in vocal interpretation of literature.

Regarding the fifth class: Why do some students—and they are usually earnest students, with good minds—object to gesture? Not only do some of the most thoughtful students so object, but their objection is shared by many cultured people who are not especially interested in elocution,

but upon whose appreciation, as audiences, the reader's or speaker's success largely depends.

Must we not admit that there is just cause for the existence of such prejudice? Is not much that is shown forth in the name of gesture false and untrue to nature, a mere *taking* of studied attitudes and poses, a mere *making* of formal, mechanical movements.

Nor are discerning students and intellectual, scholarly people the only ones who discriminate between the false and the true in expression. All persons, educated or uneducated, who are instinctively discerning know *by nature* when a man's work and words sing false or true, just as most children instinctively sense the difference between a lover, Eugene Field, and one who proclaims himself a lover,—a Rousseau, for example.

The writer recalls two suggestive instances of the manifestation of this discriminating, untaught appreciation of "common folk." One was at the close of an evening's theatric renderings by a reader whose reputation was "world wide." The last selection was Dickens's "Gabriel Grubb." The audience in general gave due, or rather undue, applause to the vocal and the gestural pyrotechnics, but one woman evidently from the country, as she was leaving the hall, shrewdly said: "Well, he can laugh and jump about and he can say Gabriel Grubb, *but he can't read.*"

The other criticism was given by an elderly, careworn woman after a reading of Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum." She was overheard telling the reader of the afternoon that she didn't know much about poetry and such, that she didn't *quite follow* all he said, that she just happened in that afternoon; but that she was glad she came "for," she said, with tears in her voice, "I know you're a good man

by the way you told about that father and son—and I like good young men. I had a son once, myself."

Was not this a homely way of paying high tribute to the reader's success as an interpreter of the best literature? To that unlettered soul who found literature of this classic stamp so remote from her habit of thought that it was "hard to follow," the reader had made the actuating motives of the characters so clear that they seemed living realities, attributes of the reader's own character. She was so impressed, not with what the reader said or did, but with the main sentiment of the piece as presented by him, that she unwittingly endowed him, personally, with the sentiments he had made her *feel*. Of how he did this, of the details of his work, she knew nothing. The method here was back instead of in front of the interpretation; whereas, in the first illustration, the reverse was true. In the first instance the details stood out and lived for and by themselves, "laughing," "jumping about" and a rapid enunciation of "Gabriel Grubb! Gabriel Grubb,"—the motive of the piece being lost in these detracting effects.

These criticisms, of course, related to the general expression, but they serve to illustrate what is, and what is not, legitimate in bodily expression as a factor in oral interpretation of literature. It is this *doing things* instead of interpreting the spirit of the piece that so prejudices people against elocution in general and gesture in particular. While many readers and speakers are guilty of *doing things* with the voice as well as with the body, the auditory offense is not so offensive to the critically appreciative man or woman as is the visual offense. This is partly owing to the fact that it is through the voice that we receive the work—if not always the thought—of the author.

the listener's auditory attention is, therefore, somewhat diverted from the manner in which the words are given by the words themselves. Not so in bodily expression; unless a bodily movement is related and responsive to the author's or the speaker's thought and feeling, it is worse than useless, for it is then a mere presentation of the reader's or speaker's personality and can not fail to detract the listener's attention from the thought being presented.

To be prejudiced against gesture is not infrequently a favorable sign in a student of expression. Such prejudice usually indicates a nature direct and honest, one that admires sincerity and simplicity, and shuns shams, affectations, and all arts and devices that give petty prominence to a reader's personality. Generally, such students readily see that the difference between spontaneous bodily responsiveness to the thought and feeling and *made gestures* is as great as between honest praise and flattery. They soon appreciate the naturalness and the value of the former as heartily as they dislike the latter. True, occasionally one meets a person with such a deep-rooted prejudice against gesture that he will not even try to see the difference between spontaneous bodily responsiveness, which is as natural as the child's laugh, and formal gestures, which are as unnatural, as "put on," as the clown's grimace. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "The bigot's mind is like the pupil of the eye, the more light that is poured upon it, the more it contracts."

The third class,—those who gesture by impulse and who do not believe in training for gesture: This class of speakers (they are usually speakers—ministers, lawyers, lecturers—and not readers) make direct and honest gestures, *good of their kind*. But of what kind? The greater number of gestures made by such speak-

ers might be called *self-presenting* gestures instead of *idea-paraphrasing* gestures—gestures that present the dominant mental state of the speaker (which is not unfrequently an emphatic, dogmatic state) instead of being related to and expressive of the thought or idea being uttered.

In the degree that a speaker's bodily expression is related to his own inner state instead of to the thought he is attempting to present, in the same degree is his power and effectiveness lessened.

This class of speakers need to have their own logic turned upon them. If gestures and the best use of the body in public speaking *comes by nature*, unsought and untaught, then why not the best tones, the best use of the voice? for voice results only from the particular use of certain parts of this same body. Upon the condition of the muscles, their relaxations and contractions, depends its quality, and also its beneficial or detrimental effect upon the speaker's organism.

The fourth and first classes, those who "want to make lovely gestures" and those who "know all about gesture," present the most serious problems to the teacher of bodily responsiveness.

The would-be interpreters of literature who aspire to make "lovely gestures" have either been dangerously directed in their conceptions of interpretation, or, if never guided at all, they are most unfortunate in their inherent taste in this regard. They needs must entirely demolish their present ideals and aim for a higher "grasp" as well as "reach." This means more or less struggle, for it is not an easy task to relinquish all of one's preconceived standards and ideals and with an uncompromising "right about face" start in an opposite direction on an unfamiliar road. But it is the only way. One can not serve two gods at once;

no more can one have sincerity and truthfulness in bodily expression and at the same time cling tenderly to even one pretty little spiral movement.

Fortunately, many students who belong to this class are young in their work, and the tendency toward artificial prettiness in gesture has not become a chronic inclination. Being young, they can easily grow—grow new ideals, new habits of thought and action. Right teaching and broadening experience are what they need.

Students of the first class, on the contrary, represent experience instead of inexperience. They have studied much, possibly *graduated in gesture!* Doubtless, they have every tip of the head, every turn of the body, position of the hand, attitude of the feet, duly labeled and ready to apply whenever a line in literature admits of such possible application. But if this intellectual knowledge of the expression of the different parts of the body, plus any amount of mechanical expertness in "doing" such expressions—i. e., *making gestures*—is their chief reliance for giving natural bodily response to the thoughts and emotions embodied in literature, then these graduates in gesture are objects of pity—as are their future audiences.

The better and more thorough their instruction, *of its kind*, has been, the more securely they are shackled—in thought to wrong standards, in body to wrong habits of co-ordination. It is a recognized canon of art that "it is worse to do a bad thing well than to do a good thing badly."

The second class are hopeful students as regards bodily response; they are fortunate in having reached that state where they know that they do not know.

These students, under right guidance, will readily gain not only freedom in natural responsiveness of the body, but they will also find that

through such bodily responsiveness a deeper and truer interpretation of the lines will result.

One can not have reached his best possible interpretation through the voice of any piece of literature, or even of his own thought, until his body is free and spontaneously responsive, for there is a powerful reactionary effect from the texture and movement of the muscle upon mental activity and upon the quality of the voice.

It is perhaps only just to myself, in order that my attitude toward bodily expression may not be misunderstood, to say directly that which has already been implied, viz., that I believe in gestures, believe in general as in specific bodily responsiveness; for as one has said: "No one can stand like a post and sing like an artist." Psychology teaches that with every change in the "passing stream of consciousness" there is inevitably a corresponding change in the muscular texture of the body, a change in its relaxations and contractions. It is obvious, then, that to deny the naturalness of the body's response in the interpretation of the varied and intense emotions that enter the "stream of consciousness" in the rendering of any dramatic selection would be as absurd as to deny the increased beating of the heart under physical stimulation.

More, I most earnestly believe in *systematic, psychologic training* for such bodily responsiveness in interpretation and for public speaking; *but such training must be organic* and organic training for bodily responsiveness is diametrically opposed to the mechanical, technical, formal teaching of gesture that has largely prevailed in the past.

How to develop spontaneous, unconscious gestures through organic training is, as Rudyard Kipling says, "another story"—one not to be told in the limits of this article.

Parlor, Platform, School, and Stage

I.

IN MILLINERY.

BY ARTHUR CARMICHAEL.

Monologue for a Man.

CHARACTER: Norcott.

SCENE: A richly and artistically furnished room,—rugs, pillows, tapestries, and carved settees, in especial evidence. NORCOTT is discovered seated on one of the settees. He takes up a book, looks at the title then flings it down.

"Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow!" [*Grumpily.*] Taken for granted the idle fellow rides on the front seat of the fashionable tally-ho that carries society's exclusive set, and [*disgustedly*] everyone is interested in him. I wonder if anyone would bestow her fastidious attention upon the idle thoughts of a busy fellow? Particularly, when that busy fellow happens to be a milliner? Now it takes an artist to be a milliner, yet I never get the credit of being one. I never even get the benefit of the doubt. [*He searches his pockets and eventually brings to view a match-box.*] I [*complacently*] improve on nature. [*Lights his cigar.*] I make brims parallel with scolloped eyebrows [*smokes*]; bows to blend with noses; rosettes, which assist the coquetry of eyes. My hats [*enthusiastically*] are dreams! But [*yawns*] they give me nightmares. One would think [*laughs shortly*] my high-living had served me ill this evening. But [*savagely*] it hasn't. I'm suffering from a social slight. Mrs. Athel has bought her hats from me ever since I have been in this—er—occupation. I [*quietly*] met her on the avenue yesterday. I had no right to expect she would speak to me, but [*moodily*] I did. [*He pauses and shifts his position. His face expresses a struggle between pain and pride.*] She [*slowly*] looked at me, through me, and beyond me. Gad! [*A slight shiver.*] It was not a cut; it was a lash. And she is the mother of Persis! If she wasn't [*rises and paces excitedly to and fro*] I'd see her—hatless before I sold her another bonnet. But [*despondently*] if I forced her to patronize some other establishment, I'd lose Persis, too. I'd deprive myself of the privilege of [*cynically*] four times a year speaking to Persis. Asking [*pathetic attempt at facetiousness*]: "Felt, Miss Athel? It will look fetching on your hair,—smart with that red gown." No [*sighs hopelessly*], I can't relinquish that pleasure [*crosses to a table and begins to thrum it with his fingers*], for Persis [*dreamily*] is to me,—

well [*energetically*], I haven't always syllabized to Persis about ribbons and flowers. There was one momentous occasion [*ecstatically*] on which we had a full-fledged general conversation about the weather, theatres, novels, and [*tenderly*] love. We [*regretfully*] didn't progress as far as matrimony. Mrs. Athel inconsiderately appeared, wearing, too, a hat and cape which I had made, thus flaunting in my face at that most auspicious moment of my life, my—er—occupation. It happened at Narragansett. I met Persis by accident, on one of the piers, and she permitted me to walk beside her. [*He shrugs his shoulders, settles himself once more on a settee, and resumes his cigar.*] The other day, I wrote Persis a letter. I didn't [*hastily*] intend to send it to her, but [*bearishly*] the thing got mislaid and somebody else did.

"Persis," I wrote, "darling, endeared, adored, beloved, cherished, but impossible sweetheart: Dante worshipped from a distance. It is the popular belief that Tasso did also. So, I confess that I love you; that is all. I would not offer you the indignity of asking you to enter millinery. I would not permit you to cross the gulf which separates us. Should you descend to my depth, mud might mire you; should I ascend to your height, rarefied air might suffocate me."

Now the consequences of this letter, I'm stoically schooling myself to face. [*Yawns.*] I'm deucedly tired to-night. My hats have enough "go" in them to get out of my hands of their own accord. It's exasperating to have to coax them off. And that reminds me, I haven't made a model for my new theatre bonnet. [*He shakes off his languor and becomes thoroughly business-like. He lights a lamp with a red shade, which stands on the table beside him, and draws out from under the table a box containing velvet, ribbons, flowers, and hat-wire. The wire he commences to twist into a shape.*] I'm not ashamed of my—er—occupation. Hang it all, I'm proud of it! [*He pins velvet on the shape and holds it up to study the effect.*] I'd not forswear it even for an invitation to call upon Persis. [*He accidentally pricks his finger and jumps. He begins to trim the shape, putting on ribbons and flowers and unintentionally sewing the bonnet to his coat.*] I'm a thoroughbred in everything except my—er—occupation. Hello, the bell! It's too late for a customer. [*He hurries the millinery articles from view under the table. The bonnet hangs to his coat but he does not observe it.*] A [*to servant*] lady desires to see me? Show her here. [*He waits wearily and half annoyed. Then he starts in utter astonishment.*] Miss

Athel? You! [*Effusively.*] Take this chair. [*Aside:*] This is a rather extraordinary visit. You received my letter? [*With mock gratefulness.*] So kind in you to mention it. [*Aside and groaning.*] I'm in for it! "You wish—" [*Sadly:*] Whatever you wish, Miss Athel, shall be done. [*Aside:*] I suppose she wishes to settle her account. Hang that letter! You wish to enter millinery? [*Amazed:*] Eh? [*He suddenly discovers the bonnet sewed to his coat, and overwhelmingly embarrassed, tries with all haste to rip it off, but the threads catch in his fingers and eventually the bonnet comes to pieces and and falls at his feet,—increasing his confusion.*] To enter millinery, Miss Athel? Of course, of course, I understand. "You came to ask me—" I am at your service, Miss Athel. "To ask me to—" I give you my word, Miss Athel. To marry you? Eh? [*He stands quite still with his hand pressed against his forehead as though he fears he is but dreaming.*] "There is one infallible bridge that can span the gulf which separates us—" And that is? "Love—" Persis! Darling! [*He goes toward her rapturously.*] Do you mean it! [*With beatific countenance*] Bless that letter!

II.

THE POET OF JUNE.

BY FANNY RUNNELLS POOLE.

William Cullen Bryant.

THOU poet, crowned with song's supreme powers,
Who, in that realm from pain and death apart,
Dost link, responsive to our longing heart,
The infinite with some stray chord of ours!
As waiting nature greets the wondrous showers,
Bidding a barren earth in beauty start,
Oh, would that we, by thy inspiring art,
Might weave thee garlands eloquent in flowers!
And June is here, Interpreter who fled,
Her halo still upon thy laureled head
To be divinely bright while ages roll;
Thy pure eyes glow a June day's temperate fire,
A June adagio sweeps thy "living lyre,"
With stately rapture to enthrall our soul!

III.

DRILL WITH CASTANETS.

BY MRS. A. M. F. CALKINS.

TIME OF PRESENTATION: Fifteen minutes.

CHARACTERS: Twelve young ladies.

COSTUMES: Empire gowns of white or pink, in silk, cashmere, or some other soft material.

MOVEMENTS: Not too slow, but with gladness, brightness, and daintiness.

SPACING: Enough to show each figure distinctly.

MUSIC: Changing to suit different actions.

POSITIONS: Should be held for several seconds.

SIGNALS: To be given on the piano for all changes.

First Movement.—Music: Minuet. A deep minuet bow, to audience, to right, to left (rising from one, a gentle, swaying movement carries body into the other). Shake castanets as foot is placed back for the bow.

Second Movement.—Music: Minuet. Partners clasp right and left hands on little fingers only. As hands retain castanets, raise hands above shoulders, shaking castanets with disengaged hands, heads inclining toward each other, though standing well apart.

Third Movement.—Music: "Look at Him" from "Robin Hood." Drop hands. Partners turn, facing each other. Take two or three steps toward each other, shaking castanets, one hand held curved above the head, the other lower, steps forward and back in arch, piquant manner. Change position of hands and repeat.

Fourth Movement.—Music: "Lord Fauntleroy Schottische." Again clasp hands, this time left of both partners, bringing one partner in front of the other with weight on right foot (partner in the rear has weight on left foot), castanets shaken low at side by disengaged hand.

Fifth Movement.—Music: "Love, Love," from "Princess Bonnie." Take two steps to right, cross right foot over left and pose, holding castanets over head. Repeat same to left side, giving two counts for steps and two for pose.

Sixth Movement.—Music: "Loin du Bal." Every other girl kneels, shaking castanets above head. Both standing and kneeling girls sway or circle completely around the body perfectly supple, and given up to the rhythm and motion. After eight counts change places and repeat.

Seventh Movement.—Music: Waltz from "Robin Hood." Clasp hands daintily in lines, and bend forward and backward, using castanets at beginning and at close.

Eighth Movement.—Music: Waltz from "Robin Hood." Every alternate girl kneels, while partner circles round her with cross step, i. e., pointing the toe of each foot alternately and balancing in waltz time, castanets held over head, and at shoulder level. Partners exchange places and repeat.

Ninth Movement.—Music: Any march. Shake castanets above head, bend with them in hand down to the floor, rising, carry arms straight back as far as possible, turn wrists as arms return to go above head. Repeat four times, shaking castanets when hands are out at back also.

Tenth Movement.—Music: "Dreaming," from "The Serenade." Take two long slides forward to right. Bend forward.

shaking castanets. Take two slides backward to position, then repeat, moving slightly to left, castanets over head.

Eleventh Movement.—Music: "Spanish Dance," by Holst. Separate, and with no loss of step go to back of stage to form two wheels, with half the girls in each. Right hands must be held high and all touching in centres with opposite arm held out, shaking castanets. Circle round with touch and step. Step, for sixteen counts of the music. Change hands, left up, right down, and circle in opposite direction.

Twelfth Movement.—Music: "Marie Gavotte," by Bratton. As partners come opposite each other, for the second time, they touch fingers and march to front of stage, separate with one hand held up and one out to make an arch, each couple in line and opposite each other. The last couple pass down through the lines thus formed, holding hands high. When quite through, shake castanets, separate, and pass back to foot of line, each one in turn.

Thirteenth Movement.—Music: Any march. With arch unbroken all move up stage and back, and repeat Twelfth Movement with rapid waltz step, seeming almost to chase each other.

Fourteenth Movement.—Music: Any schottische. Separate or break ranks, taking partner's hand. Point toe of right foot forward for one count, back for two; then take short steps with first left, then right, then left, making the four counts similar to the schottische steps. Use alternately right and left foot. Leave stage with this step or pose, and have lights thrown on tableau.

IV.

A BACHELOR'S DREAM.

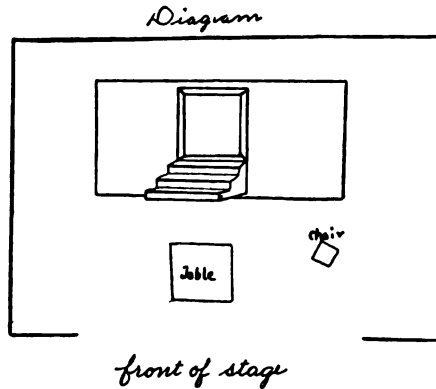
BY STANLEY SCHELL.

CHARACTERS: Ten or more young ladies, a young man and a small boy.

COSTUMES: If given according to nations, use the dress of the nation represented, except the American girl who is to be dressed in the stars and stripes, with a small flag prettily fixed in her hair. If given as fashionable girls, all are to dress in the latest fashion and in different colors, except the last girl, who is to dress in pure white. The young man is to be in full evening dress. The small boy wears a suit of white, with wings of gauze, and holds in his hands a gold bow and arrow.

STAGE: Stretch a large white sheet across the stage near the back. At the centre of the curtain have a set of stairs leading up to a picture-frame, either of gilt and large enough for a good-sized girl to stand within and look well, or of wood covered with gilt paper. The frame rests on the platform of the steps, and behind the curtain the steps go down to the floor of the stage again. Within the picture-frame hang two curtains, which can be drawn aside for each picture, or there can be one curtain, which can be

drawn aside or up for each picture. The platform does not show in front of the curtain, but is behind the curtain, so that the girls taking part have a good place to stand on in the pictures.



MUSIC: If given according to nations, the music, from the rise of the outside curtain until the awakening of the bachelor, is to be soft and dreamy. When the bachelor awakens, the music changes to "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and is to continue until he embraces the American girl, when the chorus of "The Star-Spangled Banner" is to be played and the verse

"And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

is to be sung by a number of girls behind the curtain at the back of the stage.

ORDER OF APPEARANCE: If given according to nations the order of presentation is:

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. A Greek Girl. | 6. A Holland Girl. |
| 2. A Roman Girl. | 7. An Irish Girl. |
| 3. A German Girl. | 8. A Scotch Girl. |
| 4. A French Girl. | 9. An English Girl. |
| 5. A Spanish Girl. | 10. An American Girl. |

The first music is to be popular, catchy airs; when bachelor looks at the maiden and rises, the music is to be "Only One Girl in This World for Me;" and when he embraces the girl, play the Wedding-March.

SCENE. Curtain rises. Bachelor, asleep in easy chair placed at left of centre, side of chair to audience. Stage is very dimly lighted, except when the curtains open and a picture is disclosed in the frame; then a light is thrown upon the picture, all the rest of the stage remaining in the dim light. Shortly after the curtain rises, a little Cupid rushes in across the stage from the right entrance. He holds a gold bow and arrow in his hand. When he reaches the table, he springs lightly upon it and fixes his arrow in position for shooting. Then he looks at the audience, smiles sweetly, then turns and slyly looks at the bachelor (who continues sleeping until the last girl appears in the frame). Cupid twangs his bow, but ar-

row does not move. (Arrow does not leave the bow until after last girl appears.) Curtains are drawn and the first maiden appears. As each girl appears, she is to look, first eagerly, or calmly, or indifferently, and when she sees the bachelor does not awaken she is to pout, or look sad, or contemptuous, or angry. (Curtains close after each picture. Before each new picture Cupid twangs his bow.) When the American girl appears she acts very independent and haughty, when she first glances at the bachelor; then her expression changes to one of interest, and when the bachelor slowly opens his eyes, she catches her breath for a second and then she looks at him with great love shining in her eyes. The bachelor, after rubbing his eyes to see if he is really awake, rushes to the steps and puts up his hands imploringly toward the maiden, who is now looking down upon him very smilingly. The maiden reaches forth her hand to the bachelor and steps down to the stage. The bachelor embraces her rapturously and the maidens behind the curtain sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" Chorus. While the bachelor reaches up his hands to the maiden, Cupid at last succeeds in shooting off his arrow, then smiling cutely at the audience, jumps down and runs away.

CURTAIN.

V.

THE BLIND BARD OF ANTIQUITY.

BY HENRY ARTHUR LATCHAW.

[Prize oration of the class of '98, Defiance College.]

THERE is probably no other nation on the face of the globe whose history is more completely wrapped up in the songs and the poems of its bards than Greece. Especially is this true of prehistoric Greece, the age when everything is overshadowed by the mists of myth and tradition. On the verge of this cloudy horizon the sublime rising of Homer appears.

Previously to his time, poetry consisted of mere ditties of a rude sentimentalism. But now his genius aroused the nobler faculties of the soul, and by the loftier sentiment of loyalty to gods and to men incited the Greeks to courage, justice and piety, or reverence for the gods and respect for the rights of men.

The staidness of his song called for equal correspondence in the form of its expression. He broke away entirely from the limping and inadequate measures of his predecessors, for there was no vehicle suited to convey to others the sentiments that were aglow with his own soul.

But genius will not be baffled,—it finds a way or makes one. Thus, Homer's heroic hexameter was the child of necessity as well as the offering of genius. It was a rich legacy to his successors,—a legacy that such poets as Virgil, Dante, and others, thought

it worth while to accept meekly and to acknowledge gracefully. Thus Homer became the founder of epic poetry.

Homer is modest and never seeks to display his powers, but his characters develop as they are called for by the occasion. As one is borne along from scene to scene, each more fascinating than its predecessor, he can almost see the mighty warriors rushing into the fray, and hear the singing of the pæan and the clanging of the bronze. But as one who is temporarily lost while he contemplates a masterpiece and finally returns to himself to inquire for the author of his reverie and rapture, so the student of the Iliad finds Homer. Mythical he may be, yet none the less real and unique. He is seen and heard only in what he has done.

No subject could have been more happily chosen than the Iliad, though by some it is said to have consisted formerly of several short lays, which were subsequently collected into one poem. Yet even Wolfe, the great German scholar and one of the severest critics of our day, says that "when he reads the Iliad he finds such unity of design, such harmony of coloring and such consistency of character that he is ready to give up his theories and to be angry with himself for doubting the common personality of Homer."

The plot of the Iliad is so completely hidden under the workings of Homer's genius that while the student is always conscious of its presence, yet no angularity ever protrudes itself to divert or to annoy. It possesses such unity that not a single character could be added or omitted without marring the effect of the poem. Though at times he apparently deviates from the story to give some graphic description, of which there is great variety, and which not only makes it the more interesting but prevents it from becoming monotonous, yet these seeming digressions are always subordinate to the main object of the poem. We find an example in his description of Jupiter. It consists of only sixteen words, yet so aptly has he described the father of gods and of men that the great Grecian sculptor, Phidias, is said to have taken from it the conception of his greatest work, the statue of Zeus in the temple of Olympia. Homer seemed to delight in describing things of nature and in drawing comparisons from them. Thus, describing the assembly of the soldiers, he compares them to a fire in a forest, or flocks of birds, or swarms of flies.

But what influence did the poems of Homer have upon the Greeks? In the Iliad the Greeks found everything suitable to their needs. In case of dispute some passage would be referred to as deciding the question. It was used as a text-book in the schools, and special parts were committed to memory; for instance, what Homer says of falsehood:

"Who dares think one thing and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell."

As the Mohammedan turns to the Koran and the Christian to his Bible, so students

regarded the writings of Homer. If not inspired, they were at least sacred and authoritative.

But Homer lived and wrote in an age that was not literary,—an age characterized more by its mere folk-talk, and the vaporings of minstrels and ballad-mongers than by literati. It could not be expected, and should not be asserted, therefore, that Homer, though the father of epic poetry, has had no children to equal him.

He was superior to those that preceded him and to those of his own age, and he laid the foundation upon which others, as Milton and Tasso, have built, but in a manner to prove them likewise masters, and that, too, in a superior age. While other poets under more favorable conditions may have surpassed the Blind Bard of Antiquity, it still remains an open question whether with his material and facilities they could have done as well as he did. At all events, without taking aught from the meed of praise that may be due to others, we may in equal right concede the glory due to him.

He was universally beloved by the Greeks, and long after his death his death but sceptred sovereign ruled their spirits from his "Urn."

Had it not been for Greece, Rome could never have reached the point of civilization she attained. The Romans knew nothing of the muses of other countries or of the ante-Homeric singers. But they did know the Iliad and the Odyssey, and these contained true pictures of the time in which Homer lived, and clearly portrayed the manners, the institutions and the intelligence of the heroic age. Graphic details, religious spirit, and unconscious simplicity are so combined in these poems as to create an enthusiasm such as few works of genius can claim.

Now we have hosts of other great lights in the constellation of epic poetry; but far off in the distance we descry the shadowy form of Homer, who has created a monument for himself that will stand the wear of time long after the huge pyramids of departed kings have crumbled into dust.

VI.

ALL HAIL THE LAND!

BY ERNEST CLARE.

ALL hail the land of liberty!
We'll shout our nation's glory,
And when we see her standard free,
Sing of her noble story.
Over our heads her stars shall wave;
Her eagle guard us to the grave;
Her stripes—the rainbow in our sky—
Shall float above us when we die.

One land is ours,—its flag shall be
The stars, the stripes,—the eagle free.

O glorious land! we love thy name;
Thy heroes, too, we cherish.
No worthier name can dwell in fame,
With time it shall not perish.

Whether our home be Southern shore,
Or where Niagara's waters roar,
One land is ours,—its flag shall be
The stars, the stripes,—the eagle free.

One land is ours,—its flag shall be
The stars, the stripes,—the eagle free.

Home of the brave! while time shall stand,
Thy heart no hand shall sever;
From Erie's strand there's but one land
To Georgia's rolling river.
Ever the same her stars shall shine
And added glory deck her shrine,
While still Columbia's name shall be
"The mighty empire of the free."

One land is ours,—its flag shall be
The stars, the stripes,—the eagle free.

Then hail the land of liberty!
We'll shout our nation's glory,
And, rallying round our standard free,
Fight for her noble story.
Over our heads her stars shall wave,
Her eagle guard us to our grave.
Her stripes—the rainbow in our sky—
Shall gleam above us when we die.

One land is ours,—its flag shall be
The stars, the stripes,—the eagle free.

VII.

JIMSELLA.*

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

[Jim Mason and his wife Mandy have come North in the hope of bettering their condition, but they have had a hard experience. In the struggle the bonds of affection have been loosed and Jim has taken to remaining away from home for long periods. During one of these periods of absence, a baby girl—Jimsella—has been born. As the scene opens Jim, who has just returned to pay his wife a perfunctory visit, is threatening to leave Mandy "for good and all."]

"EF you didn't want me, Jim, I wish dat you'd 'a' lef' me back home among my folks, whaih people knowed me an' would 'a' give me a helpin' han'. Dis hyeah No'f ain't no fittin' place fu' a lone colo'ed ooman less'n she got money."

"It ain't no place fu' nobody dat's jes' lazy an' no 'count."

"I ain't no 'count. I ain't wuffless. I does de bes' I kin. I been wo'kin' like a dog to try an' keep up while you trapesin' roun', de Lawd knows whaih. When I was single I could git out an' mek my own livin'. I didn't ax nobody no odds; but you wa'n't satisfied outwell I ma'ied you, an' now, when I'se tied down wid a baby, dat's de way you treats me."

The woman sat down and began to cry, and the sight of her tears angered her husband the more.

"Oh, cry!" he exclaimed. "Cry all you want to! I reckon you'll cry yo' fill befo' you gits me back. What do I keer about de baby! Dat's jes' de trouble. It wa'n't

* From "Folks from Dixie," Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers.

enough fu' me to have to feed an' clothe you a-lyin' roun' doin' nothin', a baby had to go an' come, too."

"It's yo'n an' you got a right to tek keer of it, dat's what you have. I ain't a-gwine to waih my soul-case out a-tryin' to pinch along an' sta've to def at las'. I 'spect you runnin' roun' after somebody else—dat's de reason you cain't nevah stay at home no mo'."

"Who tol' you dat?" exclaimed the man, fiercely. "I ain't runnin' 'atah nobody else—'taint none o' yo' business ef I is."

"Ef hit ain't my bus'ness, I'd like to know whose it gwine to be. I'se yo' lawful wife an' hit's me dat's a-sta'vin' to tek keer of yo' chile."

"Doggone de chile! I'se tiahed o' hyeahin' 'bout huh!"

"You done got tiahed mighty quick when you ain't nevah even seed huh yit. You done got tiahed quick, sho'."

"No; an' I do want to see huh, neithah."

"You do' know nothin' 'bout de chile; you do' know whethah you wants to see huh er not."

"Look hyeah, ooman, don't you fool wid me. I ain't right, nohow!"

Just then, as if conscious of the hubbub she had raised and anxious to add to it, the baby awoke and began to wail. With quick mother instinct the black woman went to the shabby bed, and, taking the child in her arms, began to croon softly to it:

"Go s'eeepy, baby; don't you be 'f'aid; mammy ain't gwine let nuffin' hu't you, even ef pappy don' wan' look at huh li'l' face. Bye, bye, go s'eeepy, mammy's li'l' gal."

Unconsciously she talked to the baby in a dialect that was even softer than usual. For a moment the child subsided, and the woman turned angrily on her husband:

"I don' keer whethah you ever sees dis chile er not. She's a blessed li'l' angel, dat's what she is, an' I'll wo'k my fingahs off to raise huh, an' when she grows up, ef any nasty niggah comes erroun' mekin' eyes at huh, I'll tell huh 'bout huh pappy, an' she'll stay wid me an' be my comfo't."

"Keep yo' comfort, I do' want huh."

"De time'll come, though, an' I kin wait fu' it. Hush-a-bye, Jimsella."

The man turned his head slightly.

"What you call huh?"

"I calls huh Jimsella, dat's what I calls huh, 'ca'se she de ve'y image of you. I gwine to jes' lun to huh dat she had a pappy, so she know she's a hon'es' chile an' kin hol' up huh haid."

They were both silent for a while, and then Jim said:

"Huh name ought to be Jamsella—don't you know Jim's sho't fu' James?"

"I don't keer what it's sho't fu'."

The woman was holding the baby close to her breast and sobbing now.

"It wasn't no James dat come a cou'tin' me down home. It was jes' plain Jim. Dat's what de mattah, I reckon you done got to be James."

Jim didn't answer, and there was another space of silence, only interrupted by two or three contented gurgles from the baby.

"I bet two bits she don't look like me, he said, finally, in a dogged tone that was a little tinged with curiosity.

"I know she do. Look at huh yo'se'f."

"I ain' gwine look at huh."

"Yes; you's 'fraid—dat's de reason."

"I ain't 'fraid nuttin' de kin'. What I got to be 'fraid fu'? I reckon a man kin look at his own darter. I will look jes' to spite you."

He couldn't see much but a bundle of rags from which sparkled a pair of beady black eyes. But he put his finger down among the rags. The baby seized it and gurgled. The sweat broke out on Jim's brow.

"Cain't you let me hold de baby a minute?" he said, angrily. "You must be 'fraid I'll run off wid huh."

He took the child awkwardly in his arms.

The boiling over of Mandy's clothes took her to the other part of the room, where she was busy for a few minutes. When she turned to look for Jim, he had slipped out, and Jimsella was on the bed.

At supper-time that evening Jim came in with a piece of "shoulder-meat" and a head of cabbage.

"You'll have to git my dinner ready fu' me to ca'y to-morrer. I'se workin' on de street an' I cain't come home twell night."

"Wha—what!" exclaimed Mandy, "den you ain't gwine leave, aftah all."

"Don't bothah me, ooman," said Jim.

"Is Jimsella 'sleep?"

VIII.

OUR HEROES ARE EIGHT.

BY LIBBIE C. BAER.

ALL honor to them for deed nobly done.
Our Hobson deserves all his fame;
But then there were eight—we hear of but
one—

Who earned by their daring a name.

There's valiant Montague, chief master at arms;

And gunner's mate, gallant Charette;
And Murphy courageous midst danger's alarms;

And Diegan with lips firmly set.

And Phillips and Kelly, as brave as the best;

As eager to do or to die;
And Clauson whose valor, when put to the test,

Was worthy of honor most high.

Our heroes are *eight* of Merrimac fame,

And this let us never forget:

There's Hobson, Montague, one Murphy by name,

And Diegan and dauntless Charette.

And Phillips and Kelly and Clauson's the rest,—

Of honor give each equal part.
Their names will be found, with the truest and best,

Engraved on America's heart.

IX.

PATRIOTIC PROGRAM.

1. **CHORUS:** "Yankee Doodle."
2. **ADDRESS:** "The Declaration of Independence."
(In "Werner's Readings and Recitations, No. 10.")
3. **CHORUS:** "Hail, Columbia."
(From "Songs of the Nation.")
4. **PLAY:** "From the Old World to the New."
(In "Werner's Readings and Recitations, No. 10.")
5. **SOLO:** "They Falter Not."
(From "Songs of the Nation.")
6. **ORATION:** "The Birthday of the Republic."
(In "Werner's Readings and Recitations, No. 10.")
7. **DRILL:** "Drill of the Stars and Stripes."
8. **MUSICAL RECITATION:** "The Star-Spangled Banner."
(In "Delsarte Recitation Book.")
9. **CHORUS:** "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."
(From "Songs of the Nation.")
10. **PRIZE RECITATION:** "My Gray Guinever."
(In "Werner's Magazine" for October, 1895.)
11. **QUOTATIONS.**
(See page 365 of this issue.)
12. **CHORUS AND SOLO:** "Long Live, Long Live, America."
(From "Songs of the Nation.")
13. **HUMOROUS SKIT:** "Uncle Sam's New Scholars."
(See page 351 of this issue.)
14. **CHORUS:** "Our Country."
(From "Songs of the Nation.")
15. **RECITATION:** "All Hail the Land!"
(See page 347 of this issue.)
16. **CHORUS:** "God Bless Our Native Land."
(From "Songs of the Nation.")

"Werner's Readings and Recitations, No. 10," 35 cents; "Songs of the Nation," 75 cents; "Drill of the Stars and Stripes," 15 cents; "Delsarte Recitation Book," \$1.25. Address EDGAR S. WERNER, 43 East 10th Street, New York.

X.

FOURTH OF JULY ICE-CREAM.

BY ELIZABETH WESTYN TIMLOW.

Arranged from "Cricket," by Rebecca C. Slaymaker.

BY ten o'clock came the great excitement of the day,—making ice-cream in the back kitchen. Will and Archie pounded the ice in a big tub, while Marjorie measured the cream and the milk and put in the sugar. It seemed to be part of the program regularly to forget the flavoring till the cream was in the can and the dasher adjusted. Then at the last moment it would suddenly be remembered, and off must come the cover, with imminent danger of a deposit of salt within, while the flavoring was added. Then they would find that they could not put back the dasher in its place without

taking out the can. So out would come the can, then the cream must be poured out, the dasher slipped in place, all the ice and salt taken out of the freezer, in order to put the can back, and the whole thing repacked. To-day, however, Marjorie, who was chief cook, had the flavoring in her mind from the beginning, and she gave the cream a liberal supply of lemon extract.

"Will you stir this for a moment, please, Eunice," she said, as Eunice came into the pantry just then; "I want to speak to cook."

Eunice gave it a stir, as Marjorie went out, and then thought herself of the flavoring.

"We won't forget it this time," she thought. "I know Marjorie has not remembered it; she never does."

She surveyed the extract bottles for a moment.

"I believe bitter-almond ice-cream would be nice. I've never tasted any, but it makes a nice flavoring for frosting and cake. I

wonder how much it takes. I guess half a bottle certainly for all this cream,"—and in went the bitter almond.

"O Marjorie," she called, "I've just put in—"

"Do come here, Eunice, I don't think the boys have chopped this ice fine enough, and they say it will do. Cricket, you go and stir the cream."

Eunice ran out, thinking to herself:

"I won't tell her after all, and she'll think she's forgotten it as usual."

Cricket took her turn at the spoon.

"There," she thought, "the girls never said a word about the flavoring, and I just s'pose they've gone and forgotten it, as usual. I'll put it in myself, and just as they think they've got to take the can out, I'll tell them. Let me see—we always have lemon or vanilla. 'Essence of wintergreen!' Wintergreen candy is lovely. I'll just put in some wintergreen," and she took the bottle hastily, after turning for a spoon. "Oh! oh! oh! its *peppermint* I've got. Bah! I don't like peppermint. I'll just put in an extra amount of wintergreen to cover it up. Cook says she often mixes flavors," and in went plenty of wintergreen.

By this time the whole pantry had a strong odor of essences, principally peppermint.

"What a strong smell!" said Marjorie, coming back. "What's the peppermint bottle doing down here with the cork out?"

But Cricket vanished, and Marjorie, concluding that the cook had come in and used it, corked it up and put it back.

Archie appeared now to carry out the cream to pour in the can.

"Whew! peppermint!" he whistled. "Yes, cook has been using some and left the bottle uncorked. Awful, isn't it?"

"Thing flavored this time?"

"Yes, Master Archie, it is. I flavored it myself, and it's all right."

"Good girl! I shall be glad to have some properly flavored cream of our own manufacture for once. Last year, seems to me, we didn't get any in."

The freezing of the cream went rapidly forward now. The three girls made no remarks about the flavoring, each thinking to surprise the others by the fact that the flavoring had not been forgotten, after all.

Taking the can out when the cream was frozen, removing the dasher, and the accompanying tastings, all were important features of the operation. To-day, however, as the critical moment drew near, mamma came out and said there were two wandering minstrels in Highland dress, with Scottish bagpipes, in front of the house. Of course, they all wanted to go and see them, so they gave the cream into cook's charge and all rushed off. When they returned half an hour later, they found, much to their disappointment, that the ice-cream was all frozen and packed in the molds, to stand till the afternoon.

At half-past four the grown-up people assembled on the piazza. This was the children's day, and the rule was for them to wait on themselves; so, for some time

they were busy bringing out plates and spoons and doilies, and arranging cakes and crackers on the table on the piazza, where the feast was always served. Cook took the ice-cream out of the mold for them. The cream had certainly been beautifully frozen, and looked very tempting on this hot afternoon. Marjorie officiated at the platter and distributed the dainty with a liberal hand.

Mamma tasted her dish and set it down suddenly. Auntie, after one trial, laid down her spoon, and coughed behind her hand, as she caught mamma's eye. Two or three other guests toyed with their spoons.

"This is for you, papa," Marjorie said, "and it's a particularly big dish, because you are so fond of it. There! isn't that nice?"

"What under the canopy!" the father exclaimed, after his first mouthful.

"What is it? Isn't it good?" inquired Cricket, anxiously, with a sudden pang, as she remembered the peppermint.

"Good? It's—it's delicious. Only why didn't you flavor it?"

"Flavor it?" cried Marjorie and Eunice and Cricket in a breath. "I did."

Then each looked at the other.

"I put plenty of lemon in," said Marjorie.

"I thought bitter-almond might be good," began Eunice, looking bewildered.

"I thought Marjorie had forgotten," broke in Cricket, "so I thought I'd s'prise her, and I meant to put in some wintergreen, 'cause wintergreen candy is good, so I got in the peppermint by mistake, so I put in plenty of wintergreen afterward to cover it up." (All in a breath.)

There was a shout.

"There is no doubt, then, it is thoroughly flavored; it must have been my taste," said their father. "I'm almost sorry I have been told, for there is such a charm about the unknown. Do you remember what cook said about her pumpkin pie, when your mother asked her receipt? 'Shure, there's milk, an' there's eggs, an' there's some punkin; but after all, it's principally *ingregiencias*.' Your ice-cream is really delicious; but if I were asked my candid opinion, I should say it is principally '*ingregiencias*.'"

XI.

WHY?

By JESSIE B. McCLURE.

WHY can't boys get to be great men
 'Thout taking time to grow?
 And what's the good of button-shoes
 And skirts I'd like to know?
 Why can't I have some regular *pants*,
 With lots of pockets in?
 And what's the use of horses when
 They're only made of tin?
 And why do folks 'most always say:
 "Look out!" "Be careful, dear!"
 It's not much fun to be a boy
 When people are so queer!



MRS. A. M. F. CALKINS.

From a photograph by the Misses Selby, New York.

See page 344 of this issue



WERNER'S MAGAZINE IN THE NEW YORK PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
The teacher is reading "Arbor Day Program" in
the April, 1899, No.



*"You are so nice and sweet this very minute,
If I had a palace I'd put you in it."*
**Arthur Peyser as Little Boy Blue, and Maude Biow
as Little Bopeep, pupils of Miss Tillie Jacobs.**

XII.

PICNIC TIME.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

IT'S June agin, an' in my soul I feel the fillin' joy
That's sure to come this time o' year to every little boy;

For every June the Sunday-schools at picnic may be seen,

Where "fields beyont the swellin' floods stand dressed in livin' green;"

Where little girls are skeered to death with spiders, bugs and ants,

An' little boys get grass-stains on their go-to-meetin' pants.

It's June agin, an' with it all, what happiness is mine—

There's goin' to be a picnic an' I'm goin' to jine!

One year I jined the Baptists, an' goodness how it rained!

(But grandpa says that that's the way "Baptizo" is explained.)

An' once I jined the 'Piscopals and had a heap o' fun—

But the boss of all the picnics was the Presbyterium!

They had so many puddin's, sallids, sandwidges and pies

That a fellow wisht his stummick was as hungry as his eyes!

Oh, yes, the eatin' Presbyteriums give yer is so fine

That when they have a picnic, you bet I'm goin' to jine!

But at this time the Methodists have special claims on me,

For they're goin' to give a picnic on the 21st, V. D.

Why should a liberal Universalist like me object

To share the joys of fellowship with every friendly sect?

However het'rodox their articles of faith elsewise may be,

Their doctrine of fried chick'n is a savin' grace to me!

So on the 21st of June, the weather bein' fine,

They're goin' to give a picnic, an' I'm goin' to jine!

XIII.

A LITTLE BOY'S WISH.

WHEN winter comes, the people say,
"Oh, shut the door!" and when
As sometimes happens, I forget,
They call me back again.

It takes till summer-time to learn;

And then things change about,

And "Leave it open!" is the cry

When I go in or out.

I try to be a pleasant boy,

And do just as I ought,

But when things are so hard to learn,

I wish they might stay taught!

XIV.

UNCLE SAM'S NEW SCHOLARS.

BY MRS. ROYAL A. BRISTOL.

A Humorous Sketch in One Scene.

CHARACTERS :

Uncle Sam, who has his hands full.

Columbia, who finds the new scholars very amusing.

Cuba, who wishes he had not come.

Porto Rico, slower than molasses.

Philippino, velly good—velly.

Aguinaldo, who will not come in.

Queen Liliuokalani, elegant lady who appreciates Grover Cleveland.

Iloilo.

Hawaii.

United States Sailor.

United States Soldier.

COSTUMES :

Uncle Sam wears the usual Uncle Sam costume, striped trousers, swallow-tailed coat, vest with stars, white high hat with blue band and stars, etc.

Columbia wears a short empire gown, with low neck and short sleeves; broad red, white and blue sash; and liberty cap. To make cap, make crown of white tissue-paper, band of dark-blue paper studded with gilt stars. A large tassel of red tissue-paper, crinkled and cut, is at the left side of the cap.

Boys wear knickerbockers and shirts made of red, white and blue and stars varied.

Cuba and Porto Rico are blacked.

Hawaii may be a dark boy, with no make-up.

Philippino and Iloilo are of Malay or Chinese color. They wear a cue and semi-Chinese shirt and trousers, displaying red, white and blue.

Queen Lil wears a crown and somewhat gorgeous gown and orders.

Sailor wears United States sailor costume complete.

Soldier wears United States army suit, leggings, and overcoat and carries gun. If you have a bona fide returned soldier or sailor, you are sure of great enthusiasm. Each scholar wears a three-inch band of paper diagonally from shoulder to waist, with his name in large printed letters, as CUBA, PORTO RICO, etc.

SYNOPSIS: Uncle Sam gives his new scholars their first lesson. They are rather slow to learn and give some surprising answers. Columbia thinks the new boys are a great joke. They sing a song that is rather savage, whereupon Columbia teaches them a new tune and song, "Yankee Dewey," which they learn with surprising rapidity. Marching with flags is introduced and patriotic tableaux end the piece. The action of the piece is very rapid. The war-hits are very effective and must be clearly brought out. The soldier and the sailor and the tableaux arouse the greatest enthusiasm if carefully arranged. Uncle

Sam must be a good actor and look the part if possible. Columbia should be sprightly and vivacious, as much depends upon her acting to lead the play.

SCENE: A schoolroom with desks and benches draped with American flags. Uncle Sam's desk is draped with a large flag. Books, slates, and atlases are lying about. Uncle Sam and Columbia on stage. They prepare books and slates.

COLUMBIA. These new books and slates are for your new scholars, are they, Uncle Sam? What sort of boys are they? [*Reads.*] All kinds of queer names. Let me see Hawaii, Iloilo, Porto Rico.

UNCLE SAM. Yes, Columbia, they were very anxious to come into our school, but they are slow enough, now school has begun. Set the copy, Columbia. [*COLUMBIA writes on blackboard. The copy already partly prepared is "Dewey, Dewey, Dewey!" "Remember the Maine," or any other up-to-date war-item.*]

COLUMBIA. Will this copy do, Uncle Sam? [*Writing.*] Shall we learn those languages? I think it will be easier to teach them ours. Here they come! Oh, my! what looking frights! [*Claps her hands and laughs. Enter, slowly, CUBA, PHILIPPINO, and others, except PORTO RICO. They come in, bowing in savage style and looking very ill at ease, and shyly take seats. COLUMBIA courtesies to them, laughing heartily.*]

UNCLE SAM. Where is Aguinaldo?

COLUMBIA [*goes to back of stage*]. He says he won't come in. He's peeking in the window.

UNCLE SAM. You tell him I have a good long switch made of Otis wood, and it ain't Miles away either.

COLUMBIA. Oh, yes, Uncle Sam, I'll tell him. [*Runs to the window. UNCLE SAM proceeds to call the roll.*]

UNCLE SAM. Cuba.

CUBA. Here.

UNCLE SAM. Hawaii.

HAWAII. Here.

UNCLE SAM. Porto Rico. [*Looking around for him.*] Late again. [*Enter PORTO RICO, slowly dragging in a large jug of molasses.*]

PORTO RICO. I brought you a jug of molasses, Uncle Sam, and it made me late.

UNCLE SAM. Slower than molasses in winter time! Porto Rico, of course. Philippino.

PHILIPPINO. Present.

COLUMBIA. "Philapena present." Oh, my! Ha-ha-ha!

PHILIPPINO. Philippino neva latee, velly good. Manila boy!

COLUMBIA. Vanilla bay! Ha-ha-ha!

UNCLE SAM. Queen Liliuokalani.

QUEEN LIL. Present.

UNCLE SAM. Iloilo.

ILOILO. Here.

COLUMBIA. Hello! Hello! [*Business of ringing telephone bell at his head.*] Hello, central! Line in use, did you say?

UNCLE SAM. Class in history [*one or two*

arise], class in geography [*one or two more*], and class in first lessons in self-government, arise [*all come*]. Toe the mark. [*The boys shuffle into line, QUEEN LIL with them.*]

UNCLE SAM. Cuba, what are the chief productions of the Island of Cuba?

CUBA. Clear-cut Havanas, fat offices, malcontents, and Morro Castles.

UNCLE SAM. What is the chief city of the United States, boys?

BOYS. I don't know — I don't know. [*They look vacantly at each other. One guesses Madrid, another Manila, etc.*]

UNCLE SAM. Queen Lil, can't you tell?

QUEEN LIL. Cleveland!

UNCLE SAM. For what is Spain noted?

ILOILO. For a large fleet of fleeting warships and a defeated and transported army.

UNCLE SAM. Right. Now, boys, what great event occurred on the first of May, 1898?

PHILIPPINO [*weeping*]. Me no likee tellee. Makee me feel velly badee,—velly!

COLUMBIA. Philippino, what are you crying about now?

PORTO RICO. First of May? [*Scratching his head.*] It was moving day.

COLUMBIA. Uncle Sam, I know the answer. A Boston girl was out picking May-flowers and a dish of baked beans hit a Spanish fly and Philopened it! [*Boys laugh heartily. COLUMBIA turns to audience and recites very clearly and effectively:*]

COLUMBIA. "Oh, dewey was the morning, that lovely first of May, And Dewey was the captain, that sailed Manila Bay!"

UNCLE SAM. Boys, what do you know about the silver question? [*Boys all look in their pockets for money, but find none.*]

BOYS. Don't know! [*Looking at each other.*] Can't—remember—

COLUMBIA. They can't remember anything. I wonder if they can "remember the Maine."

CUBA. Silver—silver—oh, I know silver is just like gold,—awful hard to get.

UNCLE SAM. Good boy, go up head. [*CUBA goes to the head of class.*]

COLUMBIA. Uncle Sam, Aguinaldo is peeking in again. He always was fond of Pekin.

UNCLE SAM. Who was the first president of the United States?

PHILIPPINO. Philip the Second.

PORTO RICO. Uncle Sam, I say, can't me vote?

UNCLE SAM. Oh, dear me, no. There are not votes enough now to go around.

COLUMBIA. O Uncle Sam, now you know that on last Election day there were enough votes to go around and some had two—

UNCLE SAM. Hush, Columbia, hush! Come, boys, don't you know any nice patriotic songs?

PHILIPPINO. O yes, velly patliotic, velly patliotic! [*He sings and plays a wild air. The rest join in, playing on battered, savage old instruments and making a frightful noise. COLUMBIA laughs, then stops her ears, running about the stage.*]

COLUMBIA. Uncle Sam, stop them, stop them!

UNCLE SAM. Columbia, can't you teach them something civilized?

COLUMBIA. Oh, yes, Uncle Sam, I know just the tune and song for them. Now, boys, toe the mark and listen. [*"Yankee Doodle" is played.*] Boys, that is the tune. Learn it. The words are about Yankee Dewey. [*They all sing with COLUMBIA, UNCLE SAM beating time.*]

*"Yankee Dewey took a trip
Down tew Spain's Manilly;
Blew up fort an' battle-ship,
Knocked the Spaniards silly.

Chorus.

"Yankee Dewey, blow 'em up,
With your guns be handy!
Yankee Dewey, ha-ha-ha.
Yankee Dewey dandy.

[*All mark time in place during chorus. At the close of chorus march (tune of "Yankee Doodle"), to right back corner of the stage in single file, across back of stage to left side. Curve around (one foot nearer front of stage) and march across stage to within one foot of right side, curve again (one foot nearer front) and march across stage to within two feet of right side. Curve again (one foot nearer front) and march across stage to within three feet of left side. Curve again (one foot nearer front) and march to stage-centre. When stage-centre is reached, halt, and march in single file to stage-front, COLUMBIA leading, until places are reached. Then sing next verse.*]

"Yankee'd 'leven ships of war,
Thousand Spanish grandees;
Never lost a spar er tar.
Ain't the Yankees dandies?"

[*At "Ain't the Yankees dandies?" quickly flash out flags. Sing chorus, marking time in place. Then march spirally (to tune of "Yankee Doodle") waving flags. COLUMBIA has now eighteen-inch flag and leads back to place. Then all sing:*]

"Killed Matanza's mules that day,
('Don' is short for donkey);
We will make the Spaniards bray,
When with Yanks they monkey."

[*Sing chorus. Mark time in place, flags to right shoulder arms. March, waving flags. COLUMBIA now carries a thirty-six inch silk flag. The boys and COLUMBIA now march in the background, and from the left front wing appears the sailor. He marches across the front of stage and back to place, then, from the right wing front, appears the soldier, who marches across and back. Then the sailor and the soldier march across front of stage, passing each other back and forth, and back to wings, and boys and COLUMBIA march to places. Then all sing:*]

"Dewey showed us how tew dew,
Sight an' pull the lanyard;
Dew-way is the right way tew
Dew-way with the Spaniard."

[*Flags in carry arms position. Motions with the flag now. Sing chorus. Mark time in place and wave flags up and down in time. March. Boys and COLUMBIA march as in the preceding verse, a little back, waving flags. COLUMBIA now carries a fifty-four-inch silk flag and floats it over the heads of the soldier and the sailor, as they now march back and forth across the stage, passing each other at front of stage.*]

TABLEAU ; Flags crossed.

*	*	*	*	*	*
CUBA.	PORTO RICO.	ILOILO.	QUEEN LIL.	HAWAII.	PHILIPPINO.
*					
UNCLE SAM.					
*					
SOLDIER.					SAILOR.

COLUMBIA.

(In flag pose with large silk flag.)

CURTAIN.

ENCORE TABLEAU :

Flag.

SOLDIER.

SAILOR.

(With clasped hands holding large flag between them.)

* The words of "Yankee Dewey" are from "The Devil's Tea-table and Other Poems," by permission of the author, Lu B. Cake.

XV.

THE MOWERS.

BY MYRON B. BENTON.

[A concert-recitation.]

THE sunburnt mowers are in the
 swarth—
 Swing, swing, swing!
 The towering lilies loath,
 Tremble, and totter and fall;
 The meadow-rue
 Dashes its tassels of golden dew;
 And the keen blade sweeps o'er all—
 Swing, swing, swing!

The flowers, the berries, the feathered grass,
 Are thrown in a smothered mass;
 Hastens away the butterfly;
 With half their burden the brown bees hie;
 And the meadow-lark shrieks distressed,
 And leaves the poor younglings all in the
 nest;
 The daisies clasp and fall;
 And totters the Jacob's-ladder tall.
 Weaving and winding and curving lithe,
 O'er plummy hillocks, through dewy hollows,
 His subtle scythe
 The nodding mower follows—
 Swing, swing, swing!

Anon the chiming whetstones ring—
 "Ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling!"
 And the mower now
 Pauses and wipes his beaded brow.
 A moment he scans the fleckless sky,
 A moment the fish-hawk soaring high,
 And watches the swallows dip and dive
 Anear and afar.
 They whisk and glimmer, and chatter and
 strive.
 Why do they gossip together?
 Cunning fellows they are
 Wise prophets to him!
 Higher or lower they circle and skim—
 Fair or foul to-morrow's hay-weather!

Tallest primroses or loftiest daisies,
 Not a steel-blue feather
 Of slim wing grazes.
 "Fear not, fear not!" cry the swallows.
 Each mower tightens his snath-ring's wedge,
 And his finger daintily follows
 The long blade's tickle-edge.
 Softly the whetstone's last touches ring—
 "Ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling!"
 Like a leaf-muffled bird in the woodland
 nigh,
 Faintly the fading echoes reply.
 "Ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling!"
 "Perchance the swallows that flit in their
 glee,
 Of to-morrow's hay weather know little as
 we,"
 Says Farmer Russet. "Be it hidden in
 shower
 Or sunshine, to-morrow we do not own—
 To-day is ours alone;
 Not a twinkle we'll waste of the golden
 hour.

Grasp tightly the nibs, give heel and give
 toe!
 Lay a goodly swarth, shaved smooth and
 low!
 Prime is the day—
 Swing, swing, swing!"

Farmer Russet is aged and gray,—
 Gray as the frost—but fresh as the spring.
 Straight is he
 As the green fir tree;
 And with heart most blithe, and sinews
 lithe,
 He leads the row with his merry scythe.
 "Come, boys, strike up the old song
 While we circle around—
 The song we always in hay-time sing—
 And let the woods ring,
 And the echoes prolong the merry sound!"

Song.

"July is just in the nick of time!
 (Hay-weather, hay-weather!)
 The midsummer month is the golden prime
 For hay-cocks smelling of clover and thyme.
 (Swing all together!)
 July is just in the nick of time!

"Oh, we'll make our hay while the good sun
 shines—
 We'll waste not a golden minute.
 No shadow of storm the blue arch lines;
 We'll waste not a minute—not a minute!
 For the west-wind is fair;
 O the hay day is rare!
 The sky is without a brown cloud in it.

"June is too early for richest hay.
 (Fair weather, fair weather!)
 The corn stretches taller the livelong day,
 But grass is ever too sappy to lay.
 (Clip all together!)
 June is too early for richest hay.

"August's a month that too far goes by.
 (Late weather, late weather!)
 Grasshoppers are chipper and kick too high,
 And grass that's standing is fodder scorched
 dry.
 (Pull all together!)
 August's a month that too far goes by.

"July is just in the nick of time!
 (Best weather, best weather!)
 The midsummer month is the golden prime
 For hay-cocks smelling of clover and thyme.
 (Strike all together!)
 July is just in the nick of time."

Still hiss the scythes!
 Shudder the grasses' defenceless blades—
 The lily-throng writhes,
 And, as a phalanx of wild-geese streams,
 Where the shore of April's cloudland gleams,
 On their dizzy way, in serried grades—
 Wing on wing, wing on wing—
 The mowers each a step in advance
 Of his fellow, time their stroke with a glance
 Of swerveless force;
 And far through the meadow lead their
 course.
 Swing, swing, swing!

XVI.

THE REVELATION OF THE
SCARLET LETTER.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[The principal character in this recitation is the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, the father of Hester Prynne's little daughter, Pearl, born during the absence of Hester's husband, old Roger Chillingworth. Pearl's birth has been the cause of the degradation and terrible punishment of her mother, who became an outcast, was condemned to the pillory and to wear the letter A (meaning adulteress) in scarlet on her breast all those seven years. Pearl's paternity was unknown to all except her parents and old Chillingworth, who had discovered the secret soon after his coming home, and had made life a living hell to the clergyman. As he stood on the scaffold and tore open his clothes, the wretched minister is said to have displayed a scarlet letter—the very semblance of that worn by Hester Prynne—imprinted in the flesh of his breast.]

THE Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale stood on the proudest eminence of superiority, to which the gifts of intellect, rich lore-pre-vailling eloquence, and a reputation of whitest sanctity could exalt a clergyman in New England's earliest days, when the professional character was of itself a lofty pedestal. Such was the position which the minister occupied, as he bowed his head forward on the cushions of the pulpit, at the close of his Election Sermon. Meanwhile, Hester Prynne was standing beside the scaffold of the pillory, with the scarlet letter still burning on her breast!

Now was heard the clangor of music and the measured tramp of military escort, issuing from the church-door. The procession was to be marshaled thence to the town hall, where a solemn banquet would complete the ceremonies of the day.

As the ranks of military men and civil fathers moved onward, all eyes were turned toward the point where the minister was seen to approach among them. How feeble and pale he looked, amid all his triumph! The energy—or say, rather, the inspiration which had held him up until he should have delivered the sacred message that brought its own strength along with it from heaven—was withdrawn, now that it had so faithfully performed its office. The glow, which they had just before beheld burning on his cheek, was extinguished, like a flame that sinks down hopelessly among the late-decaying embers. It seemed hardly the face of a man alive, with such a deathlike hue; it was hardly a man with life in him, that tottered on his path so nervously, yet tottered and did not fall!

And now, almost imperceptible as were the steps of his progress, he had come opposite the weather-darkened scaffold. There stood Hester, holding little Pearl by the hand! And there was the scarlet letter on her breast! The minister here made a pause, although the music still played the stately and rejoicing march to which the procession moved. It summoned him onward,—onward to the festival!—but here he made a pause.

The crowd looked on with awe and won-

der. This earthly faintness was, in their view, only another phase of the minister's celestial strength; nor would it have seemed a miracle too high to be wrought for one so holy, had he ascended before their eyes, waxing dimmer and brighter, and fading at last into the light of heaven!

He turned toward the scaffold and stretched forth his arms.

"Hester," said he, "come hither! Come, my little Pearl!"

It was a ghastly look with which he regarded them; but there was something at once tender and strangely triumphant in it. The child, with the bird-like motion which was one of her characteristics, flew to him, and clasped her arms about his knees. Hester Prynne—slowly, as if impelled by inevitable fate, and against her strongest will—likewise drew near, but paused before she reached him.

At this instant, old Roger Chillingworth thrust himself through the crowd, and caught the minister by the arm.

"Madman, hold! what is your purpose?" whispered he. "Wave back that woman! Cast off this child! All shall be well! Do not blacken your fame and perish in dishonor! I can yet save you! Would you bring infamy on your sacred profession?"

"Ha, tempter! Methinks thou art too late!" answered the minister, encountering his eye, fearfully, but firmly. "Thy power is not what it was! With God's help, I shall escape thee now!"

"Hester Prynne," cried he, with piercing earnestness, "in the name of Him, so terrible and so merciful, who gives me grace at this last moment to do what—for my own heavy sin and miserable agony—I withheld myself from doing seven years ago, come hither now and twine thy strength about me! Thy strength, Hester; but let it be guided by the will which God hath granted me! Come, Hester, come! Support me up to yonder scaffold!"

The crowd was in a tumult. The men of rank and dignity, who stood more immediately around the clergyman, were so taken by surprise, and so perplexed as to the purport of what they saw, that they remained silent and inactive spectators of the judgment which Providence seemed about to work. Old Roger Chillingworth followed, as one intimately connected with the drama of guilt and sorrow in which they had all been actors, and well entitled, therefore, to be present at the closing scene.

"Hadst thou sought the whole earth over," said he, looking darkly at the clergyman, "there was no one place so secret,—no high place nor lowly place, where thou couldst have escaped me,—save on this very scaffold!"

"Thanks be to Him who hath led me hither!" answered the minister.

Partly supported by Hester Prynne, and holding one hand of little Pearl's, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale turned to the dignified and venerable rulers; to the holy ministers, who were his brethren; to the great people, whose great heart was thoroughly appalled, yet overflowing with tearful sym-

pathy, knowing that some deep life-matter—which, if full of sin, was full of anguish and repentance likewise—was now to be laid open to them. The sun, but little past its meridian, shone down upon the clergyman, and gave distinctness to his figure.

"People of New England!" cried he, with a voice that rose over them, high, solemn and majestic,—yet had always a tremor through it, and sometimes a shriek, struggling up out of a fathomless depth of remorse and woe—"ye, that have loved me!—ye, that have deemed me holy!—behold me here, the one sinner of the world! At last!—at last!—I stand upon the spot where, seven years since, I should have stood; here, with this woman, whose arm, more than the little strength wherewith I have crept hitherward, sustains me, at this dreadful moment, from groveling down upon my face! Lo! the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever her walk hath been—wherever, so miserably burdened, she may have hoped to find repose,—it hath cast a lurid gleam of awe and horrible repugnance round about her. But there stood one in the midst of you, at whose brand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered!"

It seemed, at this point, as if the minister must leave the remainder of his secret undisclosed. But he fought back the bodily weakness—and, still more, the faintness of heart—that was striving for the mastery with him. He threw off all assistance, and stepped passionately forward a pace before the woman and the child.

"It was on him!" he continued, with a kind of fierceness; so determined was he to speak out the whole. "God's eye beheld it! The angels were forever pointing at it! The devil knew it well, and fretted it continually with the touch of his burning finger! But he hid it cunningly from men, and walked among you with the mein of a spirit, mournful, because so pure in a sinful world!—and sad, because he missed his heavenly kindred! Now, at the death-hour, he stands up before you! He bids you look again at Hester's scarlet letter! He tells you, that, with all its mysterious horror, it is but the shadow of what he bears on his own breast, and that even this, his own red stigma, is no more than the type of what has seared his inmost heart! Stand any here that question God's judgment on a sinner? Behold! Behold! a dreadful witness of it!"

With a convulsive motion, he tore away the ministerial band from before his breast. It was revealed! For an instant, the gaze of the horror-stricken multitude was concentrated on the ghastly miracle; while the minister stood, with a flush of triumph in his face, as one who, in the crisis of acutest pain, had won a victory. Then, down he sank upon the scaffold! Hester partly raised him, and supported his head against her bosom. Old Roger Chillingworth knelt down beside him, with a blank, dull countenance, out of which the life seemed to have departed.

"Thou hast escaped me!" he repeated more than once. "Thou hast escaped me!" "May God forgive thee!" said the minister. "Thou, too, hast deeply sinned!"

He withdrew his dying eyes from the old man, and fixed them on the woman and child.

"My little Pearl," said he, feebly—and there was a sweet and gentle smile over his face, as of a spirit sinking into deep repose, "dear little Pearl, wilt thou kiss me?"

Pearl kissed his lips. A spell was broken. The great scene of grief, in which the wild infant bore a part, had developed all her sympathies; and as her tears fell upon her father's cheek, they were the pledge that she would grow up amid human joy and sorrow, nor forever do battle with the world, but be a woman in it.

"Hester," said the clergyman, "farewell!"

"Shall we not meet again?" whispered she, bending her face down close to his. "Shall we not spend our immortal life together? Surely, surely, we have ransomed each other with all this woe! Thou lookest far into eternity, with those bright dying eyes! Then tell me what thou seest?"

"Hush, Hester, hush!" said he, with tremulous solemnity. "The law we broke!—the sin here so awfully revealed!—let these alone be in thy thoughts! I fear! I fear! It may be that when we forgot our God,—when we violated our reverence each for the other's soul,—it was thenceforth vain to hope that we could meet hereafter in an everlasting, pure union. God knows; and He is merciful! He hath proved His mercy, most of all, in my afflictions. By giving me this burning torture to bear upon my breast! By bringing me hither, to die this death of triumphant ignominy before the people! Had either of these agonies been wanting, I had been lost forever! Praised be His name! His will be done! Farewell!"

That final word came forth with the minister's expiring breath. The multitude, silent till then, broke out in a strange, deep voice of awe and wonder, which could not as yet find utterance, save in this murmur that rolled so heavily after the departed spirit.

XVII.

LITTLE BOY BUBBLE.

BY MARION SHORT.

LITTLE Boy Bubble of Soap-Bubble
Land

Fell out of a bubble balloon, Oh!
Down through an ocean of cloud ere he
caught

On the edge of the glittering moon, Oh!
Man in the Moon he invited him in:

"My kingdom is yours for a day, Oh!
Take, then, my pipe and blow stars, if you
like,

To light up the dim Milky Way, Oh!"

XVIII.

FOURTH OF JULY GARDEN PARTY.

BY STANLEY SCHELL.

INVITATIONS: Send out invitations at least two weeks beforehand. The following form may be used:

Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon
request the pleasure of your company
at a
Fourth of July Garden Party
to be held at their residence, "The Maples,"
Tuesday, July 4, 1899, at 8 P. M.
No. 144 Clark Street,
June 20, 1899.

R. S. V. P.

Costumes: Continental, Indian, Flower, Military
 Naval, Cuban, Porto-Rican, Hawaiian, Philippine.

COSTUMES:

Host.—Uncle Sam: Red and white striped trousers, strapped; a blue vest dotted with white stars; a white coat, tails lined with blue; white shirt with high, pointed collar. Blue cravat and old-fashioned gray beaver high hat.

Hostess.—Goddess of liberty. Red satin bodice; white satin skirt trimmed with silver braid; blue satin petticoat. Dress draped slightly in front so that the petticoat shows. Red satin cap with white satin band around it, on which is painted in silver the word "Liberty." Shoes of blue satin.

Continental Soldier.—Blue cloth coat lined with red; gold buttons and gold epaulets; vest and straps of white cloth; knee-breeches of snuff color, with blue sash; leggings of snuff-colored cloth reaching to the knees. Three-cornered hat of black with a fancy gilt ornament; large pistol in belt at the front; knapsack at side.

Continental Gentleman.—Coat of pale green satin lined with pale pink satin; big jeweled buttons on the coat, and ruffles of lace hanging over the hands; very fancy white shirt with full ruffled lace front; hair powdered and worn in a cue tied with green ribbon; breeches of red satin with jeweled

buttons up the outside of the leg; stockings of corn-colored silk; black shoes, with large rhinestone buckles; a three-cornered hat of black; fine tall cane.

Martha Washington.—A gown of brocaded silk or satin, with a long train opening over a red satin quilted petticoat. The waist should be plain and tight-fitting, with elbow sleeves trimmed with lace ruffles, white silk mitts. Carry old-fashioned fan. Tie long fichu about the neck and the shoulders, at the breast, and then fasten a part at the belt; low neck to where the fichu is tied at the breast; hair with high puff over the forehead and well powdered.

Summer.—Pale green batiste, tarlatan, or cheese-cloth trimmed with roses all around the bottom of the skirt, on the shoes or slippers, at the bottom of the waist, at the shoulders, and a crown of roses on the head. Hair streaming down the back. Carry a large palmetto fan.

Sunflower.—Orange-colored tarlatan or cheese-cloth gown. Trim with paper or real sunflowers around bottom of skirt, and at the shoulders. Have a fan of sunflowers and a hat of sunflowers. Fancy slippers.

Tiger-Lily.—Skirt and bodice of black; overskirt of yellow petals wired to look like

a lily turned upside down; fancy stockings; gilt or bronze slippers; a hat of yellow petals made to resemble a tiger lily.

Indian Man.—Paint face copper color. Wear a wig of long, coarse black hair and a head-dress of eagle feathers. Trousers of leather, with leather fringe down the side. Moccasins. Coat of soft cloth or skin, belt of leather. Cloth blanket wrapped about shoulders and trailing on the floor behind.

Indian Woman.—Stain face copper color. Leather-colored cloth gown fantastically embroidered with beads, thread, shells, small feathers, etc. Cut the bottom of the skirt into strips so that the skirt looks as though finished with a fringe. The beaded decoration is made just above the fringe. The whole waist is full of embroidery. The belt is embroidered, as is also the pouch at the side. Fastened at the shoulders is a fox or wolf skin like a cape. The hair hangs down the back. About the neck is a chain of teeth and above it strings of fancy beads, a band of teeth for the head with a fancy quill standing up at one side.

Cuban Soldier.—White trousers tucked into a pair of high boots, white shirt, belt filled with cartridges, jacket that stops at the belt, large slouch felt hat pinned up at one side, a short rifle, a strap of leather over one shoulder, at the end of it a leather bag resting at the hip.

Cuban Man.—White trousers; white blouse with long sleeves like a Chinese blouse; wide-brimmed hat, with a tall, pointed steeple, and Cuban colors for ribbon.

Porto Rican Man.—Long loose trousers reaching to the ankles and turning up, white shirt with very long sleeves, sometimes a white jacket, hat of soft white felt.

Porto Rican Woman.—White gown. at the bottom of the skirt a narrow double ruffle, an apron of large and gay-colored plaid, beads around the neck, a fancy flat and close-fitting cap resting on the head.

Hawaiian Man.—Long black stockings; no shoes. About the ankles have a ruffle of feathers. A white skirt, gathered at the belt and coming down to just below the knees; a black vest (low necked) a white shirt, with a large stud; high, pointed collar; big white tie; long-tailed coat, very similar to that worn by Uncle Sam, only it must be black; a big bandanna handkerchief hanging out of the back pocket; large cuffs well outside of the coat sleeves; big cuff-buttons; a white high hat, with a quill standing up from the back and with a black band around it. In the ears have large rings of brass. The rings must be so large that they reach the shoulders.

Philippine Native Man.—Odd trousers resembling the Chinese trousers and reaching to the ankles (material, black and fancifully embroidered from the bottom almost to the knees); a scarf wound around the waist twice and tied in a bow, with long

ends hanging to the knees from the middle of the front (fringed or plain ends). White or black blouse made like the Chinese blouse or made single-breasted and buttoned. A turban-like structure on the head ending in a point at the left side of the head. Some wear Manila straw hats very much like our country farmers' hats.

Philippine Warrior.—Barefooted; long, loose, bag-like trousers; a waist fitting just like a little child's plain slip to the belt; below the belt have long points decorated; a scarf around the waist tied in front, with ends hanging down straight in middle of front. Sleeves of the waist are only caps at the shoulder. Under the waist is a white cloth shirt with long sleeves. On the head is a turban-like cap, with a long feather standing out straight toward the back. Carry a long, pointed spear. The clothes of the Philipinos are more or less decorated.

Fashionable Philippine Woman.—A pina cloth waist and an elaborately embroidered skirt of satin with a bell-like train. Raised figures of birds and flowers are the usual embroideries. Blouse waist, flowing sleeves, and handkerchief neck-scarf. The sleeves look like big bells.

Fashionable Philippine Man.—White cotton drilling for the suit and a Panama hat.

Philippine Native Woman.—A black or plaid skirt simply wound around the figure; flowered or figured apron; white blouse waist, most simple in form, no sleeves; beads around neck and hanging down upon chest. Some have a long strip of striped goods, which is wrapped around the shoulders and the arms, Greek fashion.

DECORATIONS: American colors draped all about from tree to tree. Where fastened to the tree have shields, or swords, etc. Between the trees have lines of Japanese lanterns, every other one hung high and every other one hung low. Above dancing-platform, have drapery coming from the sides of the platform and meeting together at the centre, and high above the platform. From the centre suspend a large Japanese umbrella and from the end of each rib hang a Japanese lantern. About the sides of the platform have Japanese lanterns. At the end of the platform where the musicians sit have a draped canopy. Not far from the dancing-platform have tables for refreshments. Place the table of the host and the hostess in the centre and have it round in shape. Have the other tables go from the centre table so as to form a star. Each table should have a large star on it and the tables should be decorated with red, white and blue. At each plate should be a small American flag with the card of the guest attached. Each table should have two candlesticks with fancy shades. In the centre of each table have a dish of red, white and blue jelly. The house also should be draped with American colors. Over the doorway drape two American

flags. Have the drawing-room arranged with all sorts of old-fashioned things, and be sure to have a spinning-wheel.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS: Banjo and fiddle.

Program:

PART I.

1. American Flag March.
2. Dewey Lancers.
3. Varsoviene: A Dance.
4. Music: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."
5. Minuet: A Dance in Continental Dress.
6. Music: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."
7. Glide: A Dance.
8. Uncle Sam's New Children: A Dance.
9. Schottische: A Dance.
10. Music: "America."
11. Cotillion: A Dance.

Refreshments.

PART II.

1. Music: "S'wanee Ribber."
2. Cake-Walk.
3. Indian Dance.
4. Minuet.
5. Virginia Reel.
6. Home, Sweet Home.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO THE ENTERTAINMENT: As the guests arrive, the musicians play "Yankee Doodle." After wraps have been removed, the guests are to proceed to the drawing-room where the host and the hostess stand waiting near the entrance to receive them. After a number have been received, one of the guests may sit at the spinning-wheel and, making it go, sing the "Spinning-Wheel Song" from "Martha." Guests continue to arrive and after a while a young man and young woman sing "Reuben and Rachel." When the guests have arrived in such numbers that the hostess deems it time to pass to the garden, she gives each guest an American flag of about two feet long and then invites them to select partners and pass with her to the garden. The musicians now play "Hail, Columbia." When the hostess steps on the platform the musicians play "The Star-Spangled Banner." All march as the hostess dictates according to the "American Flag March," in WERNER'S MAGAZINE for May, 1899. At the close of the march, the "Dewey Lancers" are played and the ones invited to take part are to dance. The "Dewey Lancers" should be a rollicking, old-fashioned country dance. One of the dancers should be the Goddess of Liberty and two other dancers should be Uncle Sam and Admiral Dewey.

Music is introduced between the dances, while the guests are resting. The dance "Uncle Sam's New Children" consists of the most ridiculous evolutions to the most weird and peculiar music.

REFRESHMENTS: Make as attractive looking as possible and have served by girls dressed as black girls. (1) Serve bouillon in dainty cups, with a cracker. (2) Sand-

wiches of white bread, very thin and small. (3) Chicken salad, salted almonds, and olives. (4) Old-fashioned molasses candy. (5) Ice-cream, jelly and cake.

While refreshments are being served, have fireworks set off, near enough for guests to see them easily.

After supper, while guests are still at table, have a number of guests dressed as soap-bubble maidens (short-waisted gowns of white) come rushing along blowing bubbles and batting them, while one of their number recites "Legend of Soap-Bubble Land."

After this the hostess rises and gives signal to musicians, who are to play "Red, White and Blue." All are to sing. After the song all pass to the platform and dancing goes on again.

Those that do not participate in the cake-walk are to keep out of the way. The host and the hostess are to select the judges, who are to sit at front of platform. The more ridiculous the steps the better. At the close of the walk the judges decide as to the winners.

The rest of the dances require no explanation.

All guests bid host and hostess good-bye, before going to put on wraps, etc.

XIX.

PRACTICING SONG.

[Piano left side of stage, side to audience.]

Ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum tum! [*Little girl runs in, singing.*]

Here I must sit for an hour and strum. [*Flings herself on the piano stool.*]

Practice is the thing for a good little girl. [*Plays a scale.*]

It makes her nose straight [*turns cutely round on stool and glancing at audience, feels of her nose*] and it makes her hair curl. [*Twists her hair around her finger, smiling roguishly.*]

Ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum ti! [*Sings as she turns around to the piano again.*]

Bang on the low notes [*strikes heavily on some low notes*] and twiddle on the high;

Whether it's a jig [*plays jig music*] or the Dead March in "Saul." [*Plays some of the Dead March in "Saul."*]

I sometimes feel as if I didn't care at all. [*Tosses head back in an indifferent manner, swings around on stool, looks at audience in a very pert manner, and then acts as though listening, turns back again quickly, singing as she turns.*]

Ri tum tiddy-iddy ri tum te! [*Strikes some notes on the piano not in keeping with the time in which she is singing.*]

I don't mind the whole or the half notes, you see. [*As she says this she swings round to the audience again.*]

It's the sixteenth and the quarter that confuse my mother's daughter,
And a thirty-second [*strikes it on the piano, then nods her head*] is too dreadful to be taught her.

Ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum to! [*Singing as she plays a new scale.*]

I shall never, never learn [*looks at audience and then back at the piano, plays a minor scale badly*] the minor scale I know [*shaking her head*];

It's gloomier [*plays badly*] and awfuller than puppy dogs a-howling [*swings around as she talks and tells it to the audience*].

And what's the use of practicing such mel-

an-choly yowl-ing? [*Drawls, as she swings around on her stool again.*]

But ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum tum! [*Plays hard and earnestly.*]

Still I work away with my drum—drum—drum [*drums loud and long*]

For practicing is good [*swings around again and, pointing at herself and tossing back her head, then jumps off the stool*] for a good little girl;

It makes her nose straight [*shakes head at the audience and feels of nose from top down*] and it makes her hair curl. [*Bows deeply as she twists her hair around her finger, looks coquettish and runs off stage.*]

XX.

ENCORES.

1. So They Say.

BY LUCY BOSTWICK.

THEY tell me I forget so soon,
And yet, and yet, when you're away,
My mem'ry oft goes slipping back
To little things I've heard you say—
To just the turning of your head,
To some familiar look or way;
And yet—and yet—why should this be?
I do not love you—so they say.

They tell me that my heart is stone,
Yet I can scarcely understand,
Do stones, I wonder, sometimes thrill
At just the light touch of a hand?
Why, when your eyes met mine to-night
Within the dance, I turned away—
And yet—and yet—it can not be!
I do not love you—so they say.

2. Hobson's Kiss.

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

OH, I'm Lieutenant Hobson, and I sunk the Merrimac,
But now I'm cruising on the land to seek the merry smack.
I lecture forty minutes to the multitude and then
Kiss everyone in sight, except the children and the men:
Grave girls, brave girls, girls who seem afraid;
Cold girls, old girls whose teeth are tailor-made;
Hired girls, tired girls, short girls and tall,
Tongue-tied and cross-eyed, I kiss 'em one and all.

The editors are howling mad because I've got a snap.
'Tis envy stirs 'em up and so I never care a rap;

And if the ones who howl the most and rant and rave and scoff
Had half a show, why, don't you know, you couldn't choke 'em off.

Sly girls, shy girls, hasty girls and slow,
Some who cling like everything, and some who touch and go;

Giggling girls, wiggling girls, large girls and small,

Thick or thin, I wade right in and kiss 'em one and all.

I'm likely to be "fired" from the navy, so "they say."

But what care I, since I may kiss five hundred girls a day?

So long as I may press their lips, I think I'd be a dunce

To long to face the cannon's mouth the way I did it once.

Fat girls, flat girls, sour girls and sweet;
Girls with beaux and pigeon-toes and No. 11 feet;

Lithe girls, blithe girls, and girls whose looks appal,

But having faced a cannon's mouth I face 'em one and all.

3. Sambo's Lullaby.

DAR! shet yo' black eyes, Sambo!
An' git right off ter sleep,
Fo' soon de niggah anguls
Am cummin' down ter creep
Aroun' yo' buckbo'd cradle.
So, hush—a—bye—oh—bye!
An' doan yo' wake till mawnin',
Dar! shet dat udder eye!

Yah! go ter sleep dar, Sambo!
Befo' dem anguls cum
A-cloudin' up de starlight,
A-gittin' ter dis hum!
Ole Aunty's leg's a-crampin'
From rockin' cradle—so!
Go right straight off ter sleep dar!
Yo' pooty babe—Sam-bo!

4. **Hullo.**

By S. W. Foss.

W'EN you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"
Say "Hullo" and "How d'ye do?"
How's the world a-usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on the back;
Bring your hand down with a whack.
Walk right up, and don't go slow;
Grin an' shake, an' say "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh, sho;
Walk right up an' say "Hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll
Jest for wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true,
Hale and hearty "How d'ye do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"

When big vessels meet, they say
They saloot an' sail away.
Jest the same are you an' me
Lonesome ships upon a sea;
Each one sailin' his own log,
For a port behind the fog.
Let your speakin'-trumpet blow;
Lift your horn an' cry "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do!"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en you leave your house of clay
Wanderin' in the far away,

W'en you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be, an' say "Hullo."

5. **Who's Afraid in the Dark?**

"OH! not I," said the owl,
And he gave a great scowl,
And he wiped his eye
And fluffed his jowl: "Tu whoo!"
Said the dog: "I bark
Out loud in the dark. Boo-oo!"
Said the cat: "Mi-ew!
I'll scratch anyone who
Dares say that I do
Feel afraid. Mi-ew!"
"Afraid," said the mouse,
"Of the dark in the house!
Hear me scatter
Whatever's the matter.
Squeak!"

Then the toad in his hole,
And the bug in the ground,
They both shook their heads
And passed the word around;
And the bird in the tree,
The fish and the bee,
They declared all three
That you never did see
One of them afraid
In the dark!

But the little boy who had gone to bed
Just raised the bedclothes and covered his
head.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SPECIAL DAY ESSAYS.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Independence day had its first celebration, July 4th, 1776. On that day the representatives of the Colonists assembled in solemn conclave in the hall of the old Colonial court-house at Philadelphia, to decide an important question,—the signing of a declaration of independence. The streets were filled with excited men. All business was forgotten in the momentous crisis that the country had now reached—the shaking off of the supremacy of old England and the organization of society anew on the basis of liberty and equality,—the real Declaration of Independence. Article by article, the Declaration was debated by that assembly, until at last the end had been reached. Meanwhile up in the belfry the old bell-ringer was wearily and anxiously awaiting the result. The multitude on the outside, too, had become impatient. It was nearly two o'clock, and no decision had been reached. At two o'clock a shout of "Ring! Ring!" filled the multitude with joy, and the old bell-ringer became as one electrified. He rang with might and main that bell with its motto: "Proclaim Liberty throughout All the Land, and unto All the Inhabitants Thereof," for the first time, for liberty. Clang! Clang! Clang! Higher and higher, clearer and

clearer, it rang out, telling the joyous news to all the people. The glad tidings were carried everywhere, and the overjoyed people built bonfires and set off their cannons, to express the immensity of their joy.

July 4th, 1899, for us, has a significance like that of 1776. The Spanish-American war just past was a war for liberty—a war for humanity. Once again an All-Wise Father smiled on us and aided us in the total destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila, May 1, 1898, without the loss of a single American, and at Santiago, July 3, 1898, a second Spanish fleet, with one American killed. From Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands have the Spaniards been driven, with small loss to us but with heavy losses to them. Our victories by land and by sea have surprised the world and they will pass down in history as the greatest naval and land victories ever known. We fought a brave fight—we fought for the right—and right always wins. Cuba is free, Porto Rico is free, the Philippines are free,—free to breathe God's sunshine unmolested. Let us not forget the thanks due to Him who strengthened us for the struggle and gave us success.

Celebrate the July 4th, 1899, with rousing cheers, with the firing of cannon, with the ringing of bells and street parades. Have

entertainments for the young and meetings of praise and thankfulness, for liberty is ours—liberty! glorious liberty! Ring in the new century with the old Declaration of Liberty and Equality for all.

THE BASTILLE.

July 14, 1789, saw the destruction of La Bastille, the ill-omened state prison and citadel of Paris. The foundation of this building was laid by Charles V. in 1369 and with its eight massive round towers was completed in the reign of Charles VI., in 1383. It was used chiefly as a place of confinement of persons of rank who had fallen victims to the intrigues of the court or the caprice of the government. The inhuman treatment to which prisoners in the Bastille were subjected has few parallels in the history of cruelty,—put there without accusation or trial, on a simple *lettre de cachet*, allowed no communication with friends, their final fate dependent upon caprice and despotism, and unknown to the world. Up to the reign of Charles VII., the Bastille continued to be merely a royal fortress. After the death of Louis XIV. it degenerated into a common jail. This fortress stood at the entrance of the city of Paris, and the cannon on its battlements commanded the adjoining suburbs, the quarter occupied by the artisan classes. It formed the standing cognizance of despotic power under the old monarchy, and presented a formidable barrier to the advancing tide of the Revolution. Ere long, therefore, the popular desire for independence, coinciding with the designs of the demagogues, raised the cry, which speedily resounded throughout the whole of Paris, "Down with the Bastille!"

Notwithstanding the moats, the walls and the guns with which the castle was defended, the execution of the scheme presented no difficulty. Surrender was demanded and refused. A number of the citizens, with reckless bravery, succeeded in cutting the chains of the drawbridge, and the first court of the castle was speedily taken; but to the excessive exasperation of the assailants their attack on the second court was repulsed with great loss. The courage of the garrison was now exhausted, they desired to capitulate, and the commandant, after being promised a free retreat, let down the second bridge. The victorious crowd immediately poured into the ancient building, some of them enthusiastic in the cause of liberty, others bent on murder and destruction. The lives of the garrison were now in great jeopardy. The French guards succeeded, with difficulty, in saving the common soldiers; but the commandant and his officers, in spite of long and heroic attempts of the leaders of the populace to protect them, were slain and their heads cut off as trophies. The total destruction of the Bastille followed.

Every year on the anniversary of its destruction the people of France have a gala day just as we celebrate July 4—in honor of liberty.

LIFE OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Born July 4, 1804.

The Hawthornes came from England and settled in Salem in the early part of the seventeenth century. Later they took part in the persecution of the Quakers and the witches. For a long period the men of the family followed the sea. The father of Nathaniel was a shipmaster and died of yellow fever in 1808. Nathaniel was a delicate boy and was not able to undertake a sea-faring life. He had to reside in the country. In 1821 he entered Bowdoin College, from which he was graduated in 1825, in the same class with Henry W. Longfellow and Franklin Pierce. After leaving college, he resided at Salem, leading a solitary life of meditation and study, a recluse even from his own household, walking out by night and passing the day alone in his own room, writing wild tales, most of which he burned and some of which appeared in newspapers, magazines, and annuals. In 1836 he collected a number of the tales he had written, and published them under the title of "Twice Told Tales." In 1842 a second collection of the tales was published. In 1838 he was appointed a weigher and gager in the custom-house. In 1843 he resided at Boston and, after his marriage to Miss Sophie Peabody, Hawthorne took up his residence at the old Manse at Concord, which adjoins the first battle-field of the Revolution. It was while residing here that he wrote "Mosses from an Old Manse." In 1846 Mr. Hawthorne was appointed surveyor of the port of Salem. Of this decayed old custom-house, he gave a graphic and satiric description in the introduction to "The Scarlet Letter," written in 1850. A powerful romance, it became exceedingly popular and established for its author a high and widespread reputation. In 1849 he moved to Lennox and, while residing there, wrote "The House of the Seven Gables." Following this, appeared "The Blithedale Romance" (1852). In 1853 Franklin Pierce, president of the United States, appointed Hawthorne consul at Liverpool. In 1857 he resigned and with his family traveled over Europe. In 1864 he died at Plymouth, while on a trip with Franklin Pierce.

Among the works of Hawthorne not already mentioned are "True Stories from History and Biography," "The Wonder Book for Boys and Girls," "The Snow Image," "Tanglewood Tales," "The Marble Faun," a romance in Italy, was published in 1860. It was his longest and perhaps his best work. The last book published during his lifetime was "Our Old Home" (1863).

QUOTATIONS.

FOR PATRIOTIC OCCASIONS.

1. A man's country is not a certain area of land—of mountains, rivers, and woods—but it is principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.—*George William Curtis.*

2. The name of an American must always exalt the just pride of patriotism.—*George Washington.*

3. The highest expression of patriotism is seen in all those grand movements that advance the interests of a people in intellectual power and clearer moral vision.—*W. W. Gist.*

4. That patriotism which, catching its inspirations from the immortal God, and leaving at an immeasurable distance all lesser, groveling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and death itself—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues!—*Henry Clay.*

5. Who cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air,
Sunshine steals light from her face,
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace.
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace—
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, O fairest of all
The daughters of Time and Thought!
—*James Russell Lowell.*

6. Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and child of the
skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture
behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
—*Timothy Dwight.*

7. Freedom calls you! quick, be ready;
Think of what your sires have been!
Onward, onward! strong and steady,
Drive the tyrant to his den,
On, and let the watchwords be
Country, home and liberty!
—*James G. Percival.*

8. Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have
fought
For those rights which, unstained, from
your sires have descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valor
has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which their
fathers defended.
Mid the reign of mild peace
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome and the wisdom of
Greece;

And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be
slaves
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls
its waves.
—*Robert Treat Paine.*

9. Westward the course of empire takes its
way,
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.
—*Bishop Berkeley.*

10. Under the starry flag that waves
over this fair land, every citizen is a king,
and there is no avenue to wealth and fame,
position and power, that is not open to
every child of the Republic.
—*Col. W. A. Brossner.*

SPANISH WAR EPIGRAMS.

"Remember the Maine."—*Commodore Schley's Signal to the Flying Squadron.*

"Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are
dying."—*Captain Philip.*

"The Maine is avenged."—*Lieutenant Wainwright.*

"The Battle of Manila killed me, but I
would do it again."—*Captain Gridley.*

"Don't swear, boys, shoot."—*Colonel Wood.*

FOR CHILDREN'S SUNDAY.

For Small Children.

1. Love one another.
2. Be good.
3. Thou shalt not steal.
4. God is love.
5. A soft answer turneth away wrath.

For Older Children.

1. Be fearful only of thyself, and stand
in awe of none more than of thine own con-
science.
—*Fuller.*
2. Oh, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.
—*Walter Scott.*
3. Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul.
The mind's the standard of the man.
—*Isaac Watts.*
4. Catch, then, O catch, the transient
hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer, man a flower—
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!
—*Samuel Johnson.*

5. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

—James Montgomery.

6. Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought:
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

—Christopher Cranch.

7. Give, if thou canst, an alms; if not, af-
ford,
Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word.
God crowns our goodness, whereso'er He
sees
On our part, wanting the abilities.

—Robert Herrick.

8. Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets.
And simple faith than Norman blood.

—Alfred Tennyson.

9. Over our hearts and into our lives
The shadows will sometimes fall;
But the sunshine is never wholly dead,
And heaven is shadowless overhead,
And God is over all.

10. A sacred burden is this life we bear.
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

—Frances Anne Kemble.

CRITICISM OF THE JANUARY, FEBRUARY AND MARCH RECITATIONS.

I

Experience is an excellent teacher. In seven years' experience as a teacher I realize to the fullest extent what a difficult thing it is, in the selection of recitations, to please the audience, the pupil, and the teacher. First, a pupil who perhaps appears in public only once or twice a year is extremely difficult to satisfy with a recitation. They are so desirous of embodying all emotions, passions, tones, expressions, gestures, etc., in one short recitation and, of course, it must be entirely *new*,—"something no one has ever given before." To find something that pleases the pupil, so he can do his best in it, pleases and interests the hearers, and maintains the standard of the teacher, is alas! no easy task,—one that the poor teacher would almost give up in despair if it were not for the blessed boon of WERNER'S MAGAZINE—all praise to it!

In its Recitation Department for January, February, and March I find a great variety of selections—something to suit the taste of all classes of reciters and teachers. The February No. is particularly pleasing. It includes comedy, pathos, tragedy, dialect, pantomime, etc., and, above all, the selections possess that virtue of being "new" and "unhackneyed." When teaching, I could have made use of every selection given. "Lincoln's Last Dream" in the January No. is a beautiful poem,—one of the best "occasional recitations" I have met with lately.

I think the Department in these three numbers unusually good. If I felt inclined to omit any, they would be "Meg May's Valentine" and "Washington" in the January No. To tell the truth, they are rather "light weights" as poems; there is not enough interest in the story told to forgive the lack of poetic genius. They would hardly make interesting recitations.

The idea of publishing specimen programs and encores is very clever and will prove helpful to many a weary teacher.

The story "At the King's Head," in the March No., would make a great hit as a recitation. It affords exceptional opportunities for the display of mimic powers.

New York. Daisy E. Lounsbury.

II.

Time was when all selections showy and savoring of the dramatic were thought "good to recite." It was this fact more than anything else that gave the really noble profession of elocution a bad repute. The great need of a reformation was keenly felt long before it was begun by a class of readers refusing to give anything but really good literature, and by earnest teachers struggling to promote refined tastes in the minds of their pupils. Out of the efforts of a few has grown the almost universal demand for good literature that will interest and please the general audience in such a way as to establish the popularity of the reader. The general cry is: Where and how can we find it?

"The average audiences do not care for the classics." Don't they? Try them and see. "Everything good is so old and has been given to death." Have they? Open a volume of any of our standard authors, English or American, and count the numbers that have become famous as recitations and declamations. How few there are! And what a field is left! One never tires of listening to certain selections from Shakespeare, for instance, except when poorly rendered, which proves the fact that the really good never grows old. But for the tired out teacher, spending hours of her own valuable time that ought to be given to recreation, in hunting up appropriate recitations for her embryo elocutionists, until she is sick unto death of Shoemaker's "Best Selections," "Werner's Readings," and every other book of its kind ever published, and is ready to cry with Solomon: "There is no new thing under the sun!" she or he,

as the case may be, has our heart-felt sympathy. Yet the case is really not so hopeless as it appears. Many of our new and popular novels afford good material for recitals. Then again is our precious time consumed in cutting and in making them presentable.

A beautiful little poem, one full of poetic expression, rendered simply, with no effort at the dramatic, but with all its poetic flow of feeling, is of more worth and will give more pleasure than all the "Stage-Driver's Stories," "Pilot's Stories" and "Nobody-knows-whose Stories," in the world.

The Recitation Department of WERNER'S MAGAZINE has been making for some time a brave effort to supply this long-felt want of readers and teachers. That it has not yet reached the highest standard shows the amount of laborious work necessary to make it ideal. So far, in its efforts to please all tastes, it has given us much that is absolutely valueless as literary productions and others too void of interest to be successful as recitations. The success of the Department lies in the willingness to work hard enough and dig deep enough to find those works having the triple virtue of good literature, uninterrupted interest and adaptability to the person and the occasion.

In the January issue we find "Lincoln, the Shepherd of the People," by Phillips Brooks; "To My Silent One," by Elia W. Peattie; "The Swiss Good Night;" "Lafayette," by Charles Sprague; and "Nora's Awakening," by Henrik Ibsen; approach nearest to our ideal.

"Lincoln," like all Phillips Brooks wrote, rings true. Likening him to a shepherd is the highest praise, for was not our Lord called a shepherd? Spoken earnestly and with true feeling, it could not fail to win response from almost any audience. "To My Silent One" is a pathetic heart-cry, which, given with its own poetic feeling, would touch all. "The Swiss Good Night," through its chance for good voice-work, would hold attention. "Lafayette," when spoken with spirit, will make a first-class, dignified speech. "Nora's Awakening" is a strong, dramatic scene capable of showing good work.

Among the others, "Washington the Patriot," by our President, is good but rather spoiled in cutting, as it is left without a climax,—a point absolutely necessary to a declamation. "Washington," by Margherita Hamm, is dry. "Lincoln's Last Dream," by Hezekiah Butterworth, is so sing-songy that it would be difficult to render without more rhythm than belongs to it and more than is pleasing to the ear. "The Other One Was Booth" gets its effect from the last part where quotations are introduced. The idea is good, but old and rather overdone. Others there are that might do for encores, but could easily be omitted from one's repertoire and not be missed.

We wish to congratulate WERNER'S MAGAZINE on its February and March issues. The Recitation Department is especially good. "Her Cuban Tea," by Pauline Phelps, is a charming and unique mono-

logue. "Welcome to Lafayette," by Edward Everett, is good literature and makes a wholesome address. "Grandma Land," by Hayden Carruth, is a sweet little poem that has for its chief charm its ability to appeal to young and to old, carrying the old back to youth and awakening in the boys and the girls new appreciation of their grandmamas. "The Madonna at Palos," by Mabel Hughes, is capable of good work in pathos. It should make a strong, appealing recitation. The music used should approach perfection or it will spoil rather than heighten the effect. "A Sister's Sacrifice," by Augustin Daly, is an excellent scene for two characters. It could not fail to please, if well rendered. "At Peace," by James Berry Bensel, is full of pathos and poetic feeling. Charles Emory Smith's "The Country Reunited by War," is well written and contains good sentiment. It is of special interest just now, and is of the kind that will last long after some of the characters that figured dimly in our late war are forgotten. "When Josiah Plays the Fiddle," by Julia T. Riordan, contains a touch of humor and pathos. It is not of much value as literature and as a recitation is destined to be short-lived. Both the subject and the plot of "How the News Was Brought to Plymouth," by Beatrice Harlowe, are too old to be of much service in recitation. "The Conquered Banner," a poem especially dear to the hearts of the Southern people, is well arranged for pantomime and will make an attractive number on a program of patriotic character. "The Lord of Butrago," by Lockhart, makes an interesting and, if given with spirit, an exciting recital. "In Terror of Death" is strong in description. "What a Pity" is a spicy and bright encore. "To the Shade of Washington," by Richard Alsop, is void of interest, and "Our Washington," by Eliza W. Durbin, is sing-songy.

I congratulate the arranger of the reading from the Book of Job. It is to be hoped that these studies will continue and we will be given Jonah, Joseph, and many others. The Bible is full of tragedies. This is the sort of elocution that lives.

We should think the Easter Tableaux might work up well. As "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," so the proof of tableaux is in seeing. "The Old Bell-Ringer" is a pleasing "Easter tale." Given with soulful expression, it will make a pleasing Easter number. "Confused" is a funny little poem well representing negro character. Nixon Waterman, the author of "I Got to Go to School," is happy in his delineation of boy character. May be he thinks he has painted only boy character. "The boy is father of the man," and many "grown ups" think they can do someone else's work much better than their own. As a recitation it may make its strongest appeal to the small boy, but will not fail with boys and girls not so small. It is the Rileyism of poetry that is becoming a little overdone. This one is a nature touch, well done, but not as full of sympathy as the works of the master, Riley. "A Box of

Powders" is a sprightly dialogue, full of humor and bright situations. "Paradise" is a pretty religious poem especially adapted for Easter. "The Punctual Shad." This somewhat witty collection of rhymes is at its best right where it is—in print—and not on the platform. "Because 'Twas Lent," by Julia Fanshawe Brinckerhoff, is one of the best of its kind. We hope if Miss Brinckerhoff has any more such dainty bits lent, they will be returned to her unharmed, as we need them all. "April to March," by Mildred I. McNeal, is another dainty one that recites itself. "The Birth of St. Patrick," by Samuel Lover, given with the broad Irish brogue, would be taking. "An Uncrowned Hero," by John J. Fisher, is a touching tribute to the brave stay-at-home. If well interpreted it would be generally pleasing. "The Story of a Faithful Soul," by Adelaide Procter, makes a beautiful pantomime. The arrangement by Miss Owen is undeniably a good one. The common fault with pantomimic work is in the quite general misunderstanding or misconception, with students at least, of the word "pantomime." It does not mean to represent words by a hand-and-arm movement, but a perfect representation of the subject-matter by every God-given means of expression, excepting speech. The encores are all good and to the point. The best are "Three Little Chestnuts," "She Was Mad with Cause," and "Good Night."

New York. Martha Elizabeth Barbour.

III.

January.—The selections suitable for study and capable of being used effectively are "Lincoln, the Shepherd of the People," "The Swiss Good Night," "Jim Bowker," and "Nora's Awakening." The last is valuable as a piece of literature as well as for its strong dramatic action. "A Visitation" would please as an encore. "Washington the Patriot" and "Lafayette" are good studies in declamation, but would only suit a school-program. "Lincoln's Last Dream," "To My Silent One," and "Our Jim" are interesting as poems, not as recitations. The other selections are not worth memorizing.

February.—"Her Cuban Tea," when given by a pretty, vivacious reader, would prove very popular with the average audience, but possesses little merit from a literary or dramatic point of view. "Grandma Land" is a dainty child piece. "What a Pity" is a pretty encore. The chief attraction of "When Josiah Plays the Fiddle" is its *homeliness*. "Welcome to Lafayette" is a good study, and "How the News Was Brought to Plymouth" might please as a school-recitation. "The Country Reunited by War" is also a good study in oratory. "A Sister's Sacrifice" has too little real interest as it stands, to be popular, but artistic work might make it effective. Such selections as "In Terror of Death" can leave only horrible impressions with either reader or audience and should not be studied.

The remaining selections have no elocutionary value. Fanny Robinson in the introduction to her pantomime of "The Conquered Banner" has given us the key-note to successful pantomime. The only thing that saves it from becoming mechanical is the perfect expression of emotion that must be in the heart of the pantomimist, or the corresponding gestures are false, meaningless, and inartistic.

March.—My first criticism applies to arrangement: There is no system apparent in the sequence of the selections. The Book of Job is entitled to first place. A better arrangement would be to have the Easter selections follow, with the drill last, then the other selections having special reference to the month, and after them the miscellaneous selections.

The "Reading from the Book of Job" is admirably adapted for strong artistic work. "The Old Bell-Ringer" is beautiful and well suited both for study and for public reading. The encores are good, though the average audience might miss the point in "He Loved Not Relatively." "The Grumble-Valley Grumbler" needs pruning before being used as a reading. "A Box of Powders" affords opportunity for clever acting. "An Uncrowned Hero" is decidedly flat, because of the commonplace manner in which it is told. "The Punctual Shad," I must confess, has no meaning to me, though it may have to New York. "Because 'Twas Lent" and "April to March" are pretty conceits, but not one reader in one hundred would care to use either. "The Birth of St. Patrick" has always seemed a little vulgar to me; I would not use it nor allow a pupil to. "I Got to Go to School" should prove popular with the boy elocutionist. "In Paradise" has no merit as a recitation. In the "Specimen Easter Program" I should substitute something else for one of the drills; one drill is sufficient for such a program. I should substitute "The Myrrh Bearers" for "Scarf Fantasics" and in place of the former give "Sackcloth and Ashes," followed either by a song suggestive of spring-time or by the reading of the Easter story from the Bible.

As a plan for the Recitation Department I should suggest (1) a selection suitable for a principal number for an artist, which may be a dramatic story, a character-sketch, or a humorous selection; (2) a pathetic story or simple human nature story depicting one of the domestic or religious affections; (3) a nature sketch,—a selection depicting life on one of the planes below or above the human,—flowers, birds, animals, scenery, seasons, or nature in any of her various phases; (4) selections relating to the month, suitable for some one or more of the anniversaries occurring therein; (5) miscellaneous selections and selections suitable for children; this would often be covered partly by the preceding division; (6) encores; (7) quotations; (8) a drill or a pantomime; (9) a play or a scene; (10) suggestive programs; (11) references to stories, poems, etc., recently published and suitable for recitation.

Michigan.

M. Elizabeth Stace.

RECITATION AND DECLAMATION CHATS.

A helpful suggestion to those planning similar evenings will be found in the following program of a Shakespearian entertainment, consisting of musical, elocutionary and literary features, given April 20 by the C. E. Society of Ainslie St. Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. After a few introductory remarks by the chairman upon the benefits and the necessity of a study of Shakespeare, the following numbers were given:

PIANO SOLO: Wedding March from "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
Mendelssohn.

POEM: "William Shakespeare."
R. H. Stoddard.

PAPER: "Events in the Poet's Life."

CONTRALTO SOLO: "A Poor Soul Sat Sighing"
Henry W. Parker.

POEM: "All the World's Awheel."

PAPER: "Shakespeare in Music."

SOPRANO SOLO: "Fairy Lullaby."
Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

READINGS: (a) Portia's Mercy Speech.
(b) Mark Antony's Oration.
(c) Hamlet's Soliloquy.
Shakespeare.

TENOR SOLO: "Come Away, Death."
Parker.

READING: "Shakespeare Up-to-date."

PAPER: "The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy."

SOPRANO SOLO: "It Was a Lover and His Lass."
Parker.

READING: Act III., Scene I, from "II. Henry IV."
Shakespeare.

TENOR SOLO: "Hark, Hark, the Lark."

BURLESQUE PANTOMIME: "The Seven Ages of Man."
Pauline Phelps.

The papers read were limited to from five to fifteen minutes. In the first paper, simply the principal events in the poet's life were rapidly reviewed. The second: "Shakespeare in Music" was worked out somewhat on the same lines and covered largely the same ground as the lecture on the same subject by Louis C. Elson, published in the December, 1898, No. of this magazine. In the paper on "The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy" the writer traced the history of this controversy and gave the respective contentions on the part of the Baconians and the Shakespearians.

With the exception of Mrs. Beach's "Fairy Lullaby" (40 cts.) all the

vocal selections were compositions by Henry W. Parker, of Boston. They are dainty, tuneful, and not hackneyed. Previously to the singing of each song, the name of the play from which the song was taken was announced and a dozen or so of the lines immediately preceding it were read, in order to show its bearing on the surrounding circumstances of the plot. "A poor soul sat sighing" (50 cts.)—a new setting of the celebrated "Willow Song"—is introduced in Act IV., Scene 3, of "Othello;" "Fairy Lullaby," in Act II., Scene 3, of "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" "Come away, Death" (50 cts.), in Act II., Scene 4, of "Twelfth Night;" "It was a lover and his lass" (50 cts.), in Act V., Scene 3, of "As You Like It;" "Hark, hark, the lark" (50 cts.), in Act II., Scene 3, of "Cymbeline."

Considerable difficulty was experienced in selecting a suitable instrumental selection for the opening number,—one easy to execute and rhythmical enough to be appreciated by an unclassical audience. While Mendelssohn's setting of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is the most available, some of the arrangements of it—Liszt's, Smith's, etc.—no one but a virtuoso could manage; while the overture, intermezzo, and nocturne are too classic to be appreciated by the average audience. The Wedding March (in the 40 cent edition) is the best we have seen, being easy to execute and familiar to everyone.

The poem "William Shakespeare"—an inspiring selection describing the poet's achievements—and "Shakespeare Up-to-date"—a humorous dialogue parody—were taken from WERNER'S MAGAZINE for March, 1897, and April, 1898, respectively. None of the readings exceeded seven minutes in length.

One of the most attractive numbers on the program was Miss Phelps's burlesque pantomime on "The Seven Ages of Man," from our April, 1899, No. It was followed exactly as described in the maga-

June is the month for commencements. See our May issue for a suggestive "Commencement Day Program." In that issue are also a complete salutatory, an oration and a valedictory, which may be used entire, or parts may be taken and additions may be made to suit special and local needs. In the same issue is also a "Flag Day Program." Flag day falls on June 14. This program, as a whole or in part, is suitable for any patriotic occasion. It is also suitable (in part) for any school or home entertainment.

July and August are the months for outdoor entertainments, garden parties, lawn festivals, etc. As a new departure, we give in this issue a "Fourth of July Garden Party" for the month of July. The manner of giving such an entertainment is entirely novel, and novelty always pleases. Such an evening can be made the leading entertainment of the season.

In regard to soap-bubbles, a simple preparation for a lasting bubble may be made as follows: Make the temperature of the room 68 degrees Fahrenheit. Cut a cake of Castile soap into fine shavings. Dissolve it over a slow heat in forty parts of distilled water. After it is thoroughly dissolved, cool and filter it, and mix in a jar three parts of it with two parts of glycerine, shaking the jar violently while adding the glycerine. Cover jar, when thoroughly mixed, and let stand for a day or two until a white precipitate is at the top of the liquid and the remainder is clear. Draw off the clear portion with a bent tube and preserve it for use. The film this preparation forms is of such permanence that a bubble four inches in diameter will last for hours with careful batting. The physical exercise resulting from batting is invaluable, and graceful attitudes are assumed unconsciously. Many schools and colleges are introducing bubble batting as a part of their physical culture course.

* * *

The "Drill with the Castanets," by Mrs. A. M. F. Calkins, is an attract-

ive and well-tested drill. Given in Carmen costume with tambourines,* it would be exceedingly pleasing. The monologue, "In Millinery," is a new idea. A man for a milliner! It can be made a very taking part of a program for a man. The entertainment, "A Bachelor's Dream," has been successfully given before New York society. The same stage-arrangement may be used for a "Parade of Nations," having the curtains drawn for the tableaux and sometimes having those taking part in the tableaux step through the frame down to the stage and dancing, etc., then stepping back daintily within the frame, posing for a second before closing curtains. A resourceful entertainer can easily plan many novel features from just such suggestions. "Practicing Song" is a piece suitable for one that is able to do childish parts well. A bright girl can make much of such a piece. "Uncle Sam's New Scholars," a humorous skit, tell about our new children the Cubans, the Porto Ricans, the Philipinos, etc. It is a novel and taking entertainment. "The Mowers," a concert-recitation, should be given in costume and with long scythes. The costumes can be farmers' clothes such as overalls, calico shirt, old black vest, large straw hat, heavy and large shoes. "Little Boy Bubble," by Marion Short, may be given by a boy dressed as a soap-bubble or in costume that gives that impression. The boy should blow bubbles and bat them as he recites. The "Patriotic Program," on page 349 of this issue, has been arranged as nearly as possible historically—in the order of events or of appearance of music.

* * *

For Children's Sunday (June 11) quotations may be introduced as a part of the program. The little tots of the infant class enjoy standing

* We can supply tambourines as follows: Seven inches, plain rim, 6 jingles, \$7.00 per dozen; 8 inches, painted rim, 9 jingles, \$10.00 per dozen; 10 inches, painted rim, 9 jingles, \$11.25 per dozen; The above-mentioned tambourines all have sheep-skin heads. Ten inches, painted rim, 9 jingles, calf-skin head, \$15.00 per dozen; 8 inches, painted rim, 12 bells, skeleton model, \$21.00 per dozen; 10 inches, painted rim, 28 bells, skeleton model, \$37.50 per dozen.

near their seats, giving a brief quotation; so do larger pupils. Three different classes in the Sunday-school may give quotations without tiring the audience. The little tots may give theirs early on the program, the older ones about the middle of the program and the largest ones (generally the Bible class) the last part of the program. Quotations give variety to the entertainment and give opportunity to have many pupils represented who otherwise could not take part.

* * *

July 4, 1804, is the birthday of Nathaniel Hawthorne. An evening with Hawthorne would be very pleasing. As suggestions for such an evening the following may be found useful:

1. Life of Hawthorne. (See page 364 of this issue.)
2. Piano Solo.
3. "The Elf-Child and the Minister." ("Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 2," 35 cts.)
4. Vocal Solo.
5. Paper on Hawthorne's Characteristics as a Writer.
6. "The Revelation of the Scarlet Letter." (See page 355 of this issue.)
7. Violin Solo.
8. Paper on Hawthorne's Women.
9. Quartet.
10. "A Frolic of the Carnival." ("Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 5," 35 cts.)
11. Vocal Duet.
12. Quotations.
13. Criticisms of Hawthorne by Other Authors.
14. Piano and Violin Obligato.

* * *

Pantomimic work is one of the best-known means to break up awkwardness. To do first-class pantomimic work is difficult. The performer naturally feels awkward because he has nothing to say. To portray pleasure, impatience, astonishment, and suspicion by facial expression and by action only is a test that an experienced actor might well dread.

The pantomime, "Better Never Than Late," was given a short time ago by a young lady. The pantomime represents a young woman entering a room after a spirited ride. She catches sight of a letter on the mantel. It is from her lover. He is

coming. Soon another letter arrives, saying he is detained. This is written on paper that corresponds exactly with that used by a girl friend, whose letter she snatches from her work-basket and after comparing them, her suspicions are aroused that his letter was written while visiting her friend. Aha! that is why he can not come, is it? She sits down to write him an angry letter and tears up several. Meanwhile, her lover enters silently, creeps behind her chair and peeps over her shoulder. The letter is finished, she turns to ring the bell, faces him as he stands with outstretched arms, letter falls to the floor—reconciliation. Curtain.

The girl that went through this pantomime failed utterly, and why? She entered the room gaily, made a movement as if laying down her hat and whip, then gave a start and snatched up the letter, which everyone in front could see she had been watching out of the corner of her eye all the time. Next she sat down to her imaginary work-basket and began to hem something, a handkerchief presumably, lifting her head every now and then as if listening for a footstep. All this was entirely wrong and not a bit natural. The first thing she should have done was to go straight to the mirror, when she came in and before she took off her hat, and why? Just to see if her hat was becoming or not, also to see if she had looked as well as usual that afternoon. Every woman does that when she comes in from the street,—that is, if she thinks no one is watching her. As to starting when she saw the letter, she did not know it was his letter until she saw the handwriting upon it. When she sat down to sew, she never selected any needle nor threaded one, nor put her finger in her mouth before she put her thimble on it and she did not get her thread tangled nor prick her fingers once. All these are what give color and life to the little scenes.

Give words to such a girl to speak and she will undoubtedly do it well, but without them she is self-conscious, and so is every actor until he has acquired perfect repose.

Many important events affecting American history have occurred in the month of July. The first battle of Bull Run was fought July 21, 1861, the Union army suffering a disastrous defeat. (See "Werner's Readings and Recitations, No. 10" for a fine recitation on this battle.)

On July 1-3, 1863, was fought the battle of Gettysburg. The Union forces were very successful. At almost the same moment when the final action at Gettysburg took place, the negotiations for the surrender of Vicksburg were concluded. These twin disasters mark the decline of the Confederacy. Among the best pieces about this battle are: "High Tide at Gettysburg," 35 cts.; "Battle of Gettysburg," 30 cts.; "Gettysburg," 25 cts.; "Gettysburg Cemetery Ode," 30 cts.; "Gettysburg Monument," 30 cts.; "Gettysburg Sketch," 25 cts.; "Two Soldiers at

Gettysburg," 20 cts.; "John Burns at Gettysburg," 30 cts.

On July 1-2, 1898, the Spanish earthworks at El Caney and San Juan, Santiago, were carried by assault, with heavy loss.

On July 3, 1898, Cervera's fleet was destroyed while attempting to escape from Santiago.

On July 17, 1898, Santiago surrendered.

On July 25, 1898, Porto Rico and Ponce surrendered.

Recitations, declamations, etc., about the Spanish-American war appeared in WERNER'S MAGAZINE during the months of May, June, July, August, September, and November, 1898, (25 cts. each number).

These recitations are suitable for any patriotic occasion. Our issue for April, 1899, has a full "Dewey Day Program."

The Graduating Oration.

Some Practical Hints for This Trying Ordeal.

BY VIVIAN M. AKERS.

THE commencement exercise, as presented in the greater number of high schools and smaller colleges, is the most inadequate and unjust test to which a graduate could be subjected. After years of unbroken application to study so severe as to necessitate seclusion from society, the young student is forced to appear before the public, with an original production in the form of an essay or an oration, having had but little experience in writing, and, in the majority of cases, absolutely no instruction in bearing and in delivery.

As most people gain their sole knowledge of the school-work in their community by attendance upon the annual exercises, they naturally and almost unconsciously feel that the graduate who makes the best appearance on that occasion has been

all along the strongest pupil. This is manifestly unjust and often untrue, as a peep into the principal's grade-book will prove. Any teacher will testify that oftentimes the finest mathematician, the most accurate and discriminating Latin pupil, is the shyest, most diffident member of the class, the least fitted to make a good public impression.

What shall be the remedy? The custom of omitting all performance by the graduates and substituting an address by some prominent orator is gaining favor, but the old way still seems best in most of the smaller schools. Parents and friends are loth to miss the sight of their dear ones in such splendid misery, such glorious torture. A young lady once said, on being congratulated on her graduation, "This is the most miserable day of my life." No doubt she voiced

the secret feelings of many another.

If, then, these young people must take their turn upon the platform, in mercy's name let them have instruction. It may be said that the principal always "drills" them; but is the principal competent for such a task? To be sure, he can give some rudimentary directions, and his running comment while the pupil rehearses is usually something like this: "Stand erect! Speak louder! No, not so loud. Emphasize this word! Don't talk so fast. Don't stand so stiffly. Be natural. Be graceful," etc., until the poor unfortunate, tortured by the sense that she (oftenest it is a girl) is all wrong and yet is not being put right, is utterly confused and discouraged.

It is farthest from my desire to disparage the culture and the attainments of the weary, overworked, underpaid teachers of this country. Driven as they are by an unceasing round of schoolroom duties, it can not be expected that they shall be also teachers of elocution; and although most of them appreciate fine oratory and might even criticize it, I doubt if many would be able to suggest remedies for the defects thus discovered.

The object of this article is to give to you, young student, who have had no grounding whatever in public reading or address, practical helps for this one occasion, and definite directions *how* to avoid embarrassment, *how* to be natural, *how* to give the simplest literary effort a satisfactory and pleasing delivery.

After the oration has been accepted by the "powers that be," and before actual rehearsal begins, two things are especially necessary. The first is that you cast from you all sense of dissatisfaction with your production, and while avoiding a too exalted opinion of it, compel yourself to be content with your work. It is well enough while engaged in writing, to

have the mind stimulated by a desire to improve; but once the thing is done, and you feel that it represents the best that is in you, there let it rest, and turn your energies toward the work yet to come. You can easily perceive that you will be unable to impress an audience with the merit of a production of which you yourself are ashamed.

Second, have the subject-matter *perfectly* committed to memory. Whether a written copy is carried in the hand or not, this is equally important. Many things are liable to occur, such as turning two pages or dropping a sheet, which might result in disaster to the reader's composure. Therefore, know the text of your essay so thoroughly that, in the words of an eminent teacher, you can repeat it "forward, backward, or sideways."

The next step is rehearsing aloud. I would suggest that at first this be done in private. That is, not in the presence of one's class-mates or family, unless one of the latter is competent to act as instructor. Even where one has a teacher, it is well to strengthen the helps received at the lesson by frequent private rehearsals. Use the pauses, inflections, and, as nearly as possible, the volume and the quality of tone desired for the final delivery. If the throat is weak, do not overtax it by too great an effort to speak louder. Let the voice be intense and penetrating rather than loud, else in your endeavor to be understood you will find yourself shrieking instead of speaking.

Fix your mind (not your eye) upon the remotest corner of the room, and strive to cast the voice so far. This, combined with clear-cut articulation, will solve the difficulty. You must be heard, or all your labor will be fruitless, and if you speak to the farthest person in the audience, those intermediate must hear distinctly.

Though we are just now speaking of rehearsal, and rehearsal in private, yet I use the word "audience" advisedly, for you must accustom yourself to an imaginary audience if you wish to avoid embarrassment before the actual one. Can you in fancy cause the walls of your room to recede, and the open space to be filled with faces? It is a difficult feat for the untutored imagination, but it can be done, and if the best results are to be secured, it must be done.

Having then created an assemblage of listeners, speak *directly* to them. There is between the successful orator and his hearers a subtle sympathy, a oneness, a "mental telegraph" along which he flashes his magnetic personality, his brilliant intellectuality, causing corresponding impulses in every brain in the circuit.

Directness of speech is the principal means of establishing this connection. It is not enough, as is often suggested, to select one person in the room and talk to him alone; neither is it sufficient to regard the whole audience as one person, for then the individual feels that he has no part in the doings of the hour but is merely looking on. But if by the power of your eye, and out of the fulness of your desire to impart your thought, you can grasp both the spirit of the assembly *en masse* and the fellowship of each separate mind in it, you will feel your diffidence fall away, and you will stand forth and deliver your message with power, with dignity, with repose. Each person will feel that you are appealing to him directly, and will send back to you such a wave of sympathy and appreciation that you will be helped to still more successful efforts.

When you have established this connection, you are ready to begin speaking. For the opening sentences of an address, it is best to assume an easy (not a jaunty) standing posture,

with the weight of the body thrown forward, ever so little, to lend earnestness and force to the thought, and with the arms and the hands perfectly relaxed by the sides. This position of the arms is the fundamental one from which nearly all gestures should emanate. Do not begin at once to make gestures, but rather first gain the attention you desire by bearing, voice and will-power, holding gesture as a reserve force to bring into play when the increasing warmth and action of your delivery seem to demand it. Even then be very discriminating in employing this form of expression, using it not as an end, but as a means to assist language in conveying your thought. It is better to have a few strongly characterized and much-needed gestures, or even none at all, than to be constantly disturbing the atmosphere in your vicinity by waving your arms in an inane and useless, though possibly graceful manner. When you are well launched into your theme, and begin to "feel" your audience, you may then begin to gather up your forces, here a little and there a little, holding well in hand the advantage already gained, moving steadily and with ever-increasing momentum to the end.

In your daily rehearsal there are many things that you must rigidly require of yourself. Ascertain the relative position of the front of the stage with regard to the seat you will occupy on commencement day, and practice advancing and retiring. Let your movements be deliberate, but not offensively so, else it will seem that you have assumed a calmness that you do not possess, in order to hide your real discomposure. In fact, it is best to assume nothing, but really to feel, if possible, as you wish to appear. Repress all signs of nervousness, such as twiddling the fingers, and shifting the feet.

Do not look at your hands or feet

when you move them. Seem not to think of them at all. Above all, do not allow yourself to march from side to side of the platform or stage. When it is necessary to change the position, do so quietly and easily, and at a point in the oration where a new thought is introduced. The spectators will scarcely be conscious that you have moved, but the altered attitude will add measurably to the force of the new idea.

These things will require much practice. Be unsparing in your efforts to remember them while rehearsing. But when the real hour comes do not *try* to recall a single one of the hints I have given. If you have been constant and conscientious in your preparation, you may then throw away all rules, feeling certain that the effect of your faithfulness will remain with you, and be apparent without special endeavor on your part

When the great day actually dawns, rise at the usual hour, and engage in any light duties that may present themselves. Do not become excited by receiving callers, or constantly reciting your "piece." If you fear that your memory may fail you, it is well to read the oration slowly and carefully once or twice, but avoid regular rehearsal. Do not keep the mind oppressed all day by fears. Eat light, nourishing food, avoiding candies and pastry. Begin in good time to dress for the evening, that there may be no occasion for haste. In order to act naturally one must feel at ease, and the clothing has much to do with the case. Have the hair done in the usual manner, the dress of the ordinary length, and do not wear French-heeled shoes unless you have accustomed yourself to walking in

them. In a word, wear nothing so uncomfortable or unusual as to make you think of yourself, as that will certainly cause you to become embarrassed.

When you take your seat upon the platform, begin at once to get acquainted with the surroundings. If there are footlights, do not allow their unfamiliar brilliancy to disconcert you. Note carefully the location of rugs and other stage-furnishings, and be prepared to pass easily and smoothly to the front and back again. Determine beforehand to retain your self-possession in any emergency. A child may cry out, or a woman may faint, but you must not be disturbed by such things.

However you may regard your graduation in after years, it is so far the most significant event of your life, and is so considered by your friends, all of whom are more interested in you than you can know.

If, at the last moment, when your name is pronounced and you rise to confront that awful amphitheatre of faces, your heart fails you, turn for one moment toward that front row section where sit in painful, hopeful, beautiful anxiety that gray-haired father, that tender, tired mother, who have given up so much that would have made life easier for them that you might stand where you do just now. Look into their eyes beaming with love and breathless suspense, and draw therefrom inspiration to your noblest effort. It is your duty, it is your privilege, to make them proud of you; to make them feel that by your supreme endeavor to do them honor the years of ceaseless watchfulness, of careful tending, of self-sacrifice, all are this night repaid.

THE greatest orator I ever heard was a woman. She was a slave. She was a mother, and her rostrum was the auction-block. There was eloquence! I have heard no man speak like that. It was overpowering!—*John Randolph.*

CURRENT THOUGHT

COLLEGE DEBATING-SOCIETIES.

TO have something to say and to know how to say it are desirable mental conditions when coexistent. Practice in a debating-society should make that conjunction possible. Somebody in a recent number of *Self-Culture* has had to write about "Debating-Societies" without having very clearly in his mind either what he wanted to say or how he wanted to say it, but it is almost impossible for any sane man to write a thousand words on any topic without setting down something of value to somebody. Leaving out the duff and keeping the plums, it reads thus:

"An ancient writer, being asked what boys ought to learn, wisely said: 'What they will need to know when they become men.' If the education of youth should be at all governed by the wants of practical life in after-years, there can be little doubt that debating-societies might be most valuable educational agencies. They afford a convenient and admirable field for exercising the powers of mind, which the regular studies awaken and train. It is precisely at this period of general mental awakening, when the faculties are reaching out for objects on which to exercise themselves, that debating-societies invite and secure the student's attention. The mind needs to be not only receptive but digestive. It must be trained to apply, in a practical way, the knowledge it receives. This exercise of the society reacts upon that of the recitation room. The powers aroused in the one and applied in the other become confirmed in their strength and made subject to the will.

"It has been urged against debating-societies that they divert students from their regular studies; that they make young men captious, opinionated, and conceited; that they often beget the habit of arguing against their own convictions; that there is connected with such societies much profitless bickering and intrigue for petty honors and offices; and that they are the cause of much mere mouthing and senseless declamation, such as has brought this nation to be called a 'nation of frothy declaimers and vapid stump-orators.' The most obvious answer is that debating-societies, like many other good things in and out of college, are liable to abuse. But cutting off the abuses by crushing out the societies seems like curing the disease by killing the patient. Moreover, if debates were suppressed in college, they would still exist. The demand for them grows out of our very nature. We

love debate, whether it is from desire for truth, or of victory, or mere love of contest. Whatever the motive, certain it is that we all eagerly engage in and give ear to controversial encounters.

"The importance of the orator will be great and formidable so long as our present institutions and customs remain. The actual presence and living voice of the public speaker will continue to be the same felt and acknowledged power, while great questions come before the people for settlement. Our estimate of these debating-societies rests mainly upon their general influence on intellectual character, and it is plain, likewise, that they fill an important place in our education if they contribute to prepare men for thoughtful public speaking and helpful oratory. As our educational facilities have advanced, culture and scholarship have raised the standard of public speaking, and brought with it a feeling of abhorrence for mere stump oratory. It is the work of the same culture and scholarship to fix the true place of oratory and to train public taste, which, while it demands a higher style of public speaking, shall also cease to deride the nurseries of such a style,—the well-ordered and well-supported debating-societies of our colleges and academies."

ARTHUR WING PINERO.

Among the few great dramatists of the English-speaking race at this very last of the century, Pinero must certainly be included. Gustav Kobbé in a recent number of the *Forum* has made a study of his plays, particularly choosing "The Amazons" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as examples; the one of farce touched with the charm of romance, the other of the most serious of modern dramas. Mr. Kobbé declares that they are unsurpassed. Of the playwright he says:

"Pinero possesses, perhaps to a greater degree than any other English dramatist, what is called 'dramatic technic'—the building up of each detail with reference to every other detail of a play; the development of a story according to a well-defined process of dramatic evolution; and a nice adjustment of dialogue in action.

"Having himself been an actor before he became a playwright, he has no illusion regarding the stage and its relations to literature. His own practical experience as an actor has taught him the value of the right word in the right place, as compared with mere fine writing. As he himself has put it: 'More dramatic authors have died from

literature than from any other cause.' But, while avoiding fine writing simply as such, no one has a more brilliant style than he when it becomes necessary to raise a laugh at the foibles of modern society. Every play of his contains quotable sentences. Thus, in 'The Princess and the Butterfly,' the last of his plays presented in America, we have the line, 'Those who love deep never grow old,' which not only frames a pretty thought, but also has a direct bearing upon the story of the play, in which a middle-aged hero and heroine, instead of falling in love with each other, become enamored respectively of a slip of a girl and a mere youth. Clever, too, is the line in which the Princess explains why she is thinking of residing in Paris. 'Paris,' she exclaims, 'is a paradise for middle-aged women!' 'Not for the imported ones,' comments her friend, Lady Ringstead. Another character, in discussing middle age in woman, explains that the surest sign of the approach of that disastrous period in life is 'an appetite for dinner in other people's houses.' When the Princess's young lover, Edward Oriel, would brush aside the disparity in their ages, she strikes a deeper chord: 'A well-preserved woman is like a harpstring strung to its highest tension. It may respond tunefully to your touch, but the next thing it breaks.'

"Pinero's ancestors were Portuguese Jews, who settled in London two centuries ago. He himself was educated for the law, but his bent for the stage was too great for him to adopt that profession, and whatever prospects of preferment in it he might have had he gave up for a salary of a pound a week at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. This was in 1874. He proved a good actor and from 1876 to 1882 he played with Irving. His first efforts as a playwright were one-act 'curtain-raisers'—among them 'Daisy's Escape,' which was produced by Irving at the Lyceum, with the author in the cast. His first great success was 'The Money Spinner,' which Hare produced at the St. James's Theatre in 1880. In 1881, Pinero followed this play with 'The Squire,' which was successfully brought out by the Kendals. Pinero is now forty-three years old. Owing to his experience as an actor, his plays are first of all 'acting plays.' His stage-craft is so good that he gives complete directions in regard to scenery and 'business.' His manuscripts are more thoroughly 'staged' than those of any other modern playwright, excepting Sardou. He is a slow thinker, but, when he once settles to work, a rapid writer."

ROUND-SHOULDERED GIRLS.

The London *Family Doctor* asks the question: "What shall we do with our round-shouldered girls?" and in a very few words decides that braces and corsets will not do the least bit of good. Neither will the advice: "Oh, do draw your shoulders back," for then the deformity is rather in-

creased. Observation will show that round shoulders are owing to the weakening of the muscles that hold up the body. Tight clothing presses upon the muscles of the trunk, retards the circulation of blood through the tissues, and so weakens them. It pushes the bowels out of place, and besides causing digestive disturbance makes the abdomen protrude. The fond mother declares that the girl has never worn a tight dress in her life and it may be she has never had a corset on.

"Even if this is true she has in all probability worn tight clothing, and with it doubtless a weight of skirts depending from her hips and intensifying the evil. As all women maintain that their dress is perfectly loose, it may be well to consider for a moment what a tight dress is. A well-known doctor has tested the pressure of the corset by an ingenious device, and found that in a case where the woman measured twenty-seven inches without a corset, and twenty-seven with one—the same measurement, you see, and you would insist that her dress was not tight—the corset exerted a pressure of forty pounds. When her waist-measurement was reduced to twenty-five and one-half inches, the pressure was seventy-three and one-half pounds. This gives you an idea of what is really a tight dress. We forget that dresses are usually fitted over empty lungs, thus giving no chance for expansion in breathing. If this occurs in ever so slight a degree, the dress is tight.

"The dress must allow all internal organs to remain in or return to their normal location, not pushed down nor crowded together. This will tend to overcome the protuberant abdomen. We must next teach the girl how to stand properly, holding herself with head poised on an erect spinal column. Pay no attention to the shoulders themselves, but, letting the arms hang naturally at the sides, take care that the spine maintains a vertical position, so that a line drawn from shoulders to hip will be straight up and down, inclining obliquely, neither backward nor forward. If now the chest is raised, keeping the chin close to the neck, and the abdomen is retracted, we shall find that the round shoulders have disappeared, proving beyond a doubt that they were not the offending members, but are willing to take their proper place as soon as permitted to do so. In order to maintain this correct attitude, the body must be balanced on the balls of the feet, not resting its weight on the heels.

"It is often difficult from written directions to be sure that the attitude assumed is a correct one. A simple method of deciding that question is to stand with toes touching a door. In all probability you will find that the abdomen also touches, and that there is quite a space between the chest and the door. Bring the chest up to touch the door, and draw the abdomen back to leave a space, and you will have about the correct position. Perhaps you will feel as if about to fall forward, but that will soon

pass away, and you will realize an added physical power in this erect position. You can walk better, stand longer, work more easily, breathe freer, sing better, and in truth be a stronger, more beautiful, and more dignified woman. This correct attitude helps to overcome the prominent abdomen in women of all ages; it also adds to the height, gives 'style' to the figure and grace to the carriage. If you have a round-shouldered girl to deal with, say nothing to her about her shoulders, but induce her to dress so as to give freedom to the waist-muscles, teach her how to stand, and the problem of round shoulders is solved at once and forever."

WANTED: GOOD DICTION ON THE STAGE.

The very best English to be had should be heard at the theatre. Unfortunately, it is not; but if the public side with the clever man on the New York *Sun* that wrote this, more attention will be paid to diction.

"It seems to me that the best result that the dramatic schools could accomplish would be to make their students as nearly perfect as possible in pronunciation. At a recent matinee I heard three of them speaking what was supposed to be the same language. Yet the pronunciations of speech were so marked that a foreigner might have had difficulty in understanding what they said, even if he was familiar with English. One had a Western accent of the most aggravated type. A second had Pennsylvanian peculiarities; the third was a Southerner, as there was no mistaking. Their instructors could do nothing better for them than impress the importance of speaking their own language in the way that is recognized as the best. These eccentricities are doubtless more objectionable in New York than elsewhere, but are bad anywhere, and it is fair to say that no actor nowadays can reach the highest place in his profession until he is free of them. The teachers should spend much time on this matter. I have no doubt that this is done to some extent. I heard one girl at a pupils' matinee, say 'afternune' with the greatest care. Her ordinary pronunciation of 'afternoon' would have served very well. She had to do something, however, and 'afternune' showed her cultivation. In one current play the phrase 'Between you and me' occurs several times, and the actors almost always say 'Between you and I' with seeming care, as if that was the correct form and they were determined to let the audience appreciate their erudition. Another play reveals amusing examples of stage-English. The word 'whom' is discarded. No combination of words can ever induce the actors there to say 'whom.' It is always 'who' that takes the place of the other pronoun. Nobody ever expects the possessive case to get its value. When it is 'My father,' for instance, the accent is always on the first word, as if the possession of the father were the important thing. That peculiarity of stage-elocution has sur-

vived for so many years, however, that it will probably never disappear.

"Next to correct pronunciation, there is nothing more important than elocution, which only a few years ago actors were inclined to sneer at. Bronson Howard once said that the best results likely to come from these schools would be the growth of elocution in the actor's equipment. Not only the elocutionary exercise, but the training of the voice for the stage, makes an actor's progress more certain. The results of that are to be found in one of the city stock companies. Two years ago a young man made his debut there and was successful to an unusual degree. His voice, over which he had little control, seemed likely to interfere with his career. He was wise enough to take singing-lessons in order to improve his voice in quality and make it more expressive. Now it is his voice that is one of his greatest excellences. In the same company is an actress who has talent and nearly every requisite gift except a good voice. She does not know how to use what she has, and probably never will. That will stand in the way of her advancement to any particular height. When Charlotte Wolter, the great Viennese actress who died two years ago, first went on the stage, it was said that her voice would always be a disadvantage to her. But by hard work she made it her greatest charm and was even famous for her use of it in certain roles."

THE GOSPEL OF RELAXATION.

To those who have followed out the Delsarte philosophy, the article by William James in the April No. of *Scribner's Magazine* will be of great interest as showing what the "gospel of relaxation" has for the world in pedagogic and in therapeutic lines.

"According to the Lange-James theory, our emotions are mainly owing to those organic stirrings aroused in us in a reflex way by the stimulus of the exciting object or situation. An emotion of fear, for example, or surprise, is not a direct effect of the object's presence on the mind, but an effect of that still earlier effect, the bodily commotion that the object suddenly excites; so that, were this bodily commotion suppressed, we should not so much *feel* fear, as call the situation fearful; we should not feel surprise, but coldly recognize that the object was indeed astonishing. One enthusiast has even gone so far as to say that when we feel sorry it is because we weep, when we feel afraid it is because we run away, and not conversely. The reader may possibly be acquainted with the paradoxical formula. Now, whatever exaggeration may possibly lurk in this account of our emotions (and I doubt myself whether the exaggeration is very great), it is certain that the main core of it is true, and that the mere giving way to tears, for instance, or to the outward expression of an anger-fit, will result for the moment in making the inner grief or anger more acutely felt. There is, accordingly, no

better known or more generally useful precept in the moral training of youth, or in one's personal self-discipline, than that which bids us pay primary attention to what we do and express, and not to care too much for what we feel. If we only check a cowardly impulse in time, for instance; or if we only *don't* strike the blow or rip out with the complaining or insulting word that we shall regret as long as we live; our feelings themselves will presently be the calmer and better, with no particular guidance from us on their own account. Action seems to follow feeling, but really action and feeling go together; and by regulating the action, which is under the more direct control of the will, we can indirectly regulate the feeling, which is not.

"Thus, the sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness, if our spontaneous cheerfulness is lost, is to sit up cheerfully, to look round cheerfully, and to act and to speak as if cheerfulness were already there. If such conduct does not make you soon feel cheerful, nothing else on that occasion can. So to feel brave, act as if we were brave, use all our will to that end, and a courage-fit will very likely replace the fit of fear. Again, in order to feel kindly toward a person to whom we have been inimical, the only way is more or less deliberately to smile, to make sympathetic inquiries, and to force ourselves to say genial things. One hearty laugh together will bring enemies into a closer communion of heart than hours spent on both sides in inward wrestling with the mental demon of uncharitable feeling. To wrestle with a bad feeling only pins our attention on it, and keeps it still fastened in the mind, whereas if we act as from some better feeling, the old bad feeling soon folds its tent like an Arab and silently steals away."

Mr. James touches upon the everywhere recognized fact that American life is too exhausting, and explains it by saying that we have got into the unnecessary habit of keeping ourselves on a strain.

"The general over-contraction may be small when estimated in foot-pounds, but its importance is immense on account of its effects on the over-contracted person's spiritual life. This follows as a necessary consequence from the theory of our emotions to which I have made reference. By the sensations that so incessantly pour in from the over-tense, excited body, the over-tense and excited habit of mind is kept up, and the sultry, threatening, exhausting, thunderous inner atmosphere never quite clears away. If you never wholly give yourself up to the chair you sit on, but always keep your leg-and-body muscles half contracted for a rise; if you breathe eighteen or nineteen instead of sixteen times a minute, and never quite breathe out at that; what mental mood can you be in but one of inner panting and expectancy, and how can the future and its worries possibly forsake your mind? On the other hand, how can they gain admission to your mind if your brow is unruffled,

your respiration calm and complete, and your muscles all relaxed?

"The voice, for example, in a surprisingly large number of us has a tired and plaintive sound. Some of us are really tired (for I do not mean absolutely to deny that our climate has a tiring quality), but far more of us are not tired at all, or would not be tired at all, unless we had got into a wretched trick of feeling tired by following the prevalent habits of vocalization and expression. If talking high and tired, and living excitedly and hurriedly, would enable us to do more by the way, even while breaking us down in the end, it would be different. There would be some compensation, some excuse, for going on so; but the exact reverse is the case: It is your relaxed and easy worker, who is in no hurry, and quite thoughtless most of the while of consequences, who is your efficient worker; and tension and anxiety, and present and future, all mixed up together in our mind at once, are the surest drags upon steady progress and hindrances to our success.

"The even forehead, the slab-like cheek, the codfish eye, may be less interesting for the moment, but they are more promising signs than intense expression is of what we may expect of their possessor in the long run. Your dull, unhurried worker gets over a great deal of ground, because he never goes backward or breaks down. Your intense, convulsive worker breaks down and has bad moods so often that you never know where he may be when you most need his help—he may be having one of his 'bad days.' We may say that many of our fellow-countrymen collapse and have to be sent abroad to rest their nerves because they work so hard. I suspect that this is an immense mistake. I suspect that neither the nature nor the amount of our work is accountable for the frequency and the severity of our breakdowns, but that their cause lies rather in those absurd feelings of hurry and having no time, in that breathlessness and tension, that anxiety of feature and that solicitude for results, that lack of inner harmony and ease, in short, by which with us the work is so likely to be accompanied, and from which a European who should do the same work would nine times out of ten be free. These perfectly wanton and unnecessary tricks of inner attitude and outer manner in us, caught from the social atmosphere, kept up by tradition, and idealized by many as the admirable way of life, are the last straws that break the American camel's back, the final overflowers of our measure of wear and tear and fatigue."

TO TRAIN BOYS' VOICES.

Choirmasters in the interior cities where a surpliced choir is demanded find considerable difficulty in getting good singing-boys, because, for one thing, they do not have so large a population to draw from as do the choirmasters in New York and, again, boys are not supposed to sing. It is

considered rather "sissy" in a boy to be able to "sing like a lady." It is possible to create good treble voices, and this condensation of a paper read before the Tonic Solfa Association, by James Bates, of the London Training School for Choristers, should give useful points. He maintains that the labor expended in training a singing-boy is not lost to the choir when the boy's voice changes, because of the more or less conscious imitation of him by his fellow-choristers:

"Boys have keen powers of imitation for good or for bad tone, and I attribute to this the trouble one experiences with singing-boys. They have been accustomed to hear in the streets and the playground a piercing tone of voice; and in schools where concert-reading or recitation is practiced this same tone is used in a modified form. I call it the 'shouting voice.' It is produced by a *rigid, stiff* throat. Nearly every boy when first he comes to me uses this tone; indeed, ninety-five per cent. of them. The undue effort involved in this production tires the vocal muscles, the voice soon gets fatigued, and bad flattening results. The tone will not blend with other voices in harmony, but always stands out prominently as a *hard, harsh* production, more or less out of tune. If a boy tries to sing a solo with this tone, he can not express himself sympathetically, but boys with correct tone-production can be as beautifully sympathetic as a woman vocalist.

"This shouting voice is the first part of a boy's voice to change, when it breaks. When a boy's voice is changing, he can not use this hard production, but for some time after its loss he can still use what I call the singing-part of his voice. I think this mainly accounts for the opinion generally held, that a boy's voice is at its best when it is changing. Boys using the correct tone sing well in tune, give with adequate expression the most sympathetic music, they can also sing the most florid music—trills and other embellishments, and sing for a long period without showing fatigue.

"The tone that I venture to recommend is what is generally called the 'head-voice.' I should advise its use from the highest part of the voice right down to D, the note below the first line of the treble clef. I should not worry boys about registers. Adopt the simple method of getting one tone right down, as it is seldom that a soprano boy has to sing below D.

"Bad breathing is one of the chief causes of the hard, unsympathetic tone. Instead of the breathing being controlled by the proper breathing-muscles, boys are liable to compress the throat, and rigidly fix the vocal cords, giving a 'shock to the glottis;' the result being the 'shouting-voice.' A simple and effective method of getting the boys to breathe properly is for them to stand in an easy posture with hands on hips, left foot forward, and the greater part of their weight on the right leg, and take a deep inspiration through the nostrils, felt at

the abdomen, sides, and back. The utmost care should be taken that there is no movement of the shoulders. To insure the breath being taken through the nostrils, teachers should instruct boys to close their lips. Raise the hand slowly to direct boys to take in a deep breath, hold hand stationary for a short period for them to hold it, and then beat time about 100 met., while they whisper numbers up to 12, 16, or 20. The boys should be directed to hold back the breath by the diaphragm and the lower breathing-muscles, and not by the larynx, and to take special care that there is no waste of breath at the beginning of the expiratory act. Then for a few minutes at first, as this exercise is very fatiguing, count numbers audibly but very softly, so as not in the least to compress the throat. On other days vary the exercise, by singing sustained notes in the middle of the voice—G, A, B, C, D, for about eight or twelve beats on *ha*, attacking the note softly, and increasing in tone to the middle of the note, and decreasing to the end. Great care should be taken that the crescendo is an increase of the original tone, not a change into the stiffened throat-production. For this reason it is well not to crescendo to a forte, at first, only to a *mf*. Other exercises demanding the controlling power of breathing may be introduced by the teacher. The runs in 'For unto us,' 'Let the bright seraphim,' and 'Rejoice greatly' are very effective exercises, and also interest the boys.

"Correct any fixing or stiffening of the muscles of the face, chin, throat, or chest. Boys should be instructed to open the mouth easily, not too wide or they fix the muscles at the *apices* of the jaws. Cultivate a smiling expression, the corners of the mouth being a little drawn in, the upper teeth shown, and the tongue lying easily and flat, just touching the bottom teeth. This is one of the most difficult things to get boys to do, and it must be practiced with hand mirrors. Without mirrors, boys could be directed to open the mouth just sufficient to insert the thumb sideways.

"Having arranged the boys standing in easy posture, with hand mirrors if possible in their hands, practice descending scales on *ha*. It is well, at first, on the upper notes for the boys to lower their heads to insure their singing with loose, easy throats. The trouble at first being mainly to correct the fault of boys singing with stiffened throats, and not so much for economizing the breath, practice well on *ha*, with exaggerated aspirate. Direct boys to place the voice against the palate, the upper notes against the soft-palate (rendered easier by slight inclination of the head), and the lower notes against the hard-palate, but *never* frontal. The aspirate is also helpful in this exercise to give the boys a correct idea where the tone is placed. They can feel the position by the breath against the palate. Avoid at first the use of *ah* without the aspirate, as boys are liable to compress the larynx, and produce the hard frontal tone. Having practiced boys well on *ha* to each separate note, practice scales and exercises

with the *h* only to the initial note, and do not repeat the aspirate for the other notes of the scale or exercise. A few simple exercises with this open vowel, with careful rendering, will in a short period secure the result required. Another and perhaps simpler way of getting the correct production is to practice scales and exercises very softly with very slight aspirate on the first note, and, as stated before, with crescendo and diminuendo on each sustained note.

"It is impossible for boys to sing the wrong tone if they sing very softly.

"A very good exercise for placing the voice on the upper notes is to use the consonant *n* before *ah*, i. e., *nah*. Owing to the position of the tongue against the palate, the tone can not be too frontal. For placing the voice and making good use of the resonant cavities, the exercise on descending scales, *hin ah* is very helpful. Take care to press the tongue tightly against the palate on the *n*, and for a short period, say a beat, allow the tone to come through the nostrils. Take the tongue away quickly, attacking the initial note with a little explosive. The scale will be thus: '*Hin-ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah.*' It is necessary, of course, to practice on the other principle vowels."

LORENZO PEROSI.

Minnie Robinson, a Paris correspondent of the New York *Home Journal*, recently contributed an interesting letter to that periodical, on Father Perosi and "The Resurrection of the Christ," the oratorio that has set all Europe aglow. In his own land Father Perosi is fairly worshipped. Miss Robinson says:

"The Resurrection of the Christ' is in two parts,—viz., 'From the Death of the Saviour to the Holy Sepulchre' and 'The Resurrection.' The composer has availed himself of the scope of his theme, and mounts from the sad, anguished strains of the minor key even to the piercing joy-celebrating ones of the major. The trumpet is the dominating note all through. Its sobbing wail is heard over 'The Closed Sepulchre,' and its far-reaching note of triumph is the last to melt away in 'The Resurrection.'

"The music is very rich and intensely emotional. It recalls the Crucified and Risen Christ of the early Italian masters,—not the Man-Christ of the nineteenth century theosophists.

"The personages of the oratorio are the Christ, the Historian, Mary Magdalene, the Other Mary, Pilate, and two angels. The parts are well sustained, and the choruses supplement them in an admirable manner. Of course, the words are Latin, and one realizes what a musical, sonorous tongue it is, when he hears its soft vowels voiced by 200 singers.

"The career of Don Perosi offers salient features to biographers. He was born 'with his fingers on the key-board,' as the expression goes. His father was, and is yet, chapel-master of the Cathedral of Tortona.

At six years of age the little Lorenzo received his first piano lesson from him, and afterward learned to play the organ under his instruction. At the age of fourteen, on reading the 'Jephthah' of Carissimi, Perosi declared that he intended to write oratorios himself. Perhaps this early knowledge of his own capabilities and mission is the secret of his having been able to accomplish so much in so short a time. In 1890 he accepted the position of organist at the College of Mont Cassin. Two years later he studied for two months at the Conservatory of Milan; then went to Ratisbon, where he thoroughly examined the science of vocal counterpoint. It is not surprising that soon afterward he received the appointment of director of the Chapel of St. Mark, at Venice. Recently he has been called to the directorship of the Sistine Chapel, by the Pope,—the highest gift of its kind that he can receive.

"Though he is only twenty-six, Don Perosi has already composed four oratorios. He intends to make the Pope the subject of an oratorio, in order to thank him for the encouragement and the protection he has shown to him in his artistic career."

MEXICO'S SIGN-LANGUAGE.

To know how far-off peoples act when they talk is, in a measure, to have traveled. Hence, to read this, clipped from *Modern Mexico*, is, so far as it goes, a visit to our Southern neighbor.

"Mexico is a land of many tongues; but, above the Indian dialects and Spanish, there is one universal language—the language of signs. It is the most expressive of all. The Mexican eye and hand are eloquent members. It is capable of infinite variations; its shadings and suggestions are beyond all translation. But there are certain gestures that have a fixed meaning, a signification well understood by every nation and every tribe from Guatemala to Texas.

"A general upward movement of the body, shoulders shrugged, eyebrows raised, lips pouted and palms outspread, varies in meaning from 'I don't know and I don't care' to a most respectful 'Really, sir, I do not understand you.' The index-finger moved rapidly from right to left, generally before the face, means 'No more' or simply 'No.' To move the right hand palm outward from the body toward another person means 'Just wait, I'll be even with you yet.' The index-finger on the temple, moved with a boring twist, means 'He's drunk.' The right hand held to the lips, three fingers doubled, thumb and little finger erect, varies from 'He drinks' to 'Have one on me.' To move the open hand over the cheek in imitation of a razor has reference to the idiom 'playing the barber,' and 'means to flatter.' All four fingers and the thumb held, points together and moved toward the mouth, means 'to eat.' The right hand held before the face, the two middle fingers moving rapidly, is a familiar salutation."

WHAT SINGERS SHOULD EAT.

"A diet that affords an abundance of ripe fruits," says Dr. F. Magee Rossiter in *Good Health*, "is beyond all question the best food for singers. With this can be combined grains and varieties of nuts; however, the very oily nuts—those that are rich in fat—are not good for the voice or the throat, as the oil causes irritation. The diet should be simple and plain, excluding many dishes at one meal and also bad combinations. The juices of fruits, with the acids that they contain, have a cleansing effect on the mucous membrane of the mouth and the pharynx, washing off any thick, tenacious accumulations of mucus, leaving a smooth, thinly lubricated surface, which assists greatly in enriching the tones. If one desires to keep the voice soft, flexible, and sweet, he should avoid all condiments, candies, fried foods, fatty, greasy foods, eating between meals, and indulging in late suppers. The free use of butter should be avoided. One should obtain abundance of refreshing sleep. No difficult singing should be attempted after eating a full meal. However, many singers take a light luncheon one or two hours before going on the stage. An exclusive meal of fruits would be most excellent."

DRAMATIC PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

Those exponents of the arts of expression that may write "U. S." after their names are so many and so illustrious that one wonders why the appreciation of art is not more generally intense. It is probably because the dramatic instinct in children, the impulse to play, has been stifled instead of being encouraged by home-training and by school-system. But a wiser philosophy now obtains, and in a recent number of the *Kindergarten Review*, Harriet Louise Jerome describes dramatic physical exercise, which may be used in a schoolroom:

"In one kindergarten the children spend the time between the morning talk and their work at the table in a sort of dramatic physical exercise or marching. As no materials are required and a large, open space is unnecessary, the same idea can be used effectively in the primary grades, in place of the arbitrary orders given in the 'physical exercises' now passing out of vogue in our best schools.

"The children of this kindergarten began the term by being soldiers each day, for soldiers delight to obey orders quickly and exactly. After practice in prompt and happy obedience, which made great liberty possible later, the marching became more dramatic. Each day some thought or story or act suggested in the morning talk—always the key-note of the day—was dramatized in the marching.

"After a talk on birds, the children were birdlings and followed the big mother bird, who taught them to hop out of the nest, to fly across the fields and to hop among the crumbs that some kind child had scattered for them to find.

"During one week, the work done in the home on each day was the subject; and in the marching each child pretended to do the thing that had actually been done in the kindergarten during the talk.

"On Monday, the children marched back and forth among imaginary clothes lines. They stooped, picked up a wet garment from the basket, shook it out, took a pin from bag or apron pocket, and pinned the garment high on the line, where it could not touch the ground; then they hung another and another, while the piano played a suitable accompaniment to the simple but graceful and rhythmic movements.

"On Tuesday, the same general way of marching meant a very different play; for this morning a real fire had been kindled in a stove, a tiny flat iron heated and a girl had ironed a doll's dress at an ironing table. So the marching was the going back and forth from stove to ironing table to exchange a cooled flat-iron for one freshly heated. Every child tried the hot iron with a wet finger as she took it from the imaginary stove at the front of the room and carried it to the table supposed to be at the back of the room. All used their irons slowly and effectively before returning to the stove for a fresh one. Each told what she was ironing.

"During the talk on mending day, the children had sewed real buttons on a garment needing them. When marching time came, one child was asked to find a needle (two children holding hands high for thread to pass through). Another found a tall spool and wound the long thread (line of children with hands joined) on it. This was for the use of the first child, who soon unwound the thread and drew it through the eye of her needle. The thread was all drawn through at first, but the second time it was drawn less than half way through and a knot was tied at the end. Then the child was ready to sew with her needle and thread, in one hole (space between chairs) and out the other. The knot was too big to go through the holes and the thread was slowly used until none remained; then the needle was put away, and a fairy came tripping past who touched all the bright stitches and turned them into helpful little children who put away the chairs and went to their seats at the table, eager for their first sewing lesson.

"On Thursday, we visited our friends. The children played that they were walking in their beautiful gardens, picking their favorite flowers (several told the kinds they were gathering) to carry to some sick lady or dear friend. Then all walked down the street, up the avenue, and turned the corner (forming a circle at last) and knocked or rang the bell at the door of the friend's house. When invited to enter, all stepped in (one step into circle) and sat down to talk. They looked out of the windows and spoke of the pleasant things seen. The chairs and the tables were the electric cars; so, after saying good-bye, the 'visitors' went and sat in the car that would pass their street, and it took them happily home.

"Friday was the day when these children swept the floor and then dusted the room as they marched about.

"These plays are very different from the games on the circle, for, during the play, every child is active nearly all of the time and, usually, all are doing the same thing. The plays are without stereotyped words or music, the pianist playing a bright march or a suitable dance to accord with the graceful movements. All objects are imaginary or represented by the children themselves; but the real objects have always been seen and the work that is represented has actually been done in the kindergarten previously to its representation. During the talk, the children have had the real thing; at the table, very often, the symbol; but between the two, in this dramatic play, the pure imagination.

"The children dramatize according to their own fancy, although, of course, those with most originality are copied by those less self-reliant. One excellent result of these plays is the possibility of bringing the inspiration of success to the child who is backward in other things. Often a child whose manual work is poor and discouraging to himself enters into the spirit of these plays in the most praiseworthy way; and by the encouragement which comes most naturally through success, he is awakened to his own power and possibilities.

"A hearty, wholesome play is to the weary spirit what a bath is to the tired body. As a nation we bear the reproach of not knowing how to spend a holiday, of having none of the play spirit so evident in the Italians, the French and even the German people.

"The opportunity to utilize the natural and abundant play spirit of the child has been welcomed by primary teachers everywhere. Many make nearly all their lessons plays or games, thus bringing to the lessons that hearty enjoyment and enthusiasm, and that love of work, which ennobles it and saves it from becoming drudgery."

MAUDE ADAMS DESCRIBES HER JULIET DEBUT.

The début of Maude Adams as Juliet, on May 8, was the most important theatrical event of this season. However opinions may vary as to whether her Juliet is Shakespearian, there is no doubt as to the charm of her impersonation. It was also a remarkable popular success. There was general comment on the great but excusable nervousness displayed by Miss Adams, and the New York *Herald* asked her to describe just what her feelings were. She says:

"I was so nervous on the night of my début that it is a wonder that I was able to go through the performance. Everything calculated to make a woman nervous seemed to gather around me as a sort of storm centre. The very thought that I was to appear for the first time before a great audience in a Shakespearian role in which many great actresses had preceded me was enough to put my nerves all on an edge. I knew that it

would be the usual severely critical New York first-night audience. We actors and actresses are always terribly afraid of a first-night audience in New York. I felt that unless I could satisfy the audience they would be greatly disappointed, and that there would be many who would say: 'There! I told you so! She can play a modern role like Lady Babbie; but Shakespear—never!'

"As the ordeal approached, I grew more and more nervous, and by four o'clock Monday afternoon I was nothing but a bundle of nerves. I wanted to keep as quiet as possible till seven o'clock, time to go to theatre and make-up, but for the life of me I couldn't keep quiet or sit still. Nervous? Fidgety? It does not express a tithe of it.

"At six o'clock I got to my dressing-room and found it stacked with boxes of flowers, which people had sent me, and the table full of letters, telegrams and cables, all expressing generous wishes for my success. I suppose all of this should have been reassuring, but it really made me feel all the more how much was expected of me. After I had busied myself as long as possible in making-up, I began taking off my Juliet jewels, simply to kill time by putting them on again.

"Above all things, I did not want my mother in the audience. I knew just what a strain it would be on her nerves, and I did not want her present. So I had asked her to go down to our place on Long Island and stay there, and she told me she would do so. I had read over my letters and telegrams, and turning to my maid, I said: 'Strange, isn't it? There is nothing here from mother.' A few minutes afterward the maid left the dressing-room, and not long after that a telegram from my mother arrived. But she managed it very badly, for when I examined it I found that it was dated from the telegraph-office at the Waldorf Astoria. Then I knew they had been playing a trick on me. Mother told me after the performance that she could not stand it on Long Island, so she came up in the afternoon and took a seat in the gallery, where I would not be able to see her.

"At last the curtain was up, and when the time came near for my entrance I was in the wings. But, on my soul, I had as acute an attack of stage-fright as though I was an amateur. We all get it when we are facing a New York house in a new play or a new role. It may be silly, but we can not help it.

"On the stage I have no doubt I was least frightened where I seemed most so to the audience. I know I was nervous on my first entrance, but I knew it had to be done, and controlled myself to a certain extent. I was really more nervous after I had begun talking. Till it wore off, it seemed as though the next word would be my last. The applause gave me time to 'pull myself together,' take a good long breath—and recover. Then it went easier, and after a little I felt something like composure return. But at the end of each scene I felt an indescribable longing to rush to my dressing-room and lock myself in. This may sound queer and impossible, but no one who has

not been through it can imagine what it is to go through such an ordeal. My most comfortable five minutes during the whole performance was when I was lying in my shroud in the tomb of Capulet; for the first time since six o'clock I felt at rest.

"In rehearsing, we disregarded all traditions and played it from the human side only.

"This is what Mr. Frohman said: 'The people of the South and the people of the North had a war. During the war, a girl from the South fell in love with an officer from the North—an invader. There were all kinds of obstacles to their love, but finally they triumphed over them. Now, let's play "Romeo and Juliet" as we would a story like that—just as we would a modern play.'

"We took our cue from the fact that Shakespeare never left a prompt-copy. We put the play on exactly as if it was a new manuscript accepted by Mr. Frohman for production. Mr. Frohman's constant admonition was: 'Get it from your heart; get it from your heart. We want this to be human, sympathetic, and heart-throbbing. That is what I want to get out of plays, Shakespeare or no Shakespeare.'"

MUSIC AND THE ARMY.

Major F. A. Mahan, writing on this subject in the *New York Tribune*, says:

"The law scarcely recognizes music in the army of the United States, seeing that it provides for one band only—that of the Military Academy. This band, which is little better than an apology for a band, being the only one that belongs legally to the military establishment, it may be interesting to see the number of bands maintained by other countries. Austria supports more than one hundred; Belgium, 29; England, 175; British India, 75; France, 195; Holland, 17; Dutch East Indies, 25; Germany, 357; Italy, 172; Russia, 282; Spain, 91; Sweden, 38; Saxony, 25; Ecuador, 6; and Persia, on which we are inclined to look as being but half-civilized, has 56 bands, with an average strength of fifty men each, all provided with the instruments of European bands.

"Compare these with the one little band maintained by law in the United States, the richest country of the world. Year after year have the authorities of the Military Academy begged Congress to grant the funds necessary for a band that should be a credit to the nation, and to one of the leading military schools of the world, but year after year has the prayer been disregarded. Congress will give nothing for that which is recognized universally by military men as one of the greatest moral forces that can be brought to bear on the soldier. Marshal Saxe and Napoleon Bonaparte believed firmly in music for their armies, although the latter cared little for it personally. Unlimited millions for pensions, but not a cent for that which rouses the courage of the soldier, which enlivens his life in the stagnation of the garrison, which cheers his spirits on the

weary march to the front, which revives him after the toil of conflict, which supports him in the depression of defeat, and which sustains him in the hour of danger and death. To the men on whom the country relies for its protection are given good clothes, good food, good lodging, all that is required to keep the animal in good condition; but to the man, to the soul that is the man, is given naught to raise, enliven, or cheer.

"Bandmen in the armies of Austria, Belgium, France, and Prussia are a decidedly privileged class of soldiers, having little or no military duty to perform outside of their service as musicians. They are well paid, as a rule, the greatest exception being in France, where the bandsman, unless having enlisted and reentered voluntarily, is paid very poorly. The bandsman who enlists or reenlists, on the contrary, is very well paid. The bandsman who comes in on the regular draft receives no especial consideration. He prefers, undoubtedly, service in the band to service in a company.

"Bandmen are not recognized by law in the United States; it is expected, therefore, that every bandsman shall be a soldier first and a musician afterward. Such an expectation is an absurdity. A musician has rarely the temperament that makes a good soldier."

THE ART OF ACCOMPANYING.

In *New York* Miss Isabel McCall has started a school for the training of accompanists, which will supply a long-felt want of singers. In an interview published in the *New York Sun* for May 14, she said:

"Presence of mind is a main requisite for a valuable accompanist. To read music readily is the first essential, but, no matter how able or fluent a woman may be in this regard—I say woman because nearly all accompanists are women—if she does not have coolness and the tact to do the right thing in emergency she will not fill the place. Even the most accomplished, best-versed singer is liable to have slips and mishaps once in a while. His voice gets husky or he sings off key. The expert accompanist must be able to fill in these awkwardnesses, as it were, by intuition, and she must put in chords not written in the score to bridge over the gap, and give other help for the singer to right himself by. The only way to drill a pupil for correct accompanying is to inform her on mistakes, and, although that sounds like a paradox, it is perfectly practical.

"The effective requisites for the profession are sympathy,—of course, with thorough music knowledge for a groundwork—tact and adaptability. The successful accompaniment player must be subservient, must be content to be merely a background, but at the same time the most versatile and responsive of backgrounds. She must have a warm heart and a cool head. The reason that men are not popular or, as a rule, successful, accompanists is because they lack

the unassertiveness and pliancy of a woman player. The man with ability enough to be an accompanist is liable to seek more prominence, and, anyhow, the masculine touch is too positive. Accompanying is essentially a woman's field and one occupation at least that she is not liable to be supplanted in. It pays well to the proper practitioner.

"The musical directory of New York shows from forty to fifty professional accompanists, while the list of resident and visiting singers likely to need such service runs away up into the hundreds. Moreover, not all of these accompanists are satisfactory by any means; so the experts have all the work they can do and more, and many singers and managers have to put up with accompanists that are either drawbacks or just makeshifts. The accompanist, although seldom noticed by the critics, is a vital feature in any musical function.

"It is in emergencies that the accompanist comes to the front, and is recognized as a vital factor in musical affairs. Ten out of a dozen singers will tell you what troubles they have with non-sympathetic accompanists, or how much better they could have done on certain occasions had the right interpreter been at the piano. It is infinitely better—it would be better, if it was practicable—for a singer to play her own accompaniment, for no one person ever enters entirely into the spirit and temper of another; but the singer gives out her notes best in standing posture, with nothing to think of but the singing, and the accompanist ought to play her part in the scheme so perfectly that the singer need never think of her at all."

BRIEF MENTION.

[The figures in parentheses denote the prices of the periodicals mentioned. Upon receipt of price, with ten cents added for postage and for other expenses, they will be forwarded, except such as we have to import, which takes about four weeks.]

"The Music of the Ghetto." Naphthali Imber. London *Minstrel* for March. (25 cts.)

"Characteristics of Folk-Melody." H. F. Gilbert. London *Minstrel* for March. (25 cts.)

"Music as a Medicine." Paul Pastnor. Chicago *Music* for April. (25 cts.)

"The Cultivation of the Speaking-Voice." Katharine Eggleston Junkermann. New York *Woman's Home Companion* for April. (5 cts.)

"Maurice Maeterlinck: Mystic and Dramatist." London *Westminster Review* for April. (40 cts.)

"The Malay Language." R. Clyde Ford. New York *Popular Science Monthly* for April. (50 cts.)

"Physical Culture in the School." Edna A. Foster. New York *Modes and Fabrics* for April. (5 cts.)

"Reputation, Talent, and Ability." New York *Talent* for April. (10 cts.)

"The Color Value in Music." Emil Sauer. New York *for Independent* for April 6. The application of color schemes to music, with the surprising statement that the author has played to the most ignorant Russian peasants and found them as keenly appreciative as the most cultured audiences of Europe or America. (5 cts.)

"The D'Arriagnan Craze." Albany *Argus* for April 6. (2 cts.)

"Exercises for Nervous Women." New York *Evening Journal* for April 15. (1 ct.)

"Anne Hathaway's Cottage." London *Black and White* for April 22. Description and illustrations of her house, the interior of the kitchen and the bed-chamber they are to-day. (8 cents.)

"The Planning of Concert-Rooms." H. Heathcote Stantham. Boston *American Architect and Building News* for April 20. The proper architectural scheme. (15 cts.)

"To Make Deaf-Mutes Hear." New York *Sun* for April 30. The apparent success of the inventions of M. R. Hutchinson. (5 cts.)

"Volapuk Has Vanished." New York *Sun* for April 30. (5 cts.)

"Musical Heretics." New York *Church Union* for May. The need of a school of heretics in religious musical composition that shall write music that our congregations can sing. (5 cts.)

"Letters of Cyrano de Bergerac." Edmund K. Broadus. New York *Critic* for May. (20 cts.)

"The Opera-Season of 1898-1899." Esther Singleton. New York *Bookman* for May. (25 cts.)

"Cyrano de Bergerac." George McDermot. New York *Catholic World* for May. (25 cts.)

"Studies in Expression." New York *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* for May. A study of sober youth and gay old age. (30 cts.)

"The Orator of Secession: A Study of an Agitator." William Garrott Brown. Boston *Atlantic Monthly* for May. A Study of William L. Yancey, of whom Chief Justice Stone once said: "He was the greatest orator I have ever heard." (35 cts.)

"Opera Composers and English Critics." John F. Runciman. Boston *Musical Record* for May. (15 cts.)

"An Appreciation of Brahms." Ernest Walker. London *Musical Times* for May. Abstract of a paper read at the Royal College of Organists, April 11. (10 cts.)

"Reading in the Grades." Margaret E. Sansom. Terre Haute *Inland Educator* for May. (10 cts.)

"Stage-Children." Frederick Dolman. London *English Illustrated Magazine* for May. Leading little actors and actresses of the day. (15 cts.)

"Old Folks' Concerts." Salem *Essex Antiquarian* for May. Brief description of such a concert in ye olden days. (10 cents.)

"Dramatic Convention, with Special Reference to the Soliloquy." H. M. Paull. London *Fortnightly Review* for May. An argument for the abandonment of the soliloquy in dramatic discourse (40 cts.)

"When Sister Anne Walked Home." Gordon Haines. New York *Illustrated American Magazine* for May. A musical story about the unrequited love of a young girl for the organist of her church. (25 cts.)

"A Poet's Musical Impressions." New York *Scribner's Magazine* for May. Carefully edited excerpts from the letters of Sidney Lanier. (25 cts.)

"For Freedom of Speech." Gertrude Darling. Boston *Education* for May. (35 cts.)

"Some of Our Music Critics." Philip G. Hubert, Jr. New York *Book-Buyer* for May. Biographical sketches of Henry T. Finck, H. E. Krehbiel, W. J. Henderson, E. Irenæus Stevenson, James Huneker, Philip Hale, Louis C. Elson, and W. F. Apthorp. (15 cts.)

"The Terrible Sandyan." D'Arcy Mitchell. New York *Christian Work* for May 4. A college story, in three parts, of a great debate. (10 cts.)

"Les Travaux de Restauration du Forum Romain." Paul Ziegler. Paris *L'Illustration* for May 6. (15 cts.)

"Growing Old and Keeping Young." The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler. New York *Christian Intelligencer* for May 10. (6 cts.)

"Maud Adams as Juliet." J. I. C. Clarke. New York *Criterion* for May 13. (5 cts.)

The Philadelphia *Etude* for May contains a number of excellent musical and vocal articles. The principal ones are "The Foundations of Musical America," by W. S. B. Mathews; interesting sketches of Dr. Lowell Mason, Dr. George F. Root, and Louis M. Gottschalk; "America's Musical Literature," by W. Francis Gates; "American Musical Instruments," by Fanny Morris Smith; "Will American Composition Ever Possess a Distinctive Accent?" by E. Irenæus Stevenson; "Music Teaching in America and Abroad," by Emil Lieb-ling; "Woman's Work in Music in America," by Fanny Morris Smith; "The Evolution of American Music," by Louis C. Elson; and "The American Conservatories," by Charles H. Morse. (15 cts.)

"The Making of Music in the Churches." N. J. Corey. Philadelphia *Musician* for May. (15 cts.)

"A Musical Fable." Gelett Burgess. New York *Century* for May. (35 cts.)

"The Making of a Great Singer." New York *Ainslee's Magazine* for May. Interview with Mme. Lillian Nordica. (10 cts.)

"The Gymnasium." Fr. Horn. New York *Educational Review* for May. The origin of the word "gymnasium" and its application to physical and mental exercise. (35 cts.)

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ELOCUTIONISTS.

EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING AT CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., JUNE 26-30, 1899.

MONDAY, JUNE 26.

- 10 o'clock. Registration of members.
3 o'clock. Convention called to order in the Amphitheatre.

Pr yer.

Address of Welcome on behalf of the directors of the Chautauqua Assembly, by the Chancellor, Bishop John H. Vincent.

Address of Welcome on behalf of the Department of Instruction of the Assembly, by Prof. George E. Vincent, Principal.

Address of Welcome on behalf of the State of New York.

President's Address, Thomas C. Trumblood, Ann Arbor, Mich.

- Reports of Standing Committees.
Business meeting (for active members only).

MONDAY EVENING.

- 8 o'clock. Recital by Miss Katharine Eggleston Junkermann, Cleveland, Ohio. Scenes from "Mercedes," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.
9 o'clock. Recital by Miss S. M'G. Isom, University of Mississippi. Scenes from "Quo Vadis," by Henri Sienkiewicz.

TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 27.

- 10 to 12 o'clock. Paper by Mrs. Alice White De Vol, Columbus, Ohio. "The Spoken Word."
Discussion open to the convention.
Paper by Prof. E. M. Booth, Chicago. "Reading of Psalms and Hymns."
Discussion open to the convention.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Reception (boat-ride) to the National Association of Elocutionists, tendered by the members of the Assembly.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28.

- 10 to 12 o'clock. Paper by Miss Cora E. Everett, Bolton, Mass. "Educational Value of Expression."
Paper by Mrs. Blanche Martin, Lasselie Seminary. "Physical Culture."
Discussion open to the convention.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 8 o'clock. Recital by S. H. Clark, Chicago University. Scenes from "King Lear."
9 o'clock. Recital by Miss Edna Sutherland, Boston, Mass. Miscellaneous program.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29.

- 10 o'clock. Paper by Prof. Alexander Melville Bell, Washington, D. C.
11 o'clock. Paper by Miss S. M'G. Isom, University of Mississippi. "Debating and Intercollegiate Contests."
Paper by Mrs. Emily M. Bishop, Brooklyn, N. Y. "Bodily Expression."

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 8 o'clock. Recital by F. F. Mackay, New York. Miscellaneous program.

- 9 o'clock. Recital by Miss Katharine Oliver, Toulon, Ill. Scenes from "The Little Minister," by J. M. Barrie.

FRIDAY, JUNE 30.

- 9 o'clock. Discussion of the report of the committee on Terminology, S. H. Clark, chairman.
9:30 o'clock. Question Box.
10 o'clock. Discussion of subjects unfinished for want of time.
Paper by Henry Gaines Hawn, Brooklyn, N. Y. "Needed Reforms in Elocutionary Instruction."
Paper by Miss Gertrude McMillan, Washington, Pa. "The Intellectual Reader."

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 8 o'clock. Recital by Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker, New York. Scenes from Schiller's "The Maid of Orleans."
9 o'clock. Oration by Charles Simons, First Honor Orator in the Northern Oratorical League, 1898. "John Brown."

Program of Section I.—Methods of Teaching.—Miss Cora M. Wheeler, Chairman. (Higgins Hall.)

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 9 o'clock. Subject: "How Shall We Teach Gesture?" Discussion opened by Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 9 o'clock. Subject: "Criticism: Destructive and Constructive."

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 9 o'clock. Question Box. Open to all interested in the section work.

Program of Section II.—Interpretation.—S. H. Clark, Chairman.

TUESDAY MORNING.

Believing that the highest interests of the profession will best be subserved by making the discussions in this section as informal as possible, the committee has resolved to offer no prepared papers, but on the contrary, to encourage freest debate by every member of the section. Further, in order to make it possible to arrive at definite, tangible conclusions, the committee has chosen what is virtually a single aspect of platform work, but one in which every member of the profession is vitally interested and upon which, moreover, there is great diversity of opinion. It is hoped that as a result of these conferences, the art-section may be able to formulate definite principles, which formulation may prove to be a distinct contribution to the art of expression.

SUBJECT: "To what extent is it artistic to reproduce the *vocal* manner of a third person when the reader is (a) presenting a narrative in his own person and (b) personating."

Illustrations.

1. From Browning's "Count Gismond."

"See! Gismond's at the gate, in talk
With his two boys: I can proceed.
Well, at that moment, who should stalk
Forth boldly—to my face, indeed—
But Gauthier? and he thundered 'Stay!'
And all stayed. 'Bring no crowns, I say!

"'Bring torches! Wind the penance-sheet
About her! Let her cleave to right,
Or lay herself before our feet!
Shall she, who sinned with me at night,
Unblushing, queen it in the day?
For honor's sake no crowns, I say!'"

To what extent should the reader represent Count Gauthier? Does the same principle obtain whether the reader is a man or a woman?

2. From Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum." (Lines 345—362.)

"But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turned away, and spake to his own soul:
'Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean!
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say: "Rustum is here!"
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts,
A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way;
And on a feast-tide, in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry:
"I challenged, once, when the two armies camped
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight; but they
Shrank. Only Rustum dared. Then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away."
So will he speak, perhaps while men applaud;
Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through
me!"

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28.

SUBJECT: "In the reading of description, to what extent may one render as present what is described as having taken place in the past?"

Illustrations.

1. From Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum." (Lines 514—526.)

"Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted: 'Rustum!' Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed. Back he recoiled one step,
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing
form;
And then he stood bewildered, and he dropped
His covering shield,—and the spear pierced his
side.
He reeled, and staggering back, sank to the
ground;
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair—
Saw Rustum standing safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand."

2. From Owen Meredith's "Aux Italiens."

"It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
When a mummy is half unrolled.

"And I turned and looked—she was sitting there
In a dim box, over the stage, and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full, soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast!

"But oh, the smell of that jasmine flower!
And oh, that music! and oh, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower
*"Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!"*

3. From "Julius Caesar," Act I, Scene 2.

"CASSIUS. I know that virtue to be in you,
Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I can not tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you.
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he;
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me: 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts on controversy;
But, ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar."

3. From Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily."

- (a) "He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire."
- (b) "Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: 'Thou knowest
best!'"

4. From Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade."

"Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd;
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and sundered."

THURSDAY, JUNE 29.

This session will be devoted to summarizing the results of the preceding sessions of this department.

To Members of N. A. E.: One of the features of the Teachers' Section this year will be a Question Box. This is to give members an opportunity to select subjects that they wish to hear discussed. Live printed questions on practical matters relating to teaching are wanted, and should be sent as soon as possible to the chairman of the Section,—Miss Cora M. Wheeler, 5 Hobart St., Utica, N. Y. The sender may also indicate the person by whom he would like to have the question answered. Please do not wait until the convention opens, but send your questions at once, that the answers may be carefully prepared.

Owing to the compactness of Chautauqua, members will find it as convenient to board at the cottages, if they desire, as at the hotel. Higgins Hall is not more than eight or ten minutes' walk from any part of the grounds. At this time of the year, it will not be necessary to secure accommodations in advance.

CORA M. WHEELER,
Chairman Ways and Means Committee.

MRS. FRANK STUART PARKER.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF ELOCUTIONISTS.

SINCE the organization of our Association in 1892, the silent messenger of death has never laid its hand on any of our members, till now, one of our ablest, most beloved, has been taken from us. Mrs. Frank Stuart Parker was made first vice-president of our Association at the date of its organization. Her naturally high ideals of life, art, and education in its various phases; her early training in the æsthetics of expression; her rich experience as a member of the faculty of the Monroe Boston School of Oratory; her ability and experience in and enthusiasm for organizations designed to promote the betterment of society and art; all combined to make her one of our ablest and most useful members. Her text-book

on expression, together with her other written contributions to art, as well as her lectures over all America, most beautifully and potently emphasize her nobility of life and character, which have left an indelible impression upon the world and especially upon our Association that so deeply mourns her loss.

Therefore, be it resolved that this Association note with deepest sorrow the death of Mrs. Frank Stuart Parker, that we cherish with immortal remembrance her courtesy, hospitality, her inspiring lectures and kindly criticisms, her purity and sweetness of life and manner, which so endeared her to us all, and that we extend to her bereaved husband and family our profound sympathy.

COMMITTEE: { HENRY M. SOPER, *Chairman*.
MARTHA FLEMING.
MYRA POLLARD.

VARIOUS VOICES.

—IF you talk to a mule about voice-culture, take care to keep away from his heels.

—SONGANDANCE: How is it Gagley gets so many engagements? He is the rankest actor on the variety stage!

Tumbleanjoke: That's just the reason he is working. He is hired especially for the purpose of chasing people out of the continuous houses when the managers think they've had the worth of their money.

—SHE had a voice like a siren, and when she sang:

"Mid play sure, sand pal aces though heam a rome, Be it averse oh wum bull there, saow play sly comb—"

and so on to the conclusion, there wasn't a dry eye in the room.

"WAS that sleight-of-hand man's exhibition successful, Mudge?"

"I think so; I lent him a counterfeit silver dollar and he gave me back a good one."

—"SO he spoke of me," said the sweet young thing who has something of a reputation as a musician. "What did he say?"

"He said," replied her dearest enemy, "that you were never so attractive as when leaving the piano."

—A DEAF and dumb student at Faribault, Minn., broke his arm in two places and sprained a wrist the other day giving his college yell. He will be hoarse in that arm for several weeks.

—SHAKESPEARE [*with the immortals*]: If I had it all to do again, I'd try my hand at a comic opera.

Ben Jonson: Don't get a big head, William. You had a great run of luck as it was, but you never were cut out to write topical songs.—*Puck*.

—FOND MOTHER: O professor, will you try my daughter's voice?

Professor [*who has heard "daughter's voice"*]: No, madam; nobody but a justice of the Supreme Court is fit to try it.

—"WE hear music over at your house all the time, Jenkins."

"Yes; our cook has been taking lessons in physical culture, and she won't wash a dish without somebody playing on the piano."

—SHE: I hope you can come next Thursday. We're having some music and a supper after.

He: Oh, yes, I'll come; but—er—I may be late.

—PLAYWRITER: Is her acting natural?

Manager [*enthusiastically*]: Natural! Why, when she appeared as the dying mother last night an insurance agent, who has her life insured for \$10,000, and who was in the audience, actually fainted!

—"WHEN I went over to France I couldn't make anybody understand me, and yet my French teacher had told me I spoke the language like a native."

"Did he say you spoke it like a native of France?"

"N—no."

—JESSIE: I'm so annoyed at those criticisms of my singing at the concert. They speak so slightly of my voice.

Florence: Still, they said you were very pretty.

Jessie: Oh, but everyone knows that.

—"THE audience is calling for you," said the young tragedian's manager.

"Are you sure I'm the person they want?"

"Of course."

"Well, go and study the expressions on their faces, and tell me what you think they want with me."

—"I'd give the world to be a great opera-singer."

"Of course! You'd get it right back again!"

—"MME. HULDA does not sing as well as she did three years ago."

"She does not. What a shock it must be when a singer discovers that she has lost her voice."

"It is still more shocking when she does not discover it."

—"ARE you sure," asked Brutus, "that this oration of yours will get the publicity it deserves?"

"Oh, yes," replied Antony; "I've given Shakespeare a printed copy of my remarks."

—MR. SAPHEAD: I've got a fad, too, don't you know. I collect old and rare violins. Come around and see 'em.

Musician: Do you play?

Mr. Saphead: Bless you, no; not a note.

Musician [*enthusiastically*]: I will come.

—"I AM sorry to say," said Adolphus Wierri, the tragedian, "that Shakespeare has become a back number."

"Well, I wouldn't take all the blame on my shoulders, if I were you," said the critic, consolingly.

—MISS GREENE: You sing in [the Wesley St. Church, don't you?]

Miss Crochet: Yes.

Miss Greene: Then you must know that gentleman over opposite. I have seen him going into the Wesley St. Church Sunday after Sunday.

Miss Crochet: Oh, yes; he fills in the intermissions when the choir is not singing. He is the pastor of the church, you know.

—HE: Do you like classical music?

She: Do you want my honest opinion, or are you thinking of inviting me to the opera?



READERS AND SINGERS

Mme. Ogden Crane gave a musicale at her studio, April 6.

M. Pailleron, the well-known French dramatist, died at Paris, April 20.

The National Educational Association meets at Los Angeles this year, July 11-14.

The Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Docking have gone on an extended trip to New Mexico and the Pacific coast.

Miss Saidee Vere Milne and pupils gave a recital at the Waldorf-Astoria, June 2, assisted by several musical artists.

Miss Alice Washburn directed the presentation of "Ingomar" by the Oshkosh Phoenix Literary Society, April 20 and May 2.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mansfield Irving recited "King Robert of Sicily" at a concert given by the Ladies of the Y Mission, at Toledo, April 16.

The American School of Elocution, Mr. Walter V. Holt, president, held its eighth annual graduating exercises, May 11, at Memorial Hall, Brooklyn.

Miss Shannah Cummings, soprano, and Mr. Theodore Van York, tenor, were the soloists at the concert conducted by Miss J. Ettie Crane at Potsdam, April 14.

The Indiana State Music Teachers' Association will hold its annual meeting at South Bend, June 27-30. A fine program of essays and concerts has been arranged.

The oratory class of the Southwest Virginia Institute, on May 5, presented Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," stage-directed by Miss James E. Selman.

The students of the Washington Western High School presented the farce "Which is Which," May 5 and 6, under the stage-direction of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Walton.

Mrs. W. C. Chilton gave a recital at West Point, Miss., April 22, using Dickens's "Dr. Marigold," Mark Twain's "Guessing Nationalities," and a scene from "King John," as her program.

Mrs. C. H. McAnney and pupils gave an entertainment consisting of music, recitations, Grecian pantomime, and Shakespearian burlesque, at the Washington Square Church, New York, May 25.

Mr. Frank Herbert Tubbs will hold his summer classes in singing at Allenhurst, N. J., during July, August and September. He has planned to bring his pupils together as often as practical to discuss musical topics.

Miss Lily Hoffner Wood directed the production of T. W. Robertson's four-act comedy, "School," given by the students and the alumnae of the Misses Merington's School, at the Berkeley Lyceum, New York, May 5.

Miss Ida E. Heyl held the graduating exercises of her school, May 30. The principal numbers were "How Ruby Played," "The Benediction," "Shades of Shakespeare's Women," "My Gray Guinever," and "Diamond Cut Diamond."

Mr. Clarence Eddy has been appointed official organist for the United States at the Paris Exposition. He has for years been one of the best-known organists of this country, residing at Chicago. For four years he has lived abroad, mostly in Paris.

A movement to suppress slang is afoot among the school-teachers of Indiana. A mass meeting was held at New Albany, May 6, at which the topic, "The Purification of Spoken English," was discussed, the teachers present manifesting the greatest enthusiasm.

Miss Lethe E. Watson, of Nebraska, writes: "I find the magazine so helpful. I have used 'That Telephone,' 'The Martyrs of the Maine,' 'A Thanksgiving Story,' 'The Nation's Volunteers,' 'The Unfinished Song,' and others from your magazine with great success."

Miss Lillian E. Dreby gave a dramatic recital at Philadelphia, April 26. She recited Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break;" Wordsworth's "The Daffodils;" "A Life-Lesson," by James Whitcomb Riley; "Cupid Swallowed," by Leigh Hunt; and "Michael Strogoff," by Jules Verne.

Mrs. Jessie Brown Dorward directed "The Merchant of Venice" before the Omaha Woman's Club, April 24, she herself essaying the role of Portia and Mrs. Elizabeth Marney Connor, formerly of Buffalo, being the Bassanio. Mrs. Dorward expects soon to remove to New York.

Mrs. Annette Spence was the reader at the reception given by the Medical and Legal Relief Society, at the Waldorf-Astoria, May 11, and at the May social of the Twelfth Night Club. At the first affair she recited Mrs. Wilcox's "How Salvator Won;" and at the latter a negro monologue.

The second annual meeting of the National Federation of Musical Clubs will be held at St. Louis, May 3-7. The meeting will have two chamber-music concerts by the Kneisel Quartet, a "high tea" with music, by the Rubinstein Club of St. Louis, and other concerts by professionals and by amateurs.

The Brooklyn Girls' High School held a parents' reception, May 9, at which the following were recited: "Burglar Bill," "A Boy's Experiment with a Baby," "The Inventor's Wife," and "Penelope Fenwick." Miss Caroline B. Le Row, whose article on "The Duty of the Elocutionary Profession" appears on page 317 of this issue, is the instructor of elocution there.

On May 24, WERNER'S MAGAZINE was favored with a call from Miss Lucia B. Griffin, the author of the popular recitation "Naughty Zell." Miss Griffin recently tendered a complimentary entertainment to Miss Clara Barton, president of the American National Red Cross, at the latter's home at Glen Echo, Md. Miss Griffin recited several times during the evening.

Miss Louise Tunison, the song-writer, died at her New York home, May 21, of heart-disease. She began composing songs six years ago, and met with fair success. Her best-known compositions are "Song of the Heart," "Twas but a Dream," "Dying Rose," and "Memories." The last-named song is now being sung by Dorothy Morton in "The Arabian Girl."

The commencement exercises of the Louisberg Female College, Miss Daisy Stuart Page, instructor, were held May 28-31 inclusive. On the last evening Miss Page gave her own recital. Among her selections were "The Confessional," "Hagar," "The Unfinished Song," pantomime of "Lead, Kindly Light" and of "Coming thro' the Rye," and "The Revels of the Naiads."

The graduating recitals of the Perry School of Oratory were held May 6, 11, 15, 18, and 19. Some of the numbers were "The Monk's Magnificat," "Alviro," "The Flag of Washington," selections from "Pickwick Papers," "The Confessional," "Confused," the play "Ingomar," "The Fiddle Told," Act I, Scene 2, from "Hamlet," and "The Obstructive Hat in the Pit."

The 1800 graduates' recital of the Toledo School of Oratory, Mrs. Lucian Julian Martin, principal, were held May 22, 24 and June 2. The programs included "To-morrow at Ten;" Act II, Scene 2, from "The Honeymoon;" "A Woman's Half Profits;" "The Rescue of Lygia;" "Naughty

Zell;" "How Old Folks Won the Race;" "Arm-gart;" and Act III., Scene 1, from "Hamlet."

At two elocutionary entertainments at Soule College, directed by Mrs. M. W. Snead, were the following: Pantomimes of "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," "A Romance of the Ganges," "Rory O'More," and "The Lotos-Eaters;" recitations; "Aunt Rhody's Dream," "Alme's Love-Song," "Gazelle and Swan," "Flying Jim's Last Leap," "Jack's Valentine," and "Tit for Tat," and the drill "Scarf Fantastica."

At a recent entertainment of the Fortnightly Club at Pasadena under the direction of Miss Agnes M. Foote, the following numbers were given: "Limitations of Youth," "A Telephone Romance," "Pantomime of 'Comin' thro' the Rye," "Feast of the Roses Drill," and the Greek tableaux, "The Muses," "Psyche and Cupid," and "Night." Miss Foote is at present engaged in a medal contest in Southern California.

Mrs. Anna P. Tucker gave a students' recital, May 17, at which the following selections were recited: "The Spinning-Wheel Song;" "The Fate of Virginia;" "At Confession;" Act IV., Scene 1, from "King John;" "To-morrow at Ten;" Act II., Scene 2, from "Romeo and Juliet;" and "Her Cuban Tea." On May 23 the annual dramatic recital of the school was given, when the English comedy "Our Regiment," by Henry Hamilton, was presented, precluded by selected readings by Mrs. Tucker.

The California School of Elocution, Miss Emily Curran, director, gave at three senior recitals, March 28, April 4, and 6, "Impm," "The Angels of Buena Vista," "Pantomime of 'The Story of a Faithful Soul,'" Scene between the Nurse and Juliet, from "Romeo and Juliet;" "Forest King's Race," "Good Enough for Me," a barbell drill, "The Swan Song," "Parental Discipline," "The Race of the Oregon;" "Tiger Lily's Race," a dumb-bell drill, and "How the Church Was Built at Kehoe's Bar."

The Manuscript Society gave its second public concert at Chickering Hall, New York, April 11. The program consisted of a quartet by Carl C. Müller; a descriptive dramatic ballad by Edward Baxter Felton; three piano solos, played by their composer, viz., a scherzo, a romanza, and a character-stück; three songs—"A Song," "A Memory," and "Love's Rapture"—contributed by Edna Rosalind Park and sung by G. W. W. Miles; and a quintet by Giuseppe Martucci, played by the Kaltenborn Quartet.

The Schubert Vocal Society, Mr. Louis Arthur Russell, conductor, closed its twentieth season, May 11, with an elaborate performance of St. Sava's Biblical opera "Sampson and Delilah." The soloists were Mme. Julie Wyman, who came from Toronto to sing the part of Delilah; James H. McKinley, the Sampson; Lewis Williams, the High Priest; and Clemente Bologna, Abimelech. A specially selected orchestra of forty men from the New York Philharmonic Orchestra was engaged for the occasion.

Miss E. Esther Owen recited "The Death Bridge of the Tay" at the clan gathering of the Scottish Highlanders, while Miss Florence Carr—a pupil of hers—gave Pauline Phelps's "Her Cuban Tea." Miss Owen's repertoire comprises monologues, pantomimes, and humorous and dramatic readings. Her principal numbers are "When Burbadge Played," by Austin Dobson; "The Serpent and the Baby," by Edwin Arnold; "Pat McGee;" "The Fate of Virginia," by T. B. Macaulay; pantomime of "Nearer, My God, to Thee;" "Count Gismond," by Robert Browning; and the Sleep-Walking Scene from "Macbeth."

The Walnut Hills High School contested for the E. Cort Williams medal, April 28. The first prize oration was won by Mr. Abner Thorp, Jr., with "A National Opportunity," and the second prize by Ernest E. Braun, with "A Plea for the French Revolution." Other orations were "The March of the Century," "Jonathan and John," "Expansion," and "Night Brings Out the Stars." In a recent debate with one of the other high schools—the first interscholastic debate ever given in Cincinnati—the decision was awarded to Walnut Hills "because," as the judges announced, "in the rebuttal, which was entirely extemporaneous, the Walnut Hills boys proved themselves the better debaters."

BACK NUMBERS HARPER'S MAGAZINE

A LIMITED SUPPLY ONLY

SINGLE NUMBERS (25 Cents Each)

- 1850—October.
1851—November.
1852—February, July, August, September, November.
1853—March, October, November.
1854—June, August, December.
1855—February, March, April, June, July, August, December.
1856—February, April, June, July, September, October.
1857—February, March, June, August, November, December.
1858—Complete.
1859—Complete except July.
1860—January, February, April, May, June, August, November.
1861—Complete.
1862—January, February, March, May, June, July, September, October, December.
1863—February, March, April, May, June, July, October, November, December.
1864—January, February, April, May, June, December.
1865—March, April, August, September, December.
1866—Complete except August and October.
1867—Complete except November.
1868—Complete except April.
1869—January, February, April, May, July, October, November.
1870—February, March, April, October, November, December.
1871—Complete.
1872—June, July, August, September, October, November, December.
1873—Complete.
1874—Complete.
1875—Complete.
1876—Complete.
1877—Complete.
1878—Complete.
1879—Complete.

Volume III., June to November, 1851. \$2.25.

Volume IX., June to November, 1854. \$2.25.

Volume XIV., December 1856 to May 1857. \$2.25.

Volumes XXII. to XXXV. (except volumes XXIII. and XXX.) November 1860 to November 1867, 12 volumes, half morocco, uniform binding, back stamped in gilt, in good condition (one book slightly rubbed.) \$2.00 a volume for the entire lot, or \$2.25 a volume for single volumes.

** Books sent post-paid on receipt of price. **

ADDRESS

EDGAR S. WERNER, 43 E. 19th St., New York

Miss Mary Miller Jones read at the benefit recital for the Children's Country Week Association, May 4. Her numbers were "A Tale," by Robert Browning; Act V., Scene 1, from "Doctor Faustus," by Christopher Marlowe; "The Famine," by Henry W. Longfellow; "Bobby Shaftoe," by Homer Greene; "A Royal Princess," by Christina Rossetti; "Her Cuban Tea," by Pauline Phelps; and dialect sketches from Kipling and from Dunbar. The class of '09 of Miss Jones's school held its commencement exercises May 23.

The second annual contest of the Central Oratorical League was held at Ithaca, N. Y. May 19. The judges awarded first place to Leon C. Marshall, of the Ohio Wesleyan University, who spoke on "The Man of the Hour," choosing as his theme the work of William Pitt. Second place was given to Herbert B. Lee, who represented Cornell University and who spoke upon "The Attainable Ideal in Politics." Third place was awarded to Carl F. Roebuck, of Ohio State University, who spoke upon "Imperialism as an American Policy."

Miss Belle Spier was the director of the seventh annual entertainment of the Perseverance Club at Temple Israel, April 16. Two plays were presented—"Six Cups of Chocolate" and "Young Doctor Devine." By request "Six Cups of Chocolate" was repeated at the annual reunion of the Temple's Sisterhood, May 18. To those who know Miss Spier only as a teacher of elocution, it may be somewhat of a surprise to learn that she is a skilled pianist, a firm believer in the efficacy of the clavier, and has almost as many pupils in music as in elocution.

The Columbia School of Oratory, Miss Mary A. Blood and Mrs. Ida Morey Riley, directors, held its annual class-night exercises, April 28. The program comprised part of Act IV., Scene 1, from "Richelieu;" the scene between Juliet and the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet;" "Bruce's Address to His Army at Bannockburn;" part of Act III., Scene 5, from "As You Like It;" "The Telltale," and John Kendrick Bangs's "A Proposal Under Difficulties." The eighth annual commencement of the school was held April 29. There were twenty-two graduates.

The commencement exercises of the New York School of Expression took place, May 16, at Carnegie Lyceum, New York. The recitals all were of a high order of merit. The program included the following drills: "The May," "The Carmen," "The Amazon Drill;" the recitation of "Herve Riel," a scene from "Romeo and Juliet," "A Royal Princess," the Sleep-Walking Scene from "Macbeth," "The Death of Sidney Carton," "Through the Flood," "Up in a Villa—Down in a City;" the pantomimes "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Miriam;" and statue-posing. There were nine graduates. In presenting the diplomas, the Rev. Charles R. Treat said that the higher schools and colleges neglected the development of the voice and the expression of the body to a deplorable extent, and he bade the graduates Godspeed in their mission of expressing the artistic, the beautiful and the true in the every-day lives of the communities wherein they might be thrown in after-days.

Recitation Prize Contest.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

First Cash Prize of \$100,

H. L. PINER, of Texas.

Second Cash Prize of \$50,

ELIZABETH VAN DEUSEN, of Massachusetts.

Third Cash Prize of \$25,

MRS. GERTRUDE W. PARKER, of Illinois.

First Honorable Mention,

NELLIE M. CLIFFORD, of Tennessee.

Second Honorable Mention,

RACHEL BAUMANN, of Minnesota.

Third Honorable Mention,

MIRIAM NELKE, of New York.

HIRSCHFELD'S SCHOOL FOR STAMMERERS

1879 Lexington Ave., New York.

OPEN DAILY

INSTRUCTION BY CORRESPONDENCE

(Copyrighted, 1891.)

—by which stammerers living at a distance are enabled to procure the removal of their defect,—is no longer an experiment, but a gratifying success.

By the simplicity of the system, which is divested of all unnecessary rules and exercises, the instruction is clearly comprehensible, and its directness and forcible application of principle, is producing immediate relief and speedy and lasting results. Although living at a distance, the pupil will be taught by precisely the same directions as if actually in the presence of the teacher.

DON'T BE SKEPTICAL!

The satisfaction expressed by those who have been instructed by me in this manner, has amply sustained the valuation of the system.

(Free) pamphlet and accompanying testimonials of cases treated, will plainly demonstrate that by this mode of treatment the stammerer living at a distance, unable to leave his home, has the same opportunity to be relieved of the defect as the pupil visiting the school in person. Firm will and a capacity for hard and intelligent work are the requirements of the pupil and under such conditions there is no doubt he will acquire permanent relief from the defect.

However deeply rooted the defect may be, it will succumb to the practice of these excellent speech-rules.

H. HIRSCHFELD

1879 Lexington Ave., N. Y.



Summer School

OPENS JULY 5

1899

SPECIAL RATES
AND ADVANTAGES
—COOLEST LOCATION

SPECIAL TRAINING FOR
TEACHERS
READERS
PUBLIC SPEAKERS

**ELOCUTION
DELSARTE
PHYSICAL
CULTURE
DRAMATIC ART**

Address **HENRY M. SOPER,**
PRESIDENT

10th Floor, Steinyway Hall,
17 Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

THE first convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Physical Education since the adoption of a revised constitution and by-laws was held at Boston, April 4-6, 1899. Dr. E. M. Hartwell, president of the council, opened the convention with a short address. Dr. C. E. Ehinger, of Pennsylvania, was elected permanent chairman, and J. Blake Hillyer, of New York, permanent secretary. Committees were appointed as follows: On resolutions, Dr. Luther M. Gulick, of Springfield; C. Eberhard and H. Nissen, of Boston; on constitutional changes, Dr. D. A. Sargent, Dr. G. W. Fitz, of Harvard, and Dr. J. W. Seaver, of Yale, with the secretaries of the local societies.

The following resolutions were adopted:

"WHEREAS, Though muscular exercise is capable of serving as a valuable adjunct in the promotion and the restoration of health, its principal ends in school-work are not therapeutic but educational and hygienic; and whereas we hold that systematic physical training has paramount claims to be considered and organized as a necessary and indispensable form of educational discipline, therefore be it

"Resolved, That it is contrary to the best interests of physical education for teachers of gymnastics and directors of physical training, *unless they have had special preparation*, to profess or be expected to serve either as experts in school hygiene or as practitioners in mechanotherapy.

"Resolved, That a medical degree in itself can not be considered as a sufficient qualification for a position as director of physical training or teacher of gymnastics, and

"Resolved, That a professional course of training is a necessary qualification for the teacher of gymnastics or the director of physical training."

"WHEREAS, We believe that two serious obstacles to the advancement of physical education in the United States are: (1) The disproportionate promotion of athletics, precluding devotion of the requisite time and attention to thorough and symmetrical physical development, and (2) the too frequent failure of school and college authorities to recognize and to encourage such systematic gymnastic training; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That while athletic sports are highly desirable, the introduction and the support of gymnastic instruction in our city and country schools and colleges are of too great importance to be precluded by said sports, and that a more prominent place in the curriculum be urged for systematic gymnastic training; and be it

"Resolved, That to this end the physical director should have control of both gymnastics and athletics in schools and in colleges."

A resolution was offered by the New York delegation with reference to the matter of examining those who wish to qualify as

teachers before the society, and it was adopted. It reads:

"WHEREAS, We believe that the interests of physical education in this country require a high standard of excellence, with one and preferably two years of special preparation of the teacher, and that the influence of this Association should be exerted toward this end, therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the American Association for the Advancement of Physical Education shall at this convention appoint a committee with membership sufficiently large and representative of the many scattered societies and various phases of the subject of physical education, which shall thoroughly investigate and report to the next convention: (1) A rational and efficient curriculum of studies necessary for one intending to teach physical education in schools, colleges, etc., in this country; (2) the courses now offered at the various schools, colleges, and other public and private institutions in the country, where normal training in physical education is given, with a view toward officially recommending such as prove to be adequate; and (3) such examinations, theoretical and practical, for such candidates as may desire it, on such subjects as the committee may deem a part of the necessary equipment of the teacher of physical education, with the view of issuing a diploma of the American Association for the Advancement of Physical Education to such candidates as have passed satisfactorily."

Among the speakers at the convention were Dr. G. W. Fitz, Dr. C. J. Enebuske, Miss Jessie H. Bancroft, Dr. E. H. Arnold, H. Nissen, Baroness Rose Posse, Dr. Walter Channing, A. Blake Hillyer, Miss Rebecca Stoneroad, Dr. E. M. Hartwell.

The sessions closed with a public meeting at the Fogg Art-Museum at Cambridge, at which addresses were made by President Eliot, Dr. D. A. Sargent, Dr. Jay W. Seaver, Prof. James, etc.

The next convention will be held in New York in 1901.

Teachers Wanted.

A lady teacher wanted for a young ladies' college in Tennessee, to teach vocal music, elocution, and physical culture, also piano (this last is desirable but not a necessity). The classes number about twelve pupils in each department. The teacher should be able to sing in public in either concert or church choir and to give elocutionary recitals. She should be attractive in person and manner, energetic, and capable of building up a class. Salary not large but includes a home. Duties to begin in September. Address V. O. W., care WERNER'S MAGAZINE, 43 East 10th St., New York. Inclose two stamps in answering this advertisement.

A man wanted who can take charge of the Vocal and Instrumental Departments of a Conservatory of Music to be started in Kansas, in connection with a School of Elocution, already established, and who will invest a few hundred dollars in the enterprise. A fine opening for a music school and for the right man. Address A. A., care WERNER'S MAGAZINE, 43 East 10th St., New York. Inclose two stamps in answering this advertisement.

JUL 7 1899

WERNERS MAGAZINE



ROUGET DE LISLE SINGING "THE MARSEILLAISE."

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY-TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
EDGAR S WERNER 43 EAST 19TH ST NEW YORK

W. B. MEEBSON

H. L. BRUNS, Mgr.

The Ideal Leg Rest

a practical device for
Homes, Hospitals, Invalids, Tourists
&c.

Can be attached
to any chair.....



Patent applied for.

PRICES:

Ash, Birch, Elm, etc.	\$1.50
upholstered	2.50
Mahogany, Black Walnut and Oak	2.25
upholstered	3.00

No. 65 WEST BROADWAY
NEW YORK

FOR BUSINESS MEN

In the heart of the wholesale district.

FOR SHOPPERS

8 minutes walk to Wanamakers;
8 minutes to Stegel-Cooper's Big
Store. Easy of access to the great
Dry Goods Stores.

FOR SIGHTSEERS

One block from Broadway Cars, giving
easy transportation to all points
of interest.

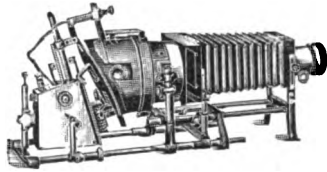
HOTEL ALBERT,

NEW YORK.

Cor. 11th Street and University Place,
Only One Block from Broadway.

Rooms, \$ 1.00 Up.

Restaurant Prices Reasonable.



THE
TEACHER'S
DUTY...

is to impart knowledge by the best means known. Our

MAGIC LANTERNS & STEREOPTICONS

supply this "means," we having made this subject a
SPECIALTY. Write for new catalogue giving new
prices.

J. B. COLT & CO., Dep't C-4
8 to 7 W. 29th St., New York

MUSIC FOR CHILDREN

Character and Action Songs.	.50
Dozen and Two Kindergarten Songs.	.35
Kindergarten Chimes.	1.00
Little Songs for Little Singers.	.25
Action Songs.	.25
Posies from a Child's Garden of Verses.	1.00
Rounds, Carols and Songs.	1.00
Song Echoes from Child-Land.	2.00
Songs and Games for Little Ones.	2.00
Stories in Song	.75
The Children's Song Serial.	.15
Mother Goose Songs without Words for Piano	1.25

Send for Descriptive Catalogue of Books of
Music, Cantatas and Operettas for Children
—for all occasions.

THE MUSICAL RECORD

Subscription Price \$1.50 a Year. Single
Copies 25c. A monthly publication edited
by PHILIP HALE. The musical news of the
world—reviews, criticisms and articles by
eminent musical writers. Sixteen-Page
Supplement of New Music by celebrated
composers, with each number. Send for
premium lists. Agents wanted.

MUSIC REVIEW

Published monthly. Subscription Price
25c. a year. Send 2c. stamp for sample
copy, containing two pieces of music.

All Musical Publications. Send us your
orders.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON
C. H. DITSON & CO., NEW YORK
J. E. DITSON & CO., PHILADELPHIA



LEON C. MARSHALL

**Prize Orator at the Second Annual Contest of the
Central Oratorical League**

(See page 448 of this issue for the oration)



ELIZABETH FLOWER WILLIS
Designer and Arranger of Grecian Art Tableaux



Vol. XXIII.

JULY, 1899.

No. 5.

The Future of Poetry.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

[Essay read at Cornell University.]

THERE is a break in our line of great poets. Some seem to fancy that the break is the end—that the kingdom of science has come and that the kingdom of imagination has passed away. At Verona they showed me the tomb of Juliet. I thought they might as well have shown me the tomb of Ariel. Is Ariel now to be consigned to the tomb? On the fairy bank where hitherto the wild thyme of poetry has been blowing, is the wild thyme to blow no more, and all henceforth to be strict science and practical utility? Not unless human nature is profoundly changed. There is, however, a remarkable break. When in England the other day we looked about for a poet laureate, there was embarrassment, and it was not embarrassment of riches. Nor can I hear of any first-class poets in other languages than ours. I inquired of an expert. He sends me a list of names, owning at the same time that none of them are first-class. Were I to read them over you would think that he was right. Perhaps ardent admirers would put in a word for Kipling as one who has shown the

power, but Kipling's serious poems as yet are few and on a small scale.

Does poetry belong only to the infancy or the youth of humanity? Is it destined, when the race comes to ripe wisdom and scientific maturity, to pass away? Or is it destined to be a perpetual companion of our nature, an unending source of enjoyment, solace and relief?

The march of science through the ages is even and steady, when superstition does not interfere, and as fast as invention can produce the instruments. But poets and artists seem to come in groups, with no definite law, but in a general connection with critical epochs of national life. In Hellas the Persian wars were followed by the Attic drama and the art of Phidias. Amid the civil wars of Rome comes Lucretius, offering a haven of peace from their distractions as well as freedom from their errors of superstition. When the wars are over and the Augustan age brings peace with grandeur, Virgil, Horace, and Ovid float like halcyons on the calm and sunlit waters. Then there is a decline, until at last Claudian is born

out of due time. Dante manifestly springs from the turbulent, factious, yet intense, serious and religious life of the Italian republics. The golden age of French and Spanish poetry, mainly dramatic, corresponds with that of French and Spanish greatness. Chaucer comes with an age of galvanized chivalry and at the same time of the religious reform that inspires his picture of a good parish priest in contrast to the general laxity of the clergy, and shows him to be a contemporary of Piers Ploughman. It is needless to say how the Elizabethan literature is linked with the Elizabethan era, with the renewal of national life, the Reformation, the struggle against the Catholic powers. The Puritan revolution has its poet in Milton and, by reaction, in Dryden. The reign of Anne is not ill-named Augustan, as it was, like that of Augustus, a season of political calm, feelingly sweet after the storms, and gave birth to a jubilant poetry, hooped and periwigged, yet brilliant in its way. With the European revolution at the end of the century comes a galaxy of poets. On the side of the revolution there are Byron and Shelley and, I suppose we may say, Burns and Keats, though Keats is socially almost colorless. On the other side are Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey—when they had got over their youthful illusions—and Walter Scott. American poetry seems to be little connected with national history. It probably felt the influence of the parent tree more than that of the off-set. The war of secession produced nothing that could be called poetry, unless it was, "John Brown" and "My Maryland." It seems specially difficult for originality of whatever kind to spring from anything but the wild stock, and this may be a reason, among others, for forbearing to extirpate in the name of higher civilization, perhaps self-styled, all the wild-stocks of humanity. Walt Whitman

is tremendously American, but he is not in verse. Edgar Allan Poe has only shown what he might have done had he been true, instead of tragically untrue, to his art and to himself.

The groups of artists, and even those of musicians, such as the grand quaternion—Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart—have their connections more or less distinct with general history. Sculpture was conditioned by other than historical influences, especially by the facilities that the palæstra gave for the study of the nude body in its perfection. The sculpture of Michael Angelo is hardly the same art as that of Phidias; it is rather the art of the sublime painter reproduced in marble or in bronze. It is remarkable how painting in Italy expired with the life of the Italian cities. The painter's subjects were still there, his art technically was at its height, but the spirit had departed.

What is poetry? In the larger but less common sense it is anything impassioned, vivid, sublime, touching,—anything that fires the fancy or melts the heart. You find it in orators, preachers, essayists, novelists, and historians as well as in poets. In the narrower and more common sense it is anything in verse, even didactic matter, such as we have in Cowper; even philosophic matter, such as we have in Pope's "Essay on Man;" even scientific matter, which forms the bulk of Lucretius. There is a species of composition between verse and prose in passionate and rhythmic prose, such as that of Walt Whitman. We may assign this to whichever category we please. But the common meaning of poetry is composition in verse. Why verse has charms, why it is so aptly married to deep emotion or soaring fancy, it would be difficult to say. I am not aware that the charm of music, which is inarticulate poetry, has been analyzed by the physiolo-

gists. We feel what we can hardly explain.

What is the end of poetry? On this, as well as on the character and the endowments of the poet, much grandiloquence has been expended. Aristotle would make it the end of tragedy, which he seems to think the most important kind of poetry, to purify by dramatic teaching our passions of terror and pity. Aristotle is an august intelligence, and communion with him was not a bad point of our old Oxford curriculum; but I can not help doubting whether he ever went to the play with the set purpose of purifying his passions. He went, I fancy, as we do, for pleasure. Pleasure surely is the end of poetry. It is pleasure of the highest and most refined kind, pleasure that itself elevates and refines, but it is pleasure. Pleasure to us mortals is an end in itself. It is no less necessary in its way than food. Without a fair measure of it, character would sour, intellect would shrivel, life would become a burden. The kinds of pleasure differ as Shakespeare or Bacon differs from a sybarite or a hog; and they both mark and enhance the differences in those by whom they are enjoyed, but to all of us pleasure is an end.

Carlyle at one time used to speak with contempt of poetry, though at last he paid the homage due to Tenyson. If a man has anything to say worth saying, Carlyle would tell him he might say it in good, plain prose. No doubt he may. In good, plain prose you may state that after the battle of Flodden Field the body of a peasant was mistaken for that of a lord, and was buried in Litchfield Cathedral in the sumptuous tomb where it was intended that the lord should lie. The poetic version is:

"Short is my tale: Fitz Eustace's care
A pierced and mangled body bare
To moated Litchfield's lofty pile;
And there, beneath the southern aisle,

A tomb with Gothic sculpture fair
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear.

* * * * *

There erst was martial Marmion found,
His feet upon a couchant hound,
His hands to heaven upraised;
And all around, on scutcheon rich,
And tablet carved, and fretted niche,
His arms and feats were blazed.
And yet, though all was carved so fair,
And priests for Marmion breathed the
prayer,

The last Lord Marmion lay not there.
From Etrick woods a peasant swain
Followed his lord to Flodden plain,—
One of those flowers whom plaintive lay
In Scotland mourns as 'wede away.'
Sore wounded, Sibyl's cross he spied,
And dragged him to its foot, and died
Close by the noble Marmion's side.
The spoilers stripped and gashed the slain,
And thus their corpses were mista'en;
And thus, in the proud baron's tomb,
The lowly woodsman took the room."

In what has the poetic statement the advantage? Simply in the pleasure that it affords. Carlyle, however, is so far in the right that good sense must be at the foundation of verse as well as of prose. Frenzy is not passion nor is extravagance sublimity. If we wish to realize this we have only to study Shakespeare from the point of view of his good sense, which will be found to be unailing.

Will science kill poetry? There is a well-known passage of Darwin's life from which it would appear that in him science had killed the higher æsthetic tastes. His feeling for poetry he confesses is entirely gone. But he speaks of this not as the general effect of science, but merely as his own case, and not as an emancipation, but as an atrophy. Science had not killed the æsthetic tastes in Huxley and in Tyndall. It had not killed the religious emotions, which are somewhat akin to poetry, in Faraday, who belonged to a fervently religious sect. Tyndall, with whom I had the happiness of being very intimate, always avowed himself a materialist, proclaiming that in matter was the potentiality of all life; but a man less materialistic in the coarse sense of

the term, or more open to the emotions to which poets minister, I have seldom known. Why should the scientific view of the world kill the poetical view? Our knowledge of the earth's motion does not put an end to sunrise and to sunset, to the fresh glories of opening day or to the pensive glories of its close. Tennyson can fit his poetry to the scientific system :

"Move eastward happy earth, and leave
Yon orange sunset waning slow
From fringes of the faded eve,
Oh, happy planet, eastward go;
Till over thy dark shoulder glow
Thy silver sister world, and rise
To glass herself in dewy eyes
That watch me from the glen below.

"Oh, bear me with thee, smoothly borne,
Dip forward under starry light
And move me to my marriage morn,
And round again to happy night."

Tennyson can turn all science, as he can turn theology, sociology and philosophy, into poetry. In the opening of "The Princess" we have :

"The patient readers of their institute
Taught them with facts. One reared a font
of stone

And drew from butts of water on the slope
The fountain of the moment, playing now
A twisted snake, and now a rain of pearls,
Or steep-up spout whereon the gilded ball
Danced like a wisp; and somewhat lower
down

A man with knobs and wires and vials fired
A cannon. Echo answered in her sleep
From hollow fields; and here were tele-
scopes

For azure views, and there a group of girls
In circle waited, whom the electric shock
Dislinked with shrieks and laughter; round
the lake

A little clock-work steamer paddling plied
And shook the lilies; perched about the
knolls

A cozen angry models jettied steam,
A petty railway ran, a fire balloon
Rose gemlike up before the dusky groves
And dropped a fairy parachute and passed.
And here through the twenty posts of tele-
graph

They flashed a saucy message to and fro
Between the mimic stations, so that sport
Went hand in hand with science."

Here we have hydraulics, astrono-

my, steam-railways, balloons and the electric telegraph all turned into poetry by the great master of poetic assimilation.

Is it likely that humanity, with its affections and its passions, its joys and its sorrows, its tragedies and its comedies, will cease to afford abundant material to the poet? Truly, if the necessarian hypothesis could be made good and science could prove us all to be as Huxley said we were, automatons, mere machines of fate, much of the poetry of humanity might be lost. But the necessarian hypothesis never can be made good. It must remain at most a hypothesis forever. Motive, no doubt, must precede action and action follows motive. But how? That is the question. We can not observe the process as we observe mechanical or chemical causation. There is room for an unseen element or factor. We have nothing to which to appeal but our consciousness; and our consciousness, through the whole process of deliberation, determination, self-approval or self-reproach, tells us that, though limited by preexisting character and by circumstances, we are, after all, not automatons, but, in a qualified sense, free. Humanity in civilized countries is all the time growing more sensitive, and the more sensitive it grows the more welcome to it surely the delight and the balm of poetry will be.

Is it likely that the sights and the voices of nature or the general picturesqueness and romance of the outward world will fail the poet in the future? It is not unlikely that, as the world fills up and becomes more industrial and commercial, it loses somewhat in romance. The railway invades the Westmoreland lakes, regardless of Wordsworth's protest. Commerce is turning Niagara into an electric machine. It is conceivable that Europe may have been most beautiful and poetical in the

sixteenth century, when each city stood amid sylvan beauties unprofaned, within its own walls, a coronet of towers, with no hideous suburbs and no cottages of factory hands in murky rows. Costume also was then far more picturesque. Only you were at the disadvantage of being liable to have your coronet of towers stormed by the lansquenets, your quaintly gabled house looted, yourself and your picturesquely clad family put to the sword. Travel has certainly lost its romance. A railroad runs up the Righi. In the once secluded valleys of the Alps, where you used to wander with your knapsack from one little auberge to another, monster hotels rise. The romance of travel is now hardly to be found anywhere but in Thibet. But neither the railroad up the Righi nor the hotels under the Matterhorn can quench the spiritual glories of the Alpine snow peaks. Perhaps human poetry has rather been repressed in Switzerland by the overwhelming poetry of nature.

Will commerce and the Stock Exchange kill poetry? Athens was commercial; Rome was more commercial than it is commonly assumed. The city of Dante was the commercial capital of Italy in the middle ages. Art, the sister of poetry, had its seat in the commercial cities of Italy, the Netherlands and Germany, and its best patrons in the merchant princes. Both poetry and art have flourished most in the great centres of life. A banker, perhaps, is not likely to write poetry, though some tolerable poetry was written by Rogers, who was a banker, much as he hated to be told of it. Brougham used to say that if he heard that old Coutts, who was his banker, had said a good thing, he would transfer his account. He would no doubt have transferred his account in a hurry if he had heard that old Coutts had written Coleridge's "Christabel" or Shelley's

"Skylark." Nor is the love of money poetical nor the pleasures in which the greedy lovers of money usually wallow. But the stress and strain of this intense commercial and industrial life, instead of lowering the value of poetry, ought to enhance its value as a solace and relief.

Is mystery essential to poetry? If it is, is it or the awe that attends it likely to fail? Look up at the visible firmament, which we are told it takes light centuries to traverse and which must yet be inconceivably less than the smallest finite speck compared with the infinite whole. Let the telescope and the spectrum penetrate to their utmost conceivable bounds; is it possible that they should ever reveal to us the grand secret of existence? Can man's relation to the universe ever be known? The mystery, in fact, is now greater to us than ever it was before. We all thought till yesterday that we had an assured solution. We now face the great enigma of being as none have faced it since the philosophers of Hellas; and how faint was their sense of mystery or their feeling of awe compared with ours!

Verse served one purpose in early times for which it is needed no more. It served as an aid to memory. Some think that the Homeric poems were composed before the invention of writing, notwithstanding a distinct allusion to a written letter in the Iliad, and that they were handed down by memory. That, when once composed, the poem should have been handed down by memory is possible. Memory will work miracles if it is not distracted by too many subjects. Your horse remembers the road home better than you do because he is thinking of nothing but the way back to his manger. Royal personages have happy memories for names and for faces because there are few ideas to crowd the names and the faces out. The preservation of the Homeric

poems by memory was possible. Their composition was not. Nobody could compose anything on so large and so complex a scale without the power of revision and correction which writing affords. Milton, it is true, composed "Paradise Lost" when he was blind, but he could have it read over to him for revision. As an aid to memory verse has a use no more.

The taste for art, the sister of poetry, instead of declining is more intense than ever. Every relic of Hellenic art is passionately sought and prized beyond measure.

The æsthetic taste has not so much departed as taken a new form. The poem has for the time been ousted by the novel. Darwin still finds pleasure in the novel, though he admits that it is a descent from the higher æsthetic tastes, those for poetry and art. Novels, we are told, come out at the rate of two in every three days. Novel writing has become a trade and a manufacture. It is by far the most lucrative kind of literary production, and, after all, the servants of the Muse must live. Not poetry only, but almost all serious reading, except perhaps controversial theology, is almost drowned in a tidal wave of fiction. How vast is the circulation of novels every public librarian knows. The power of creating characters, endowing them with a life apart from that of their creator, and setting them to play their various parts on the stage of life before us, if not the most important, is about the rarest of all gifts. Shakespeare, of course, had it in a supreme degree. Jane Austen had it in almost equal perfection, though she exercised it on an infinitely humbler field, and unluckily on a state of society that has now passed away. It was not likely that the gift would be multiplied by miracle to meet the enormously increased demand. Consequently, many, probably most, of the innumerable novels are written

without the gift. A really good novel is an excellent thing; it takes us happily out of ourselves. But have the people who read what one sees heaped on the stalls at watering-places ever read Scott, Austen, Thackeray, and Dickens? The materials of sensation have to be sought in all quarters. Theology, social science, philosophy, and history are laid under contributions to furnish interest to a rapid tale. Truth and art are thereby sacrificed at the same time. When every other stimulant fails recourse is had to the red pepper of immorality. What can be the mental and the moral state of those who live upon poor novels filled with false ideals of character, the ideal changing with every new tale? Stories like "Solomon's Mines" and the detective tales at least show genuine inventiveness; they amuse and they do not preach. Most unpalatable is the preaching novel—the cup that is tendered you of wine not only poor in itself but flavored with nauseous drugs. This can not last forever. The materials of sensation must at last be exhausted if the appetite is not sated. Our generation craves excitement; the next may crave repose, and may find it again in noble verse.

Three first-class poets—Tennyson, Arnold, and Browning—within the last few years have left the scene. In them did the art show any symptoms of decline? Tennyson, as a poet of beauty in all its spheres, moral, spiritual, or material, in nature as well as in man, seems to me to have been without a peer. If there is anything that at all indicates decline, it is not failure but rather predominance of art. In the great poets of the last age—Cowper, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley and Scott—nothing is more remarkable or more endearing than their perfect spontaneity. It makes us willing to forgive an occasional lack of finish. In them art is instrumental and sub-

ordinate; they write from the heart. Matthew Arnold, a long friendship with whom commenced in college days, is among my most cherished memories, was outwardly at least a curious contrast to his heroic, intensely earnest and somewhat austere sire. He wore somewhat the appearance of levity. He was, however, certainly serious as well as attractive and effective in his writings on religion, on society and on manners, as he was most zealous in his practical work for the improvement of national education. But even in his writings on the greatest subjects there is a predominant regard for literary form. He was above all things an artist, a critic and a connoisseur. He strangely disparaged Shelley's poems, preferring to them the letters, probably because the passionate enthusiasm of the poems somewhat offended his sense of art, which found perfect satisfaction in Keats. In the more elaborate of his own poems, such as "Tristram and Iseult," there is something artificial; while "Sohrab and Rustum" is an avowed imitation of the Homeric style and wears artificiality on its face. Pleasure, I have ventured to maintain, is the end of poetry, and I confess that I have had more pleasure in reading Arnold's simpler things, such as the lines on the death of the Dachshund or those on Goethe, Byron, and Wordsworth. But I do not mean in poetry any more than in art to dispute the verdict of the trained connoisseur. But in the works of a great poet there is something for all of us.

Of Browning I really speak almost with trembling. I feel like a man killing a cow in Hindoostan. If I fail to see what men of superior intellect and far deeper students of poetry than I am do see, it is ten to one that the error is on my side. But I have always failed to see a poet in Browning, except when, as in the

dramatic lyrics and other pieces, he is level with the common intelligence. In these I pay hearty homage to his poetic power, and only wish that he had given us more of them. In the pieces that are the special study of the Browning clubs, I am unable to recognize either the poetic beauty of the language or the melody of the verse; while the philosophic meaning, I can well understand, needs Browning clubs, and very powerful Browning clubs, to extract it. In metaphysics obscurity is permitted. What would metaphysics be without it? But the great poets are not obscure. Homer is as clear as day; so is the dialogue of the Greek tragedians when the text is sounded, though in the choruses there is an obscurity that is perhaps a convention of the Bacchic rite. Shakespeare, when the text is not corrupt, is perfectly clear; so is Dante, except when some allusion has been lost. The same can be said of all the great writers. The subject may be hard; but if it is the writer that is obscure, the obscurity may safely be set down not to the depth of the stream but to its muddiness. In the "Dramatic Lyrics," however, and other unmythical pieces of Browning, nobody sees symptoms of decline. It is perhaps a tribute to the power of poetry that he, like Lucretius, should have chosen to commend his philosophy to us by clothing it in verse.

Tennyson, I have said, seems to me without a rival as the poet-priest of beauty. If there is anything in him that suggests a comparative lack of spontaneity, it is extreme elaboration of detail, a fault, if it is one, readily overlooked in one whose detail and finish are so exquisite, who turns everything, even things the least poetic, into poetry with marvelous ease. Take "Aylmer's Field," the story of which, being tragic, rather repels filigree. We have such elaboration of detail as

“ Hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut when the shell
Divides threefold the show of fruit within.”

And

“Nursing a child and turning to the warmth
The tender, pink, five beaded baby soles.”

The hapless Averill, banished from his love, goes to study law. What law—codified or uncodified, scientific or unscientific—makes no difference in the tale that is rushing to its catastrophe. But the master can not help giving us a turn of his art.

“So Leolin went; and as we task ourselves
To learn a language known but smatteringly
In phrases here and there at random, toiled
Mastering the lawless science of our law,
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances,
Through which a few, by wit or fortune led,
May beat a pathway out to wealth and
fame.”

Tennyson, however, perfectly represents his generation, which is not only later than that of Byron, Wordsworth, and Shelley, but different in character from theirs. It may be said of him that he not so much holds up the mirror to the age as is himself the magic mirror on which its perfect reflection falls. All features of the age, social, scientific, philosophical, and political; its conflicting tendencies, its doubts, its aspirations, its vague hope of an Arthurian millennium of universal brotherhood, truth, and nobleness; its lassitudes and fits of despondency which its strain produces, are faithfully imaged in his verse. The poets before him—Cowper, Byron, Shelley, and Wordsworth—had in one way or another impressed themselves on their age.

Not least the gentle Cowper, who was the Rousseau of England in leading public taste back to nature, while he was happily not destined to lead to the guillotine. Tennyson, as a mirror, completely and perfectly reflects. There is not much action in him. The apparent action in the “*Idylls of the King*” is that of the legend. There is not much creation

in him. His stories, such as that of Lord of Burleigh and that of Enoch Arden, are given him, though rendered by him with extraordinary beauty. You can not imagine him writing the *Iliad* or “*Paradise Lost*.” When he tries the drama he betrays an absence of dramatic power redeemed by the charming language, the beauty of the idyllic passages and the melody of the verse. We feel in him often that languor which is the reaction from general restlessness. Homer’s Ulysses is intensely practical, the soul of definite enterprise; Tennyson’s Ulysses is a visionary and aimless rover, ready to sail forth at a venture in the vague hope that the gulf will wash him down to the happy isles. Characteristic figures are the faintly smiling Adeline, the melancholy Lady of Shalott, and Mariana in her Moated Grange. In that most exquisite of the minor pieces, “*The Miller’s Daughter*,” the life of the pair is a pensive though happy dream, which even a cradle would have disturbed. They have had a child, but it has died; so they wander forth by themselves in pensive happiness on the twilight wold.

To make the reflection of Tennyson’s age more complete, there comes in one of those bursts of recurring barbarism which seem to be brought on by a satiety of civilization. You know the lines in “*Maud*” about the Crimean war:

“Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher
aims
Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of
gold,
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs
and shames,
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;
And hail once more to the banner of battle
unrolled!
Though many a light shall darken, and
many shall weep
For those that are crushed in the clash of
jarring claims,
Yet God’s just wrath shall be wreaked on a
giant liar;

And many a darkness into the light shall
 leap,
 And shine in the sudden making of splendid
 names,
 And noble thought be freer under the sun,
 And the heart of a people beat with one de-
 sire;
 For the peace, that I deemed no peace, is
 over and done,
 And now by the side of the Black and the
 Baltic deep,
 And deathful-grinning mouths of the for-
 tress, flames
 The blood-red blossom of war with a heart
 of fire."

In these lines, and in the whole passage of which they are a part, we have a true picture and a warning. The giant liar had told no lie. He had only said that the Turkish Empire was going to pieces, which was true, and that it was necessary to dispose of the fragments, which was also true, though somewhat premature. The war was the work of three men, each having a motive of his own. The French emperor, as a usurper, wanted glory to prop his tottering throne, and, as an upstart, wanted full admission into the circle of royalties, which had been somewhat closed against him. Lord Palmerston wanted to gratify that fanatical hatred of Russia to which a British army had been sacrificed in Afghanistan, and at the same time to supplant Lord Aberdeen, the head of the coalition ministry, whose policy was peace. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, our ambassador at Constantinople, was not only a Russophile, but had been refused by the Czar reception as ambassador at Petersburg. As to lying, Louis Napoleon had not only broken his oath of fealty to the French Republic, but had been guilty of gratuitous perjury. Palmerston, as was afterward proved, to hide the criminal folly of his expedition to Afghanistan, had mutilated the dispatches of Sir Alexander Burns, the envoy who had perished in the rising at Cabul. Nobody but these three desired the war, expected

it, or thought it possible, until it was declared. Then its frenzy fired us all. Of its fruits, a few years afterward, nothing remained but an international feud, a charnel-house on the heights at Sebastopol, another at the bottom of the Euxine, desolation in many a home, and the memories of heroic blood poured out in vain. Of the national regeneration—social, political, and moral—and the national union of hearts, which the war, according to the poet, was to bring, not a sign appeared. Never had party strife been more bitter or political rivalry more intense. The lust of gold did not abate in the slightest degree or take more honest forms. To the peace establishment of greed was added that of army contractors. Stock jobbing flourished all the more. Of bluster and brag there was enough, but these are not regeneration. Excitement of the violent passions does not expel the mean passions. People are not cured of thievish habits by committing rapine on a large scale. You can not reform yourself by killing your neighbor, sacking his home and casting out his wife and children to perish. The moral world would be strangely ordered if you could. A fit of blood-thirstiness is no more a return to national virtue than the fever bred by the fool-maddening drum is a return to national good sense.

There is another picture, and this also is a warning. In the same volume with "Maud" and its war passages came out the invitation to Maurice. Tennyson's friend is bidden in charming lines to come to Tennyson's villa by the seaside and to sit there chatting over the wine about the war, and watching the battle-ships put out to sea. This is our martial spirit. We sit at ease in our villa, chatting over the wine, or in our music-hall shouting over the rum, while we are launching hatred, slaughter and havoc upon

Christendom and sending brave men to bloody graves.

My conclusion is, then, that many may look forward to seeing the line of great poets renewed, perhaps to seeing such another group as adorned the early part of the century, with the richness of their poetry enhanced by the progress of thought, the increase of sensibility and the deepen-

ing interest of life. Meantime, we have the heritage of the poetic past from Homer to Tennyson—enough to keep alive the taste for poetry and to inspire new poets. The poems of Homer did belong to the youth of the race and to a phase of humanity far different from that in which we live. Nevertheless, they are still ours.

What Can Be Done for the Drama?

BY WILLIAM ARCHER, *the London Critic.*

[Address delivered at Columbia University, March 22, 1899.]

Reported stenographically especially for WERNER'S MAGAZINE.

MANY of you, on reading the title of my discourse, must ask yourselves: "What is the matter with the theatre any way? Why should we do anything for the theatre; it worries along very well. It entertains us sometimes, it bores us other times; but so do most things in life. What is there that wants doing in the matter?"

You remember the three bishops of whom Matthew Arnold tells us, who were so eager to do something for the glory of God. Perhaps you think that I am in much the same position, and that the theatre—like the glory of God—will look after itself without the interference of bishops or of lecturers.

There is, I think, a good deal of healthy life in the theatre of to-day; but it is dominated by certain social and financial conditions, which are, in the main, unfavorable to the highest forms of art. These conditions are naturally inevitable and likely to subsist unaltered, or rather intensified, for an indefinite time. It is not my purpose to complain of them, but only to suggest means by which their pressure—their absolute domination—might at certain points be relieved.

Except where I specially refer to the American theatre, you will understand me to have the English theatre in mind. In spite of certain obvious differences, the conditions in the two countries are so far alike, that what is true of tweedledum will hold good of tweedledee. As I understand the German methods are at present much in vogue in America, we will begin by deducing from our own inner conscience our ideal of a theatre.

The theatre—in the widest sense of the term—is an institution that ought to reproduce for us, by means of seeing illustrations and spoken dialogue, the manners, character, developments, the humors, the foibles, the vices, the heroisms—in a word, the internal and the external life—primarily of our own age and country; secondly, that of other countries and other ages. In less general terms, the theatre ought to hold up, as it were, a double-faced mirror to the life of the present and the literature of the past.

I will not waste time in discussing whether amusement or instruction, pleasure or profit, is the main end of the drama. Pleasure, doubtless, is

the essential ingredient in all art. In the drama, as we know—and as I am, for my part, very glad to know—there is plenty of art that gives pleasure alone, apart from all profit, except such as lies in mental and physical rest and recuperation.

It is, fundamentally, for pleasure that we go to the theatre, even those of us who—as the old Frenchman said of the English of his day—like to take their pleasures sadly. On the other hand, when you want intellectual profit and edification without pleasure, you do not go to the theatre; you listen to a lecture. All this is childishly obvious. I mention it to clear the ground lest you should suppose that what I want to do for the theatre is to turn it into a lecture-hall or a conventicle. That would be to do for it indeed.

How, then, does the theatre in England to-day mirror the life of the present and the literature of the past?

Let us take the latter question first.

We have—we Anglo-Saxons—a super and unconquerable dramatic literature; but, what is it, generally speaking, to the stage of to-day? I will tell you. It is, at the most, a cheap and convenient clothes-peg. About one-fifth of Shakespeare's plays—say at the very outside, one-third—are revived at very long intervals, and, having been dug up, are promptly buried again under a reckless profusion of costume and ornament. Our actor-managers are all scholars—I mean our English actor-managers. They have one blessed word forever at the tip of their tongue,—the word “archæology.” They pronounce it glibly, but whether they can spell it is another thing. It spells “advertisements.” They must give the paragraphist something to write up. There is no one on the English stage whose sheer genius is sufficient to make a sensa-

tion in classical drama, and get talked about; hence the value of “archæology.” It can be bought by the yard and the price of a paragraph in the newspapers; whereas, genius is not quoted in the market.

But, do not understand, please, that I blame our actor-managers for this state of affairs. It so happens that none of them is a man of commanding inspiration in classical drama—an Edmund Kean or an Edwin Booth. But they are men of great and admirable talent, who are sincerely anxious to do the very best work the conditions will permit.

The fault lies in the conditions, and primarily in the overgrown uneducated public. Our English public—and this, I think, may be said with still greater force of America—is so vast and so preoccupied with material interests that nothing really reaches its knowledge which is not advertised upon the most Titanic scale. What a manager aims at, what he can not dispense with, if he would, is that subtle, all pervasive advertising which we call a “boom.” The fame of a great production must course through the country like an epidemic if it is to fill his treasury or repay his outlay. He can not, be he ever so willing, mount a play modestly, so that ten or fifteen full houses would leave him a fair profit. If he does not bid for at least a hundred full houses, he will not get one, save his first-night audience of dead-heads; and in the absence of a middle way, the classical drama is practically lost to the stage. Very few classical plays are fitted, even with the aid of the most expensive preparations, to attract a multitude for 200 nights. These few are worked to death. If you want to see the remainder of even Shakespeare's plays, you must go to Germany. Even the splendid vigor of our romantic drama was accompanied by a carelessness of construction and a crudity of manner and language

that exclude—and rightly exclude—the majority of even the most interesting plays from the theatre of to-day. If the play can not be presented in its original form, it had better be let alone. No one is less anxious than I to see the theatre treated as a sort of charnel-house, the receptacle of the spectacular archæology of our managers and the products of our literary resurrectionists.

At the same time, there are perhaps a score of plays outside of Shakespeare that could occasionally be seen with pleasure and profit by modern playgoers. Nearly all of Shakespeare ought; from time to time, to be placed on the stage; about half the plays because they are absolutely vital and material; the other half because they were written by Shakespeare and because no phase of his development can be without interest for the English-speaking public.

I was introduced the other day to Herr Director Conrad, of the German Theatre in Irving Place, New York, and he told me how, at Vienna, he had taken part in a cycle revival from King John to Henry VIII. and how he dreamed of opening his up-town theatre in New York with such a cycle. I said to him: "Let me know when that takes place and I will cross the Atlantic to see it."

How is it that both in London and in New York we have Wagner cycles every year, but a Shakespeare cycle not once in a century. There is no reason why a theatre should not present specimens of the dramatic literature of other tongues as well as of our own. There is no reason why Molière, Corneille, and Racine should not be seen in an English dress. Least of all is there any reason why our German cousins, Schiller and Goethe, should be represented by a hacked translation of "Marie Stuart" and a vulgarization of "Faust." You recollect the Frenchman who was asked if he had seen Goethe's

"Faust." He answered with a smile: "Oh, yes, but we pronounce it 'Gounod.'" So far as the stage is concerned, we English-speaking people have taken our cue from the French, and our theatrical "Faust" is that of the opera-librettists, not that of the German poet.

We have now to consider how the theatre mirrors the life of to-day; what opportunity and encouragement it affords to the living dramatist in his task of showing the age and the body of the time.

Here again we are confronted with the impossibility of finding a middle course between the boom and the slump. In England, a play to be really successful must please a public of at least 100,000 in London alone; if it does not, both manager and author suffer in prestige, if not in pocket.

Now, the art that, as a condition of its existence, is forced to make instant appeal to such an enormous public must in the very nature of things be mediocre art. The consequence is that no dramatist can afford to put the best that is in him into his plays. He must keep his artistic impulses subservient to the taste and the prejudices of an enormous mass of people whose every-day intellectual status can not possibly be of the highest order. The production of a new play under present-day conditions of rent, salaries, costumes, and ceiling decoration is necessarily such a vast speculation or gamble that no manager can afford to make an experiment that seems to him in the slightest degree doubtful. Hence the tendency of all managers, English and American alike, to have recourse to foreign plays, whose power of attraction has already been proved; while in regard to original work, there is an equally marked tendency to keep to beaten tracks and produce plays closely modeled upon other plays, which suit the public taste.

You can see at once how these influences must hamper original invention and thought, and tend to beget a mediocrity. We find even critics deliberately praising or condemning a play according to their estimate of its money-making capabilities. They make it a reproach, instead of an honor, that the playwright has tried to do the best that is within him; so that the too daring author finds that he has renounced not only profit but reputation, in his innovating spirit.

Mr. Howells's "The Story of the Play" is more than a work of fiction. It embodies a caustic criticism of the paralyzing conditions to which a modern dramatist is subjected. Think of the way in which the playwright, Maxwell, compounds, manipulates, alters and transmogrifies his plays, either in accordance with, or in rebellion against, the directions and suggestions of the actor-manager. Think of this and then ask yourselves what individual and high artistic work can possibly be done under such circumstances.

Imagine Mr. Howells himself, writing a novel with Richard Mansfield or Beerbohm Tree perpetually at his elbow. What sort of a novel would even Mr. Howells produce under such circumstances? The playwright works with the actor-manager at one elbow, and his leading lady at the other—not perhaps in the flesh, but all the more tyrannically in the spirit—and with the terror of the London public, the provincial public, the American public, the African public, the Australian public, the Buluwayo gallery boy, and the *matinée* girl of Kalamazoo.

You might suppose that the man of real talent, having once or twice stood the test of this million-headed monster and made himself comfortable for the rest of his lifetime, would be in a position to write a play simply to please himself and satisfy the artist, the thinker, the poet, within

him. But this is practically impossible for two reasons. In the first place, even the finest talent is so subdued to what it is worked in the dyer's hand. The playwright's constant efforts to place himself at the point of view of the great public engenders a second nature and he loses his power of seeing life squarely and reproducing it unconventionally. In the second place, if he retains this, he finds no manager willing to risk \$20,000 and the prestige of his play, which is really to prove caviar to the general public.

No doubt, there is in any large community like London or New York a public who long for a higher order of drama. My whole argument assumes the existence of such a public; but as yet it lacks organization, concentration—one may even say education. Take it all in all the public of our great cities is like a flock of sheep which does not guide its steps by the light of intelligent choice, but simply obeys a blind, gregarious instinct. It has long been observed that the only way to get people to go to the theatre is to persuade them that they can not possibly get in. The mere suspicion—however groundless—that the rush to see a play is beginning to slacken at once causes it to slacken in reality and dwindle away.

London managers now shun what they once considered an experimental device—the "*matinée*." They will not run their theatre for a *matinée* performance lest the public should think the evening performance was beginning to decline. The managers are not to blame; the authors are not; even the critics are not very much to blame. The evil simply lies in the necessity of appealing to a huge public whose physical and mental inertia can only be overcome by the stimulus of a sensational success, and whose taste can not possibly be of the highest.

What we want, in my judgment, is some method of securing an effective minority representation. We want to organize the minor and more intelligent public and to provide it with a rallying point in every great centre of population throughout the English-speaking world. We Anglo-Saxons are the only civilized people possessing a drama that is absolutely subject at all points to the uncontrolled action of the law of supply and demand. It is surely not necessary in America to defend an occasional interference of that law. In England, on the other hand, the laissez-faire theory is breaking the bone of the people, and the theatrical performer is met at every turn by the idea that art ought to be regulated by the law that governs the production and the distribution of other commodities; as a force as inviolate as gravitation, with which it is at once imbecile to dream of hampering. But as life consists of utilizing the law of gravitation, to which we do not passively yield ourselves up till we are dead; so the higher life of art has always involved suspensions and adaptations of the law of supply and demand. Even in England, art-endowments meet us on every hand—imperial, municipal, and private. But, let me say that I do not advocate, whether for England or for America, national or municipal endowment of the stage. That is all very well in France, Germany, Austria, Denmark, and Russia. There the state theatre has almost always been—in its beginning at any rate—a luxury of the court, endowed and controlled by an autocratic and wealthy minority. Where it is a worthy and well-managed theatre, it may be because it is one good result of an evil system. Even where the government has been more or less democratic, the state theatre may be maintained as a useful institution to which popular sentiment is habitu-

ated. In England, we have never paid our kings a large enough salary to enable them to start a court theatre, even if they had felt any impulse toward doing so, which was in no case manifest. To ask a democratic people, like England or America, at the present day to vote money for the establishment and the support of a theatre or theatres is, to my mind, unreasonable, even if it came within the range of practical politics.

The theatre does not go on all fours after public libraries or picture-galleries. These are educational institutions of which no one seriously doubts the value, and which are, or ought to be, open to all.

The theatre, on the other hand, is an institution whose educational and social value is doubted—and even vehemently denied—by large sections of every Anglo-Saxon community. Disguise it as you will, the state or municipal theatre involves the taxation of the many for the pleasure of the comparatively few. All ways of getting away from this fact are more or less sophisticated. Of course, if a really democratic municipality were to vote the establishment of a theatre, this objection would vanish. But, for my part, I doubt whether a theatre run by a democratic municipality would do much for the higher forms of art. The most I would suggest, in the nature of national or municipal aid to the drama, is that the public authorities might afford to worthy artistic enterprises certain privileges and immunities, which would practically cost them nothing.

What, then, would my positive recommendation be? Simply that the minority public—the public within a public—should be afforded an opportunity of paying for its own amusements. At present it has no means of making its demand effective; nay, it is so scattered, so truly lacking in coherence and in organi-

zation, that it can not even realize and formulate its demands; but give it, as I say, a rallying point, and it will soon awaken to artistic self-consciousness—and, in the words of the advertisement, it will ask for what it wants and will see that it gets it.

You know what Scott said of "friendship," that it should be a staff, not a crutch. The same applies to the endowment fund I refer to. It should be an aid, but not an indispensable support. It is necessary at the outset for several reasons. We are now moving in a series of circles, and certain forces are likely to keep us in it indefinitely. We want a new fulcrum to bring about a change, which can be provided only by an institution which—for a time, at any rate—does not pay interest on capital. That it would be ultimately self-supporting, I do not doubt. It would take some time to fix its traditions, to seek out its public, to get its actors, to obtain the recognition and prestige that time alone can bring.

The endowment should be in the nature of a trust, to be administered under definite, although not pedantic, restrictions, for the maintenance and the furtherance of dramatic art in all its higher forms. This is the country of written constitutions, so that I need not demonstrate their value. At the same time, I would urge that the formal constitution of an endowed theatre, while adamant on certain principles, such as the exclusion of the star system, should be inflexible on all essential points of detail. Traditions must grow. What we want is a small code of statutes, to be supplemented by natural accretions of common law.

In considering such an enterprise, we naturally ask: What can we learn from foreign countries? Endowments are found in Germany, and from them we may gather hints on matters of detail; but it is the private

or semi-private subscription theatres that really interest us.

In no other country at this moment do we find such healthy dramatic activity as in Germany, and the real life of the German drama resides, not in the great court theatres, but rather in the subscription theatres, which are very materially endowed, and are, to all intents and purposes, self-supporting institutions. Such theatres are the Deutsches Theater and Lessing Theater in Berlin. They were founded by subscription, or *à fonds perdus*. Not absolutely parting with it, but paying it, not as an interest bearing investment, but as a contribution toward an artistic enterprise, in which they believed and on which they did not expect any interest, but this interest did come in several cases, and they accepted it as an agreeable windfall.

In more or less formal fashion, they established a set of rules as to the class of plays produced, and the general methods of running the theatre. Subject to these rules they rented the building to a manager, who, they believed, would carry out successfully the artistic policy at which they aimed.

At the Deutsches Theater an attempt was made to imitate the Théâtre Français at Paris, and to give the leading artists a share in the management. This system, however, was not found to work well, and was speedily abandoned. The theatre is now managed by Dr. Otto Brahm, who won his spurs as a dramatic critic. Here the chief works of Hauptmann, Sudermann, and all the new school of German playwrights, have been produced. Long, unbroken runs are absolutely excluded. The most successful piece is not repeated more than five times in the week of eight or nine performances. If a play is acted fifty times, it is considered a success; eighty times, a great success. Fifteen or twenty

representations do not make a failure. Even if it is repeated no more than five or six times, the staging of it is comparatively so inexpensive that the loss is not ruinous; nor is prestige thought to have been sacrificed by the production, however unremunerative, of a play that is felt to have been worthy of trying, even as a matter of curiosity. The director of such a theatre loses prestige, not by daring unsuccessful efforts but by putting on what the Germans call "treasury pieces" or unworthy farces that are obviously intended to attract the vulgar herd. The system encourages, rather than depresses, the spirit of enterprise and experiment. The theatre gathers around it a public of habitués who make a point of seeing everything that is presented, who take an interest in the substitution of one actor for another in such and such a part, and who rather resent than rejoice in a very great success, since it tends to restrict the number of novelties presented to them in any given season at their favorite place of artistic resort.

Let us see what work the Deutsches Theater has done during the four years of Dr. Brahm's management. Six new plays by German authors were produced. Sudermann's "Johannes,"—"John the Baptist"—the great success, was acted ninety times. "Mädchentraum" ["Maiden Dream"], by Max Börnstein (or Björnsen, T. R.), and "Agnes Jordan," by a young author, Georges Hirschfeld, were acted twenty-four times and fifteen times respectively. "Jugend Freunde" ["Early Friends"], was acted twenty-eight times. Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" and "Johanna," by a son of the Norwegian poet, Björnson, were also produced.

This winter, five new German plays and two foreign novelties were produced in one season. Of old plays,

Hauptmann's "Versunken Glocke" ["The Sunken Bell"] was the most popular, being represented fifty-five times. The same author's "Biberpelz," a very amusing comedy, met with twenty-six representations; while "Die Weber" ["The Weavers"] was played fourteen times, and "Einsame Menschen" ["Lonely People"] six times. Sudermann's "Merituri," that admirable trilogy of one-act tragedies, was acted eleven times, and Ibsen's "A Doll's House" four times.

The most notable of the classical pieces given during the season were Lessing's "Nathan der Weise" ["Nathan the Wise"], Goethe's "Faust" and "Die Geschwister." Nearly twenty different plays were acted at this one theatre during this one season, not one of which fell below a fair level of literary excellence, while many of them might justly be termed masterpieces.

I can not speak for New York, but for London I can say that no single theatre, or half-a-dozen theatres, produced so many works in which an intelligent audience could take a rational interest.

Meanwhile, in Berlin, the Royal Theatre, subventioned by the Emperor, was doing very well in classical drama, while the minor theatres were presenting the ordinary plays like "Trilby" and several adaptations from the French—"Zaza," "Because She Loved Him So," and the like.

At the Lessing Theatre, the "White Horse Tavern" was being run continuously with great success by its author, Blumenthal, and, as it were, killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. The theatre lost caste by just running the play to death. The director would probably not have dared to do that if he had not known that he was about to retire, and that his successor would be the sufferer.

The Deutsches Theater in Berlin does no harm whatever to the ordi-

nary commercial theatres, any more than the existence of the Irving Place Theatre in New York interferes with the Knickerbocker, the Lyceum, etc.

The Deutsches Theater in Vienna is, if possible, a more interesting theatre than that in Berlin. Do not confound it, please, with the celebrated Volks Theater of the same city, the most magnificent theatre in the world, but from which we English-speaking world have little to learn because it is essentially a non-paying concern. I have been told by the director that if every seat was paid for at the performance, it would not even pay its expenses. The Deutsches Theater is a paying concern, founded ten or eleven years ago to replace the Stadt Theater, which had been burned down. The Emperor presented a splendid site, of an estimated value of \$400,000. That, you will see at once, is in itself a handsome endowment for a theatre. Such a contribution to an artistic enterprise is not out of the question either in London or in New York, where there is no emperor indeed, but many territorial and financial magnates who can vie in wealth with any Hapsburg or Hohenzollern. The shares—of \$250 apiece—were issued, limited to ten shares to one person, thus preventing the property from passing into one or two hands. In consideration of the artistical ideals of the enterprise, architects, contractors, and furnishers did their work on the lowest possible terms; yet the building cost \$300,000. For that sum a very beautiful theatre was provided, yet with nothing wasted on luxurious materials or ostentatious ornament. The Burgh Theater cost \$6,000,000, yet, for all practical and artistic purposes, the Burgh Theater is no wit to be preferred to its more modest neighbor. Well, the theatre being built, the proprietors established a constitution

and, subject to this, rented the theatre to its present manager at a rental of \$22,000 a year. This pays the proprietors four and one-half per centage on their shares, and they have certain privileges of admission which are reckoned at two and one-half per centage extra. The manager is forbidden to produce operettas, extravaganzas, or sheer rough-and-tumble farces. The prices are from one dollar to twenty cents, for which price you can have a comfortable seat commanding a full view of the stage. One night in each week—Thursday, as a matter of fact—must be devoted to the classical repertory: Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, etc. On Sunday afternoons are the classical performances. No play, however successful, must be acted more than twice in succession; that is to say, you may play a piece on Monday and Tuesday or on Thursday and Friday, but you must play another piece on Wednesday or Saturday. Under these rules the theatre has been for ten years thoroughly successful, so that shares are now at a considerable premium. It has played a most varied and admirable repertory, from comedies like Sardou's "Madame Sans Gêne" up to "Hamlet" and "Richard III.," "The Pillars of Society," "A Doll's House," "The Wild Duck." The best plays of Sudermann and of Hauptmann are also included in its repertory, as well as the most noteworthy French plays of the modern school. The theatre is able to keep thoroughly in touch with the modern movement, without losing sight of the classics and plenty of recreation in the way of light comedies. The salaries paid to the actors are from \$4,000 to about \$10,000. A young leading man is engaged at about \$3,000, and gradually rises to about \$7,500. Then, I must add, there is an excellent pension fund. Every actor, after five years' service, is en-

titled, if disabled from acting, to retire with a pension of forty per centage of his salary. To this pension fund the proprietors of the theatre are bound to contribute about \$1,000; the management, \$1,500; and the actors themselves, \$3,000,—not from deductions from their salary but by a benefit performance every year. The pension fund is very much appreciated by Viennese actors, and it would I think be appreciated by English and by American artists.

Consider, now, how invaluable such an institution as this Volks Theater would be in London or in New York, as a sort of safety-valve to relieve the pressure and the hard financial conditions that I sketched for you at the beginning of my lecture. It would keep our classical drama alive as it is not alive to-day at any theatre of England or America. It would constitute a school of acting where the talent of young artists would not be turned into mechanical mannerisms by the noxious influence of the long run.

I saw the other day some exercises at an excellent school of acting that you have in New York—an institution that I wish we had in London—but at the same time, I must point out that the most admirable initial training in acting, although it may help an actor to resist the bad influence of the long run, can not be entirely effective. And, most important of all, it would offer to authors a stage on which they might express their full artistic individuality without perhaps reaping the huge profits that arise from a popular play under our present system, but without losing their reputation if the play did not attract 100,000 people.

You may inquire what practical course of action I should advise. I advise a course of action similar to that which has given the Volks Theater to Vienna—a slight development of what gives London and New York

their opera-season. Let a number of art-lovers subscribe a fund for the building of a beautiful and dignified theatre. This fund should be kept apart from the working capital. In London, and I should think in New York, a commodious theatre in a good situation is always a good investment. The building would and should remain the property of the subscribers, to be rented by them to a manager or used as they pleased. They would of course have to agree beforehand on some test of success or failure. For instance, if you arrange that after a stated time—anywhere between five and ten years—a board should be formed, consisting of three of their number and three outsiders,—men eminent in literature or in art—to determine whether the enterprise had so far justified itself as to be worth continuing, either indefinitely or for another term of years; the casting vote to be given, if necessary, by the holder for the time being of some literary eminence—say, the president of Columbia University. Thus, the subscribers to the building fund would at the most risk losing the interest of their money for a stated term of years.

Under certain restrictions, one man could surely be found to play the part of the Emperor of Austria and present a site for the theatre, with the understanding that if the enterprise was pronounced a failure the site should revert to the donor, to whom the subscribers would have to pay what we call in England "a ground rent." A dignified building, standing open on all sides, and not like most American and English theatres, so hidden among other structures that it entirely escapes notice, unless advertised by a flare of electricity. A building of architectural beauty is, to my mind, a matter of primary necessity for three reasons:

First: Because such a building would be the best possible advertise-

ment for such an enterprise, and would distinguish it from the ordinary commercial theatres.

Second: Because an artistic theatre should offer its habitués greater comfort, greater elbow-room, more spacious corridors and foyers, than our present theatres, designed solely with a view of getting the greatest number of seats into the smallest space.

Third: Because the full dignity of the drama, as an art, will never be recognized by English-speaking people until it is housed properly, as we find it in every German city of the smallest pretensions.

If in each of our great cities there were but one theatre that could vie in architectural dignity with its churches and other public edifices, we should have dealt the final blow to that lurking survival of seventeenth century puritanism which has done so much to degrade the English drama.

The theatre being erected, there are several ways one could proceed. The subscribers could prepare a constitution something like that of the Volks Theater in Vienna. They might then simply run the theatre for a short term, the manager to observe the prescribed regulations. The working capital would have to be raised by subscribers, who might be, wholly or partly, different people from the subscribers to the building fund. The subscribers to the two funds should then elect a small board of trustees, who, in their turn, should appoint a salaried manager, not an actor. He again should appoint his subordinate officials and staff, subject to the sanction of the trustees, who would not officially take any initiative share in the management, but should rather act as a court of appeal.

The apportionment of profits, the raising of a guarantee fund to meet any possible losses, the method of establishing a pension fund, all are matters for careful consideration.

Another matter of some moment would be the regulation of admission to be accorded to subscribers. Every means should be taken to gather around the theatre a body of *abonnés* who would make it a recognized social, as well as artistic, rendezvous.

If such a theatre was managed as it ought to be, I am convinced that it would be not only a self-supporting but a paying concern.

Before I close, let me guard against a misunderstanding, and here sound a word of warning. I can not too strongly insist that such an enterprise as I have outlined would in no way trespass upon the preserves of the existing commercial managers. Of course, any new theatre must compete with the playhouses around it, but one theatre more or less in such a vast centre of population makes no appreciable difference, and this particular theatre would in a great measure recruit its own public, consisting largely of people who go seldom or not at all to the ordinary playhouses of commerce. It would not rob the managers of their stars, for a star would have no place in its economy. It would not compete with their plays, native or foreign. As to foreign plays, it would only do with those higher classes that the commercial manager will not have on any terms. Thus, the theatre would proceed in no spirit of hostility to the existing order of things, nor is there any valid reason why commercial managers should regard the scheme with disfavor.

So much for the possible misunderstanding; now for the note of warning.

There can be no greater danger to such an enterprise, no greater obstacle to its inception, than to allow it to become associated with the narrow enthusiasm of a clique, however well-meaning and cultured. We have coteries in England, and probably they are not unknown in America,

who give undivided allegiance to one writer or to one school, and have neither understanding nor sympathy for the drama as a whole. Let us beware of the men who swear exclusively by Browning, Ibsen, Hauptmann, etc. Let us beware especially of those devotees of the drama, people whose mania it is to have everything written in dialogue.

Coteries are all very well in their way; but they are a totally different thing from the theatre we are at present discussing. It is essentially a popular theatre that I am inviting you to consider, a national or an international institution, appealing perhaps to a minority, to so large a minority, as to constitute a city within a city, a nation within a nation.

The theorists who start out with the principle that in drama whatever is bad must be sedulously excluded from every well-governed theatre. It is not a theatre of pedantry; it is simply a repertory theatre exempt from the influences of the long-run system and the star system and—so far as England is concerned—the actor-manager system, — a theatre that shall be externally beautiful, recreative, and stimulating in its artistic activity. I can not believe that we shall have long to wait for such a theatre, or rather for such theatres, on either side of the Atlantic, and it seems to me highly probable that America will lead the way. You have here what we sadly lack in London, — a strong sense of civic patriotism. It may not appear in your municipal

politics, but that is a thing apart. The leading men of your great cities vie with one another in endowing and adorning them with splendid educational and artistic institutions, and the theatre must certainly come in for its turn before long.

The plan that I have sketched for you is a cooperative one, but I rather hope and believe that the munificence of some individual citizen will set the example and lead the way. What more glorious monument could a man build for himself than such a theatre, with a memorial tablet in its vestibule declaring it to be the gift of John Smith to his fellow-townsmen. The obstacle, of course, is this: That, whereas there is no difficulty in the management of a library or a picture-gallery, which practically runs itself, a theatre is a delicate instrument which requires to be played upon with highly specialized organization, else the direst discord may result.

As I look about me in New York and see the thought devoted to the drama in its highest aspects by the professors of the universities and by publicists, I feel that here the difficulty of managing and of establishing an artistic tradition could be successfully grappled with. Nothing would surprise me less than that the salvation of the higher English drama should come from America, and nothing would delight me more. If America leads the way she may count upon the sympathy and—let me add—upon the general rivalry of England.

THE orator stands midway between the poet and the philosopher; oratory between poetry and philosophy. One side of oratory addresses the understanding and seeks to instruct and to convince; this is philosophy. One side addresses the imagination and feelings, and seeks to please, to move; this is poetry, at least poetic. Hence, high oratory, eloquence, addresses the reason, imagination and feelings; and, sweeping on to the will, compasses the whole man in its purpose, bearing him on to the noblest function of life,—viz., action,—noble, heroic, at times sublime, awe-inspiring action. This is oratory in its best estate, the highest power of the human mind, the power to move and to control men.—*George W. Hoss, LL.D.*

Interpretation.

BY DE KELLER STAMEY, M.O.

AN interpreter is he who makes clear to consciousness what was obscure; who changes the idiom of a foreign tongue; who out of little builds much; who opens the eyes of the blind and attunes their ears to song; who specializes and individualizes thought; who elaborates an outline into a complete, connected existence; who explains conundrums; who develops thought, stimulates feeling, grows desire, and moves to action.

Interpretation, as it applies to reading, means getting at the very heart of the subject in hand. Oral reading need not necessarily be interpretation; in fact, in the ordinary use of the term "oral reading," it seldom is. On the other hand, careful attention to any subject is likely to result in, at least, a partial understanding of its meaning and message. When this application opens to the soul of the learner the many avenues of information and culture that the subject presents, then will the mind, in part, comprehend the full scope of interpretation.

Nature is the first book for mental and soul culture, and in it the unprejudiced mind of the innocent child revels. To him the simplest expression of that love that comes from nature's Author is food for hours of thoughtful pleasure. The tiny flower, the weed, the dog, the grape-vine swing,—what charm! The pebble at his feet, the bit of melted sand, the trickling stream, the whispering leaves,—whatever meets his vision—presses itself upon his consciousness, and, in return, his mind seeks nature's truths. He questions flowers and birds; he learns their lives. For hours he notes the wars that the ant tribes wage, and in his fancy feels

the victory or the defeat that attends his favorite leader. He knows the best nutting ground; he finds the first ripe strawberries by the sun-kissed wall of the garden-plot. To him the ice-encrusted trees are crystal images. And why not? Nothing is too insignificant for his closest attention; all is most interesting and suggestive. *He is an interpreter!* Then come the schools—the average schools—with all their man-constructed forms—unnatural, godless—and teach him to forget all that he loves, and to love (?) all that he should not hate, i.e., symbols. Teach him to forget what he loves? Never can they accomplish their design; never, thank God! for in his heart must ever remain a certain craving after life. It is *life* that he wants and life he must have, if you would reach him. Bring that life he so much loves into his studies, and he at first loves the studies for its sake but afterward loves the symbolized thought for its own sake.

Now, those who have had the misfortune to have drifted far from the love of nature born in the child must right about face and reach their old haunts, if they would *live* in life, for a man's powers looking through the innocent eyes of childhood read truth and beauty at their best.

In order to enjoy literature, the ability to interpret nature is a necessity, for literature is but man's estimate of the Infinite's expression—nature. God is first; nature, next; literature, third. If, then, the student would interpret literature,—and that is the subject now under consideration—he must reach its import through its soul,—nature. Let it here be said that every interpreter of nature—give him but a vocabulary

of symbols—is an apt interpreter of literature. How, then, shall I learn to read nature? to interpret literature?

Let me suggest this as a starting-point: Since you must learn literature through nature, go and take a look at something. What? You see nothing? Look again. You have seen it all before? You are like the young man who said that two pears (pairs) were four; but when the father gave the boy's mother one, and he himself took the other, the little boy learned by sad experience that he knew too much.

You certainly can not truthfully say that you have seen it all. Why, then, does the artist spend days and weeks upon a single tint of the multiple colors of sunset? Why does the naturalist live for months with the most insignificant insect? Why does the poet revel in the music of the waterfall? Go out and observe. Open your eyes and ears and mouth and nose, and when you have perceived something conceive it, and when you have conceived it give it to someone.

Let it be said right here that observation, even as it is best taught to-day, is made to mean only what can be presented to the eye,—certainly a very narrow sense. Let me ask, what qualities of an object does the eye detect? Color? Yes, in a measure. Shape and form? No. Weight? No. Odor? No. Taste? No. Substance? No. A thousand and one things that are of all importance in this image-building come not through the eye, but by means of the other senses.

All must be cultivated. To appreciate the music of the lark or the ripple of the tiny rivulet—what a world for soul enlargement—the ear must laugh in harmony. To revel in the clover blossoms, the sense of smell must catch the whiff of honey-treasures. To sip in imagination the cooling draught from the old oaken

bucket, one's palate must be soothed by the crystal liquid. The apple blooms must retouch my face and hands, must blush again their truth reimagined in my eyes, must breathe their perfume on the early summer air, must fall with airy lightness to the turf, if I would live again that sweet May day.

The truth of this unified sense-impression can not be too strongly emphasized. One hour with nature's book to fill the hungering mouths of man's famishing being will sweeten a whole life. Therefore, see something. Anything? No, something,—*some one thing*. Suppose that it is an early violet peeping out from the sunny side of the hedge-row. The blades of grass have hardly yet dared to don their spring attire; but the purple pansy defies the chilly air and risks its life to smile you a welcome. Look down into its heart and note the delicate tracings of gold and velvety brown, so humble that you tread upon it, yet clothed in exquisite splendor. How came it there by the roadside? Who planted it? Who dare say that it was not God's own hand that sowed the seed for baby's spring bouquet, or to lure the smile to weary, pain-marked lips?

Is it the miniature ice-fields on the frosted window-pane that you are studying? What a world of fancy building,—imagination! Mark those tall ice-encrusted pines; that lake of crystals; that field of tangled ferns; that towering mountain; that wall, behind which the fairy city stands, the spires and domes alight with glittering splendor! See all, build in the fact, and live, if but for a few moments, in the imaged scene.

I often think of those lines of Longfellow's in his introduction to the "Song of Hiawatha," where he says: "Should you ask me whence these stories, Whence these legends and traditions, I should answer, I should tell you, 'From the forests and the prairies, From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands."

Here we have the basis of interpretation,—nature and her haunts. The study can be made very practical; it is practical. But nature, *nature* first!

To the business man, interpretation is useful because that to study "man" means successful dealing. His real work must be to learn the temperaments of men; to study humanity as it is found about him; to *interpret*, and then to use this knowledge in his treatment of men.

But, suppose that you have observed some object and have given (described) it to your friend, what next? Observe another and describe it. What next? Another. Never may you quit this work, if you would be a successful interpreter. It is the secret of that best of God-given gifts, *sympathy*. Beget it, therefore, by close observation, and grow it manyfold by repeated trials. In time it will come to be a pleasure,—pure and sweet and lasting.

The drawing of the objects in the scene, the representing of the action, will help to define and to deepen impressions. The lines need not necessarily be accurate; it is the imagination that is developed in the mind's struggle to reproduce the scene.

Noticing the individualities and the peculiarities in particular lives, and reproducing them by voice and by action is a help toward the final goal of forceful representation.

Not one field, not a dozen paths, must be trod, but every road must be traveled, little by little, until the whole realm of nature is yours for intelligent investigation. I do not mean by this that you must be a noted botanist and geologist and naturalist. Indeed, I would not have you pull the daisy to pieces, or sacrifice the life of the wren. You must love the bird enough to bind up its broken wing; you must water the flower. The child that touches your hand and looks up into your face must have a smile for his tears.

Granted that all this is yours: That you are observant and that you are, therefore, growing sympathy, what next? Experiences of all classes are to be grasped and held with jealous care. If you are unfortunate enough to have never had any sorrow, go and learn what it is to suffer. (I speak advisedly.) Apprentice yourself to him who has known trial. Those only who have hungered can know what hunger means. Those only who have seen the last cent go for an armful of wood can look cold in the face, and recognize the chilling monster. Those only who have bound up the broken heart while their own was bleeding can know Calvary.

Look upon misery lying in your path; feel for it and with it, and lift it. Go into the home of the poor man, not to criticize but to learn your own heart. That dying little child upon the straw pallet, the face pinched, the eyes sunken, the tiny wasted hand upon the clean rough coverlet; the anxious mother, bending over the tired little form, scarce able to keep back the tears while she moistens the burning lips, then turning her back while the scalding drops plow their cruel lines upon the worn face; the manly husband, hard-handed, flesh-hearted, in the background, assuming a resignation his choking voice belies; I say if you can not feel for these, you are greatly to be pitied. If you do, you have passed a mile-stone on the "Sympathy Road."

If at parting from that mother who first risked her life that you might have existence, and who since that time has studied, day by day, how she might best make you happy; from that father who toiled for your welfare, whose hands have grown shaky in straining every sinew that you might have comforts; if at parting from them you do not feel a spasm in your heart, a burning in your eyes,

go you and get a spark of sweet humanity into your being. Pray God for your childhood days to return, and with them your loving, trusting, feeling heart.

If all this is yours; if, in fair measure, you do observe and do sympathize; then can you interpret literature. If your mind and heart possesses these powers, what, indeed, can hinder you from grasping the sentiment of a composition. If you appreciate the beauty and the truth of a selection, just to that extent will you be able to impart it to others. Of course, voice, body, etc., are very important elements in that they are the avenues through which impressions are expressed; but the one simple rule is: First get; then give. Both processes are of vital importance, each being the reflex, as it were, of the other. Each must be cultivated, neither dare be discarded; for in giving you get. Yet, how anyone can give the import of a reading without first having fully mastered the life and the soul of the subject is to me incomprehensible.

Now, with these pictures in mind, do you think that you can read Riley's "Afterwhiles" intelligently? Let us see. In it he describes the early dawn, the dew, the lawn. Farther on in the poem we read:

"Afterwhile, and we will go
Thither, yon and to and fro,
Where the old home is and where
Mother waits us at the door,
Peering, as the time grows late,
Down the old path to the gate,
How we'll click the latch that locks
In the pinks and hollyhocks!
How we'll greet the dear old smile,
And the warm tears, afterwhile!"

What is to hinder you from reading it now? What pictures above presented apply here? You see, if you would understand literature, you must have experiences in your mind and heart; and these experiences must be tangible at all times,—ready to come into active consciousness

when a line of literature suggests a similar train of thought.

You are now ready to take up for study any selection, the main incidents of which cover only such experiences as you possess. If new conditions arise, seek new environments; that is all. That is the only possible natural method.

It would not be difficult to tell you *a way* to read those lines from Riley: Inflection, so and so; pauses, here and here; emphasis, thus and thus. But, oh! what sacrifice of truth. When you *read* it, you want your ideal cottage home; your ideal mother (your own personal, actual mother, I can affirm, if you are worthy of her) must greet you. Your hollyhocks and mine might differ; I might *walk* up the path, while you would *run*; I might kiss her cheek, while you would gather that dear old form into your arms; my eyes might be offended at the sight of the faded wrapper, but you look at the warm, gushing, loving heart beneath.

Can't you see how I would be trifling with your manhood's rights were I to tell you what to do? You must "click the latch;" your own eyes must see the precious homely flowers; your own heart must tell you how to greet the mother. I may but help you to understand yourself, but lead you to be a child again.

And *oratory*! Why, what is the difference? The reader or reciter, as here developed, is an orator. The orator instructs and entertains, but his chief aim is the directing of the lives of his hearers. The orator must inspire, if he would fulfil his mission. Must not the reader do the same? The fundamental principles are the same; the method of procedure is the same; the results are much the same. The added power that an orator should possess is owing to the fact that he can be more direct. Oratory implies adaptation; reading is more generalized and symbolical.

The orator, therefore, must prepare himself and his composition upon the outline herein laid down. Let him go to nature (including mankind, of course) and learn; then let him adapt his subject and himself to man's wants.

Preacher or lecturer, reader or teacher,—oh, what a day of heart-

revival when nature, not dogmas, shall sing to the souls of the millions of men harmonious truth! May God speed the day of regeneration,—of happy return to the estate of innocent childhood devotion. God speed the day when Thy own handiwork shall teach men how to interpret and live and act.

The Use of the Voice in the Schoolroom.

BY ANNIE J. BRONSON.

[Address delivered before the Brooklyn Teachers' Association, April 21, 1899.]

THE American people are straining their voices and wearing out their throats, lungs, stomachs, nerves, and physical strength by their local effort and forced method of speaking and singing. In the schoolroom this unnatural use of the voice is particularly harmful, because the demands upon the voice are so great. There is but one way to save the voices of the American people, and that is by teaching American children to avoid forcing their voices in speech and in song. This great work can not be accomplished in the studios of elocution or of singing. It is only in the educational institutions of our land that there is an opportunity to teach the masses daily. We voice-specialists are like leashed bird-dogs who see the game, but are chained to their kennels and can reach only what flies in their way. The work is too vast for us; we need the cooperation of educational instructors.

What edification can there be to the listener, what culture for pupils, or what credit to instructors, when scholars are allowed to read and recite in such harsh, parrot-like tones. It is a simple matter to instruct children in the schoolroom so that they do not have to go to the elocution or the singing teacher to learn how to

pitch, modulate, and reenforce their voices in reading and in conversation. It is worse than useless to teach sight-reading and song-singing if pupils are allowed to strain their voices by shouting, instead of singing, and no attention is given to tone-production; for what advantage can there be in learning to read at sight if the voice is ruined in the process?

You may think that there is no opportunity to develop tone-production in chorus work, but that is a mistaken idea.

Study the tone-effects produced by the Oratorio Society of Brooklyn, and bear in mind that it is a chorus of adults and that their voices do not respond as readily as those of children. If it is possible with one rehearsal a week to develop such fine tone-production with an adult chorus, it certainly is possible to obtain good results with your pupils.

It is not necessary for me to say that your nervous system and physical strength are under tremendous strain, or that the demands upon you are so great that in self-defense you need to do everything possible to save yourselves. You can not afford to allow your pupils to shout in their sight-reading classes and song exercises, or to pitch their speaking-voices so high, for your

nerves must suffer from the high tension, even though you do not realize the fact.

A low-pitched, mellow tone of voice is so restful, and can be made so invigorating, that it behooves you to eradicate the rasping qualities in the voices that you are obliged to hear in the classroom daily. If you have not the time to consider the needs of your pupils, take the time to preserve your own nerves from the wear and tear of rasping tones. It is not the high-pitched speaking-voice nor the forced singing-tone that carries best; the carrying quality depends upon the way in which the tone is reenforced. Teachers and pupils, in the endeavor to be heard, place the voice too high, and resort to muscular throat effort. This forcing of the voice stiffens muscles that should act freely, and brings into use interfering muscles that should be relaxed, and tired throats and weak voices are the result.

The speaking-voice in class-work should be placed forward but not high, the form should be deep but not spread, the tone should be reenforced by the low rather than the high resonance cavities, and sustained by the strong muscles of the body.

When the voice is supported by correct bodily position and action, the strain is taken off the throat and the larynx, and the voice is able to do a great deal of work without tiring the throat or the vocal cords.

Much is said about the injurious effects of the climate in this part of our country. We must admit that the air is so strong and the changes of temperature so extreme that even the most cultivated singers and speakers can not withstand some of the evil effects; but if they did not know how to use their voices they would suffer from far worse maladies. It is not our climate that sends so many patients to the throat-special-

ist, but the high-pitched, throat-effort method of speaking and the forced method of singing. The voice should be *allowed*, not *made*, to speak or to sing. We should speak or sing *through* the throat, never *with* the throat. It is not so much the amount of speaking that you teachers are obliged to do which exhausts you physically, but the way in which you unconsciously abuse your physical forces. A wrong position and action of the diaphragm, intercostal and other muscles will produce a feeling of collapse at the pit of the stomach, and often cause indigestion; just as incorrect position and action of the chest will result in an aching of the chest and develop lung-troubles. Stomach and lungs can not withstand the unnatural pressure upon them, and in time they will give way. Of course, I do not mean you to infer that if you support your voices by correct bodily position and action you will never feel any ill effects, no matter how much you may use your voice, for it is possible to overdo right doing. What I do mean is that your physical forces will be capable of more work, and will endure much longer, if you support your voice correctly. When you are not up to the mark physically, you can do considerable to reenforce the power of your voice and to save your vocal strength, if you understand the bodily position and action that sustains and relieves the voice. The test of a soldier's courage and training is not on parade ground, but on the battlefield. The test of the speaker's or the singer's ability is not in vocal pyrotechnics, but in the ability to do heavy work without strain and, when physically disabled, to rise to the demands of the occasion. Unfortunately, we can not always be at our best, and it is when we are weakest that we need to fall back on our vocal knowledge.

The Bete Noir of the Vocalist.

BY EDWIN PYNCHON, M.D.

[Paper read before the Chicago Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat College, January, 1899.]

Specially revised for WERNER'S MAGAZINE.

HOARSENESS, varying in degree, is a condition that is unfortunately too often met with among those whose vocation requires the use of the voice. The singer who is subject to such attacks is generally compelled to make vocal engagements conditional thereupon. Nothing can be more annoying than this to the ambitious vocalist, and such constant feeling of uncertainty is indeed a threatening cloud ever visible upon the horizon.

Hoarseness seldom affects those who make no special use of the voice. If the underlying susceptibility to hoarseness exists, it is prone to manifest itself after singing, dictating, or reading aloud, particularly if the method of vocalization is faulty. Clergymen who allow the voice to linger in monotones, regardless of punctuation or stops, and without inflection or variation in range, are subject to so-called "minister's sore throat," which is principally manifested by hoarseness. Prolonged and violent vocal exertion, or straining the voice, as by singing in the open air, is at any time unwise, and, when practiced during child-life, may prove suicidal to future vocal power. This is particularly true at or about the age of puberty. In singing, no note should be sounded that requires effort or causes a sensation of discomfort in the larynx. It is far better to sing well within the register. Continuing vocal efforts when hoarseness is present, even though slight in degree, is always to be decried, and if persisted in may cause a temporary indisposition to become a chronic

ailment. In this way the singing-voice often becomes broken or lost.

Hoarseness sometimes follows exposure to cold or to dampness without any vocal exertion having been a factor therein. A residence near a large body of water, where the atmosphere is humid and changes of temperature frequent, increases the tendency thereto. The same may be said of an atmosphere either dusty, overheated or impure, as is too often the case in public halls, owing to defective ventilation, which is always trying to the voice. Getting the feet wet, wearing damp garments, making injudicious changes in the clothing, and going out-of-doors too soon after singing, all are exciting causes of hoarseness. Another common cause of hoarseness is the frequent and abrupt changes in temperature to which one is daily subjected, during the winter months, by the customary going in and out of our overheated buildings—which gives the equivalent to being suddenly transported from the arctic to the tropics—and repeated many times a day, and, to make it still worse, without making any change whatever in the outer clothing. In this way colds are easily taken. When suffering from a cold one should avoid singing and should postpone all vocal exercises until the cold is cured. Upon the theatrical stage, when the curtain is raised, there is often a chilling draught, which is dangerous, particularly after having "made up" in an overheated and ill-ventilated dressing-room. When the general health is impaired the voice should not be

taxed. The same is true during the fatigue following physical exertion. It is better to delay singing until after rest has been secured, particularly if there is any tendency to voice impairment or fatigue. Care should always be taken to avoid going outdoors from a warm apartment too soon after singing.

Hoarseness is often dependent upon a condition of acute laryngitis, which in turn is generally owing to an extension downward of either an acute naso-pharyngitis or an acute tonsillitis, and may eventually terminate by a still further extension in bronchitis. Acute laryngitis is more easily developed when the system is depressed, and the extent of hoarseness manifested is proportionate to the degree of inflammation. A sedentary occupation in a heated atmosphere may be regarded as one of the most common predisposing causes, and exposure to cold and dampness the most common exciting cause of acute laryngitis. Unlike the mild subacute laryngitis of vocalists, which principally affects the vocal cords, the true acute laryngitis consists of a marked congestion or inflammation of the entire glottis, generally accompanied with more or less œdema. When swelling or infiltration takes place rapidly, becoming pronounced and involving the deeper structures, it is known as œdema glottidis, and may quickly prove fatal if prompt surgical assistance is not rendered.

Hoarseness is chiefly owing to conditions of the larynx, which may in a general way be classified as follows:

1. Inflammatory, involving principally the delicate mucous membrane covering the parts, associated with more or less catarrhal condition thereof, and accompanied by a varying degree of infiltration of the underlying structures. In this way the vocal cords, by being thickened, can not properly meet, and when made

tense the opposing edges do not assume their normal delicate fineness, hence their elasticity or free vibratory action is modified, and phonation therefore impaired. With chronic laryngitis there often exists a hyperplasia or chronic swelling of the glottic tissues, which may be so pronounced as to cause continued hoarseness, the degree of hoarseness being proportionate to the amount of thickening present.

2. Obstructive, as from benign, intra, or sub-glottic tumors, from malignant growths or from foreign bodies. Cicatricial adhesions may also produce stenosis. Enlarged faucial tonsils or hypertrophy of the lingual tonsil, which latter interferes with the free action of the epiglottis, may also serve as obstructions to vocal resonance.

3. Destructive, as from tubercular, luetic, or malignant ulceration, all of which are accompanied by more or less pain in swallowing, the stage of ulceration being preceded by inflammatory infiltration.

4. Traumatic, as from injury from foreign body or otherwise, or from the swallowing of hot or caustic fluids, or from the inhalation of corrosive gases, all of which produce an acute laryngitis.

5. Paralytic, involving either one or both cords, which may be chronic or only hysterical. A chronic flabbiness or relaxation of the cords, owing to weakened nerve-force, is the result of abuse of the voice. Stammering or stuttering, a sort of choreic manifestation, depends upon an impairment of nerve-force and is largely a mental disease, though it is frequently associated with obstructed respiration.

Hoarseness, more or less pronounced, will be observed in all abnormal conditions of the larynx characterized by inflammation or structural change. With aphonia, or absolute loss of voice, the onset is

gradual and progressive when from laryngeal growths, and sudden when the cause is either traumatic or nervous. With hoarseness from inflammation the onset is progressive, and with the singer may amount to nothing more than a simple huskiness of the voice, being most noticeable in the high register. Periodic attacks of temporary aphonia may have a grave significance as being the forerunner of laryngeal phthisis.

Hoarseness of an intermitting form is often owing to a condition of chronic or catarrhal laryngitis, which is generally associated with either mouth-breathing or defective nasal respiration, and is frequently met with in patients afflicted with nasopharyngeal catarrh or chronic tonsillar disease—in fact, obstructive lesions or morbid processes above the larynx cause the laryngitis, it being in part owing to the extension of inflammation through continuity of tissue, and in part to the presence of irritating secretions, which find their way to the glottis. Diseased gums—the so-called “pyorrhea alveolaris”—and decayed or unbrushed teeth add to this source of trouble. In this condition, which has been appropriately named “recurrent laryngitis” by Ingals*, being most often met with in singers, it will be found by laryngoscopic examination that while the vocal cords are somewhat red and congested, the entire glottic membrane is not particularly involved, as in the case of the true acute laryngitis. In fact, the congestion of the cords will often be slight, and limited either to the edges or to one end of the cords, accompanied by a slight redness of the mucous membrane covering the arytenoids. The uric acid diathesis, when present, is a factor to be always considered. Recurrent laryngitis is most often met with in adult males or in anemic women, and is characterized by re-

curring or periodic exacerbations of hoarseness, particularly after use of the voice. An apparently acute attack in a patient who is subject to being thus afflicted can be considered only as the flaming up of an old fire. It is principally with the subacute form of the trouble that this paper purposes to treat, it being the condition which is of such vital importance and of ever constant annoyance to singers. A recurrent laryngitis, when not properly treated, may at any time develop into a chronic laryngitis, and the longer it is neglected the more difficult it becomes to cure. A pronounced chronic laryngitis will cause continuous hoarseness and, through neglect or with inefficient treatment, may induce the formation of intralaryngeal tumors. Another danger always to keep in mind is the possibility of even a simple catarrhal laryngitis changing to the tubercular form.

Hoarseness, the condition of which the patient chiefly complains, is only a symptom, and indicates the presence of varying causative conditions of which the patient may have no suspicion, as:

1. Some structural deformity of the nose, which impairs its physiologic function of warming, humidifying†, and freeing from dust the inspired air. When the air inspired is either too cold, too hot, or overladen with dust, it is drying to the delicate mucous membrane covering the cords, and hence is irritating. Even more so is the air that has not been sufficiently charged with humidity. While the nose normally prepares the air for the throat and the lungs, it, when obstructed, can not so do, and mouth-breathing follows, and thus the required preparation of the air is not secured. When the nose is occluded, nasal resonance is also

† Pyncheon: “Impaired Ventilation and Drainage of the Nose the Most Common Causes of Nasal Catarrh.” *Journal Am. Med. Assn.*, Dec. 11, 1897.

* *Journal Am. Med. Assn.*, Dec. 5, 1885.

impaired; hence the voice becomes diminished in richness and more labored in execution until straining thereof is invited. Singers' nodules upon the vocal cords are generally found associated with nasal stenosis, which is often of the alternating variety. Flabbiness or paresis of the soft-palate and elongation of the uvula are complications not infrequently met with. The elongated uvula induces a tickling sensation in the throat and may thus be the cause of a chronic cough, which can be quickly cured by a slight and easily performed operation. In cases of nasal stenosis a chronic or granular pharyngitis is often observed. Tonsillar hypertrophy is a further cause of obstruction both to the passage of air and to the production of vocal sound. Rumbold, in "Hygiene of the Voice," page 49, says: "In almost every instance in which the tonsil growths have been removed, and thorough treatment for the nasal inflammation has been given, the register of the voice for singing has been increased two-and-one-half notes, sometimes more. Not only this, but the singer will be able to take his notes with far greater certainty and both speakers and singers will be able to use their voices much longer and with greater ease, showing plainly that disease of these glands has a markedly injurious effect on the voice."

2. Any condition of the nose or the throat whereby catarrhal or muco-purulent secretions are formed, which, when diluted by the saliva, find their way to the glottis and cause the cords to be constantly bathed therewith, and the more purulent the secretions are the greater the irritation produced. The so-called "post-nasal catarrh" is one of the most frequent causes of hoarseness, and another of equal importance is the presence of the small diseased tonsil, which is constantly giving forth a

cheesy and offensive discharge, which under the microscope is found to contain pus cells and various pyogenic germs.* Furthermore, these secretions are involuntarily swallowed and are thus detrimental to the digestion and instrumental in impairing the general health. The frequent desire to clear the throat indicates chronic inflammation of the mucous membrane of the upper air-passages and is most often excited by a lodging of inspissated secretions in the post-nasal space. Either secretions from above the larynx or secretions forced up from the trachea may lodge between the cords and cause a sudden "breaking of the voice." This annoying manifestation may also be owing to particles of dust or of dried secretions from the nose, which, by lodging in the larynx, cause a temporary laryngeal spasm. By the foregoing, it will be easily seen how "the great question of singing becomes principally a question of the nose" and how a voice that was formerly melodious, but now is easily fatigued, though still with a semblance of its former richness, is suffering from the effects of nasal occlusion or naso-pharyngeal inflammation. It might be asked how it is that children often sing so sweetly when both enlarged tonsils and adenoids are present. In reply I will say that this is sometimes true, though only during the earlier years and in cases wherein the enlargement has not passed a certain limit. Primarily these growths, according to their size or form, are more harmful as obstructions than otherwise, though later on, as nature attempts to cause their destruction by a low-grade process of inflammation, the resulting mal-secretion becomes the chief source of harm, and through this the larynx suffers as well as the general health.

*Pynchon: "The Absolute and Permanent Cure of Tonsillitis." *Alkaloidal Clinic*, Oct., 1897.

Hoarseness, even though no nasal or throat trouble exists, may be induced by a faulty method of vocalization and improper breathing; hence great care should be displayed in the selection of a teacher. A faulty method, easily learned, may prove to be very difficult to unlearn. It is, therefore, a matter of vital importance, as regards the future of the student in elocution or in vocal music, whether or not the beginning be correctly made. In this, as in other things in life, "as the twig is bent so the tree inclines." In the same way it is wise before beginning vocal studies to have the nose and the upper throat put in the best possible condition. How foolish it would be for the purchaser of an old theatre building to attempt to use it for hotel purposes without first making those changes that its proposed future use would require. Much time and money have been lost by students who have begun their vocal studies while their noses and throats were deformed and defective. Forcing the voice in order to gain a too rapid advancement is also to be decried, as the voice thus easily becomes strained, thereby exemplifying the old adage: "The more haste the less speed." The earlier efforts in public recitation or singing are often followed by hoarseness, owing to an insufficient training of the glottic muscles. By repeated trials, with suitable intervals of rest, the larynx generally becomes equal to the task imposed if the method of practice is correct. Vocal fatigue is also produced by use of the voice after a period of idleness or by a too continuous use of the same notes; hence, in case of encore, it is always better to avoid repeating the previous song.

Hoarseness may also be induced by a faulty diet or by too free indulgence in liquors or in tobacco. The habit of smoking is particularly pernicious. Each singer will learn his

or her own idiosyncrasies. Generally, singing is harmful too soon after a hearty meal; while, on the other extreme, a stomach too empty is not to be advised. Another condition that can not fail to have a bad effect upon the voice is a condition of chronic constipation, and if the tendency thereto is present it must be corrected, for it is harmful both mechanically and through secondary auto-toxemia. Dyspepsia in any of its forms or torpidity of the liver also has an unfavorable influence upon the voice. As a large percentage of stomachic troubles are owing to nasal catarrh, the same treatment of the nose and the fauces called for on account of the catarrh will also improve the stomachic trouble. The clothing should be worn loose, tight corsets being very harmful.

Hoarseness of the kind being considered is best treated by having two objects in view: First, with appropriate remedies to efface the annoying symptom, remembering that it is only a symptom; and second, to correct afterward, by suitable surgical steps, all nasal and faucial deformities or mal-conditions that are found to exist, and thus to cause these parts to assume, as nearly as possible, the form and the character of the ideal standard. By such treatment the timbre of the voice will be improved and its compass extended. The nose has rightly been called the "sounding-board of the voice;" therefore, the nasal passages occluded at any point may be compared with a church organ in the pipes of which birds have built their nests. In either case the tone is impaired. All other abnormalities found in any other part of the body, from which the hoarseness may be owing in a secondary or reflex manner, must also receive appropriate attention. Nasal and faucial deformities, when not corrected, often display a tendency toward atrophy as the result of na-

ture's faulty effort to effect a cure, and the condition is thereby made worse or even incurable.

Hoarseness, in the recent or acute form, has usually been treated by first spraying the larynx with a mild alkaline spray, with or without the addition of phenol, one percent. ; and then following with an astringent spray, as alum, two percent. Latterly, in the place of the alkaline spray, I have been using a nebula either of camphor-menthol, ten percent. in fluid lavoline, or of compound tincture of benzoin in the following mixture: Oil of eucalyptus (Sander & Sons) and oleum ricini, of each two drachms; compound tincture of benzoin, one-half ounce. Mix. This is applied with an improved nebulizer*, by using a fifty-pound air-pressure and a bent extension tube, the terminal opening of which is much smaller than is the calibre of the tube. During its use, the patient must inhale. In this way the nebula is blown in with such force that the secretions in the glottis are driven into the trachea, from which they are afterward easily removed by the patient's efforts in expectorating. An astringent spray is next used, as, for example, alum two percent. as before mentioned, or antipyrin ten percent. This in turn may be followed by freely applying with a cotton swab or a laryngeal syringe, a ten percent. solution of menthol in olive-oil. This treatment should be repeated two or three times during the day, and its effect will generally prove magical. In order quickly to "bring back the voice," when slightly hoarse, for some special engagement; in addition to the treatment suggested, a glass of champagne or of coca wine will often prove helpful. Sipping beef tea is also beneficial. Sometimes a small

lump of borax dissolved in the mouth will be of assistance, or even a piece of the black extract of licorice.

Hoarseness, when dependent upon acute laryngitis, should also receive "home treatment," as, for example, inhalations of steam taken several times daily, from a cupful of boiling water, medicated with one teaspoonful of a mixture consisting of equal parts of tincture of iodine and liquefied phenol; a paper cornucopia being so placed over the cup that the opening at the small end will lead to the mouth. The cup used should be one of the old-fashioned teacups of very thick china and without a handle. Before use it must be thoroughly heated, and during use should be placed upon a stove or over a spirit lamp. A more elegant substitute is a steam atomizer. Benefit may also be derived from the inhalation of steam medicated with the compound tincture of benzoin, by inhaling the fumes of turpentine, and at times by dissolving ice in the mouth and applying ice about the neck. Absolute rest of the voice is imperative, and sometimes the patient should be confined in bed. Aconitine amorphous, in small doses of say $\frac{1}{4}$ grain every hour in granule form, should be administered. Hot mustard foot-baths have proven beneficial. In case of pain the applications of hot fomentations about the neck is to be advised. After these, or after the inhalation of steam, care must be taken to avoid being chilled. After the use of the steam the patient should always remain in the house for an hour at least, and no steam inhalations should be used within twenty-four or forty-eight hours of the time when singing is to be practiced. Emetics and purges have been administered with benefit, particularly when the bowels have been sluggish. After an acute laryngitis the return to singing should be begun by exercises in the middle register from which the voice

* Pynchon: "A New Nebulizing Device." *Annals of Otolaryngology and Rhinology*, May, 1897.

may be gradually led toward the extremes of high and low.

Hoarseness of the subacute form is best combated with the same line of office treatment, excepting that for an astringent spray there might be substituted in place of the alum some other astringent; for example, either a solution of zinc chloride, one percent.; or argentic nitrate, two percent.; or alumol, ten percent., in equal parts of tincture of iodine and glycerin. This latter mixture can also be applied with a cotton swab, and, if required, the strength of the alumol can be doubled. In the use of astringent sprays in the larynx, the "instantaneous" cut-off should be used, with an air-pressure of about twenty pounds, the patient meanwhile exhaling or phonating. In a general way, the less acute the condition, the stronger may be the astringent employed. In the use of sprays in the larynx, means should be had for absolutely knowing and regulating the air-pressure, which must be varied to suit both the condition and the patient.* A nebula of argentic nitrate of from ten to twenty-five percent. in strength is often beneficial. It should be applied with the nebulizer in the same manner as is the camphor-menthol in lavoline, only the applications should be of briefer duration and made with a much lower air-pressure. During the intervals between treatments, slippery elm lozenges dissolved in the mouth, owing to their demulcent qualities, will assist in allaying irritation. Compressed tablets of sal prunelle are at times beneficial, being

* Pynchon: "The Technique of Tympanic Inflation." *The Laryngoscope*, November, 1898.

used in the same way, and the employment of a pocket inhaler suitably medicated is particularly indicated.† In this, as in the more acute form of laryngitis, it is necessary to modify the voice or even to give it absolute rest.

The general use of condiments, alcoholics, and tobacco should be strictly prohibited. For impaired health tonics are called for, as iron or strychnine, and either a good coca or Tokay wine. A trip to the mountains will often prove beneficial, and a nourishing diet must not be neglected. In the more chronic forms of laryngitis or in so-called "minister's sore throat," in addition to the other treatment suggested, I often prescribe Keith's concentrated tincture of collinsonia and glycerin, of one-half ounce each; nitrate of sanguinarine, two grains; oil of stillingia (Keith), one-half drachm. Mix. Dose: Ten drops on a lump of sugar, to be eaten slowly, and repeated every two or three hours, or even more often. This will allay both the irritation and the cough. After the full effect of the medical treatment has been obtained, the necessary surgical steps must follow, in order to correct all structural or obstructive deformities in the nose, or morbid conditions thereof, and, additionally, to remove all tonsillar tissue that is to any degree hypertrophied or diseased. To attain this latter result, I have found no method so effective and satisfactory as tonsillectomy by "electrocautery dissection.††"

†Pynchon: *New York Medical Record*, June 11, 1898.

††Pynchon: "The Submerged Tonsil." *International Journal of Surgery*, June, 1898, and *Chicago Medical Recorder*, August, 1898. Also *Journal Amer. Med. Assn.*, November 22, 1890.

By music we reach those special states of unconsciousness which, being without form, can not be shaped with the mosaics of the vocabulary.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

A Boston Singing-Teacher.

Interview with Mr. Charles A. White.

REVIEWING the vocal profession, during a recent visit to WERNER'S MAGAZINE, Mr. Charles A. White, of the New England Conservatory, among other things of interest, said:

"The teaching of singing has no great rewards. Time puts a limit to what one can make. A man can not teach more than so many hours a day. A physician can charge a rich man a big fee. He might get \$5,000 for a single operation, which took an hour to perform. But a vocal teacher can not charge a rich pupil any more than he can a poor one."

"Will the vocal teacher do as well pecuniarily as the college professor?"

"Better, I should say. It may be assumed that the good vocal teacher will have an income something like \$5,000 a year. I should say that unless a college professor possessed exceptional ability and fame, his stipend would range from \$1,500 to \$3,000 a year. There is a greater supply of men of whom college professors can be made than of those of whom vocal teachers can be made. For the same reason, the vocal teacher is better paid, as a rule, than the piano teacher, though there are some notable exceptions. Sherwood, for example, didn't he get \$10,000 a year for teaching? There are fewer people capable of teaching the voice than the piano."

"Don't you think something ought to be done to shut out incompetent vocal teachers?"

"I don't think so. It is a thing that adjusts itself. How is the incompetent to convince people that he can teach?"

"Why, let him hang out his sign."

Mr. White shook his head doubtfully.

"I am afraid pupils do not come for that."

"He can advertise in the Sunday papers that he teaches for eighteen cents a lesson."

"Well, in that case, the pupil is on an equality with the teacher. It is about like this: If the pupil is a fool, she will not get much good from the best teacher. If she has good sense, she will soon find out that she knows more than her instructor and will go to someone that can tell her something."

"But the harm that the bad teacher does —"

"There are very few voices ruined by bad teaching. It is pretty hard to ruin the voice. Nature seems to be able to even things up. The men that halloo 'Charcoal!' manage to keep their voices, although their method of production is very bad. These singers that shriek in music-halls, that force their chest-voice up to C, sing just as long as those that sing correctly."

"But these halloosers can not make soft tones?"

"They don't want to. But they can do what they want to do just as long as good singers can do what they want to do. Oh, of course, the shriekers lose the capacity to make any good tones, but their voices, for their purpose, last just as long."

"Do good singers get into such a habit of singing well that they lose the faculty of making bad tones?"

"Well, no. It is always easier to do wrong than right, in music as well as in morals."

"As many voices have been ruined under good teachers as under bad ones; but not *because* of the good teacher. The pupil is so anxious to pursue her studies that she resists

the warnings of nature to stop. She practices after her voice has tired itself. Her voice goes. It makes no difference that her production is good. She ruins her voice by overtaxing the organ, just as you can overtax the eyes even if the light is even and comes over the left shoulder and your glasses are correctly adjusted. Exercise is a good thing, but you can overexercise.

"I am reminded, when I hear pupils sing, of what a musician said to me about hearing some pupils of Leschetizky play. He said that there was too much method in it. They played too much as they practiced. The master taught them to lift their fingers high, and they continue to do so, although he had them do that to limber up their muscles. He never meant them to play in that way. It is so in singing. You know that if you bang the piano you get a hard, unsympathetic tone. If the arm and the wrist are stiff and clinched in bowing, you get a hard and scratchy tone on the violin. Now the teacher can not tell the pupil just what muscles in his arm he must use and what ones he must not use to get a beautiful tone. It is not possible for the pupil to make a conscious selection of the proper and the improper muscles to use. The master gets the pupil to do exercises that will limber up the wrist, that will make it pliant and supple, and that will give him the feeling of elasticity and freedom. But it must proceed from the centre. It must be the feeling that gives the curves to the wrist and not the conscious thought: 'I will make this muscle tense and relax the other.' So in singing. The pupil does such and such things to remove the tension, the results of which are bad production, and when she comes to sing—it is all forgotten. It is all done by the feeling within, at the centre. It does no good to learn exactly what to do unless one

has the conception within of what he means to express. See here. Is this a smile? No. It is a grimace. It is an imitation of a smile, in which my face does all that it does when I smile, but you can see that it is not a smile. That is the trouble with so much of the singing. They have learned what to do and they do it, but it all seems feigned and insincere. I can talk so [Mr. White spoke nasally], or I can talk so [another kind of nasality]. I do not know what I do to make them different, but I have a certain ideal in my mind of what I want to do and I imitate that ideal.

"I do not believe there is any standard for pure tone any more than there is a standard for beauty. All we can say is that the great singers—Sembrich, Melba, de Reszké—have it.

"The New England Conservatory has relatively a greater proportion of vocal students from the South and the West than from New England, but I am sure that the time will come when the proportion will have to be reversed, seeing how many colleges and universities in the country are establishing departments of music really worthy of the educational prominence of the institutions."

"From what part of the country do you consider the best voices come?"

"To be really frank with you, we do not find an uncomfortably large number of fine voices from any part. Some of those that study, it seems to me, are spending money that they will never get back from a career of any kind. There is one young basso with us, however, who has a very fine voice and will go abroad for two or three years to study for opera. He is undecided whether he will go to Italy or to Paris. He will most likely settle upon Vannuccini.

"When the best singers came from Italy, the ambitious students went there. Lately, now that the de Reszkés, Melba, Eames, and some

others have come from Parisian teachers, the fashion has turned that way and people follow the fashion. For myself, I do not like the French school of singing. It exaggerates the importance of one set of resonance-chambers — the nasal — over the others. By the tense palate, they succeed in getting a large, effective tone, but there is no subtlety to it. De Reszké, for instance, sings loud and soft and, yes, he sings *messa voce*, too; but there is a lack of subtlety. The tense palate is usually associated with a distended and protruded chest, which, while it enables one to do great things, seems to me to preclude the doing of dainty things, just as the tense arm would permit one to describe great circles but hardly to do delicate work.

"Another thing, with a fixed method of tone-production, everything must be done in the same color of voice. Campanini, in his prime, was able to sing in many different voices."

Something was said about the low larynx with which Emma Eames is said to sing, and that moved Mr. White to speak against condemning or praising a system, unless one knew exactly what was meant. "Fixed larynx" might mean that it was held low or that it was held high, or that it was held still for a phrase of notes all closely resembling each other in pitch or vowel-color.

"I do not think there is such a tremendous range necessary in the movement of the larynx from, say, *o* to *ee*. It seems to me that greater control of the muscles would shorten the variation of position. But we do not know what happens when the larynx moves. Some say the cricoid is pulled up and some say the thyroid is pulled down. The laryngoscope does not show it. It may be that sometimes it is one thing and sometimes the other and that each con-

dition is the best for some particular effect. When people denounce the fixed larynx and others defend it, I feel that they ought to show by illustration just what they mean. But they prefer to talk about it. It is a curious thing that you can not get a vocal teacher to illustrate before other vocal teachers what he means by this or that,—even a man that has a good voice. Not long ago at a meeting in Albany, two teachers were disputing nearly all the morning about 'covered tone' and were getting no nearer to an understanding, when I asked them to show what they meant. But they would not do it, though both have good voices and, I am sure, it would have been apparent in a moment that they were not very far apart in their views."

"What do *you* say about the 'covered tone'?"

"Some people think that an open tone is one in which you yell, but there is a bright, laughing open tone suitable for certain passages and there is a darker tone that comes from a graver and sadder expression of the face, a mellower and sweeter tone. This darker, more artistic tone is a covered tone."

In touching upon the falsetto voice, Mr. White was quite clear as to what the falsetto sounded like and gave illustrations of it in bright and covered tone. He said:

"But I do not know how it is made, whether by the false vocal cords or the true vocal cords; whether it is only the edges that vibrate or the outer-covering of the lax cords. I know, however, that it can be made, whenever I want to make it. I do not think it does the pupil any good to know how it is done."

"But the teacher? Isn't it a benefit to the teacher to know?"

"If he is going to be a teacher, no. If he is going to be an inves-

tigator and student of the phenomena of the human voice, he wants to know all that there is to be known.

"Now here's another of these problems, the one that Lunn propounds,—the ventriloquial Lunn,' as Howard calls him. Do the false vocal cords shut the egress of the air from the lungs until the ventricles of the larynx are puffed out? I do not know. The laryngoscope will not show it. Yet I can see how, if the larynx is held tight [Mr. White pinched his face and apparently his larynx], a less satisfactory tone is produced than if it is blown up. [Mr. White puffed out his cheeks round.] I can see how there could be more strain on the vocal cords in the first place, with everything held taut and fast, than in the second place, with everything rounded out with air like a sail, so as to take up the tension. Singing is largely a question of blowing, don't you understand? The voice has a more flutey quality when it is left to float—is blown by the breath. It seems to me that, in beginning a tone, one should retain the breath and then consciously let go."

Mr. White showed what he meant, and there was no click of the muscles, no puff of breath escaping, before the tone, but just the tone itself.

"That's the so-called 'stroke of the glottis.' Where is the noise that goes with it?"

"Some of those that have taught the stroke of the glottis have done harm, because they did not understand what they were talking about. There is a lot of difference between doing this [Mr. White puffed out his cheeks and then suddenly opened his lips] and this [he puffed out his cheeks and kept adding to the pressure, until the lips could no longer resist the strain]. That increase of the pressure until there is no more strength to resist it is injurious, and causes the click or the muscular

noise at the beginning of a tone; but we use the stroke of the glottis harmlessly every day when we say: 'Oh! look over there!' or 'Oh! what nonsense!' No pop or click there such as these exaggerators show."

Mr. White had this to say about the "Lamperti attack:"

"It is undoubtedly a good plan to think of the tone as being made by inhalation. Swallow it down, drink it in, and all that sort of thing. Somebody needed that particular suggestion and Lamperti told him to do so as a practice exercise and he went away and sang all his life as if he was swallowing something. It seems to me that they sometimes get the tone a little too flaccid, that they actually do swallow the tone. Perhaps a little more of the feeling of propulsion, of the outward motion, would be better. G. B. Lamperti, with whom I have studied, says that there ought to be a sort of balance preserved,—as much breath coming in as the tone goes out."

Mr. White starts pupils on the five simple Italian vowels, the plain vowel-tones as in Italian, with none of the vanishes as in English speech. He has a kind of diagram of these, which he uses for his pupils. The middle one is *a* as in *father*, shaped like an eye. Above it and lenticular in shape is *e* as in *eight*; still slimmer and flatter horizontally is *i* as in *machine*. Below the *a* is *o* as in *hope*, a circle; and *u* as in *rude*, an egg standing on end. Later, the so-called "short vowels" are marked in the diagram in their proper relationships. The consonants are divided up into their scheme of vocalized and non-vocalized, etc. Speaking of the so-called "Italian *a*," Mr. White said that he believed the Italians pronounced it farther back than Americans.

"Notice how hard the American *a* sounds. It is in the hard palate of the mouth. Our *ee* is sharp and nasal, too. It seems to me the Italians

carry their vowels farther back in the mouth.

"The Germans have a distinctive way of making their vowels far back and this, with their Teutonic intensity, gives rise to what we call the 'German school of singing.' So far as I am able to find out, the German teachers all work on the Italian lines, but the language is responsible for the school of singing called 'German.'

"The Italian language, however, does not of itself make a good singer. I think the worst specimen on earth is a bad Italian singer, with his blatant voice and his tremolo."

"You said a little while ago that singing-pupils all used to go to Italy when the best singers came from there, and that now they are going to Paris. Prophecy unto us, if you are able from two points thus to deduce the direction of the course of musical empire."

"Unless I am much in the wrong, fifty years from now, America will be the musical centre of the world. There will be American opera in every city."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, for one thing, the success of the Castle Square Opera-Company. They ran for several years in Boston.

The leading singers were not very fine, it is true, but the chorus was excellent, the orchestra was good and the ensemble was musically satisfying. The mistake was in making it too cheap. It was all well enough to be popular and to charge only fifty and twenty-five cents, but it costs money to put on a new piece every week with a 'complete change of scenery and costumes.' They charge \$1 in New York for the best seats, do they? Well, that is wise. When ordinary comic-opera prices are \$1.50 for a production that is sung all season without any additional outlay, surely there ought not to be such a great difference made to the disadvantage of grand opera in English.

"With the success of opera in English will come opportunities to American composers to do serious work in dramatic music. Then, too, it seems likely that great European teachers will follow the lead of the great singers, especially when they learn of the prices paid for lessons over here. They are not able to make more than \$2 a lesson on the Continent, but they will want to have some of the \$5 for half an hour and even \$10 for half an hour that first-class teachers get here."

The Relation of Psychic States to Expression.

By O. L. LYON.

[Paper read before the State Teachers' Association of Oratory at Detroit.]

THE relation of the psychic state to expression is that of cause and effect. That expression is but a manifestation of the processes of thinking is a theory now receiving more and more consideration in our schools of oratory. It is becoming the determining principle in teaching expression. The intellectual, emotional, and æsthetic conditions are

first brought about and then expression follows easily.

In the past there has been too great a tendency to sunder the vital and organic union existing between delivery and the mental states of the speaker. Thus, the very source of power has been cut off. This is perhaps too much the case at present and is, no doubt, the chief reason

why the art receives so little consideration in our educational institutions.

Expression is a sensible representation of the activities of the soul-life. These mental processes call to their aid the physical means of expression, voice and action, and thus they are communicated to others through the ear and the eye. Now when the mental processes are adequately expressed, we have true expression. If there is no friction, it is beautiful. If the means are perfectly adapted to the expression of the thought, and the emotion, the result is artistic; for it combines the true, the good and the beautiful. Inadequate expression results from weak mental effort. The same may be said of friction usually witnessed in expression. There is such a jarring between the thought and the means of expression that we pronounce the effort inartistic. The weak mental effort does not select suitable means for the rendering of the particular thought or emotion. If the mother loses her darling babe the mental conditions are adequate to the demonstration usual on such occasions. But why can not there be the same naturalness manifested by the reader of "Baby Belle?" The weakness is in the mental condition. The emotion is lame and hence the expression is limping. If the reader would meditate on the scene long enough to live it actually, the expression would be adequate. The difficulty with beginners, and even with most persons working in elocution and oratory, is that they do not realize *how much* mental work is necessary to artistic expression.

But we must recognize the difference between the thought to be expressed and the physical means by which it is expressed. Just how mental energy excites physical energy no one can tell, for no one knows. Yet that one acts upon the other is a recognized fact. The mind by careful

exercise may attain almost complete control over the physical agents.

That expression results from mental conditions is corroborated by the words and expressions of the greatest orators and thinkers. Socrates says: "Every man is sufficiently eloquent in that which he understands." We hear Prof. Lewis B. Monroe saying: "When your thought and purpose so thoroughly mold your expression that the latter perfectly reveals the former, your art is faultless." Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, Webster, and Pitt were men of penetrating insight,—men who know how to plant conviction in the reason and to persuade to action through an appeal to the emotions. A careful thought-analysis of the great orations of these men will make the student sensitively conscious of the immense investigation and thought necessary before there can be living, world-moving productions. Sometimes these orators worked a score of years on the same subject. Such preparation inspired them with great confidence, and they flung themselves like an avalanche on their opponents. Daniel Webster, in his reply to Hayne, had studied the fundamentals of the question all his life. The senate was in consternation after Hayne had, Titan-like, launched his mountains of evidence at the heads of the gods. Could some Jove be found to hurl back the thunderbolts? Webster tells us that he slept quietly that night and the next morning began his reply. He said the air seemed to be filled with lightnings and all he had to do was to reach out, draw them in, and speed them at his antagonist.

That thought and emotion are regnant in expression is shown by the familiar fact that expression reveals to the audience the ruling state of the speaker's mind at the time. If there is a struggle to remember, expression shows it painfully. If the speaker is cognizant of himself, ex-

pression tells the tale unmistakably to the audience. If the central idea to be set forth by the speaker is dominant and there is a burning desire to accomplish his ambition, the delivery will be energized just in proportion as such an idea rules. This idea gives life to the delivery. Earnestness beams from the countenance. Proper feelings stir the soul. The speaker seems to be aglow even to his finger-tips. Such emotion gives animation to the delivery, determining every tone, inflection and gesture. The speaker directly addresses his audience and secures attention and sympathy by the catching warmth of his own personality. It is then that he magnetizes, if such is possible with him. He is so full of his subject that he seems overflowing with it.

If, on the other hand, these necessary mental conditions for good expression are lacking, he can not speak with effect. If he is pessimistic, this will color his speaking. If his thoughts are sluggish, his delivery will be labored. There will be a lack of earnestness and more or less lack of direct address. This will be attended with inattention and the audience will be unsympathetic and cold.

Students of expression usually desire a substitute for vigorous thinking on their own part. They come to the study of expression, supposing it to be an elective and a "snap." They are sometimes taught that mere tricks of rhetoric, a good voice, a graceful action, or some mechanical method that the teacher can give, will unlock all the difficulties of expression. But where is there such an instance? Elocution is frequently rendered distasteful to educators because of the shallowness fostered in teaching it. An effect is sought without supplying the true cause, which is thought. Fine rhetoric, a good voice and graceful action are

very desirable but even they produce results most quickly when the proper mental conditions are all the time kept paramount in the training. While these qualities are indispensable to the orator, yet he must have the even greater qualities of love of truth and a strong character. These are the results of earnest thought and a profound life.

The Grand Old Man of England took into his life more truth than any other Englishman. His character was colossal. He spoke to the common people like the oracles of old. The *world* heard him and was roused by his convictions. There was no trick in his oratory. No truth had become incarnate in a great being and was simply finding its way to the people through this avenue. The people were moved by the grandeur of his character, and the force of his arguments. So Lincoln, Clay, and Webster, with their nobility of character, their profoundness of research, their depth of insight and their happy faculty of clothing their thoughts in the richest vestures of imagination and reason, stood like colossi before the world as expositors of the truth. Was it not the *man* in all these cases, his great and inspiring character, his convictions of the great truths that had taken hold on his very being, that made the orator? So it has been with all truly great orators. Wherever any lasting good has come from speaking, it has resulted from the great life back of the expression which flowed out so irresistibly.

This fact should sink deep into the heart of every aspiring orator in the land to-day. It is idle to think of being a great speaker without a great soul, profoundly reverent of truth and its *living out*. His convictions must be as firm as steel. He must hold them with the same tenacity that he holds to life.

Why can not oratory be so taught that it may have a name and a

place among disciplinary studies and not be considered merely an embellishment? Students spend several years consecutively on some language or required study, but give only the scattered scintillations of their energy to the greatest of all arts; yet they sometimes expect to master the subject by such meagre efforts. As a rule, there is no *must* behind the work, and in addition, it has too frequently been robbed of its attractiveness by false representations, which usually arise from misunderstandings. If teachers over all the

land would clear away the groundless opinions and approach the subject from the thought-side, it might attain its true place in the scheme of man's complete development. Thought is one hemisphere of man's universe; its adequate expression, the other. The student must realize what is good work. He must see that it is only by deepening and by widening his apperceptive power, and, consequently, rendering more vivid his mental states, that he is to attain to any *real* excellence in this great art.

The Fundamentals of Elocution.

BY ALEXANDER MELVILLE BELL.

[Paper read at the convention of the National Association of Elocutionists, June 29, 1899.]

I HAVE done nothing in the way of oral teaching in this country. My work of this kind was accomplished on the other side of the ocean, where it began in 1843, and finished in 1870. My interest in our subject, however, is still strong, and, I may add, disinterested. I can appreciate the efforts of all workers, while I am myself the rival of none. Since you did me the honor, some years ago, to elect me an honorary member of this Association, I have done my little best to merit your kindness by contributing, from time to time, short papers on topics of professional interest, which have been mailed to all the members. This—the first of my little homilies to be delivered by word of mouth—will probably be the last of the series. Who knows?

Elocution is an art; hence its practice is more important than its theory. A good practical elocutionist may have little knowledge of the theory of expression, for his practice may be instinctive only; but a conscious application of theory, in practice, can not fail to improve delivery under any circumstances.

The requirements of elocution are:

First, that the speaker should be heard, without effort on the hearers' part; second, that the utterance of words and syllables should be distinct and unambiguous; and third, that vocal expression should be in sympathy with the subject. In common practice we find that these requirements are conspicuously wanting. Speakers are not heard without a painful degree of attention on the part of the hearers; the utterance is jerky and unsustained; the voice is smothered, instead of being thrown out to reach the most distant hearer; and the sympathetic quality of the voice is lost in monotony,—time, force, and tone being equally unvaried. These fundamentals of elocution are thus its most neglected elements. I am afraid that I shall exemplify the faults that I denounce, rather than the excellences that I would describe; for age relaxes the control of the muscles of phonation and articulation, as well as of the more ponderous physical agencies. I trust, however, to your consideration for natural infirmities.

I am led to make the fundamentals of elocution the subject of my brief remarks because of the prominence into which bad elocution is forced by the majority of ordinary speakers. This National Association can not be held responsible for such shortcomings, which antedate its own existence, but it will become responsible for future generations of speakers, if it does not take effective measures for the removal of prevailing defects.

The difference between mumbling speech and oratorical speech should be taught even to common school children, and it should never be lost sight of in the whole course of education. Mumbling speech is the common conversational style, which is *quite unfit for public address*. Its chief characteristic is the slurring of syllables, intelligible enough to a near-by listener, but full of ambiguity to one who is a few feet away. Nine-tenths of all the speakers whom we hear on platforms and in lecture-rooms use only mumbling speech. Now, the members of this Association can, by example as well as by precept, powerfully though indirectly, influence this large class of ineffectives. Of course, with direct teaching, this class would disappear, for it is only a product of negligence, and is limited to those who have passed the normal time for instruction and are unconscious of their need of it. The material you have to deal with in your teaching is of a very different kind. The first effect of your instruction is generally to make the pupil conscious of his defects. Your students are therefore enlightened as to their condition, and they see, or are made to see, definite lines of culture by which they are to reach improvement. One must have an object to aim at, and proper instruction furnishes that object. It may be now flexibility and expressiveness of voice; now, vigor and clearness of utterance;

now, the management of the breath; and now, grace of attitude and action. The laws of each department must be mastered in their practical application.

We all acquired the trick of speech by mere imitation in childhood, and we were at that period better elocutionists than we ever become at a later time. The little speaker expresses his feelings without restraint under the impulse of oratorical instinct and we apprehend his meaning by untaught sympathy. Most of us retain this natural appreciation of elocution, although we lose the power of spontaneous execution that the child possesses. Here, then, is a lesson for us, as teachers. Let the theory—the guiding principle of expression—be a matter of feeling, and then the practical outcome will be effective and spontaneous. We must feel what we say in order to express it naturally. I do not know that there is anything in what I have said, or can say, that should call for your special attention. The topics will all be commonplaces to you. I have elsewhere developed the principles that I conceive should govern the teaching of our subject, and with these you are probably as familiar as I am. Thus, I do not profess to teach you anything. My object is simply to emphasize the importance of what I have called the fundamentals of elocution. Nature has not given all of us a loud, sonorous voice, but intensity of sound is not the great desideratum; clearness is the quality that gives the highest carrying power, and precision of articulation is superior to force. One of the best speakers I ever heard was a lady whose voice had no more than the average feminine power but whose articulation was so charmingly distinct that every syllable was audible at the farthest limit of the hall. This lady, of course, used the oratorical method of speech—or, *speaking out*—which

all persons should always practice in public address.

One who reads by the eye does not require to speak at all, because he reads only for his own information. Occasionally he may murmur the sound of speech to impress the language more strongly on his apprehension; but such speech is designed merely for the speaker himself and its employment where a hearer is concerned is useless and tantalizing. Between murmur and fully vocalized speech there are many degrees, but in all of them the speaker must realize that he speaks for the information of his hearers, and he will best serve that object by careful delivery of every word and syllable.

Speech for the information of others is oratorical speech, the only variety that is professedly taught, although so little practiced. The prevalence of mumbling speech instead of oratorical speech is a painful peculiarity of our most learned speakers. Ordinarily this would be a sign of diffidence; and that feeling may have much to do with the fact. But no better reason than this fact could be urged for the study of elocution, before students have obtained the honors of leaders in science or in art.

We could hardly fancy a feeling of diffidence governing the description of an invention or discovery by its author. He of all men is generally the most confident, and he is sorely handicapped by inability to expound and to commend his invention by word of mouth.

I have in mind one of the leaders in the scientific world, whom I recently heard describing an invention of his, while he poised his weight aimlessly from foot to foot, and wriggled his shoulders and his hands from side to side, and hummed and hawed and hesitated in his language. What a loss was there for the science of expression and the art of elocution!

As to the practical steps that could be taken by this Association, I think the chief should be to recognize excellence in the fundamentals of elocution as the quality most worthy of honorable distinction; in fact, subordinating to that all other sources of merit, because superiority in this respect sets example to the hearers, and at the same time fulfils the end of public address. Let us no longer applaud volubility and vociferation, but commend thoughtful clearness and precision of utterance as the first quality of elocution.

The theory of expression is well worthy of study for the direction of elocutionary practice, and the practice of elocution should be the application of the theory. But in most cases this theory resolves itself into mere axioms of common sense, which need but little more than apprehension. There is abundant scope for taste and skill in the adjustment of the lights and shades of expression to varieties of thought; but I do not speak of these matters now, they belong to the classroom.

I see but the one crying evil of practical inefficiency, which defeats the very object of public speaking by want of intelligibility.

I must take this opportunity to express my gratification at reading so many fine examples of chastened vigor of expression among the speakers at these conventions. But you are all masters—from whom much is expected. I regret that I have not been able hitherto to profit by your annual assemblies; but I rejoice that, before the opportunity is lost to me forever, I have for once had the privilege of meeting so many of my professional brethren and sisters on this side of the Atlantic. In our special field of work you are leading the English-speaking world. There is no corresponding association to this to be found in Great Britain, although the necessity for it is not

less there than here. There is no doubt that your influence is extending throughout all sections of this vast country. That influence is for the refinement of our national speech—an object surely worthy of the highest effort. May that object be more and more attained by every

year's convention, and so give example to the mother country, and to all the lands of Great Britain, as well as to our own United States and territories,—east, west, north, and south,—one commonwealth!

Permit me, in conclusion, to bid you all a hopeful farewell.

Elocution and American Citizenship.

BY ELIZABETH MANSFIELD IRVING.

[Extracts from a paper read at the annual meeting of the Ohio State Association of Elocutionists.]

HOW important it is that the baby when it opens its eyes to the world should see pleasant sights and hear pleasant sounds! From the common conversation of the day to the mother's lullaby at nightfall none but harmonious sounds should greet the baby ear. Elocution is one of the most effective means for training the moral side of the child. If he is taught the kinds of thought that produce the pure voice, and that it is the legitimate expression of good being and thinking, he will be better able to hold to the good and reject the evil. I believe that elocution has its place in the kindergarten, where the children should be taught to use pleasant, spirited voices in all their songs and games.

It is within the province of the teacher of elocution to influence largely the whole life of the pupil by the character of the selections from literature placed before him. Is it to be wondered at that we have the ill-shaped men and women all around us, more dwarfed and distorted in their mentality and in their conscience than in their bodies, when we remember that for generations past the baby minds and eyes have fed on such literature as "Jack the Giant-Killer," with its "Fe! Fo! Fi! Fum! I smell the blood of an Eng-

lishman," and many others with which we all have been too familiar. Purity of thought and love for our fellow-man can not come from such literature or the pictures accompanying them. Sound elocutionary teaching seeks to elevate the daily thinking of the pupil and to make him better not only mentally and physically, but morally.

The sooner we rid ourselves of idealizing and theorizing about elocution and set about making our pupils do the actual work of pronouncing and articulating in order that they may have correct pronunciation and enunciation the better for them; and the sooner we teach them by daily drill to assume readily the different forms the voice and the body naturally assume under different circumstances the better for the expression of thought.

Elocution in its true character is not something outside of and away from the practical, which, as you seek to analyze its purpose, vanishes like the witches of Macbeth.

Our aim should be to give inspiration and strength to the head to equip and to direct the hand for productive work. The great demand is for teachers who will bring us face to face with men and with objects, that we may see them as they are. Definiteness of voice, definiteness of

gesture and definiteness of facial expression and bodily attitude are the requirements of the age. The teacher that is the best drill-master is the one that succeeds best.

The great majority, who must make their living by the sweat of their brow, need elocution. They need it to help them to talk better, to represent their wares or their trades better. Let people articulate and enunciate correctly and they have gained an upward step in citizenship.

It has been said that books and newspapers are to take the place of the living voice. This can never be. The world is growing rich in the power of its written words; the newspapers and the magazines are among the marvels of the age; but where can you find a force equal to the human voice. The speeches of Webster and of Phillips, in all their choice of words, are dead things compared with the life breathed into them by the living man.

To the teacher of elocution belongs the greatest function any teacher is capable of exercising, for it helps to evolve character; it trains every part of the man,—the perceptive faculties, the imagination, the emotions, grace of body, the expression of eye and of voice, the reason, tact, the sense of right and wrong. All these belong to the great molding power of elocution for a nobler citizenship. Who shall say that children and youth so trained will not go to their daily

labor with a larger appreciation of life, a larger appreciation of the liberty we enjoy in this country.

It has been said: "Show me the songs of a people and I will define that people." We listen for those sounds across the water, and our interest is awakened by the stirring notes of the *Marsellaise*, the Russian National Hymn, the Austrian Hymn, "God, Save the Queen," "The Watch on the Rhine," "Killarney," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Annie Laurie;" but these are not filled with the great spirit of patriotic citizenship that swells from our "America," "The Battle-Hymn of the Republic," "Rally round the Flag," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Home, Sweet Home."

If the character of a nation can be judged by its songs, how much more true is this of its oratory; for the great speeches of our greatest orators are inseparable from our country's history. They were the products of the great occasions that marked the epochs in the struggle for the life and the liberty of a free Christian people. Let us teach the children to sing our songs; they will help us to rise above the cares and tumults of life. Let us teach them, also, that it needs the development of the whole man to make a man and let the cultivation of the voice and of gesture be a part of the great future system of the education of the American citizen.

IT is not sufficient for a singer at the opera to be an excellent singer, without being a good actor; his feet, look, and gesture should at all times accord with the music, without even the appearance of his thinking of it; he should interest even when silent; and, although occupied with a difficult part, should he but for a moment forget the personage for that of the singer. He is no longer an actor, but a musician upon the stage.—*Rousseau*.

Parlor. Platform, School and Stage.

In this department will be found suggestions for entertainments, sociables, parties, etc.; suggestive programs for special occasions; suggestive special day essays; quotations for timely occasions; selections for recitation and declamation; orations; great speeches; suggestive evenings with authors and composers; chats on the ethics and aesthetics of presentation, on conversation as an art, on public speaking, on oratory, on recitation and declamation, on how to make-up, etc.

I.

THE DEATH OF MARMION.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FROM Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd
The Till by Twisel Bridge.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing;
Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high:
"Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
And see ascending squadrons come
Between Tweed's river and the hill,
Foot, horse, and cannon,—hap what hap,
My basnet to a prence cap,
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!
Yet more! yet more!—how far array'd
They file from out the hawthorn shade,
And sweep so gallant by;
With all their banners bravely spread,

And all their armor flashing high,
St. George might waken from the dead,
To see fair England's standards fly."
With kindling brow, Lord Marmion said:
"This instant be our band array'd;
The river must be quickly cross'd,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host."
Himself he swift on horseback threw,
Down to the Tweed his band he drew,
And dashing through the battle plain,
His way to Surrey took.
"The good Lord Marmion, by my life!
Welcome to danger's hour!
Short greeting serves in time of strife!
Thus have I ranged my power:
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,
My sons command the vaward post,
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight,
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Shall be in rear-ward of the fight,
And succor those that need it most.
Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
Would gladly to the vanguard go;
Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,
With thee their charge will blithely share;
There fight thine own retainers, too,
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."
"Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said.
Nor further greeting there he paid,
But, parting like a thunderbolt,
First in the vanguard made a halt,
Where such a shout there rose
Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry,
Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

And sudden as they spoke,
 From the sharp ridges of the hill,
 All downward to the banks of Till,
 Was wreathed in sable smoke.
 Volumned and fast, and rolling far,
 The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
 As down the hill they broke;
 Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
 Announced their march; their tread alone,
 At times one warning trumpet blown,
 At times a stifled hum,
 Told England, from his mountain-throne,
 King James did rushing come.
 Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
 Until at weapon-point they close.
 They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
 With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
 And such a yell was there,
 Of sudden and portentous birth,
 As if men fought upon the earth,
 And fiends in upper air.

At length the freshening western blast
 Aside the shroud of battle cast;
 And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
 Above the brightening cloud appears;
 And in the smoke the pennons flew,
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.
 Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
 The broken billows of the war,
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
 Floating like foam upon the wave;
 But nought distinct they see.
 Wide raged the battle on the plain;
 Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain;
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
 Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,
 Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high
 They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly,
 And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
 And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
 Still bear them bravely in the fight:
 Although against them come,
 Of gallant Gordons many a one,
 And many a stubborn Highlander,
 And many a rugged Border clan,
 With Huntly, and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
 Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
 Though there the western mountaineer
 Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,
 And flung the feeble targe aside,
 And with both hands the broadsword plied.
 'Twas vain. But Fortune, on the right,
 With fickle smile, cheer'd Sootland's fight.
 Then fell that spotless banner white,
 The Howard's lion fell;
 Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
 Around the battle-yell.
 The Border slogan rent the sky!

"A Home! A Gordon!" was the cry.
 Loud were the clanging blows;
 Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now
 high.

The pennon sunk and rose;
 As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
 When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
 It waver'd 'mid the foes.

At dusk straight up the hill there rode
 Two horsemen drench'd with gore,
 And in their arms, a helpless load,
 A wounded knight they bore.
 His hand still strain'd the broken brand;
 His arms were smear'd with blood and sand.
 Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
 With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
 The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
 Can that be haughty Marmion!
 Young Blount his armor did unlace,
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,

Said: "By St. George, he's gone!
 That spear-wound has our master sped,—
 And see the deep cut on his head!

Good night to Marmion."
 "Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease,
 He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
 "Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace
 where?

Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
 Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
 Cry: 'Marmion to the rescue!' Vain!
 Last of my race, on battle plain
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
 Yet my last thought is England's—fly,
 To Dacre bear my signet-ring;
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
 His life blood stains the spotless shield;
 Edmund is down;—my life is left;
 The Admiral alone is left.
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
 Full upon Scotland's central host,
 Or victory and England's lost.
 Must I bid twice? Hence, varlets! fly!
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
 They parted, and alone he lay.

The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
 And "Stanley!" was the cry.
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye;
 With dying hand, above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory!
 Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

II.

CASEY'S TABLE D'HOTE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

OH, them days on Red Hoss Mountain,
 when the skies wuz fair 'nd blue,
 When the money flowed like likker 'nd the
 folks wuz brave 'nd true!
 When the nights wuz crisp and balmy, 'nd
 the camp wuz all astir,
 With the joints all throwed wide open 'nd
 no sheriff to demur!
 Oh, them times on Red Hoss Mountain in
 the Rockies fur away—
 There's no sich place nor times like them as
 I can find to-day!
 What though the camp hez busted! I seem
 to see it still,
 A-lyin', like it loved it, on that big 'nd
 warty hill;
 'Nd I feel a sort of yearnin' 'nd a chokin'
 in my throat
 When I think of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd of
 Casey's table dote!

This Casey was an Irishman—you'd know
 it by his name
 'Nd by the facial features appertainin' to
 the same.
 He'd lived in many places 'nd had done a
 thousand things,
 From the noble art of actin' to the work of
 dealin' kings;
 But, somehow, hadn't caught on; so, drift-
 in' with the rest,
 He drifted for a fortune to the undeveloped
 West,
 'Nd he come to Red Hoss Mountain when
 the little camp wuz new,
 When the money flowed like likker 'nd the
 folks wuz brave 'nd true;
 'Nd, havin' been a steward on a Mississippi
 boat,
 He opened up a caffy 'nd he run a table
 dote!

The bar wuz long 'nd rangey, with a mirror
 on the shelf,
 'Nd a pistol, so that Casey, when required,
 could help himself.
 Down underneath there wuz a row of bot-
 tled beer 'nd wine,
 'Nd a kag of Bourbon whiskey of the rum of
 '59;
 Upon the walls wuz pictures of hosses 'nd
 of girls—
 Not much on dress, perhaps, but strong on
 records 'nd on curls!
 The which had been identified with Casey
 in the past—
 The hosses 'nd the girls I mean—'nd both
 wuz mighty fast!

But all these fine attractions wuz of precious
 little note
 By the side of what wuz offered at Casey's
 table dote!

A table dote is different from orderin'
 aller cart;
 In one case you get all there is, in t' other
 only part!
 'Nd Casey's table dote began in French—
 as all begin—
 'Nd Casey's ended with the same, which is
 to say with "vin;"
 But in between wuz every kind of reptile,
 bird 'nd beast,
 The same like you can git in high-toned
 restauraws down East;
 'Nd windin' up wuz cake or pie, with coffee
 demy tass,
 Or, sometimes, floatin' Ireland in a sooth-
 in' kind of sass
 That left a sort of pleasant ticklin' in a fel-
 lar's throat,
 'Nd made him hanker after more of Casey's
 table dote!

The very recollection of them puddin's 'nd
 them pies
 Brings a yearnin' to my buzzom 'nd the
 water to my eyes;
 'Nd seems like cookin' nowadays ain't what
 it us to be
 In camp on Red Hoss Mountain in that
 year of '63.
 But, may be, it is better, 'nd may be I'm to
 blame—
 I'd like to be a-livin' in the mountains jest
 the same.
 I'd like to live that life again, when skies
 wuz fair 'nd blue,
 When things wuz run wide open 'an men
 wuz brave 'nd true;
 When brawny arms the flinty ribs of Red
 Hoss Mountain smote
 For wherewithal to pay the price of Casey's
 table dote.

III.

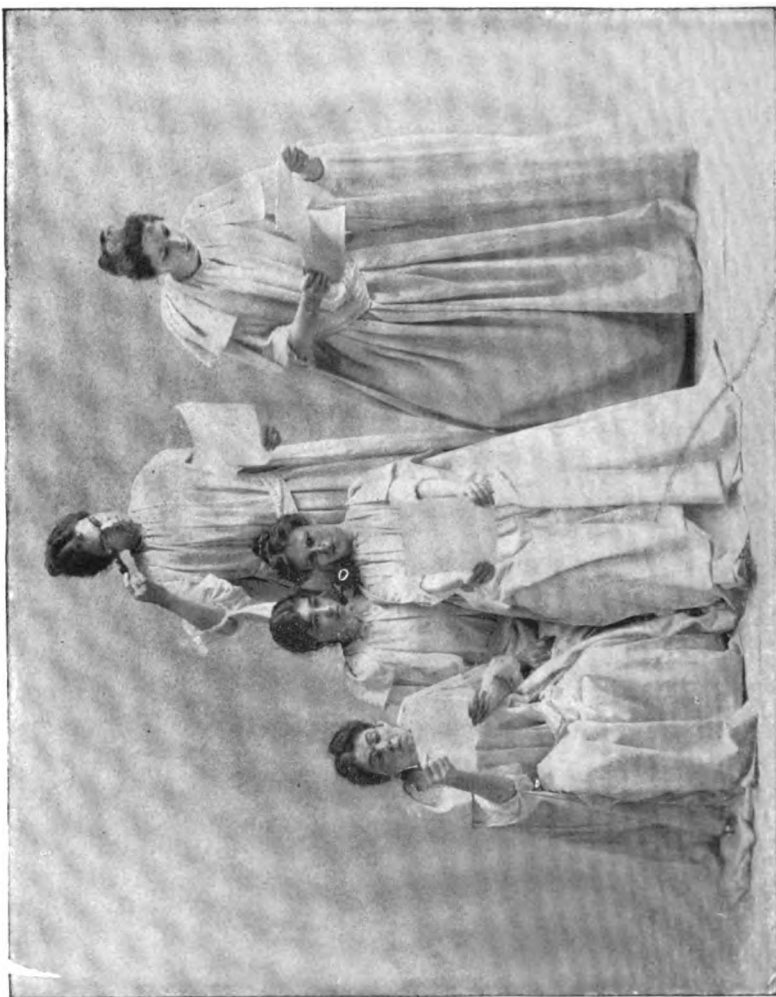
AN ESSAY ON MAN.

RECENTLY a six-year-old pupil in one
 of the public schools was told to write
 an essay on "Man." The following was
 the result:

"Man is a queer animal. He has eyes, ears,
 mouth and nose. His eyes is to get dust in;
 his ears to get the earache in; his mouth is to
 hatch teeth in; and his nose is to get the
 sniffles in. A man's body is split half way
 up, and he walks on the split end. The fe-
 male man is called a woman."



DEBORAH'S SONG OF TRIUMPH
Designed and Arranged by Elizabeth Flower Willis



READING THE NEWSPAPER
Designed and Arranged by Elizabeth Flower Willis



HUMOROUS INTELLIGENCE
Designed and Arranged by Elizabeth Flower Willis



FALL OF BABYLON

Designed and Arranged by Elizabeth Flower Willis

IV.

... Pantomime of ...

“Old Folks at Home, or S’wanee River.”

BY FANNY A. MYERS.





Directions for Pantomiming "Old Folks at Home, or S'wanee River."

CHARACTERS: Any number of girls.

COSTUMES: White or as a colored child would be dressed, face and hands stained black or blackened with burnt cork.

STAGE: Brightly lighted. If scenery is possible, a Southern cabin home represented as a background, trees, etc.

MUSIC: Quartet of male voices behind the scenes to sing the words to soft banjo accompaniment.

TABLEAU: Finish with a tableau of the last position.

NOTE: The mark over one word of each line or group of lines indicates the word on which the pantomimic action is to stop and the position be held for an instant.

"Way down upon the S'wānēe rībber."

Fig. 1. Right foot forward, strong; right hand indicative, oblique ascending; left hand hanging at left side, front; head inclined to right oblique; eyes follow hand.

"Far, far away."

Fig. 2. Right foot forward, strong; right hand prone, oblique ascending; left hand hanging at left side; head right oblique; eyes looking far away.

"Dar's where my heart is turning ebbber."

Fig. 3. Right foot forward, strong; both hands on heart; head right oblique, dropped; eyes looking off toward right.

"Dar's where de ol̄d folks stay."

Fig. 4. Right foot forward, strong; left hand on heart; right hand indicative, oblique ascending; head right oblique, slightly drooping; eyes looking in direction of right hand.

"All up and down de whole creation."

Fig. 5. Right foot forward, strong; right hand prone, descending oblique; left hand prone, descending oblique; head

front, drooping slightly to left; eyes looking from right to left.

"Sādly I roam."

Fig. 6. Left foot back, strong; both hands clasped front, descending; head dropped on chest; eyes looking down.

"Still longīng for de old plantation."

Fig. 1. Left foot back, strong; right hand supine, oblique ascending; head right oblique and raised; eyes looking in direction of right hand.

"And for de old folks at home."

Fig. 4. Left foot back, strong; right hand supine, oblique ascending; left hand on heart; head right oblique, slightly drooping toward right shoulder; eyes looking in direction of right hand.

Chorus: *"All de world."*

Fig. 5. Left foot back, strong; right hand prone, oblique descending; left hand prone, oblique descending; head bending slightly to the left; eyes looking up from right to left.

*"Am sad and dreary,
Ebery where I roam."*

Fig. 6. Left foot back, strong; both hands clasped front, descending; head dropped on chest; eyes looking down at hands.

"Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary."

Fig. 4. Left foot back, strong; right hand supine, oblique ascending; left hand placed on heart at the word "heart;" head right oblique, slightly drooping toward right shoulder; eyes looking in direction of right hand.

"Far from the old folks at home."

Fig. 7. Right foot forward, strong; right hand prone, oblique ascending; left hand on heart; head dropped low on chest; eyes looking down at right foot.

"All round de little farm I wandered."

Fig. 5. Left foot back, strong; right hand prone, oblique descending; left hand prone, oblique descending; head dropped slightly toward left shoulder; eyes front.

"When I was young."

Fig. 8. Right foot forward, strong; left foot back, slightly raised at the heel; right hand supine, oblique descending; left hand supine, oblique descending; head raised; eyes front; expression of thought.

*"Den many happy days I squandered—
Many de songs I sung."*

Fig. 9. Right foot forward, strong; left foot back, slightly raised at the heel; hands clasped in front at right shoulder; head inclined to right oblique; eyes looking toward right.

"When I was playing wid my brudder."

Fig. 10. Left foot back, strong; right hand right oblique, ascending; left hand hanging at left side, front; head inclined right oblique; eyes looking where right hand points.

"Happy was I."

Fig. 9. Right foot forward, strong; hands clasped on chest at right shoulder, head inclined to right oblique; eyes looking toward the right.

*"Oh, take me to my kind old mudder,
Dar let me live and die."*

Fig. 4. Right foot forward, strong; right hand right oblique, ascending; left hand on heart; head slightly drooping toward right shoulder; eyes following right hand.

Chorus: Repeat as before described.

"One little hut among de bushes."

Fig. 10. Left foot back, strong; right hand forward, oblique indicative; left hand hanging at left side, front; head right oblique; eyes following right hand.

"One dat I love."

Fig. 9. Left foot back, strong; hands clasped on chest near right shoulder; head inclined right oblique; eyes looking toward the right.

*"Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove."*

Fig. 11. Left foot back, strong; left hand near top of head at left side of head; right hand hanging at right side, front; head drooped on chest; eyes looking down toward left foot.

*"When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb."*

Fig. 12. Right foot forward, strong; right hand shading eyes; left hand hanging at left side; head and body leaning slightly forward; eyes looking far away.

*"When will I hear de banjo trumming
Down in my good old home."*

Fig. 13. Left foot back, strong; hands in position for playing banjo; head dropped toward banjo; eyes looking toward right front.

Repeat chorus as before described. While musicians sing very softly to represent an echo, repeat the chorus, thus:

Fig. 14. Kneel on left knee; hands clasped left oblique on left knee; head dropped low on chest; eyes looking down toward belt. On the lines "Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary," etc. (Fig. 15), still kneel; hands supine, right oblique ascending; head slightly raised; eyes right and up; attitude of appeal.

V.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

BY LEON C. MARSHALL.

[Prize oration at the second annual contest of the Central Oratorical League, at Ithaca, N. Y., May 19.]

GREAT characters are at once creations and creators of mighty epochs. A nation's need of pure political life, the necessity of arousing a people's dormant might, the opportunity of a race to mold the history of the world,—such a crisis calls forth the leader whose own towering personality guarantees the wider destinies of mankind. The lesson of history is ever the same. In the midst of mediæval anarchy, Charlemagne set the example of centralized government. In our own formative period, Washington's resplendent statesmanship made permanent the gains of revolution. So in the fateful eighteenth century, when to the English people came the opportunity to belt the globe with civilization, there arose as a guiding-star for the Anglo-Saxon race, the reformer, the leader, the political prophet, William Pitt.

Chatham illustrates a new departure in the ethics of statesmanship. Although a nation's life is ever imperiled more by the corruption of leaders than by mistaken policies, in the time of the elder Pitt England had this lesson still to learn. Gambling had become a profession; vice prevailed; and intemperance was the passport to society. Nor was this the limit, for private impurities found their logical result in public depravity. With bribery a creed, with corruption regnant, the morals not only of the people, but of the kingdom as well, had degenerated; and Chesterfield's despairing cry: "We are no longer a nation," was passing from prophecy into history. But the hour brought forth the man. William Pitt, clothed with the energy, the wisdom, the integrity of a second Cromwell, presented nobler ideals for society and for nation. By his own magnetic personality, he lifted the English people from the depths of degradation to loftier

conceptions of morality. Through an awakened public sentiment, he guaranteed that higher type of public purity essential to England's life.

Entering the administration, Pitt faces another and not less serious problem. Although English spirit has ever clung to the love of freedom, although the struggles of the seventeenth century obtained civil and religious liberty, the inevitable reaction from party strife had furthered the evils of benevolent despotism. Royal selfishness became a menace to freedom, and the fate of popular government trembled in the balance. In this crisis, despite the sneers of Walpole, despite the pressure from the throne, in William Pitt was found the leader who dared protest against the substitution of crown favorites for a ministry from the people. Realizing that liberty in its highest sense is bound up with democracy, he became truly the minister given by the people to the king; and the splendid achievements of Canning, Peel, and Gladstone are but transcripts of this original embodiment of purity and democracy.

But it was not merely by internal dangers that English institutions were threatened. A world movement was slowly starting; and the Seven Years' War was to decide once for all, not merely supremacy in Europe, but the leadership of the race. France, though steeped in public and in private immorality, though drunk with the splendid egotism of Louis XIV., was threatening the conquest of the world; and French ardor, blushing with shame at thought of Blenheim, inspired by the genius of Dupleix and Montcalm, was swiftly and steadily rushing to victory. But English valor seemed forgotten. The spell of Newcastle and his adherents held the nation in a lethargy of indifference. Was, then, England's foreign power to vanish from the earth? Were those principles of freedom, order, and justice, purchased by Saxon blood, to be restricted to a petty island? Was the despotism of France to sway the future of mankind? Behold again the leader, Pitt! Like a trumpet peal, his voice roused his countrymen, and his resistless energy filled the nation with new life. An Alexander in organizing capacity, out of the seamanship of Hawkes, the strategy of Wolfe, and the fearless energy of Clive, his practical wisdom created a new, a victorious, soldiery. The English cannon at Plassey, at Rossbach, and Quebec, dispelled the dream of French world-empire, and forever established the preeminence of England. France was doomed to political decay. On the Saxon was bestowed the heritage of the world, and the expansion of England, territorially and politically, was an established fact.

This is Pitt, the conqueror of France, the deliverer of England, the chief exponent of Saxon advancement. But the quality of his statesmanship excelled the greatness of his conquests. His policy of expansion has resulted not merely in the aggrandizement of England; it has disseminated justice, fostered democracy, uplifted mankind. Firm to check the growth of French colonization, his triumphant banners at Plassey revealed to astonished India the might of English institutions. Behold, then, an empire at once pupil and teacher of western nations becoming the seat of a new civilization! Behold a people that had drunk deep of the opiate of heathen superstition, flocking into the fold of the Judean Martyr! Uncounted millions in the heart of Asia throw off the shackles of ignorance, and out of anarchy and bitter confusion there slowly emerges the systematic order of English and Christian rule.

Furthermore, the policy of Pitt has been the molding power of American history. The gloomy morn on Abraham's Heights gave to the Anglo-Saxon calendar a new day for reckoning progress; and the rising sun, bursting through the mists of the Atlantic, beheld a second Britain, as sturdy, as progressive, as the first. With the widening empire went the clearer vision of the great leader. When the grasping policy of incapable successors drove the American colonists to arms, Pitt's prophetic soul caught glimpses of the kingdom of the common people, and his clarion voice rang out for colonial freedom as well as for liberty at home. Separation came; but the birth of the Republic, emphasizing by the conflict of the Revolution Pitt's stern protest against the usurpation of popular powers, overcame the reaction toward benevolent despotism, and marked the highest political achievements of Teutonic genius. The teachings of the Commoner became the policy of the Republic. Her masses have caught the true spirit of liberty. The mighty strains of their marching song will never cease, and those intolerant people who hoped to see in the apparent schism of Greater Britain the overthrow of Saxon principles have lately caught the astounding view of not one but two Englands, battling for the final triumph of universal liberty, working out for the world the principles of universal justice.

Such was the work of Pitt. A reformer, the example of his political morality is not yet lost. A statesman, his measures have been the mightiest means of Saxon supremacy. A prophet, his principles must guide the policies of coming days, and we look for the mantle of the statesman-seer to fall upon our own shoulders. If he faced evils that

threatened society, we have their analogues in the blight of our liquor traffic, in the bitterness of our labor troubles, in the gravity of our race problem. Did he purify England's political life? To-day our own political system cries for deliverance from the infamous bane of bossism; and the sneers of Sir Robert Walpole, inveighing against purer politics, find their belated counterparts in the insolent boasts of those grand viziers of vitiated public life,—Croker and Quay. Longingly do our people look for an American Pitt to purify our political life and guarantee the perpetuity of justice and democracy. Did the Commoner lead England through the crucial period of expansion? Another Pitt must guide America through a similar crisis; for, as in the eighteenth century France and England contended for the leadership of the world, so to-day impends a like but vaster struggle between Slav and Saxon. Soon must the world choose between two antagonistic ideals of civilization. Shall the Slavonic peoples, with a half Oriental despotism and with Cossack war-cries, wrest from the Saxon his well-won supremacy, his hard-won triumphs of popular sovereignty? Our own future will have its share in the answer. The Republic, perplexed by problems at home, imperiled by burdens abroad, must gird herself for a mightier struggle than she has yet known,—a struggle not merely with arms, but with the weapons of statesmanship—a struggle not only for her own advancement, but for the supremacy of the English speech, for the triumph of the Christian faith by the uplifting of mankind.

The need of the present hour is evident. Enough of the scheming duplicity of the demagogue. Enough of the impracticable policy of the idealist. Enough of the narrow horizon of the bourgeois American. All in vain may we dream of returning to the hermit isolation of other days. We are a world-power, and as such we shall act nobly or ignobly upon the elevation of mankind. The need is for a leader of the heroic stamp of Pitt; a leader whose glowing patriotism shall consume the corruption of home politics, whose noble foresight shall welcome distant but worthy peoples to manhood privileges, whose stalwart statesmanship shall give freedom and justice duumvirate authority over all the earth. The crisis will call forth such a leader, and under the guidance of the twentieth-century Chatham, the issue will not be doubtful. Our hardy Saxon character, trained by the Puritanism of Cromwell, broadened by the world-wide vision of Pitt, inspired by the justice of Washington and the charity of Lincoln, will not contend for the enlargement of territory through the contraction of principles, nor,

upon the other hand, will it abandon bruised peoples to their fate because far removed by alien clime and tongue. Bitter though the coming struggle may be, if the achievements of the past are a guarantee of the future, the twentieth century shall see might enthroned with right, and the world ruled by the sceptre of Teutonic truth. Pitt, thou art mighty yet! Thy deeds amaze and yet inspire. The spirit of political reform that is dawning is but the projection of thy towering personality. The sense of duty to national good that overrides mere party pride is but the child of thy splendid patriotism. The widening grandeurs of the present hour are the answer of God to thy unflinching faith in the destinies of thy race. As thy spirit calls us to yet greater achievements, we can not be false to that prophetic mandate. The hilltops of progress whiten with the light of a glorious day. The requiem of the passing century is swelling into the morning-song of a greater age in which England, America, all Saxon peoples, shall reproduce the tones of that majestic voice whose resistless eloquence roused from his dormant age a host of stainless patriots and of heroic benefactors of mankind. The inspiring influence of the Commoner's principles shall go on until this world shall swing, a censer of justice and liberty, before the throne of the Omnipotent Ruler of Nations.

VI.

THE ILLUSTRATED LECTURE.

ARRANGED BY EUGENE WOOD.

A Monologue or a Duologue.

CHARACTERS: { Jack.
 { Jessie.
 { The Lecturer.

JESSIE [*in a strong whisper and, from time to time, half voice*]. Oh, has it begun? Pshaw! I wanted to hear the very beginning of it. I'm so interested in "The Grand Canyon of the Colorado." Mercy! Isn't it dark, coming right in out of the light? How am I going to find my seat? That fussy old principal kept me waiting so long. The parents of one of my scholars— [*To usher.*] Any seat? Oh, if you'll just lead me— Thank you, so much! [*Business of stumbling.*] I beg your pardon, I thought there was a step down there. [*Groping*] Right here? Thank you so much. Oh, yes, I can see beautifully. I'll just move over one seat. Thank you so much.

THE LECTURER [*in the rotund voice of the professional lecturer*]. Here we see one of those wonderful works of nature before whose majesty we pause abashed and

awe-stricken, conscious of the littleness and insignificance of man, his aims, his hopes and his accomplishments. Ages ago, long ere our history began, by some mighty upheaval of the elemental force of nature, this giant cliff assumed its towering height and to-day it stands a sentinel keeping watch and ward—

JESSIE [*in a whisper*]. Oh! [*Business of putting out hand to fend off a newcomer. New arrival apparently sits down in next seat. Hand moves as if suddenly caught. Facial expression as if the hand was squeezed too tight.*]

JACK [*in flat, quacking half-voice of an impulsive youth of twenty*]. Great Scott, Jessie! I've had the most dreadful time finding this seat in the dark. The usher said it was no use. People that came in late had to sit wherever they could. You can imagine how I felt after sending you the check for the seat next mine. I told him I had to meet somebody, and he said that was all right; I could meet them after the lecture. He wasn't on, you see. Gee! Oh, Jessie, I'm so glad I found you! You don't know—

JESSIE. Sh! People will hear you! [*Aside, hand up to one side of mouth.*] He thinks he knows me. If I tell him I'm not Jessie, he'll climb over the whole audience looking for her. It doesn't hurt *me* and *he* likes to hold my hand—

LECTURER [*rotund*]. Here the great torrent, imprisoned in its rocky cell hundreds of feet deep, bursts into sight, boiling in a whirlpool of light and color and life ere it leaps into the under canyon. The small speck of yellow light in the lower left-hand corner of the view indicates the last view of the same stream that the traveler enjoys before it disappears in its rocky bed thousands of feet below.

JACK [*voice lower and hoarser*]. Speak to me, Jessamine. You are so unlike yourself to-day. If you knew how hard it was for a fellow to get seats since the boys got on to this! Why, there is a bigger rush for tickets than if it were a Yale-Princeton game. This house is full of Columbia men. I can smell Boardman's cigarettes right around here somewhere. He paid \$5 for two seats and—

JESSIE [*whispering*]. Hush! How can I hear the man when you're talking so much? Keep still!

JACK [*snickering*]. Just as though you cared for the old lecturer! Just as though any of us cared! D'ye think Goat Baxter comes here for the lecture? Nah!

JESSIE [*whispering*]. What does he come here for then?

JACK. Why, didn't I tell you how he discovered this game? Goat Baxter, 1901, is

the Columbus of Columbia! He's engaged to a Barnard girl, only her folks don't know it; neither do his! She's not allowed to speak to any of the fellows; that is, walk home from school or anything. Well, Baxter's father gave him a course ticket for these things. And Baz. didn't do a thing but buy another and get the seats together. Then he sent her the others. They meet here and sit and hold hands and plan how they'll elope. The boys—

LECTURER [*orotund*]. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will ask you to step with me into the lower valley of the Red river. Notice the curiously colored boulders rising at either side of the stream, which here seems clear and placid, although its depth is over 1,000 feet. Here to the right you see the celebrated Dead Indian rock, where you will notice the perfect outline of an Indian stretched at full length, as though upon a bier. While we do not pretend to reproduce faithfully the wonderful tints that Artist Nature has so lavishly spread upon this scene, you can get a very clear idea of the glittering sulphurous yellows, the emerald greens and the diamond-like glints of white in these stones, the like of which are not to be found the world over. The solitary horseman that you see looking across the landscape as though for some friendly glimpse of a human—

JACK. Jessie!

JESSIE. Sh! [*Puts hand up to ear on his side.*] I wish you wouldn't whisper right into my ear. It tickles!

LECTURER. Passing on to this peaceful camp where we stop for the night under the friendly stars of the far-off sky—

JACK. Jessie!

JESSIE. Oh, what is it? Sh! Stop! [*Drawing hand away.*]

JACK [*plaintively*]. You're not wearing my ring! [*Anxiously.*] What does that mean? [*Sweetly.*] Have you taken it off? [*Tremulously.*] Have you ceased to—

JESSIE. Sh! Oh, please keep still! I want to listen. [*Wrinkles forehead.*]

JACK [*solemnly*]. You are evading my question; you are trifling—

LECTURER. From the top of this slight elevation we now command a superb view of the surrounding country for many miles, enhanced by the first rays of the sun. You who look upon this beautiful picture can share our feelings, although you can not share our meal of bacon and eggs prepared by the faithful Sandy, whom you see in this corner of the screen.

JACK [*urgently*]. Where is that ring?

JESSIE [*angrily*]. Oh—ah! I—I—I left it on the washstand. Now, hush!

JACK [*scornfully*]. On—the—washstand!

And is *that* all you care? [*Very lovingly and cooingly.*] Don't you care, Jessie?

JESSIE [*shortly*]. No!

JACK [*reproachfully*]. Aw, Jessie! [*Pause.*] Don't you care, really? Jess-ay! [*Cooing.*] Don't you care?

JESSIE [*crossly*]. Don't you see you are disturbing everybody? Don't squeeze so.

JACK. What *is* the matter with you today?

LECTURER. And now we come to a stretch of landscape, which, after the turbulent majesty of the great river and the silent grandeur of the mountains, seems like an oasis of rest and beauty. Here we tether our tired mules and spread our tents for camp. Observe the young man in the upper left of the picture bearing aloft the spoils of triumph, a fresh trout that he has just caught in the little stream that you see glinting among the rocks.

JESSIE. Isn't that lovely!

JACK [*gushing*]. 'Tisn't half so lovely as somebody I know. [*Cooing.*] Can you guess, Jessamine? Oh, I think that *is* the sweetest name!

JESSIE. You don't know whether I'm Jessamine or not,—in the dark here.

JACK. Aw, *don't* I? Don't I know that voice? What are you laughing at? Jess! Jess! Jessay! Don't laugh so! They're getting onto us!

JESSIE. I'll tell you in a minute.

JACK. Say, Jessie, next lecture's Tuesday. Will you come if I send you tickets?

LECTURER. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your kind attention and bid you good afternoon.

JACK [*business of blinking as if dazzled by lights suddenly coming up*]. What is it you were laughing at? You said— [*Astonishment and embarrassment.*] Oh—ah—ah! Ha—ha—Beg y' pardon—I thought— [*Suddenly remembers he has hold of her hand. Flings it away.*] Oh, excus—I—good afternoon! [*Bolls.*]

VII.

TELESCOPE MARCH.

BY LILLIAN H. BUELL.

CHARACTERS: Sixteen boys or girls.

POSITIONS: Arrange in two solid lines across the stage, facing the audience; the first line five short steps from the front of the stage, the second line four steps behind the first line. Place the taller pupils at centre of lines. All stand in military position, chest erect, weight right.

COUNTING: Each division does its own counting.

COMMANDS:

Advance.—All advance (4 counts). Left foot advances on 1; on 4 right foot and weight are forward.

Retreat.—All retreat (4 counts), bringing weight back to left foot on 1; on 4 right foot and weight are back. In retreating, great care must be taken, as the forward foot is lifted to be carried back, that the heel is raised first, and the toe clings to the floor as it is drawn back.

Repeat advance and retreat twice.

Separate.—Numbering from the right, the odd numbers advance in each line. The even numbers retreat in each line simultaneously. Time: 4 counts.

Exchange.—The odd numbers retreat, the even numbers advance; then the odd numbers advance and the even numbers retreat. All movements must be simultaneous. Time: 8 counts.

Combine.—Odd numbers retreat four steps, even numbers advance four steps, forming again two solid lines. Time: 4 counts.

Turn Right and Left.—Right four on first line face right; right four on second line face left. Left four on first line face left, and left four on second line face right. Front line four right and front line four left lead in the march, and the second line four right follow the front line four right, while the second line four left follow the front line four left. The leaders lead the lines across the front of stage, passing each other at stage-centre. Then march around to stage back-centre. Come down the middle in twos, one from the right and one from the left lines. When stage-front is reached, two march right and two left, and so on until all have passed around to stage-sides (alternately); then march to centre-back and come up the centre in fours, two from each side. When about one-third of the distance from the front, halt; first four wheel right (8 counts); face rear (8 counts); march toward rear (4 counts); wheel left (6 counts); face forward (6 counts); advance (4 counts). Second four, forward to within one-third distance from the front of stage; halt; wheel left (8 counts); face rear (8 counts); march toward the rear (4 counts); wheel right (8 counts); face forward (8 counts); advance (4 counts). The third four do what first four did, then fourth four do what second four did. Turn Right and Left is repeated three times,—each division coming to the front three times.

Separate Right and Left.—After the third

Turn Right and Left, each four marches near the front of stage, separates right and left in couples and marches to back-centre. Down the centre in twos, first couple right line leading, first couple left line falling in, and so on until all are in line. Separate at the front of stage and pass around to the rear in single lines. Lines pass each other at back-centre and march around to side-centres and form a large wheel as follows: First four of left line pass across stage toward the right, halt near the centre, stand a foot apart, form left wing. First four of right line pass across the stage toward the left, halt near the centre, stand one foot apart, form right wing (16 counts). Second four from left line face right side of stage, march to stage-centre line, halt, face front, march singly toward centre of stage, halt, stand one foot apart, forming back wing of wheel. Second four from right line march toward the front of stage. When last girl is one foot in front of the end girl on right wing of wheel, line halt, face left, march to stage-centre line, halt, face front of stage (16 counts), and form front wing of wheel, standing one foot apart. Left wing faces stage-front, back wing faces left side of stage. Right wing faces stage-back, front wing faces right side of stage. The wheel makes a complete revolution (32 counts). Repeat revolution twice. Each wing wheels from the centre out, then back again (32 counts). Wheel dissolves, right wing leads down right side, front wing follows in line, simultaneously as the left wing leads down left, back wing follows in line. March across front of stage, pass at stage-centre, march around stage to rear, pass at back-centre, march around to side-centres, halt, form two small wheels as follows: First two, each line, form inside centre wings (a space at stage-centre being left between them); second couple, each line, form back wings; third couple, each line, form front wings; fourth couple, each line, form outside wings (16 counts). Centre wings face front; back wings face right or left side of stage, according to position; outside wings face back of stage; front wings face sides of stage. The wheels make complete revolutions (24 counts). Repeat twice. Wings wheel out once from centre and then back (12 counts). Wheels dissolve, centre wings lead single file to rear, back wings and front wings fall in, followed by outside wings. Pass around to sides; bring lines down sides, sixteen steps.

Telescope.—Advance (8 counts). Both lines face each other. Right line advances on 1 and 2; while left line is still. Left line steps to the right and behind the right line girls on 3 and 4 (This is the only time that the right foot passes forward on the first count.) All advance on 5, 6. Left line steps forward on 7, 8 in place, backs to centre, lines solid. Advance toward sides, eight steps. Turn in twos, facing again on four counts. Advance, face to face (8 counts). Telescope, each right advancing on 1, 2. Repeat the telescoping four times. (When the lines are closely facing and about to telescope, see that they leave a distance of one short step between the lines, which each pupil right or odd takes on the first two counts of the eight required for telescoping. Observe the military or fundamental position of the feet on each count of the eight required for telescoping; also free each foot in time to move forward for exact, smooth, rhythmic action and in perfect time.) Advance and face (8 counts). Open at right angles (16 counts). Close and face (16 counts). Repeat and close three times. Right line faces front; left line faces rear. Right line leads, in single file, around stage; left line falling in and following. Wind, smaller and smaller, leader in the centre. When the spiral is very small, leader turns and unwinds, leading off the stage.

VIII.

RISE UP EARLY IN DE MAWNIN'!

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

“DE worl' is gittin' better, en de worl' is gittin' wuss.”
 Dat's de way de people talk it while dey frolic en dey fuss;
 But I tellin' you, my brudder, dat it's good enough fer us;
 So, rise up early in de mawnin'!

In de spring we gits de roses, en de seed is clim'in' high
 En hintin' 'bout de harvest dat's a-comin' by en by;
 En de rainbow like a ribbon is a-runnin' roun' de sky;
 So, rise up early in de mawnin'!

In de winter, when de snowflake on de bitin' blizzard rides,
 De smoke-house pile wid plenty till it bulgin' at de sides!

En we warmin' at de fireplace dat Providence perwides;
 So, rise up early in de mawnin'!

De way ter do, my brudder, is ter struggle 'gin de wrong,
 Ter make de worl' feel happy, kase it rollin' you along,
 Ter keep de heart a-beatin' ter a hallelulia song;
 So, rise up early in de mawnin'!

IX.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

BY S. E. KISER.

HE looked at my tongue and he shook his head,—
 This was Doctor Smart—
 He thumped on my chest, and then he said:
 “Ah, there it is! Your heart!
 You mustn't run—you mustn't hurry!
 You mustn't work—you mustn't worry!
 Just sit down and take it cool;
 You may live for years, I can not say;
 But, in the meantime, make it a rule
 To take this medicine twice a day!”

He looked at my tongue and he shook his head—
 This was Doctor Wise.
 “Your liver's a total wreck,” he said,
 “You must take more exercise!
 You mustn't eat sweets,
 You mustn't eat meats;
 You must walk and leap, you must also run;
 You mustn't sit down in the dull old way;
 Get out with the boys and have some fun—
 And take three doses of this a day!”

He looked at my tongue and he shook his head—
 This was Doctor Bright.
 “I'm afraid your lungs are gone,” he said,
 “And your kidney isn't right.
 A change of scene is what you need.
 Your case is desperate, indeed,
 And bread is a thing you mustn't eat—
 Too much starch—but, by the way,
 You must henceforth live on only meat—
 And take six doses of this a day!”

Perhaps they were right, and perhaps they knew;
 It isn't for me to say.
 Mayhap I erred when I madly threw
 Their bitter stuff away;
 But I'm living yet and I'm on my feet,
 And grass isn't all I dare to eat,
 And I walk and I run and I worry, too;
 But, to save my life, I can not see
 What some of the able doctors would do
 If there were no fools like you and me.

X.

AN EVENING WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PART I.

1. **TRIO:** "Hark, Before the Gale." (60 cts.)
2. **ESSAY:** "Life of Sir Walter Scott."*
3. **CHORUS:** "Bonnie Dundee;" (30 cts.)
4. **POETICAL SELECTIONS:**
"Ride of William Deloraine," from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel;" "Christmas in Olden Times," from "Marmion;" "Beal an Duine," from "The Lady of the Lake;" "The Stag Hunt," from "The Lady of the Lake;" "Hunting Song;" "Border Ballad;" "Rebecca's Hymn," from "Ivanhoe;" "Allen-a-Dale;" "Hail to the Chief;" "The Monks of Bangor's March."
5. **QUARTET:** "O Hush Thee, My Babie." (60 cts.)
6. **QUOTATIONS.** †

PART II.

7. **PROSE FICTION, NOVELS:**
 - (1) "Waverley." (Autobiographical.)
(a) Story in Brief. †† (b) Selection.
 - (2) "Redgauntlet." (Autobiographical.)
(a) Story in Brief. †† (b) Selection.
8. **CHORUS:** "Young Lochinvar." (40 cts.)
 - (3) "Old Mortality."
(a) Story in Brief. (b) Selection.
 - (4) "Heart of Midlothian."
(a) Story in Brief. †† (b) Selection.
9. **SONG:** "Wert Thou Like Me." (40 cts.)
 - (5) "Ivanhoe." (Chivalry.)
(a) Story in Brief. §§ (b) Selection. §
 - (6) "Quentin Durward." (Adventure.)
(a) Story in Brief. (b) Selection.
10. **SONG AND CHORUS:** "Brigal Banks." (25 cts.)
 - (7) "Count Robert of Paris."
(a) Story in Brief. (b) Selection.
 - (8) "Castle Dangerous."
(a) Story in Brief. §§ (b) Selection.
11. **QUARTET:** "Joy to the Victors." (12 cts.)
 - (9) "Anne of Gelestein."
(a) Story in Brief. (b) Selection.
 - (10) "The Pirate."
(a) Story in Brief. (b) Selection.
12. **CHORUS:** "Macgregor's Gathering." (40 cts.)
 - (11) "The Monastery."
(a) Story in Brief. (b) Selection.
 - (12) "St. Ronan's Well."
(a) Story in Brief. (b) Selection.
13. **SOLO:** "Jock of Hazeldean." (50 cts.)
14. **ESSAY:** "Criticism of Scott as Poet and as Novelist."**
15. **ESSAY:** "General Estimate of Scott as an Author."**
16. **QUARTET:** "Love Wakes and Weeps." (10 cts.)

*See page 463 this issue. **See page 465 this issue. †See page 466 this issue.

†See page 464 this issue. §§See page 468 this issue. ††See page 467 this issue.

§"The Trial of Rebecca," in "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 19." (35c.)

XI.

LYRICS FROM SCOTT.

1. Hunting Song.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay!
 On the mountain dawns the day,
 All the jolly chase is here,
 With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear!
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay!
 This mist has left the mountain gray,
 Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
 And foresters have busy been,
 To track the buck in thicket green;
 Now we come to chant our lay
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay!
 To the greenwood haste away!
 We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot and tall of size;
 We can show the marks he made,
 When 'gainst the oak his antler's frayed;
 You shall see him brought to bay,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay!"

Louder, louder chant the lay!
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!
 Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
 Run a course as well as we;
 Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
 Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk.
 Think of this and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay.

2. Border Ballad.

MARCH, march, Etrick and Teviot-
 dale!

Why the deil dinna ye march forward in
 order?

March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale;
 All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the
 Border.

Many a banner spread
 Flutters above your head;
 Many a crest that is famous in story,
 Mount and make ready then,
 Sons of the mountain glen!

Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish
 glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are
 grazing;

Come from the glen of the buck and the
 roe;

Come to the crag where the beacon is bla-
 zing;

Come with the buckler, the lance, and the
 bow.

Trumpets are sounding,
 War-steeds are bounding.

Stand to your arms, and march in good
 order!

England shall many a day
 Tell of the bloody fray,

When the Blue Bonnets came over the
 Border.

3. Rebecca's Hymn.

From "Ivanhoe."

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers' God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonished lands
 The clouded pillar glided slow;
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answered keen,
 And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
 With priest's and warrior's voice between.
 No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone.
 Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
 And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn.
 No censor round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
 But Thou hast said: The blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.

4. Allen-a-Dale.

From "Rokeby."

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burn-
 ing,
 Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
 Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
 Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the win-
 ing.

Come, read me my riddle! Come, hearken
my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.
The Baron of Ravensworth prances in
pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale
side,
The merc for his net and the land for his
game,
The chase for the wild and the park for the
tame;
Yet the fish of the lake and the deer of the
vale
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Alien-a-
Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade
be as bright.

Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his
word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will
vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-
a-Dale.

Allen-a Dale to his wooing is come.
The mother she asked of his household and
home.

"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair
on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallant-
er still;

'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its cres-
cent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-
a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was
stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be-
gone.

But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their
cry;

He had laughed on the lass with his bonny
black eye,

And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-
Dale!

5. "Hail to the Chief."

From "*The Lady of the Lake*."

HAIL to the chief who in triumph ad-
vances!

Honored and blessed be the evergreen
pine!

Long may the tree, in his banner that
glances,

Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,

Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen:

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the
fountain,

Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf
on the mountain,

The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her
shade.

Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen:

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen
Fruin,

And Bannochar's groans to our slogan re-
plied;

Glen Luss and Ross dhu, they are smoking
in ruin,

And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on
her side.

Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with
woe.

Lenox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen:
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the High-
lands!

Stretch to your oars, for the evergreen
pine!

O that the rosebud that graces yon islands
Were wreathed in a garland around him
to twine:

O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honored and blessed in their shadow
might grow!

Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from the deepmost glen:
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

6. The Monks of Bangor's March.

WHEN the heathen trumpet's clang
Round beleaguered Chester rang,

Veiled nun and friar gray
Marched from Bangor's fair abbaye.

High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the silvan Dee.

O miserere, Domine!

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,
And the Virgin Mother mild
In their peaceful banner smiled.

Who could think such saintly band
Doomed to feel unhallowed hand?
Such was the Divine decree,

O miserere, Domine!

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that censers only swung,
Met the northern bow and bill,
Heard the war-cry wild and shrill;
Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,
Woe to Olfred's bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon's cruelty,

O miserere, Domine!

Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurned by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughter: red down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid;
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung, and bread unbroke.
For their souls for charity,

Sing, *O miserere, Domine!*

Bangor, o'er the murder wall!
Long thy ruins told the tale,
Shattered towers and broken arch
Long recalled the woeful march.
On thy shrine no tapers burn.
Never shall thy priests return;
The pilgrim sighs, and sings for me,

O miserere, Domine!

XII.

POVERTY PARTY.

Hold it on the lawn or in the barn.

INVITATIONS:

*U R invited a a Poverty Party which
us folks Zedediah and Maria Jane
Butterworth R a goin to hev on our
front lawn on the nite of Friday,
August 16, 1899.*

R. S. V. P.

*Ruls and Reglashuns: Evry
woman hu kums mus war a caliker
dress an apren or sumthin ekarly ap-
propriet. All men mus war thar old
close. No coats, vest or biled shirts
allowd.*

*Any one not drest accordin to ruls
and reglashuns will be find \$10.*

The invitations should be printed by hand on butcher paper with lead-pencil. Butcher paper is the kind used by butchers to wrap meat in. Let the sheets be torn and ragged.

SEATS: Butter tubs, kegs, boxes, etc.

ILLUMINATION: Use ordinary lanterns, strung on lines and fastened from tree to

tree. If given in the barn, fasten the line holding the lanterns from beam to beam.

DECORATIONS: Lanterns and strips of flannel or old-fashioned blankets draped from tree to tree. If in the barn, decorate the barn with branches of trees, flowers, etc. Decorate tables with leaves.

MUSICIANS: Dress like backwoods farmers,—heavy boots, overalls, old plug hats, etc. They are to sit on a large packing case and call off the figures.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS: Fiddles.

TABLES: Red table-cloths, white plates, tin cups, steel knives and forks.

ORDER OF DANCE (printed by hand on butcher paper):

1. March.
2. Country Dance.
3. Polka.
4. Break-down.
5. Galop.
6. Schottische.
7. Country Dance.

REFRESHMENTS.

8. Polka.
9. Quadrille.
10. Waltz.
11. Galop.
12. Country Dance.
13. Virginia Reel.

DANCING PLATFORM: Should be large and carefully waxed.

REFRESHMENTS: Large slices of bread and butter, sandwiches with ham or with cheese, pickles, preserved quinces spiced pears, old-fashioned home-made doughnuts and crullers, molasses cake, gingerbread and cookies, molasses candy taffy, pop-corn, apples, coffee, and lemonade.

PRIZES: Two prizes to be given by the hostess to the most ridiculously dressed man and woman.

XIII.

**AT THE POET'S EATING-
HOUSE.**

BY EDMOND ROSTAND.

Arranged from "Cyrano de Bergerac,"
by Bertha Kunz-Baker.

CHARACTERS:

Ragueneau. Roxane.
Cyrano. The Duenna.
Two Children.

SCENE: The shop of Ragueneau, poet-cook. It is very early in the morning. Ragueneau has been seated at a little table, writing with an inspired air. As the first

rays of the dawn fall through the window, he stops and speaks.

RAGUENEAU. The silver light of dawn already glistens on the coppers. Stifle the muse within thee, Ragueneau. The hour of the lute will come anon; this is the hour of the ladle. [*Looking about shop.*] Ah, here are the paper bags my wife's made ready for the day's business. Great heavens! my honored books! The masterpieces of my friends, dismembered—cut to pieces—to fashion bags for penny pies! [*Enter two children.*] What can I do for you, little ones?

CHILDREN. Three patties, please.

RAG. There you are! Beautifully brown and piping hot!

CHILD. Please wrap them up.

RAG. One of the bags! One of my poems! Which one, then? "Ulysses, when he left Penelope?" Oh, no, not that one. "Phoebus of the aureate locks?" No, nor that. The sonnet unto Phillis? Oh—it is hard, but I hear my wife coming. [*Puts patties hurriedly into bag and hands it to the children, who go toward the door.*] Perhaps there is yet time. Pist! pist! Children, give me back the bags and I'll give you six patties for your three! "Phillis!" On that sweet name a spot of butter!

[*Enter CYRANO hurriedly.*]

CYRANO. What time is it?

RAG. Six o'clock, sir.

CYR. In an hour, then!

RAG. Brava! I saw it!

CYR. Well, what?

RAG. The duel fought in verse. Ah, it was fine! And then I heard of your encounter at the Porte de Mesle! You alone against forty! Ah, but you have hurt your hand—

CYR. No, a scratch—no matter. The time?

RAG. Ten minutes past.

CYR. I wait for someone here. You will leave us alone. And now, a pen!

RAG. A swan's quill. [*Exit RAGUENEAU.*]

CYR. [*seats himself at table.*] Write the letter, give it her, escape! Coward! But I'll die for it. I have not the courage to speak to her,—not one word of all I carry in my heart. Well, let us write it then—the love-letter I have writ in thought so many hundred times. I need but lay my soul beside the paper now and copy it. [*Writes.*] No need to sign, for I shall give it her myself, if there is e'en a gleam of hope. [*Folds letter and puts it in his bosom. Enter ROXANE and the DUENNA in mask. CYRANO turns first to the DUENNA.*]

CYR. A word with you, please. Are you fond of sweets?

DUENNA. To the point of indigestion!

CYR. Well here in this bag are two sweet sonnets of Beuserade—

DUENNA. Pooh!

CYR. Which I will fill with wine-cakes.

DUENNA. Ah!

CYR. You like cream puffs?

DUENNA. Ah! I dream of them at night.

CYR. Six of them I'll put within the bosom of a poem by St. Amant. Into these verses of Chapelain, I'll put a wedge of fruit-cake less heavy than the poems. Now, then, take all of these, and do me the kindness to go and eat them all outside. [*Exit DUENNA.*] And now—most blest of all hours evermore be this one, when, remembering that I humbly breathe, you come to say to me—to say to me—

ROXANE. First of all, to thank you; for that churl, that coxcomb, whom you yestereve taught manners with your sword,—'tis he whom a great nobleman, in love with me, has tried to force upon me as a husband—

CYR. So-called! Ah, then, I fought—and better so—not for my ugly nose, but your thrice-beauteous eyes!

ROX. And then I came to make confession— But, ere I can, I needs must find in you once more the almost brother with whom I used to play when yet a child by the lake-side at Bergerac. Do you remember? Tall reeds were then your swords and lances—

CYR. And corn silk, yellow hair to deck your dolls.

ROX. Those were the days of long, delightful games, when you did everything I asked— Sometimes in climbing, you were hurt, and ran to me with bleeding hand. Then would I play the mother, try to look stern and say: "Give me your hand. Will you ne'er keep out of mischief?" [*Takes his hand.*] Ah, but here is really blood! No! no! do not draw away—show it me! For shame, sir, at your age! How came you by this wound?

CYR. Playing at the Porte de Nesle.

ROX. Wait till I get some water. Come, your hand, and while I wash away the blood, tell me how many were there?

CYR. Oh, not quite a hundred.

ROX. Tell me!

CYR. No, let be—but you tell me that which just now you said you dared not.

ROX. Yes—now I dare. The past's sweet perfume gives me courage. Yes, now I dare. Well, then, I love someone.

CYR. Yes, Roxane—

ROX. Who has not guessed it, but soon he will discover—

CYR. Yes, Roxane—

ROX. A poor lad, who has loved me from afar, nor dared to speak—

CYR. Roxane!
 ROX. No, no, do not draw away your hand; 'tis feverish quite. I have seen love trembling on his lips—
 CYR. Yes, yes—
 ROX. And do you know, my cousin, that he is serving in your regiment—a cadet—and in your company! His forehead shows his genius and his wit! He is young, proud, noble, brave, handsome—
 CYR. [*rising, pale*]. Handsome!
 ROX. Why—what is the matter?
 CYR. With me? It is this wound.
 ROX. In short, I love him, and I must tell you, too—that I have seen him only at the play.
 CYR. You have not even spoken?
 ROX. Only with our eyes.
 CYR. How can you know him then? His name?
 ROX. Baron Christian de Neuville.
 CYR. He is not in the Guards!
 ROX. Yes, since this morning, under Captain Cabon de Castel-Jaloux.
 CYR. Ah, how swift is love! But my poor child—

[*Enter the DUENNA.*]

DUENNA. Monsieur de Bergerac. I have eaten all the cakes.
 CYR. Well, go and read the verses on the bags, then. [*Exit DUENNA.*] My poor child, you who love keen wit and courtly speech—what if he should be a man unpolished, rough, unlearned—a dolt—
 ROX. Then I should die—so there!
 CYR. So you have brought me here to tell me this! I can not see the reason of it, madam!

ROX. Ah, yesterday someone let death into my soul by telling me that you are Gascons,—all in your company.

CYR. And that we pick a quarrel with every fledgling who, by favor merely, entrance gains into our ranks of Gascon blood—'tis that you heard?

ROX. Yes, and think how I trembled for him.

CYR. [*between his teeth*]. And with good reason!

ROX. But then when you arose so mighty, brave, invincible, holding your own against the rabble, punishing that knave—I thought if he but would—he whom all men fear—

CYR. 'Tis well. I will protect your little baron—

ROX. Oh! you will protect him well? I've always had the tenderest regard for you!

CYR. Yes, yes—

ROX. You'll be his friend?

CYR. I'll be his friend—

ROX. And he shall fight no duels?

CYR. On my oath.

ROX. Oh, I am so fond of you! But now I must go— [*Readjusting mask and lace head-covering; stops, absent-mindedly.*] But you have not yet told me of last night's encounter. It must have been a mighty feat! Tell him to write. Oh, but I love you, cousin— A hundred men against you? But now, good-bye! Tell him to write— a hundred men—you'll tell me later, I can't stop now—but a hundred men—oh, what courage!

CYR. [*bowing to her, as she retires*]. I have fought better, since!

XIV.

ENCORES.

1.—Fate and Lace Work.

BY MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

[Have a table on which may be placed a work-basket. In a rocker or an easy chair let the young lady sit with her bit of lace work and her needle crocheting. Let her recite and work.]

OF course, I loved him. (One, two, three, And skip the fourth.) Dear fellow! Yes,
 He fairly worshipped me. (Now see, This time you take two stitches less.) Quite tall, well built—his eyes were gray. (You pull that thread the other way.)
 (Two loops.) A dimple in his chin, The sweetest hair. (My dear, observe.) He was a poet. (There begin

The second row, and make the curve.) I'm sure you'd like to see the rhymes He wrote me. (Round the edge—three times.)

Poor boy! We were so sad to part; He died quite young. (Another one, But not so tight.) It broke my heart. (There that was very nicely done.) He was my first love, and—my last! (Be careful, dear! Don't go so fast.)

My husband? (Oh, you must take care!) I met him—(Now the pattern shows) In Europe. We were married there And—oh—well—yes—as marriage goes I'm happy. (Keep the thread quite straight, Or it will tangle.) Such is fate!—*Puck.*

2. A Florida Song.

BY SAMUEL A. HAMILTON.

[In dialect peculiar to the ex-slave nurses of the interior of Florida. Staccato 4-4. Staccato, rising inflection with first two lines of each verse; soft and soothing with the last two lines. Swing the hammock (having a real baby or a large doll in it) forward and backward twice to a line.]

'E IS 'e mommie's baby boy,
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack ?
'E fill 'e heuse all up wi' joy,
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack!

'E get up early in 'e mo'n,
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack ?
'E drink 'e milk, an' eat 'e co'n,
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack!

'E pa 'e take 'im to 'e ya'd,
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack ?
To catch 'e crab, 'e try 'im ha'd,
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack!

'E runs 'im out upon 'e streets,
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack ?
'E patte's roun' in 'im's ba'e feets,
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack!

W'en night 'e come, 'e lay 'im down,
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack ?
An' sleep 'e slum'er, soft an' soun',
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack!

3. His New Brother.

BY JOE LINCOLN.

SAY, I've got a little brother.
Never teased to have him nuther,
But he's here;
They just went ahead and bought him,
And, last week, the doctor brought him.
Wa'n't that queer ?

When I heard the news from Molly,
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,
'Cause, you see,
I s'posed I could go and get him
And then mamma, course, would let him
Play with me.

But when I had once looked at him,
"Why!" I says, "My sakes, is *that* him ?"
Just that mite!"
They said, "Yes," and, "Ain't he cunnin' ?"
And I thought they must be funnin',—
He's a *sight*!

He's so small, it's just amazin',
And you'd think that he was blazin',
He's so red;
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
On his head.

Why, he isn't worth a dollar!

All he does is cry and holler
More and more;
Won't sit up, you can't arrange him,—
I don't see why pa don't change him
At the store.

Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't *need* him
More'n a frog;
Why'd they buy a baby brother
When they know I'd *good* deal ruther
Have a dog ?

4. Engaged!

BY E. D. PIERSON.

She.

SHE lingers still in the driving mist,
Striving to keep his shadow in sight.
There's a tremulous smile on the lips he has
kissed.

In her eyes shines a new sweet light,
And the sodden landscape fades away.
A shining path spreads before her feet,
Love's deathless domain she has entered to-
day,
And, oh, to be living is sweet!

He.

He, hurrying off to catch the train,
Hopes that his people will like the match.
What a lucky girl such a husband to gain,
For she wasn't much of a catch.
Well, the deed is done; the victim must pay.
How much did that dress cost she wore
to-night ?
She should make her own; there's a saving
that way.
Once married, he'll set all such things
right.

5. The Boy on Our Farm.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE boy lives on our farm, he's not
Afeard o' horses none!
An' he can make 'em lope er trot,
Er rack, er pace, er run.
Sometimes he drives *two* horses, when
He comes to town an' brings
A wagonful o' 'taters nen,
An' roastin' ears an' things.

Two horses is "a team," he says;
An' when you drive er hitch,
The *right* un's a "near" horse, I guess,
Er "off"—I don't know which.
The boy lives on our farm, he told
Me, too, 'at he can see,
By lookin' at their teeth, how old
A horse is, to a T.

I'd be the gladdest boy alive
 Ef I knowed much as that,
 An' could stand up like him an' drive,
 An' ist push back my hat,
 Like he comes skallyhootin' through
 Our alley, with one arm
 A-wavin' fare-ye-well to you—
 The boy lives on our farm!

6. "Sence Sallie's Been to Europe."

BY HERBERT LAIGHT.

SENCE Sally's been to Europe and
 studied singin' there,
 She's a regular tip-topper—so the critics all
 declare—
 An' she sings in all them op'ras, an' she
 warbles an' she trills,
 An' the house is always crowded when her
 name is on the bills.
 I went one night to hear her—I thought'd
 be a treat.

Somehow, it didn't seem to me as though
 'twas half as sweet
 As when she used to sing up home, afore
 she went away,
 Though she didn't know much music then,
 and she didn't get no pay.

An' along with all the rest of it, she's got a
 foreign name,
 Fur without it, so the folks say, she'd never
 be known to fame;
 But the season's nearly over—she'll soon be
 back again,

An' that'll be forgotten,—she'll be plain
 "Sally" then.

An' she'll sit down to the organ in the cozy
 old front room,
 An' like the sun arisin' she'll drive away the
 gloom

That always gathers round the house when
 Sally isn't near,

An' she'll sing to me some old-time songs,
 the kind I like to hear.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SPECIAL DAY ESSAYS.

THE ORIGIN OF
 "THE MARSEILLAISE."

BY A. DE LAMARTINE.

Translated especially for WERNER'S MAGAZINE.

"The Marseillaise" is twofold in character,—a song of triumph and a death dirge combined. Its strains inspire the heart of the French nation with mingled hope and dread, as it rings out its martial call "to victory or to death."

The origin of the great French national hymn is this:

In 1792, Rouget de Lisle, a young cavalry officer, was in winter quarters at Strasburg. This young man was mountain-born (in a little Jura village) and like all mountaineers was a man of sturdy energy and independence of mind, combined with a dreamy, poetic temperament all his own.

Garrison life proved very monotonous to the ardent young officer, and, to while away the dull days, he composed poetry and set it to music on his guitar. Renowned for his twin gifts of poetry and music, he was often invited to the home of Dietrich, who was then (1792) mayor of Strasburg. Dietrich was an illustrious Alsatian patriot, whose wife and daughters were, like himself, ardent revolutionists. Rouget de Lisle found himself right in his element in their company, for he was a soldier for the pure sake of war and excitement and a lover of the French Revolution because he loved liberty better than his life and was naturally of a bold, free-thinking turn of mind, to which the great underlying principles of democracy strongly appealed. In Dietrich's house, then, the young officer was ever a loved and welcome guest. The young daughters of

Dietrich played his accompaniments and criticized his verses and music and urged him on to better work by their sympathy and encouragement.

That winter famine threatened Strasburg. Dietrich's table was shabbily set forth, but there was always a place for Rouget de Lisle, who sat there every day as one of the family, at breakfast and dinner.

One evening, when there was nothing for dinner but hard tack and a few bits of smoked beef, Dietrich looked steadily at de Lisle with ruminant sadness in his eyes, saying:

"Our dinner table lacks abundance but what of that so long as enthusiasm for liberty is not lacking in our nation, nor courage in the hearts of her soldiers? I have still one last bottle of wine in the cellar."

"Let us bring it up, papa," pleaded his daughters, "and you and de Lisle drink to France and Liberty. You know we will soon have a patriotic gathering here at Strasburg and perhaps the good old drops of this last bottle of wine will inspire de Lisle to write us a great patriotic hymn for the occasion."

They all voted to drink the wine, so the girls brought it up and filled the glasses of their father and de Lisle, until the bottle was emptied.

It was soon midnight, cold and cheerless, but de Lisle felt it not—he was in an ecstasy; his emotions stirred, his brain on fire.

He went to his little bare room in "the quarters" and took up his guitar, improvising that very night the *tune* and the *words* of "The Marseillaise," so that he could never tell afterward which was born first—the music or the verse.

He sang and played the whole hymn

through before he set a word or a note on paper. At last, wearied by the strain of his sublime inspiration, he fell asleep, his head bowed on his guitar, and did not awake till the glorious light of a full winter day shone into his little chamber.

At once, his song rose in his memory like a dream, and seizing pencil and paper, he hurriedly jotted it down, words and music, and then set out for Dietrich's house. He found his friend walking about the grounds, his wife and daughters not yet awake.

Dietrich, after looking at the song, called his wife and daughters, and invited some neighbors (as ardent music-lovers as himself) to come into his house and hear it played and sung.

Dietrich's oldest daughter accompanied de Lisle on the piano while he sang his world-known song of liberty. [See front cover of this issue.]

At first, the faces of all present paled with emotion, then their tears fell fast, and when the young composer ceased singing, Dietrich, his wife and daughters and the neighbors threw themselves into each other's arms in a delirium of patriotic enthusiasm. The National Hymn of France was born!

Alas, for the house of Dietrich! It was a hymn of death; for only a few months later the good friend, the faithful husband and the kind father marched to the scaffold to the notes of this song born at his fireside out of the heart of his friend!

The new song was sung at Strasburg, a few days later, at the great patriotic assembly, and it soon flew from city to city, played by all the leading orchestras of France.

Marseilles, first, adopted it as the national hymn to be sung at the opening and the close of all public meetings, and the Marseillaise soldiers sang it as they marched through France; hence its name "The Marseillaise."

De Lisle's old mother, a most religious and loyal woman, wrote thus to her son:

"What is this revolutionary song which a band of brigands are singing as they march through France, and with which they connect your name, my son?"

De Lisle, himself fleeing for his life, a wanderer in the highest Alps, heard the hymn with a shudder, as one feels the forerunner or warning of one's death.

"What do they call this song?" he asked his Swiss guide.

"The Marseillaise," replied the peasant.

Thus the author learned the name of the hymn he had composed.

De Lisle narrowly escaped death. The sword turned against the hand that wrought it, and the Revolution, gone mad with the wine of the blood that it had drunk in great measure, no longer recognized its own voice.

La Marseillaise.

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé;
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé,

Entendez vous dans les campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats ?
Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras
Egorger vos fils, vos compagnes.

Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons,
Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!

Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
De traîtres, de rois conjurés ?
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves
Ces fers dès longtemps préparés ?
Français, pour nous, ah! quel outrage!
Quels transports il doit exciter!
C'est nous qu'on ose méditer
De rendre à l'antique esclavage!

Aux armes, citoyens! etc.

Quoi! des cohortes étrangères
Feraient la loi dans nos foyers!
Quoi! ces phalanges mercenaires
Terrasseraient nos fiers guerriers!
Grand Dieu! par des mains enchaînées
Nos fronts sous le joug se ploieraient!
De vils despotes deviendraient
Les maîtres de nos destinées!

Aux armes, citoyens! etc.

Tremblez, tyrans, et vous, perfides,
L'opprobre de tous les partis!
Tremblez! vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre;
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,
La terre en produit de nouveaux
Contre vous tout prêts à se battre.

Aux armes, citoyens! etc.

Français! en guerriers magnanimes,
Portez ou retenez vos coups;
Épargnez ces tristes victimes
A regret s'armant contre nous!
Mais ce despote sanguinaire,
Mais les complices de Bouillé,
Tous ces tigres qui, sans pitié,
Déchirent le sein de leur mère!

Aux armes, citoyens! etc.

Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs,
Liberté, liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs.
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents;
Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!

Aux armes, citoyens! etc.

Nous entrerons dans la carrière
Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus;
Nous y trouverons leur poussière
Et la trace de leurs vertus.
Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre
Que de partager leur cercueil,
Nous aurons le sublime orgueil
De les venger ou de les suivre!

Aux armes, citoyens! etc.

The English words and the music of "The Marseillaise" can be supplied in the "Franklin Square Collection No. 1" for \$1.00.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A SCOTT PROGRAM.

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott was born, Aug. 15, 1771, at Edinburgh. In his own language he says: "I was born an uncommonly healthy child, but was put to nurse with a woman that was afterward proved to have consumption. As soon as it was learned, she was dismissed. Up to eighteen months I showed no signs of ill-health. With the cutting of my eye-teeth came lameness. Everything that skill and knowledge could do was done, but all to no purpose. I was sent to my grandfather's at Sandyknowe when three years old. After a time, I began to stand, then walk, then run. Although the lame limb was much shrunk and contracted, my general health was much strengthened by being frequently in the open air. I became a healthy, high-spirited and sturdy child. My lameness lasted during my whole life, but I became otherwise a Hercules in strength. My lameness and solitary habits soon made me a tolerable reader, and my hours of leisure were usually spent in reading aloud to my mother Pope's translation of Homer."

Scott's father was a writer to the Signet of Edinburgh. He was a descendant of a family of extreme antiquity, the Border Family—the Scots of Harden. He had twelve children, seven of whom died.

In 1778 Walter was sent to high school at Edinburgh. He proved to be an idler in the schoolroom, but a bold, high-spirited and domineering fellow on the playground—the first to commence a row and the last to quit it. He had a tutor at home to teach him French and the classics. A change of teachers at school caused Walter to wish to study and he made fair progress in Latin, literature, and French. His memory, however, retained only what pleased his fancy; such as a favorite passage of poetry, a play-house ditty, a Border-Raid ballad. In 1783 he passed from high school to Edinburgh University, a lad having a great quantity of general information. Here his nickname "Idler" became proverbial. As he was behind the students in his class, he made no effort to acquire Greek, and thus became known as the "Greek Blockhead." His indifference to his studies caused him lifelong regret.

In 1786 he was apprenticed as a clerk to his father.

In 1790 he fell in love with Margaret, daughter of Sir John and Lady Jane Stuart Belches of Invernary. For six years he tried to win Margaret, but his efforts were all to no purpose.

In 1792 he was admitted to the bar. As an advocate he met with fair success, although he was an unsuccessful pleader at the bar.

In 1796 he translated two of Bürger's ballads,—*"Lenore"* and *"The Wild Huntress."*

In 1797, as a matter of pride he married Charlotte Margaret Charpentier, to whom he was a most faithful and loving husband;

but his first love had been so intense that it lasted his lifetime and affected all his writings.

In 1799 he published his translation of Goethe's drama, *"Götz von Berlichingen."* He was also appointed sheriff depute of Selkirkshire, with a good salary.

In 1800, he wrote three fine ballads, *"Glenfinlas," "The Eve of St. John,"* and *"The Gray Brother."* In 1802, appeared his *"Border Minstrelsy,"* Vols. I. and II. In 1803 Vol. III. appeared. These books made Scott very popular. As the author of *"The Lay of the Last Minstrel,"* in 1805, he became the most popular author of the time. In 1808, appeared *"Marmion,"* in 1810, *"The Lady of the Lake,"* in 1811, *"The Vision of Don Roderick,"* in 1813 *"Rokeby"* and *"The Bride of Lammermoor,"* in 1814, *"The Lord of the Isles,"* in 1815, *"The Fields of Waterloo."*

Scott soon noted the abatement of enthusiasm about his poems and decided to enter other fields of authorship. In 1805, he began to write his novel *"Waverley."* In 1814, it appeared. Others followed in rapid succession, all masterpieces, and Scott stood at the topmost pinnacle of fame and brilliant prosperity, the leader of novelists.

Scott resided chiefly at Abbotsford, where crowds of the most distinguished people visited him and enjoyed his more than princely hospitality.

In 1820, as a special mark of the royal favor, a baronetcy was conferred upon him.

Meantime, to increase his income, he secretly entered into business. In 1825-6 the firm failed and Scott was involved to the extent of \$750,000. Scott's manhood and proud integrity shown forth in his hour of adversity. He said: "God granting him time and health, he would owe no man a penny." He broke up his establishment at Abbotsford as soon as his wife died, and hired a lodge at Edinburgh and there, with stern and unflinching resolution, toiled at his stupendous task. The stream of novels flowed on. In two years he amassed the sum of \$200,000. He was very happy, but the limits of human endurance had been reached. In 1830, he was stricken down with a stroke of paralysis, from which he never thoroughly recovered. In 1831, he was taken to Italy in the hopes that he would improve, but he pleaded to be taken to Abbotsford, where he died, Sept. 21, 1832. He had killed himself and broken his brain to pay his creditors. He succeeded, but he never knew of his success.

Criticisms of Scott as a Novelist.

"We esteem the productions which the great novelist of Scotland has poured forth with startling speed from his rich treasury, not only as multiplying the sources of delight to thousands, but as shedding the most genial influences on the taste and feeling of the people. . . . His persons are no shadowy abstractions,—no personifications

of a dogma,—no portraits of the author varied in costume but similar in features. With all their rich varieties of character, whether their heroic spirit touches on the god-like or their wild eccentricities border on the farcical, they are men fashioned of human earth and warm with human sympathies. He does not seek for the sublime in the mere intensity of burning passion, or for sources of enjoyment in those feverish qualifications which some would teach us to believe the only felicities worthy of high and impassioned souls. He writes everywhere with a keen and healthful relish of all the good things of life—constantly refreshes us, where we least expect it, with a sense of that pleasure which is spread through the earth 'to be caught in stray gifts by whoever will find,' and brightens all things with the spirit of gladness. There is little of a meditative or retrospective cast in his works. Whatever age he chooses for his story lives before us. We become contemporaries of all his persons, and sharers in all their fortunes. Of all the men who have ever written, excepting Shakespeare, he has perhaps the least of exclusiveness, the least of those feelings which keep men apart from their kind. He has his own predilections—and we love him the better for them, even when they are not ours—but they never prevent him from grasping with cordial spirit all that is human. His tolerance is the most complete, for it extends to adverse bigotries; his love of enjoyment does not exclude the ascetic from his respect, nor does his fondness for hereditary rights and time-honored institutions prevent his admiration of the fiery zeal of a sectary. His genius shines with an equal light on all,—illuminating the vast hills of purple heath, the calm breast of the quiet water and the rich masses of the grove,—now gleaming with a sacred light on the distant towers of some old monastery, now softening the green-wood shade, now piercing the gloom of the rude cave where the old covenanter lies—free and universal and boundless as the sun, and pouring its radiance with a like impartiality upon a living and rejoicing world."—*Sir T. N. Talfourd, in his "Critical and Miscellaneous Writings."*

"The works of Scott produce their effect rather by the combination of many qualities than the predominance of any. In depth of feeling, we think he yields to the author of 'Anastasius;' in invention of incident and disposition of plot, he is equaled by many; his humor will hardly bear comparison with that of Sterne, or the best parts of Fielding; and in the direct and forcible expression of the stronger passions, we should be inclined to give the preference both to Godwin and to the author of 'Valerius.' His strength lies in the possession and harmonious adjustment of most of the qualities requisite to the novelist, none engrossing the whole mind, none excluding another, but all working together in kindly unison: Learning arrayed in the most picturesque combinations; observation of life embodied not in

abstractions, but in living forms; humor springing out of tenderness, like smiles struggling through tears; the spirit of ancient knighthood leavening the worldly wisdom of modern times; and the imagination of the poet adorning, without impairing, the common sympathies and good-humored sagacity of the man."—*Prof. George Moir, in article on "Romance," in Encyclopedia Britannica.*

"The illustrious painter of Scotland seems to me to have created a false class; he has, in my opinion, confounded history and romance. The novelist has set about writing historical romances, and the historian romantic histories. . . . I refuse, therefore, to sit in judgment on any English author whose merit does not appear to me to reach that degree of superiority which it has in the eyes of his countrymen."—*Chateaubriand, in "Sketches of English Literature."*

Criticism of Scott as a Poet.

"The great secret of his popularity and the leading characteristics of his poetry appear to consist in this: That he has made more use of common topics, images, and expressions than any original poet of later times, and, at the same time, displayed more genius and originality than any recent author who has worked in the same materials. By the latter peculiarity he has entitled himself to the admiration of every description of readers; by the former he is recommended in an especial manner to the inexperienced,—at the hazard of some little offense to the more cultivated and fastidious. Among his minor peculiarities we might notice his singular talent for description, and especially for the description of scenes abounding in motion or action of any kind. In this department, indeed, we conceive him to be almost without a rival, among either modern or ancient poets; and the character and process of his descriptions are as extraordinary as their effect is astonishing."—*Lord Jeffrey, in the "Edinburgh Review."*

"Though greatly inferior in many things to his illustrious brethren (Wordsworth and Byron), Scott is perhaps, after all, the most unequivocally original. We do not know of any model after which the form of his principal poems have been molded. They bear no resemblance, and, we must allow, are far inferior to the heroic poems of Greece; nor do they, though he has been called the 'Ariosto of the North,' seem to us to resemble, in any way whatever, any of the great poets of modern Italy.

"He has given a most intensely real representation of the living spirit of the chivalrous age of his country. He has not shrouded the figures or the characters of his heroes in high poetical lustre, so as to dazzle us by resplendent fictitious beings shining through the scenes and events of a half imaginary world. They are as much real men in his

poetry as the 'mighty Earls of old' are in our histories and annals. The incidents, too, and events are all wonderfully like those of real life; and when we add to this, that all the most interesting and impressive superstitions and fancies of the times are in his poetry incorporated and intertwined with the ordinary tissue of mere human existence, we feel ourselves hurried from this our civilized age back into the troubled bosom of semi-barbarous life, and made keen partakers in all its impassioned and poetical credulities. His poems are historical narrations, true in all things to the spirit of his history, but everywhere overspread with those bright and breathing colors, which only genius can bestow on reality; and when it is recollected that the times in which the scenes are laid and his heroes act were distinguished by many of the most energetic virtues that can grace or dignify the character of a free people, and marked by the operation of great passions and important events; everyone must feel that the poetry of Walter Scott is, in the noblest sense of the word, national; that it breathes upon us the bold and heroic spirit of perturbed but magnificent ages, and connects us, in the midst of philosophy, science, and refinement, with our turbulent but high-minded ancestors, of whom we have no cause to be ashamed, whether looked on in the fields of war or in the halls of peace. He is a true knight in all things,—free, courteous, and brave. War, as he describes it, is a noble game, a kingly pastime. He is the greatest of all war poets. His poetry might make a very coward fearless."—*Prof. John Wilson, in "Blackwood's Magazine," for July, 1818.*

"Let me talk to you of the Prince Regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a ball; and, after some sayings peculiarly pleasing from royal lips as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortalities. He preferred you to every bard, past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the 'Lay.' He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more particularly the poet of princes, as they never appeared more fascinating than in 'Marmion' and 'The Lady of the Lake.' He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your Jameses as no less royal than poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both."—*Lord Byron to Scott, July 6, 1812.*

"Scott is a poet truly national and heroic. He finds his scenes in his native land, and his heroes and heroines in British history and tradition. There is an astonishing ease, vehemence, and brightness in his verse. His poems are a succession of historical figures, with all the well-defined proportions of statues,—with this difference, that they act and speak according to the will of the

poet. Yet, though in external elegance and precision of outline they resemble works of art, they have less of the repose of sculpture about them than any characters in modern song. No one since the days of Homer has sung with such an impetuous and burning breath the muster, the march, the onset, and all the fiery vicissitudes of battle."—*Allan Cunningham, in "Biographical and Critical History of the Literature of the Last Fifty Years."*

It were late in the day to write criticisms on those metrical romances. At the same time, the great popularity they had seems natural enough. In the first place, there was the indisputable impress of *worth*, of genuine human force, in men. This, which lies in the same degree or is thought to lie, at the bottom of all popularity, did to an unusual degree disclose itself in these rhymed romances of Scott. Pictures were actually painted and presented; human emotions, conceived and sympathized with, considering that wretched Della-Cruscan and other vamping up of old worn-out tatters was the staple article then, it may be granted that Scott's excellence was superior and supreme. When a Hayley was the main singer, a Scott might well be hailed with warm welcome."—*Thomas Carlyle, in "Criticisms and Miscellaneous Essays."*

"Speaking of the poets of the day, Sir James Mackintosh observed: 'I very much doubt whether Scott will survive long. Hitherto nothing has stood the test of time but labored and finished verse, and of this Scott has none. If I were to say which of the poets of the day is most likely to be read hereafter, I should give my opinion in favor of some of Campbell's poems. Scott, however, has a wonderful fertility and vivacity.' It may be proper to add that the allusion is here exclusively to the poetry of Scott. The Waverley Novels were not generally attributed to him when the remark was made."—*Alexander H. Everett's "Conversations with Sir J. Mackintosh."*

General Estimate of Scott as an Author.

To read Sir Walter Scott's works, to read all of them, to become familiar with them, is to have a friend,—an invisible playmate of the mind. Carlyle, Dumas, and Goethe acknowledged his charm, as also did all Europe. He wove about all his readers the spell of a great, wise, humorous, loving and open nature, with a rich and sympathetic imagination and a wealth of knowledge. People called him "The Magician That Dwelleth in the Castle on the Border." He knew all ranks of society intimately before he wrote a line. He was at home with rich and poor alike. From all his rich experience of men and women, of society and politics, of war, of literature, came the peculiar and original ply of his genius,—a genius ripened with his great disappointment in love.

His characters throb with life. A few of those drawn from real life are: Louis XI., James VI., Wandering Willie, Diana Vernon, Dugald Dalgetty, David and Jeanie Deans, Claverhouse, Ratcliffe, Nantie Ewart, Madge Wildfire, Baillie, Meg Dods, Callum Beg. These display life as it was in the past, as it is in the present, and as it will be in the future.

As a writer of poetry his merits are real. He is admirable in his boldness, abandon, frankness, breadth of effect; in his careless, quick, easy narrative; in his unfeeling spirit and life; and in his vigorous, fiery movement. He was deficient in the higher and deeper qualities and in refinement of finish. As a lyricist, he especially excelled and, here and there in his works, are scattered dainty snatches of ballad and song never surpassed in language. As a teller of tales in rhyme, he is distinguished for introducing a new form of romantic verse with peculiar popular ballad qualities. His rhymed narratives, however, are too long and too diffuse and appeal to the young mainly. Scott knew distinctly his own defects, and when he saw an abatement of enthusiasm decided to enter other fields of literature. His best war poem is "Scotland at Flodden," also considered the best war poem ever written.

As a writer of prose fiction, he stands unequalled. His fame rests chiefly and securely on his Scotch novels and on his invention of the historical novel. By this creation he introduced a distinct literature. He brought life into our own conceptions of the past, and revolutionized our methods of history writing itself by a vivid infusion into them of picturesque and imaginative elements. But he has little artistic conscience. His novels are weak in plot, lax and careless in construction. He contents himself with writing a few unlabored and loosely-put-together scenes, having sufficient interest to amuse. He vitalizes his characters, fills them with sense and with spirit. Love in his novels just peeps out, and that is all. He has been called "the passionless writer," because embraces are absent.

His style is exceedingly careless and is saved only by its accompaniment of simplicity and spontaneity. His manner is often incorrect and diffuse. He is liable to crowd together a lot of details and explanations about which he did not care into a sentence with no beginning and no ending. His heroes are ordinary people,—young, brave, not very clever, but strong and honorable. His heroines are lovable. Those that we are likely to love best are Diana Vernon, Rebecca, and Catherine Seton. His scenery is very wearisome, though clear and intelligent.

People that love adventure, humor, life-pictures, and the past enjoy Scott, for Scott always tells a good story, creates men and women, horses and dogs,—all of endless variety and rank.

Scott's writings are, in their general character, objective. The author himself does not appear in them. They are narrative, historic, descriptive,—not psychological, introspective, or didactic.

Quotations from Scott.

1. "Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
'This is my own, my native land!'
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."
—From "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*."
2. "Call it not vain,—they do not err
Who say that when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan:
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks in deeper groan, reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave."
—From "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*."
3. "In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above;
For love is heaven and heaven is love."
—From "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*."
4. "Time rolls his ceaseless course. The
race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marveling boyhood legends
store,
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land
or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their
force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning
hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight!"
—From "*The Lady of the Lake*."
5. "The rose is fairest when 'tis buddin new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from
fears;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning
dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in
tears."
—From "*The Lady of the Lake*."
6. "Fair as the earliest beam of eastern
light,
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim
spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrents foaming tide,

And lights the fearful path on mountain
side,
Fair as that beam, although the fairest
far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial faith, and courtesy's bright
star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud
the brow of war."
—From "*The Lady of the Lake*."

7. "Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven."
—From "*The Lady of the Lake*."

8. "In man's most dark extremity
Oft succor dawns from Heaven."
—From "*The Lord of the Isles*."

9. "O many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken!"
—From "*The Lord of the Isles*."

10. "O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive!"
—From "*Marmion*."

11. "O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow;
A ministering angel thou!"
—From "*Marmion*."

12. "Our youthful summer oft we see
Dance by on wings of game and glee,
While the dark storm reserves its rage,
Against the winter of our age:
As he, the ancient Chief of Troy,
His manhood spent in peace and joy;
But Grecian fires and loud alarms
Called ancient Priam forth to arms.
Then happy those, since each must drain
His share of pleasure, share of pain,—
Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,
To whom the mingled cup is given;
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,
Whose joys are chastened by their grief."
—From "*Marmion*."

Vignettes.

1. "I was not always a man of woe."
—From "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*."

2. "With a smile on her lips, and a tear in
her eye."
—From "*Marmion*."

3. "Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley,
on!"
—From "*Marmion*."

4. "Hail to the Chief who in triumph
advances!"
—From "*The Lady of the Lake*."

5. "Time rolls his ceaseless course."
—From "*The Lady of the Lake*."

6. "Sea of upturned faces."
—From "*Rob Roy*."

7. "There's a gude time coming."
—From "*Rob Roy*."

8. "Scared out of his seven senses."
—From "*Rob Roy*."

9. "Widowed wife and wedded maid."
—From "*The Betrothed*."

10. "But with the morning cool reflection
came."
—From "*Chronicles of the Canongate*."

Some of Scott's Novels in Brief.

"Waverley," the first of Scott's historical novels, was published in 1814. The materials are Highland feudalism, military bravery, and description of natural scenery. There is a fine vein of humor and a union of fiction with history. The chief characters are Charles Edward the Chevalier, the noble old Baron of Bradwardine, the simple faithful clansman Evan Dhu, and the poor fool Davie Gellatley with his fragments of song and scattered gleams of fancy.

Captain Edward Waverley of Waverley Honor, and hero of the novel called by his name, being gored by a stag, resigned his commission and proposed marriage to Flora M'Ivor, but was not accepted. Fergus M'Ivor (Flora's brother) introduced him to Prince Charles Edward. He entered the service of the Young Chevalier, and in the battle of Preston Pans saved the life of Colonel Talbot. The colonel, out of gratitude, obtained the pardon of young Waverley, who then married Rose Bradwardine, and settled down quietly in Waverley Honor.

"Redgauntlet" (1824) is a story told in a series of letters, about a conspiracy formed by Sir Edward Hugh Redgauntlet, on behalf of the Young Pretender, Charles Edward, then about forty years of age. The conspirators insist that the Prince should dismiss his mistress, Miss Walkingshaw, and, as he refuses to comply with this demand, they abandon their enterprise. Just as a brig is prepared for the Prince's departure from the island, Colonel Campbell arrives with the military. He connives, however, at the affair, the conspirators disperse, the Prince embarks, and Redgauntlet becomes the prior of a monastery abroad. This is one of the inferior novels, but is redeemed by the character of Peter Peebles.

"Heart of Midlothian" (1818) deals with the old jail or tolebooth of Edinburgh, taken down in 1817. Effie Deans, the daughter of a Scotch cowfeeder, is seduced by George Staunton, son of the rector of Wilingham; and Jeanie is cited as a witness on the trial that ensues, by which Effie is sentenced to death for child murder. Jeanie promises to go to London and ask the king to pardon her half-sister, and, after various perils, arrives at her destination. She lays her case before the Duke of Argyll, who takes her in his carriage to Richmond, and obtains for her an interview with the queen, who promises to intercede with his majesty, George II., on her sister's behalf. In due time the royal pardon is sent to Edinburgh, Effie is released and marries her seducer, now Sir George Staunton; but soon after the

marriage Sir George is shot by a gipsy boy, who is in reality his illegitimate son. On the death of her husband, Lady Staunton retires to a convent on the Continent. Jeanie marries Reuben Butler, a Presbyterian minister. The novel opens with the Portuguese riots.

"Ivanhoe" (1820) is the most brilliant and splendid of romances in any language. Rebecca, the Jewess, was Scott's favorite character. The scene is laid in England in the reign of Richard I., and we are introduced to Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest, banquets in Saxon halls, tournaments, and all the pomp of ancient chivalry. Rowena, the heroine, is quite thrown into the shade by the gentle, meek yet high-souled Rebecca.

Sir Wilfred, knight of Ivanhoe, is the favorite of Richard I. and the disinherited son of Cedric of Rotherwood. Disguised as a palmer, he goes to Rotherwood, and meets there Rowena, his father's ward, with whom he falls in love; but we hear little more of him except as the friend of Rebecca and her father Isaac of York, to both of whom he shows repeated acts of kindness, and completely wins the affections of the beautiful Jewess. In the grand tournament, Ivanhoe appears as the "Desdichado" or the "Disinherited Knight," and overthrows all comers. King Richard pleads for him to Cedric, reconciles the father to his son, and the young knight marries Rowena.

"Castle Dangerous" was written after

the wreck of Scott's fortune and repeated strokes of paralysis (1831). Those who read it must remember that they are the last notes of a dying swan, and forbear to scan its merits too strictly.

"Castle Dangerous or the Perilous Castle of Douglas" is so called because it was thrice taken from the English between 1306 and 1307.

1. On Palm Sunday, while the English soldiers were at church, Douglas fell on them and slew them; then, entering the castle, he put to the sword all he found there, and set fire to the castle (March 19).

2. The castle, being restored, was placed under the guard of Thirwall, but Douglas disguised his soldiers as drovers, and Thirwall resolved to "pillage the rogues." He set upon them to drive off the herds, but the drovers, being too strong for the attacking party, overpowered them, and again Douglas made himself master of the castle.

3. Sir John de Walton next volunteered to hold the castle for a year and a day, but Douglas disguised his soldiers as marketmen carrying corn and grass to Lanark. Sir John, in an attempt to plunder the men, set upon them, but was overmastered and slain.

This is the subject of Scott's novel, but instead of the marketmen "with corn and grass," the novel substitutes Lady Augusta, the prisoner of Black Douglas, whom he promises to release if the castle is surrendered to him. De Walton consents, gives up the castle, and marries Lady Augusta.

CRITICISMS OF THE JANUARY, FEBRUARY AND MARCH RECITATIONS.

I.

January No.—The selections, as a whole, are especially good for the use of the general teacher in making a program. As the chief aim of WERNER'S MAGAZINE is to aid public readers and teachers of reading and elocution more especially, it would have been better to have had the selections of a higher order. Recitations are like clothes—the best material is the cheapest in the end, both to teacher and to pupil. The three declamations, on Lincoln, Washington, and Lafayette, are good and appropriate. "Lincoln's Last Dream" contains beautiful thought and is well written. The reciter will find that the audience will be pleased to listen to anything that will show to them more beauty in the character of those heroes we all have learned to love so well. "The Swiss Good Night" is an exquisite picture and can be made very effective if well imitated. "Nora's Awakening," as here arranged, gives one the impression of a great deal of trouble over such a small matter as a letter. A part of the conversation between Nora and Christina and Nora practicing the tarantella, a part of Nora's soliloquy, would

have made the scene more clearly understood and have given us an idea of the character of Nora and Helmer. "The Colored Volunteer" is an opportune bit of humor.

February No.—"Her Cuban Tea" is quite unique and well adapted to prove very popular. "The Conquered Banner" is a beautiful pantomime, well arranged and explained. It was received with great appreciation at a recent recital in Tennessee. The young man who recited the poem slowly furled the Confederate flag, lowering it to the ground on the last word. The last numbers are all of a high grade, especially "In Terror of Death," which is well written and will hold the closest attention to the last. There is, however, too much of the same style in these pieces, which are pathetic, for one number; they should be relieved by some humor.

March No.—It is pleasing to note Miss Benfey's conscientious study of the Book of Job. The arrangement is very good indeed, with the exception of a few sentences that would be objectionable to the mind of the sensitive listener, but these can be easily omitted. I agree with Miss Benfey, however, that the introduction makes a weak

beginning and is better omitted. Stanley Schell's "Easter Tableaux" is unique and can be prettily adapted to other letters. "The Old Bell-Ringer" is an admirable example of pathos. The scene is well placed, sentences short and the interest does not flag for a moment. "The Pantomime of 'The Story of a Faithful Soul'" has a grand theme and at the same time is wrought with such pure simplicity that it is very characteristic of Eastertide. "A Box of Powders" is a taking piece and will hold the attention of any audience. "Paradise" is not adapted to the lofty theme in word or in rhythm, and there is very little connection in the thought. "The Punctual Shad" is spontaneous and original, showing such an exact knowledge of the event that it must bring memories of many delicious dinners to the minds of the New Englander. The encores are bright and spicy and well adapted to the season.

This number is undoubtedly the best that has appeared in some time. The selections are adapted to all classes and the arrangement of the humorous pieces is such that, even when reading the department, the interest does not flag for a moment. The idea of giving programs is sure to prove helpful to those having to arrange them. There is not so much importance placed on the style of pieces selected to suit an audience as upon their arrangement to please the senses of sympathy and humor.

The Recitation Chats, too, are helpful, often express to the teacher some idea he has longed to find, and are stimulating to the beginner in the study of elocution.

Tennessee.

Fanny A. Myers.

II.

"Reading from the Book of Job."—I have no criticism, of course, to offer upon the selection; but few readers will give it well.

"Easter Tableaux."—In this drill the girls should wear Easter lilies in their hair. After the tableau of the letter R, they should form another tableau,—some standing in an attitude of wonder, some of worship, while one stands erect, pointing with right hand to a star, which appears as tableau is formed; facial expression that of faith and triumph.

"The Old Bell-Ringer."—In the first part we learn that old Micheich had seen his children buried and had stood by the open graves of his grandchildren. Later occurs these words: "God had given them one son," and "he was ground to his death by men's injustice." Later on in the selection the bell-ringer seems again to be "surrounded by his grandchildren." Here we have conflicting impressions,—that of one child and of children. No reference is made to daughters, and that to "one son" is couched in such language as to confuse the listener. Another thing: To him the wind would not "sigh gently among the swinging bells," but rather mournfully; or "winds sobbed among the swinging bells"

would be more impressive. In the climax I should cut out the words "on the bench" and "send a substitute," and make the last sentence read: "On this glorious Easter morning old Micheich had rung his soul into heaven."

"Confused" and "I Got to Go to School."—Both of these selections are excellent.

"Pantomime of 'The Story of a Faithful Soul.'"—I should make the following changes: On the words "comfort and solace" clasp hands, extended front; on "then I know" slowly drop hands, still clasped, and droop head; on

"He would endure with patience
And strive against his woe,"

slowly lift face, which gradually brightens; on

"For heaven is yours at last.
In that one minute's anguish
Your thousand years have passed;"

have tableau of uplifted hands and face, expression of peaceful triumph, throw on the white light, and slowly drop curtain.

"The Grumble-Valley Grumbler."—This poem is weak throughout, but very well balanced. It would be improved by omitting the last two lines of the fourth, fifth, and sixth verses.

"Traits of President Jackson," "A Box of Powders," and "In Paradise."—These are all good as they stand.

"The Punctual Shad."—Weak throughout.

"Because 'Twas Lent" and "April to March."—I have no criticisms on these selections.

"The Birth of St. Patrick."—I regard this as too weak to use at all.

"Specimen Easter Program."—As a suggestive program this is very good. If the pantomime of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" was used in place of "Scarf Fantastics," and "Easter Tableaux" by Stanley Schell in place of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," the scheme of the program would be improved. The old Doxology would be fine for opening.

"Encores."—These, as a group, are unusually good. "Three Little Chestnuts," "Cheer Your Fellow-man," and "Good Night" are the strongest. The last-named is exceptionally good.

West Virginia, Leni L. McWhorter.

III.

"THE GRUMBLE-VALLEY GRUMBLER."

To the Editor of WERNER'S MAGAZINE:

In reply to your request for permission to publish my recent letter, I will say that, although it was written with no thought of publication, I willingly submit it to your good judgment to use as you choose. If the letter had been for the eyes of the profession at large, I should carefully have avoided any expression that could possibly be construed as an undue sensitiveness as to criticisms of "The Grumbler." The fact is I think "The Grumbler" has been treated very well, fully as well as he deserves. I like to see your literature reviewed, and look upon that as but one of many.

progressive moves on your part that has made WERNER'S MAGAZINE that which no wide-awake elocutionist in America can miss, without relinquishing the right to be called "wide-awake."

VIRGIL A. PINKLEY.

I see what "they" say about my "Grumbler" in your magazine. One lady says that she likes Riley's "Discouraged Farmer" better. So do I. No friction there. She says that "The Grumbler" was evidently modeled after "The Farmer." It was, unless it was modeled before it or at the same time. I wrote "The Grumbler" many years ago. I had read Riley's "Farmer" and have no doubt that it made its impression on me. I have recited my poem thousands of times, and have seldom, if ever, failed to say to audiences that I felt that Riley's writings had inspired me to compose "The Grumbler" and "The Afterwhiles." My "Afterwhiles" was the direct outcome of my brooding over Riley's beautiful introduction to his volume called "Afterwhiles." I have publicly said so to tens of thousands of people. Read that introductory "Proem" and see if you think I have cause to feel ashamed to own my inspiration.

I was not so familiar with Riley's "Discouraged Farmer," and wrote my "Grumbler" quite independently of it; but doubt if I should ever have written it if I had not seen the "Farmer."

I think many of Shakespeare's plays would not have been composed if the author had not seen something somewhere that suggested and inspired their creation.

To a very hungry boy there is but one thing less desirable than "elderly chicken stewed," and that is—no chicken of any kind. To an ambitious man there is only one thing more trying than adverse criticism and that is *no* criticism. So, I am glad to see these reviews, though they are not altogether favorable. I think the "Grumbler" has no right to complain of his treatment in WERNER'S MAGAZINE. One critic says this Grumbler is long and lank, as it were. A Grumbler may not be of necessity long, but he surely has no right to be otherwise than lank. Eh?

She says that poem is so attenuated and long-drawn-out that as a recitation it must prove monotonous and tiresome. I have no poem in my repertory, the rendition of which provokes fewer signs of shortcomings. That may not be saying much. She says the whole philosophy of the poem could have been put into two verses. She means stanzas, I suppose,—I hope. If the statement is true, and I do not challenge it, it would be no proof that the poem would be monotonous or tiresome. Many an eloquent sermon and oration has been simply the amplification of the philosophy contained in these words: "The Fatherhood of God; the Brotherhood of Man." But the lady who, if I mistake not, was once a pupil of mine, is, withal, so generous in her attitude toward me that I feel a bit mean that I should take exception to anything in her criticism.

Cincinnati. Virgil Alonso Pinkley.

CHATS.

THIS month we have given the pantomime, "The Old Folks at Home," to show what the little folks of Tennessee are doing. The increase in the Southern talent indicates the desire of the South to keep up with the newest and the best in education. When little folks are able to do pantomimic work well, we shall feel that the key-note of elocutionary action has been struck, that a step in the right direction has been taken.

August 15 is Sir Walter Scott's birthday. In honor of that occasion we have given "An Evening with Sir Walter Scott," and "The Death of Marmion" from "Marmion." All the songs on the program are poems of Scott's set to music. The program has been arranged in two parts and may be given as a whole or may be divided. The "Poetical Selections" may be given as a whole or one or more may be used. In the arrangement of the novels the plan

followed was according to the best order for reading. The "Life of Sir Walter Scott," "Estimates of Scott as an Author," and "Some of His Novels in Brief" are to be found under "Suggestions for Special Day Essays." In regard to selections from the different novels, none have been given, as it is deemed best to let the person chosen to give the story in brief make the selection. The following selections are merely suggestive: "The Trial of Rebecca," from "Ivanhoe," in "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 19" (35 cts.); "The Besieged Castle," from "Ivanhoe," in "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 11" (35 cts.); or "The Rescue of Ivanhoe from Front-de-Bœuf's Castle," from "Ivanhoe," in WERNER'S MAGAZINE for May, 1892 (20 cts.) These cuttings would indicate the style of cuttings that should be made.

The monologue or duologue, "An

Illustrated Lecture," is something unusual and as the occurrence is actual the person giving it can, by putting herself in the place of the real young lady, make it a very taking number.

The oration, "The Man of the Hour," is exceedingly fine and was the prize winner at the second annual contest of the Central Oratorical League, held at Cornell, May 19.

The "Telescope March" is a new idea and will be welcomed by teachers in search of new drills.

The scene from "Cyrano de Bergerac" was arranged and given by Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker, of New York City, a short time ago. It has

stood the test of the stage and should become a part of every program.

Each month we hope to give a page or so of lyrics from the best authors. This month we have given them from Scott. They are suitable for study pieces, for encores, or for brief speeches.

"The Poverty Party" is a very inexpensive entertainment and affords a jolly time to even the most fastidious. At such a party one can feel at ease, for one's pocket-book is not drained in order to attend or to give it. Besides, in hot weather, one can feel so comfortable "in the rough."

A Critique on Maude Adams as Juliet.

BY R. W. WALLACE.

MAUDE ADAMS'S Juliet has proved a marked success and the critics have raised their united voice in praise of the young actress's unique rendering of this familiar role. But one apparently wholly unappreciative criticism, which appeared in one of our daily papers, I should like to answer here according to my own impressions of the performance. From the general spirit of the criticism it is evident that neither Miss Adams nor her Juliet is the author's style of womanhood. He would be more likely to find his ideal in a Turkish harem.

In the article it was stated that Shakespeare's Juliet "moved in a larger, freer, more full-blooded orbit" than the actress's own. Now, on what authority can this be claimed other than that the stage had presented the character to us in such a light until Miss Adams, by the originality of her thought and the charm of her personality, brought to life this new Juliet. It was also advised that the actress should have learned to walk "with some approach to dignity," before attempting this role. Truly, her bearing throughout most of the role was wanting in dignity, for the quality of dignity is entirely foreign to the natural artlessness and buoyancy of her creation of the young Italian maiden, except where it flashed forth in supreme splendor at those two awful moments—when the old nurse offers her vile advice to the stricken bride of a few hours; and again at the last, where she broke the silence of the tomb with her

calm command to the kindly old friar to away and leave her with her dead. At these brief moments of intense trial, in an instant the young girl becomes a mature woman, with the quiet dignity, the profound thoughts and deep emotions of a woman. No walking is required here, but, were it called for, we have no reason to fear that her dignity would have deserted her.

It is quite true (as was also stated) that in certain scenes her acting was at times "nervous" and "spasmodic," but this occurred only when it was a truthful representation of the character as she had created it. Had she portrayed Juliet's joyous emotions with quiet dignity, and the young creature's first realization of the bitter sorrow that awaited her, with self-possessed calmness, the effect would have been ridiculous. On the contrary, Miss Adams *lived the life of her youthful heroine*. Throughout the entire role she displayed so clear an understanding of and keen insight into every emotion of the gradually expanding soul of the character she was impersonating, that one instinctively felt her to be complete master of her subject. Therefore, the critic's further accusation of "amateurishness" occurs to me as a surprising freak of judgment, for which "striking originality" is the only proper substitute.

In answer to a call she comes tripping upon the scene with light, hasty footsteps, runs to her mother's side and nestles there while she listens, with childish interest, to a strange story of some noble youth who loves

her, scarcely comprehending, and to her mother's question artlessly answering: "It is an honor that I dream not of." Her wondering gaze, her light tones, and the many little flitting movements of unconscious childhood reveal to us a young heart as yet filled with naught but the very joy of living; reveling in the beauty of flowers and sunshine, the companionship of friends and the sweet security of a happy home,

Next we see this heart opening to its first dawn of love. So sweet is this new emotion that for a moment the young girl forgets all else and yields to the kiss of her lover; then a strange unrest seizes her and the fluttering fear in her heart bursts forth in her startled face. But the dance and her handsome partner (he of whom her mother spoke) have lost their charm and her gaze continually wanders toward the solitary youth who, in so strange a disguise, has wooed and won her heart.

Then comes the Balcony Scene, in which the critic spoke of the "nervous trepidation" of her acting. Why should it not be so? Emotions, so new and strange, have entered this timid child's heart that she almost fears she has been dreaming. She tells them to the night and her lover hears her confession. The impatient old nurse continually calls from within, and Lady Capulet may intrude upon the scene at any moment. Juliet knows that were their stolen conversation discovered, it would mean disgrace to herself and almost certain death to this venturesome young Montague, the son of her father's bitter enemy.

Now we find her in the garden impatiently awaiting the message from Romeo which is to seal her fate. In this scene the article referred to pronounced the actress's childish teasing and her final passionate outburst of grief and chagrin at the answer of the exasperating old nurse,

"Henceforward do your messages yourself,"

as the greatest success of her role. Here the charm of her spontaneity displays itself, and the innate child impulses of the young actress burst forth with pleasing effect. But to my mind it is only in those two scenes in which the deep waters of her nature are stirred to their profoundest depths that its true beauty shines forth.

After the secret marriage of the lovers in Friar Laurence's cell, followed by Romeo's unfortunate slaying of Tybalt and the prince's decree of banishment, the friendly friar gives the stricken lover words of cheer and goodly advice. Then follows the parting scene in Juliet's chamber. Here Miss Adams, with the sympathy of keen insight, portrays the conflict between the lin-

gering emotions of the light-hearted maiden of yesterday and the newly awakening emotions of the heavy-hearted woman of the hour. One brief moment of lonely solitude after Romeo has gone, and the haughty Lady Capulet enters with news of her daughter's proposed marriage to Paris, but two days hence. Burning with indignation and all her imprisoned horror of the thing, she makes haughty refusal. Here her portrayal of Juliet's anguish during and after her father's violent storm of anger appears to be the passionate weeping of a child, mingled with the deep misery of a woman. In other words, these sudden and startling changes that have taken place in the life of her Juliet have not yet completed the mystery of burying the maiden and resurrecting the woman. But almost the next instant works the miracle. The young girl who had sunk beneath the anguish of lover's separation and parent's denunciation now rises in supreme womanhood in her contempt for the faithful and trusted old servant who bids her let him who has gone from her with his heavy burden of sorrow be as the dead, and be happy with the new love. In her intense loathing, her eyes flash, her nervous hands clench, and with grinding teeth she turns and hurls after her aged ill-adviser this scathing denunciation: "Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!"

In the following scene in Friar Laurence's cell, she depicts with piteous truthfulness the young wife's helpless yielding to the kiss of Paris, her persistent lover and the unconscious instrument of all her sorrow. In the next scene where, according to the friar's advice, she gives consent to the will of her parents, her conduct alone is an eloquent story without words, portraying the painful hypocrisy of one who is forced to speak with the mouth that which the rebellious heart brands as a hideous lie.

Then follows the scene in which, racked with fear and horror, she drinks the potion that is to produce her deathlike sleep. Here nothing could have outshone the sudden force of soul-power that she displayed—though perhaps at this point her "technical equipment" may in a sense be said to have been somewhat at a disadvantage. But what heart in the audience was not the more touched that this frail form, meant to cling and be tenderly supported, should quiver almost to the point of collapse, and that this voice, meant only for the expression of tender and joyous emotions, should falter and well-nigh break at the moment when she threw up her arms and rushed toward the grim spectre of her distorted imagination with the wild cry of insanity: "Stay, Tybalt! Stay!"

But to my mind the last scene in the play is her crowning one. The writer in question reminded us that in this scene the heroine has few words to speak. True, but here, in one short sentence, is consumed the essence of all the subtle fineness of sympathy in the young actress's temperament. It is said that we look at things in the light of our own souls, and Miss Adams has portrayed the tomb scene as it has appealed to her. Here in this silent dungeon of death life has come back to her heart, and the life of her lover, limp in her arms, gone out forever. Over her blanched face creeps and settles the seal of dumb despair, and from her blue eyes, but a moment ago so eloquent with the eager question of her lips, "Where's my Romeo?" the light slowly fades. For a moment the frail, death-shrouded form quivers and sways in the ghostly light of the sepulchre, as a white dove, flung beneath the fury of the storm, helplessly flutters its tender wings all torn and broken with the tempest. We listen to the sorrowful, persuading tones of the good old Friar and then hear a calm, despairing voice, its low tone sounding through the tomb and thrilling all the audience like the hopeless voice of a doomed soul:

"Go, get thee hence, for I will not away."

Although we condemn the faint heart that, sick with its anguish, thus harshly stills its moaning, the actress, by the magic power of that short utterance, has so cast a momentary spell of sanctity upon her sacrifice that its cowardice is swallowed up and lost in the white light of a woman's deep devotion.

It must be acknowledged that Miss Adams is a somewhat unique character in her profession. She leaves the impression that with her life is nothing if it is not earnest, and art nothing if not real. She is an artist who elevates her art, teaching while she entertains her audiences. Gifted with a keen insight and quick intelligence rarely to be found, she has also been blessed with as rare a beauty of soul, and she has given the theatregoing public an entirely original rendering of a well-worn role, for which it owes her its thanks. We are not so far beneath the refinement of spirit displayed in the new Juliet that we can not appreciate its quiet and refreshing charm. Had Mr.

Frohman's object been to present a "full-blooded" enchantress, whose charm lay in her sensuous and voluptuous grace and beauty, he would not have chosen for the part a frail creature in whose sweet and thoughtful face there is no suggestion of the magnetism of mere physical attraction. I know that the skeptics who claim that this new impersonation of Juliet is contrary to tradition will be likely to argue that Shakespeare's paintings of the soul of a woman were not usually of such unalloyed purity. But to this objection I fancy Miss Adams would reply: "Yes, but in all probability this young Italian creature, the only child of wealthy and doting parents, though physically a woman, in heart and mind and worldly experience was yet but a mere child." And what convincing authority have we for contradicting this wholesome conception of the character, startlingly original though it may be? The young actress has said, "I do not know that 'Juliet' itself ever made any direct appeal to me." However, to one who has witnessed her remarkably sympathetic performance of the role this admission can hardly be construed otherwise than as an acknowledgment that, while sympathizing with the youthful lovers in their sorrow, the tragedy, in all its points, is not wholly in accordance with her own moral ideas of life.

Finally, when we have placed the new Juliet before a critical public for its final judgment, weighing against its possible technical defects the far deeper consideration of its moral and intrinsic value, I think our newspaper correspondent will find the decision to be far from his own sentence of "melancholy disappointment;" for to my mind Maude Adams's representation of Shakespeare's character has proved an exhilarating stage-innovation, as beneficial to the hearts and the minds of the masses as the immortal poet himself could have wished it to be. Evidently the critic in question considers that, in this new rendering of Juliet, Shakespeare's intent and purpose are entirely lacking. I make the fearless statement that, in the original reading of "Juliet," we are given certainly no more winsome, womanly and boundless a character than that presented to us by Miss Adams.

THEY sawed off his arms and his legs,
They took out his jugular vein,
They put fancy frills on his lungs,
And they deftly extracted his brain.
'Twas a triumph of surgical skill,
Such as never was heard of till then;

'Twas the subject of lectures before
Conventions of medical men.
The news of this wonderful thing
Was heralded far and wide,
But as for the patient there's nothing to say,
Excepting, of course, that he died.

CURRENT THOUGHT

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE AN ACTRESS.

THE necessary qualifications of an actress, where she makes her start, and what salary she can expect to receive, are vital questions to one contemplating a stage-career. Viola Allen, who made such a successful début as a star in Hall Caine's dramatization of "The Christian," contributes a very practical article to the *Ladies' Home Journal* for May. She says in part:

"An actress—a true actress—is born, not made. Why? Because the chief qualities that she must possess are born with her. She must have health, strength, a good physique, brains, aptitude, imagination, memory, and judgment. These aside from a generous share of instinctive talent and a goodly quantity of that indescribable and indefinable something which we call 'magnetism.' Some of these essentials, any girl will at once perceive, are not to be cultivated. I have not placed personal beauty in the category of essentials, because it is not an essential, but an undisputed aid. One need only to go over the list of the greatest actresses to see at once that they were not and are not all beautiful women. Genius always rises above personal beauty, but it must be true genius.

"In an educational way an actress can scarcely have too thorough, too broad or too complete a training. An intelligent actress, one who loves her art, is never through studying and developing. Therefore, she must have a good mental basis to begin with, and with it a desire to learn constantly as she progresses. To be more explicit: The least she can do with is the best of common school educations, and with this a knowledge of languages—French, at least. She must have an aptness for music, as she is likely at any time to be called upon in some part to play or to sing. Fencing and dancing add to her grace, but these may be acquired and used as demanded. Not least of all, the voice of the girl who aspires to become an actress must not only be carefully trained, but its use must be understood.

"But granted all the necessary qualifications and some to spare, it is growing more and more difficult for a young woman to get upon the legitimate stage—almost impossible to obtain a small part at the beginning. The dramatic schools are frequently a great help. They teach declamation, dramatic deportment and many necessary things, and often are able to place their graduates in small parts in companies. Performances are given by the students during the school-year to which dramatic managers are invi-

ted. To a young woman who can not afford the time or the money to attend the school a letter of introduction from some prominent person known to the manager of a dramatic company may obtain the presenter a grain more consideration. But such a girl should remember that a manager has many such applications and comparatively few parts.

"It is more likely she will be offered an engagement as an 'extra,' but if she accomplishes this—in a good company—she has gained something, and must try to do well whatever falls to her share. An 'extra' merely walks on and off the stage at the given signal or 'cue,' as it is called, and does as she has been previously told at rehearsals. In a company where a large number of 'extras' are engaged the rules are strict, as absolute silence is enforced behind the scenes while the curtain is up. Therefore, the 'extras' are not allowed to stand in the wings or loiter about the stage. As an 'extra' the young woman has little or no personality; she is merely part of a stage-picture, but she gains self-possession before an audience and learns much about rehearsals.

"Now the girl's struggle has fairly begun. She may be ever so clever, but without an effective opportunity to demonstrate her ability all her gifts are useless. Opportunity is sought during one's entire career,—by the beginner, the established actress, and the star alike. To the former it may mean rapid advancement, while the lack of it will surely result in discouragement and in disappointment.

"Her next step or hope is that of 'understudy.' This means that she must be always ready to play the part she understudies in case of the absence or illness of the principal, usually at short notice. When this event transpires her opportunity has arrived. She must gather together her forces, subdue all nervousness—so much easier said than done—and acquit herself as creditably as she can. After the performance she will not need to be told whether it was good or bad. She will instinctively feel the effect her words and actions have upon the audience, and she will know if she produced the impression she desired. Acting is not merely a matter of intuition; comprehension comes long before the faculty of expression, long before such command is acquired over the tones of the voice and the muscles of the face and the body as to force them to run the scale of the human emotions unerringly. If she has played her first role successfully, or even with bare signs of promise, the management will

sooner or later recognize it. By recognition I mean the offer of some small part, perhaps not as good as the one she understudied, but at least it is a beginning, and her name makes its first appearance on the program. Now her failure or success depends largely upon herself.

"One can be successful on the stage without ever becoming either a leading lady or a star. Success on the stage has many degrees. An actress' progress is guided by the particular trend of her abilities. One might play comedy well, yet fail dismally in a serious character; excel in heroic roles and yet not have the gift to play the role of an ingenue. Again, one who may be especially fitted by nature for character-work might in all possibility be absolutely ludicrous in an emotional role. The young woman whose services are in demand to play good parts in her own line, and who receives fair compensation for her work, may be considered successful.

"The public seems to be interested in the question of salary paid to a woman on the stage. It is a subject that has been greatly exaggerated, and one about which it is really difficult to make any fixed statement. It is variable—according to a girl's talents, the demand she has created for her services, and her business ability. The average salary does not exceed from \$50 to \$70 a week. There are a great number paid less than this, and many are paid more. In first-class companies the salaries may run from \$25 to \$125 a week, exclusive of leading roles. I am not speaking of the 'extras,' who have to content themselves with \$8 and \$10 a week, but of those playing the speaking-parts. Of course, with progress the salary increases. A leading woman's salary may range from \$75 to \$300, according to the management and class of attraction in which she appears, and in certain cases it may reach a still higher figure. In the case of stars, they receive generous salaries, and in most instances a percentage of the receipts, while an independent star under her own management adds the entire profit to her bank-account.

"At first glance it seems as if the young woman on the stage receives a very liberal remuneration. She does, but her expenses are considerably larger than they would be in almost any other vocation. She will undoubtedly have to travel much, and that means constant hotel bills. In large cities this will probably amount to \$21 a week—at \$3 a day—while in smaller towns the hotels are usually cheaper. Then her laundry and other petty but necessary expenses mount up to at least \$25 a week."

WHAT IS FIT FOR CHURCH ?

What is fit church music is indeed a problem. Some choirmasters have never solved it and never will. Thomas Whitney Surette, in a recent number of the *New York Evangelist*, gives some hints that are extremely sensible and worth not only reading over, but thinking over.

"How is one to know—one who has not studied the history of the development of church music; one who has not even been able to get a good training in the practical side of choir work and organ-playing; how shall such a person know what to select for his or her choir? Suppose the church is in an isolated part of the country and there is difficulty in obtaining music to look over; what can be done in such a case? Postponing for the moment consideration of the question of selecting music suitable for the capabilities of a choir, let me offer a simple rule for general guidance.

"Suppose you were going to select a novel to read; how would you go about it? Wouldn't you make choice of a book by a man whom you knew to be a good writer—a man of reputation? Or suppose you wanted to buy a coat; wouldn't you go to a first-rate tailor—one who had had the necessary experience in his business? It is much the same with anthems. You can not expect to get a good anthem from every would-be composer, not only because he would not have the necessary musical ideas to put into it, but because, if he did have, he would not know what to do with them.

"I know it bars out new men to set up this standard of established reputation, but that is better than having bad music, and the new men, if they are good, soon establish themselves.

"There is not space here to dwell at length on the details of this style, which we have held up as the pattern of what church music should be to-day. If the reader will take the trouble to examine the anthems and services of such composers as Stainer, Calkin, Goss, Barnby, and Stanford (I have named only a small part of the list), he will understand what that style is and why it is so universally used in the best choirs of England and America. Contrast with these any one of the so-called 'tuny' Te Deums where the most holy words are set to music that is distinctly secular, music that actually makes your feet go, and you will see which is really most suitable.

"It is impossible here to argue this whole question out. To some people a tune is a tune and nothing more; it may be a street-catch or a noble theme from a symphony; it is all the same to them. But those who take in charge the music of a service for the worship of God *have no right* to be ignorant on this subject. It is too vital a matter. The shockingly indecorous things that are sung and played in many churches are a direct reproach against choir and church alike. It would make a painfully long list to set them all down. From 'Oh, promise me,' set to the hymn 'Abide with me,' all through the list to the 'William Tell' Overture on the organ, they stand as a record we can not look upon with pride or with satisfaction. Pieces directly associated with the stage or concert-hall, sentimental ballads, popular gavottes and marches—all these one may hear continually. Not one of them is inherently religious; not one is prompted by or expressive of religious feeling. With a perfect wealth of beautiful anthems and services

to choose from—many of them so simple that almost any choir can master them—it is nothing less than lamentable that such things should be used.

“Except in large churches, where there are singers of great ability, the music should be simple. The nearer you get to the people the more you can do for them, and elaborate music is not near the people. This should be the guiding principle through the whole service. The chants, which were primarily intended for the congregation, are often rendered quite valueless to them by being pitched too high. When you put them down so that the highest note is C, or at the most D, men, women and children can and will sing them. The same thing applies to many hymn-tunes.”

DANGERS OF OVEREXERCISE.

One of the most exasperating things about this life is that almost as soon as a good thing is discovered, it is also found that there can be such a thing as too much of it. So, while exercise is to be lauded for its undoubted benefits, there is such a thing as overexercise, which does harm. The London *Hospital* has this to say:

“Interference with digestion is by no means an uncommon effect of excessive exercise, and so far as training is concerned, it is one of the most destructive. The blood can not flow in full stream to every part at once. While moderate exercise tends to produce appetite, a long and exhausting exertion tends to destroy the appetite, and even to produce actual sickness, as one finds in mountain climbing. People differ greatly in this respect, but in some the digestion is so easily upset by muscular exercise that, although they may be giants for a momentary exertion, anything like sustained effort disturbs digestion, and cuts at the very root of their nutrition. In many cases, however, the limit to exercise lies in diminished excretion. Unless the excretory organs are thoroughly efficient, the tissues become crowded with products that can not be got rid of, the senses become dimmed, and effort becomes a mere automatism, in consequence of a self-poisoning by the products of muscular waste.

“Interference with digestion so lowers nutrition, while accumulation of waste products so poisons the system, that in either case further exertion becomes impossible—the very will to make it passes away. But it is different in regard to the heart. The heart, although strained, may yet be driven on to its own destruction. Every muscular effort not only demands from the heart an increased flow of blood, but also drives an increased quantity toward it. So long as the heart can pass this forward all is well, but when it fails not merely is the circulation of the blood rendered imperfect, but serious damage is done to the heart itself. If when the heart was overdriven it merely struck, the enfeebled circulation would soon put a stop to further effort. The willing heart, however, taking at each beat a wider

sweep, and driving into the vessels a larger quantity of blood, so meets the call that the athlete can struggle on, perhaps to win his race. But the strained heart suffers, the stretched muscle does not quite come back, the dilated cavity does not quite close at each contraction, and permanent mischief is set up. Thus it is that exercise driven to the limit imposed by the heart is overexercise in the most serious sense of the word. If it is the heart that stops it, the chances are that it has already gone too far.”

AN AMERICAN MUSICAL UNIVERSITY.

In Chicago *Music* for May, W. S. B. Mathews offers a plea for what he calls “an American Musical University,” its object to be the selection and complete training of artists, composers, and teachers. He goes on to say:

“Under the head of artists I would include all kinds of music performers, whether with voice or with any instrument; the idea being to provide them with the most advanced and thorough technical training upon their chosen instrument, and to do this in connection with accessory studies such as would make them intelligent and, it would be hoped, enthusiastic musical scholars. An artist is a performer who is able to interpret the musically beautiful in a way to commend it to listeners; in other words, a performer who rises above the technics of his business and becomes an enthusiastic musical disciple. The training for an artist, therefore, would necessarily take a much wider range than is now provided in almost any musical school in the world. In the first place, of course, anyone intending to become an artist ought to study at least two instruments, in order to get a certain amount of perspective and breadth of view. A pianist, for instance, would be much better for a certain amount of experience upon the violin or the organ; a violinist should know the piano; a singer should know the piano; and so on. Every artist also would have to be trained as a composer. He would have to know the technics of musical discourse, the art of musical invention and development and the manner of presenting musical ideas according to the instrument or the combination of instruments through which he proposed to make the idea known. There would be thorough training in harmony, counterpoint, and all the accessory branches of higher musical composition.

“Such a school could not be supported by the tuition fees of the students, because this would restrict its patronage to the wealthy. If a student in the higher art of music is to have these many-sided advantages I have described above, it means much individual attention from really qualified masters, and this, in the nature of the case, is expensive. The musical university would not, therefore, stand to the public in a relation like that of medical colleges to their clientele. The ideal of a school of this kind is not unlike that of the conservatory of Paris, where

the government pays the bills, and students are admitted only after rigorous examinations, in which a large number of professors take part. The object of the conservatory at Paris is to find out and to train artists and composers. The young singer who takes first prize at his graduation is immediately engaged at the Grand Opera or the Opera Comique at a liberal salary. The young composer who stands first takes the prize of Rome, and thereupon has a traveling scholarship for three years. All of the good composers in France have had these prizes of Rome. Those who take the second prizes in these contests have still attained a distinction, which entitles them to professional recognition, almost always of a remunerative kind. As for the remainder, the institution has put its seal upon them, and they have their own way to make in the world.

"This is not a chimera. A comparatively small endowment would meet the necessary demands. The clientele of such a school, if the standard of admission were kept sufficiently high, would rarely exceed 100 or 150 students; perhaps after two or three years 250 students; but if administered in a purely impartial manner and in a spirit of high art, it would be a leaven of incalculable value in American musical life. It would establish standards, very greatly strengthen the individual ideals of the existing conservatories, and might be expected to result in the occasional discovery of talents of a high order, and so at length the long-sought-for quantity, an American school of music."

THE AMERICAN GIRL'S TEMPERAMENT IN RELATION TO MUSIC.

Dr. Henry G. Hanchett, in discussing this inviting subject in the May No. of the *Philadelphia Etude*, makes some very practical remarks:

"The subject calls for one or two definitions. Temperament is a word that is coming into use of late in an entirely unwarranted sense, and in this new sense it is especially a favorite with music critics. A writer of ten or more years ago would have said that a pianist put her whole soul into her playing; a present-day writer, with the same idea to express, would be quite likely to say that the player manifested an abundance of temperament. Neither expression is even tolerably accurate, but of the two, the latter is the more objectionable.

"Temperament signifies the habit of the system in carrying on the vital processes. It refers to the relations existing between certain functions all present and active in every person, but which differ in proportionate influence with different individuals. Sanguine and bilious persons, for example, both make new blood and have active livers, but the sanguine person's liver is not so assertive in proportion to the blood-making organs as is that of the bilious person. Since this fact has relation to certain traits and appearances, we say that the person with the relatively less active liver is of sanguine tem-

perament. He has no more temperament than his bilious friend, but he has a different temperament, and that fact will affect his whole life, including his piano-playing.

"The American girl has no more temperament than the German, Eskimo, or Hottentot girl, but, on the average, she has better food, more air, and an inheritance of larger proportion of brain and nerve than is usual with girls of other lands, and the result of this temperamental difference in her favor is greater vivacity, greater quickness of perception, wider interests (love of variety), and more ready attainment of results.

"But we need also a definition of music study. The term to many means study of some instrument (usually piano or violin) or of singing—vocalization. The distinction between this sort of study and the real study of music—of the composer's conception of beauty or artistic expression through tones—is exceedingly pertinent to the subject before us.

"There is reason to believe that the fashion is changing with regard to what is called music study. Not very long ago about three-quarters of the well-to-do young ladies in a boarding-school or community studied piano-playing, and the other quarter studied singing. But since then a goodly proportion has turned to the violin, and, the break having once been made, others have taken up the harp, the guitar, the mandolin, the zither, the banjo and even the organ. No artistic considerations have influenced these changes in the smallest degree except in the case of some of the organ-students. The said young ladies were not engaged in the passionate pursuit of beauty when they all studied piano or singing, but were simply looking for an accomplishment; they thought perhaps a change of instrument might give them a little more individual distinction than would the rather too commonplace piano-playing, so they changed.

"Here, then, is one way in which the vivacity, the love of variety and novelty, in the American girl, has affected such music study as she used to do, and with it the music teaching profession; but it is not the only way. But all this change in fashion has worked to the advantage of true music study, and in three ways, by improving the quality of teachers and teaching; by improving the tone and standing of music study; and by fostering the study of music as art, language, or literature.

"When mere piano-drumming was all that many pupils (or their parents) cared for, there was room and employment for a considerable number of utterly incompetent teachers. With a decreasing proportion of pupils and an increasing number of teachers, competition has been greater, and has resulted in raising greatly the standard of preparation, as evidenced by the larger demand for certificates and diplomas that are known to give evidence of work of high quality in music study of a professional nature. This result has been brought about in part by other causes than the one mentioned, but there can be no doubt that the

change in the fashion with regard to music study has contributed to it.

"Shiftless, indifferent work is of no advantage with regard either to the thing done or to the doer of it. The progress of music in America has been more hindered than helped by cheap pianos (and cheaper organs), cheap teachers, and the cheap drumming that has resulted from the idea that every girl should 'study music.' The girl who can say (as many have said): 'Why, I studied piano *all last year*, and I didn't do very much at it; I guess I'll take singing this term and see how I like that,' will never have any but a bad influence on public opinion of the value of music as a means of culture and of the worth of real art-works in tones. Let us as artists be duly thankful that outdoor sports and indoor frivolities can draw away from the keyboard those who were attracted to it solely by vanity, fashion, and ennui."

COINS OF CONVERSATION.

How seldom is it that one stops to think how much our daily speech is made up of phrases that were once new and striking. W. J. Morgan, in *Self-Culture* for April, calls these oft-recurring quotations "the coins of conversation," but perhaps the simile of a beach strown with chips from towering cliffs of literature would be more truthful if less manageable. He traces them to their original situs, thus:

"How many, for instance, speaking of the wife as 'the better half,' know that they are quoting Sir Philip Sidney; or, invoking 'Mrs. Grundy,' guess that her creator was Thomas Morton, a playwright who lived till 1838? Such phrases or snatches of phrases are the small coin of conversation. We use them freely without a thought of their origin.

"The 'bubble reputation,' the 'itching palm,' the 'milk of human kindness,' the 'undiscovered country,' the 'green-eyed monster,'—still our favorite synonyms for fame, covetousness, humanity, eternity, and jealousy—are from Shakespeare, who has indeed furnished us with much of our small coin. Quoting him, we speak of an 'ancient grudge,' of 'bated breath,' 'this work-a-day world,' 'good set terms,' 'foregone conclusion,' 'better days,' 'fell purpose,' 'even-handed justice,' 'golden opinions,' 'a charmed life,' 'a towering passion,' 'a round unvarnished tale,' 'hairbreadth escapes,' and many more common expressions whose list it were 'damnable iteration' to extend. Verbal phrases of his are also of the most familiar. To 'dance attendance,' to 'scotch the snake, not kill it,' to 'applaud to the echo,' to 'sup with horrors,' to 'die in harness,' 'making night hideous,' 'a tale unfold,' to 'outherod Herod,' to 'fool to the top of his bent,' to 'cudgel one's brains,' to 'speak by the card,' are some of the most obvious examples.

"Next to Shakespeare, we draw most profusely from King James's version of the

Bible for terse expressions. Milton, though far behind these two great sources of English speech, gives us more familiar expressions than any writer after them. From him we have learned to speak of 'a dim religious light,' of 'grim death,' 'a heaven on earth,' and 'sanctity of reason,' of 'adding fuel to the flame,' of 'tempering justice with mercy,' of the 'busy hum of men,' 'the light fantastic toe,' and the 'neat-handed Phyllis.' Chaucer, though rich in material for quotation, has given us no pithy phrases; but from Spenser, who sang of him as the 'well of English undefyled,' we get 'nor rhyme nor reason,' 'by hook or crook,' 'sweet attractive grace,' and 'through thick and thin.' It is the picturesque, not the sententious, writers to whom we are indebted for our briefer quotations. Such great writers as Addison, Johnson, and Young furnish few every-day phrases; Addison's 'classic ground,' Johnson's 'good hater,' and Young's 'balmy sleep,' are the principal contributions from these three. Pope, however, is more generous. From him we have the 'ruling passion,' 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' 'ears polite,' 'labored nothings,' 'a little learning,' 'damn with faint praise,' 'run amuck,' 'every virtue under heaven.'

"The poet Thompson, less read by the general public, has transmitted several sayings,—'the young idea,' 'unutterable things,' 'beauty unadorned,' 'hungry as the grave,' and the 'world's dread laugh.' Goldsmith is responsible for a grave and sententious saying,—'men, not measures,'—as is Swift for 'sweetness and light.' From Burke we get 'cold neutrality,' and 'wise and salutary neglect.' Cowper has given us our 'dear 500 friends,' 'the cup that cheers but not inebriates,' 'gloriously drunk,' 'a frugal mind,' and 'an aching void;' Sheridan, 'the soft impeachment' and 'a very pretty quarrel.'

"Southey was the inventor of that happy phrase, 'the march of intellect;' Coleridge of 'a sadder and a wiser man.' Sir Walter Scott has supplied us with a new title for woman in 'ministering angel,' for an audience in 'sea of upturned faces,' and for bravery in 'beard the lion in his den.' Keats's 'thing of beauty' is a household word; so is Tennyson's 'honest doubt;' and 'grand old gardener' has been parodied repeatedly. Many of our pet expressions are traceable to obscurer sources. 'Glorious uncertainty' is from a play of the last century by Macklin; 'pampered menial' from a poem by Moss, called 'The Beggar.' 'Masterful inactivity' was a happy inspiration of James Mackintosh; 'the almighty dollar,' of Washington Irving. 'The schoolmaster abroad' is from a pertinent observation of Brougham.

"It is in this way that the small coins of conversation are generally manufactured. A new phase of activity or a new feature of society appears, and for a time is spoken and written of in roundabout fashion. But one day some bright wit invents a new phrase which puts the whole movement or tendency in a nutshell, and straightway the public adopts it into its vocabulary."

READING VERSUS ELOCUTION.

In a recent number of the *New York School Journal* a writer voices his yearning (and not his alone either), for a reader that can read. What he says about the elocutionist, gentle reader, should always be taken to mean someone else, not you. This is the letter:

"Not all of us suffer alike from infictions of elocution, but most of us know the acute torment of the ranter, the prolonged agony of the pathetic reciter, and the torture of the chariot racer.

"Why should elocution have been allowed to usurp reading? The reader, so called, never reads; she always recites. Memory and endless practice bring about 'readings,' which scare away rather than attract audiences. And what do they read for us? We need no reminder of the range of the selections. Never, by any chance, does one give us a quiet, beautiful bit of description, a passage from 'Snow Bound,' a picture from the 'Idyls of the King,' Gray's 'Elegy,' 'The Dream of Fair Women,' 'The Palace of Art,' a page of the 'Fable for Critics'—anything quiet, deep, strong, thoughtful, uplifting.

"We must listen to a tale of woe or daring, wreck or rescue; we must weep, or wonder, or shake with laughter. The reader thinks she must stoop to conquer; let her occasionally rise to the conquest of the best of her audience.

"Did you ever notice that an elocutionist is rarely a sight-reader? Try her on the newspaper or the magazine. Why does she halt and stumble so, and miscall the words?

"A bright woman said the other day, in talking upon this subject: 'I could have made an elocutionist if I had been trained, for I personate and imitate easily, but I should never have made a good reader.' I wonder if she was not right. Good plain reading seems as much a gift as the power of dramatic rendering, and a much more desirable and necessary one.

"We need readers, in the plain sense, and we do not need readers in the elocutionary sense—any more of them I mean—for we will still make room for those we have on hand. They have a hard time of it, at best. Several poor girls who have spent money educating themselves in 'oratory,' as they call it, are unable to find salaried positions, are haunting our school-buildings and club rooms, 'trying to work up an interest' in the study of 'expression,' as the very latest dictum bids us say. Why will anyone allow herself to be deceived into thinking that a good way to make a living? Where one makes a success, and that at the price of traveling and constant publicity, twenty fail utterly to get even a gratuitous hearing.

"But reading,—real, plain, downright reading—how shall we get enough of it? Our teachers seldom read well; they lack vigor, sympathy, fire, sparkle, vivacity. One reads with measured step and slow, the same precision for the Bible verses of the

morning and the 'Ruggleses' Dinner-Party' of the afternoon; another has a low, rapid way, just calling the words, with no sense of obligation to the listener; another over-articulates and overemphasizes until the ear is pained and longs for 'silence like a poultice, to heal the blows of sound.'

"Every woman who assumes to teach the young how to read should herself learn the art. They are not self-critical, for one thing; they think anything will do; they do not read the passage at home or after school, 'looking up' often, and in imagination trying the effect on the children, repeating a difficult sentence or phrase over and over until the tongue says it smoothly by reflex action; they don't throw themselves wholly into the theme and try to win the listeners over to their own appreciation; they don't care to read any better.

"Yet once in a while there is a teacher whose reading really appeals. You can not help listening; every sentence tells. She fairly speaks to her young auditors. You would think the ideas of the printed page were her own, which she was eager you should accept as yours. Her voice goes clear to that boy in the back seat playing with his book strap; her eye is on each and all, and occasionally on her book. What a power she has over eye, ear, mind, heart! Is it worth taking pains to gain such leverage? Bless her! Would she were many! But she can not pose; her dramatic tendencies are held well in check. Alas! she can only read."

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES IN THE FINE ARTS.

A lecture was given in London recently by Sir Wyke Bayliss upon "Shakespeare in Relation to His Contemporaries in the Fine Arts," from which we make extracts. The lecturer said that critics, scholars, poets, historians, and elocutionists had interpreted Shakespeare in their different ways, but his view-point was from the art-side. He said further:

"'Shakespeare and His Contemporaries in the Fine Arts!' What a picture this title calls up: The great poet surrounded by the great artists of his day, the studios he visited, the pictures he admired, the painters who were his companions. Religion, philosophy, art, were but so many elements with which Shakespeare dealt in picturing human life—his true greatness: The splendor of his genius is altogether in his humanity. England can claim one poet who stands side by side with the greatest, and in art England stands side by side with Greece. Shakespeare was not born into a land where there had been none but fighting men and politicians and reformers. There were in Shakespeare's day in England a people great in poetry, great in art, and a court of which it was sufficient to say that it was the court of Elizabeth. But where were the painters? There were none. In the year in which Shakespeare was born Michel-

angelo died, and that practically marked the close of the renaissance of art. Roughly speaking, during the boyhood and the early manhood of Shakespeare, there was not a single painter of the first rank living in the world. It is a little startling, but nevertheless it is true, that Shakespeare never saw a landscape-painting. While Shakespeare was writing 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' on the banks of the Avon, Claude Lorraine, the first landscape-painter, was born on the banks of the Moselle. Shakespeare had no contemporaries in the fine arts, and accordingly he who knew so much about nature knew very little about art in any form. In everything relating to the technique of the painter's art Shakespeare is at fault; in everything relating to his own art, the poet stands supreme lord and master of the human heart; and the fact that this absence of technical knowledge does not lessen the beauty of Shakespeare's work should teach one of the most difficult lessons for the artist to learn—that of modesty. Shakespeare could do without the knowledge that seemed so priceless to others. He had painters enough, his contemporaries—names not necessary to remember, men who had everything except genius. Shakespeare knew nothing of art, owed nothing to art, learned nothing from art. In no other of the great poets of the world can we find a parallel case. It was not necessary to prove the exquisite splendor of Shakespeare's vision of the natural world; the curious thing is that his contemporaries in art did not share the vision. It had its fruition later in the rise of a great school of landscape-painting."

HOME GYMNASTIC EXERCISE FOR WOMEN.

Mary Easton gives some good advice to women on this subject in the *New York American Queen* for June.

"In all exercises and sports that call into use the functions of nerves and muscles we are awkward until those channels that carry the order and execute it are both capable to transmit and to respond promptly.

"Systematic, regular exercise will change the structure of the body so that it will be different to touch, appearance and endurance by toughening muscle and fibre.

"There are a few simple forms of exercise that may be practiced at home, and, if followed persistently, will bring development to every desired muscle; fifteen minutes' exercise with light dumb-bells, which need not weigh more than a pound each, upon rising in the morning, before dressing, will show some improvement in the physique within six weeks.

"With exercise the chest and the arms will be increased in size, the muscles of the back straightened and strengthened, the capacity of the heart and the lungs increased, the structural muscles of the uterus and other intestinal organs developed, and dyspepsia and constipation banished.

"Breathlessness is lessened by exercise, so a systematic training of the lungs is the first essential in the work, by accustoming them

to meet future exertion. Deep breathing expands the lungs, thus forcing out the ribs and the muscular walls of the chest; consequently, all exercise that calls for deep breathing, lung-expansion, tends to expand the chest, bust, arms, and shoulders by developing the muscles.

"The following exercises will be found particularly beneficial for such development:

"Standing erect with the feet together at the heels, first begin by stretching the dumb-bells high over the head, keeping the elbows unbent; lower the dumb-bells until you are holding both arms horizontal; now bend the arms at the elbow and bring the dumb-bells back with a vigorous movement to the top of the shoulder. Second, starting with the dumb-bells at the shoulders, vigorously extend the arms fully, and return to the shoulder. These movements should be practiced at first about fifteen or twenty times, and gradually increased to forty or fifty.

"To strengthen the muscles of the spine from the weakness that so many women suffer, special attention should be given. The spinal column or backbone supports, and, in fact, binds together, the entire body. It is made of thirty-three separate bones, placed one upon another and joined by elastic cartilage, thus making the vertebrae flexible. First raise your body upon your toes, then sink to the ground, bending the knees until the leg and the thigh are almost upon each other, the upper portion of the body remaining perfectly erect. Second, lie face downward, prone on the floor, the feet being firmly held under a heavy lounge; clasp the hands behind the waist and slowly raise the body and carry it backward as far as possible; then lower once more to position. At first this movement may seem difficult, but with a little practice it may be accomplished. It should not be taken more than four or five times at first, and the number of times increased gradually as the muscles become stronger and more accustomed to the exertion.

"For developing the abdominal muscles, the latter position may be reversed by turning over and the body raised from a recumbent position to an upright one without the assistance of the arms. These exercises might be added to indefinitely, but a sufficient number have been given to improve one's physical development."

EMOTIONAL EXPRESSION IN LITERATURE.

Ernest Allen Gerrard, a graduate of Columbia University, has developed the emotional curve of literary expression and plotted it out on a chart. He submitted a thesis on this subject embodying his discovery, in support of his application for a fellowship in psychology, and the university council awarded the fellowship to him. Mr. Gerrard was graduated at the University of Nebraska in 1894, where he was under a professor who is inclined to apply laboratory methods to the study of literary productions, and he has followed his professor's bent in

that direction. His method was to note carefully his own emotions while reading literary works, and then to study out just what passages caused the emotions. These passages were copied off or cut out until he had a large accumulation of memoranda. He noted the number of emotional elements for each one hundred words in the various works or by the several authors. He grouped the clippings in different ways, as similarity either of themselves or of the emotions they excited suggested, and so eventually perceived what he calls "the laws that govern the production of emotion by language, or the expression of emotions in written speech." He says in his introduction:

"This work is the outcome of a desire to find the elements used in expressing ideas and emotions in literature; to learn how these elements are used, and to see if, the elements serving as a basis of valuation, some method could not be devised whereby the strength of literary works could be measured. It was early noted that descriptive work used different elements than did narration or character interaction. This discovery of the elements was extremely trying work, since one in seeking must be ever on the alert, must know exactly when the emotion comes to him, and must try to locate the exact part of the passage in which the effect was to be found. This necessitated a high degree of mental and emotional sympathy with the work under consideration, together with enough self-control and introspection to be able to judge without being carried away by the work. Once the elements were discovered, the laws governing them began to appear one by one.

"The value and the use of the elements have been tested in other ways. A very acrid speech by a Southern senator, deprived of a few adjectives, became extremely pacific.

"Man receiving sensations from all his senses at one time may unite them and represent the united sensations in one expression; or he may unite them with other stored stimuli and produce an expression resulting from hundreds of stored stimuli. Such an emotion would in literature find expression in a discourse, while several sense-impressions from the eye, ear, and finger combined, would perchance produce a noun or a verb, while each sense-impression might find expression in an adjective or an adverb. It will be noted that the strength of the ordinary figure of speech is due to the fact that in it the condensation of a larger whole into a smaller one is strongly felt. A verb idea is put into an adjective, or a paragraph idea is put into a verb. A proverb is a condensed drama, a joke, a comedy in miniature. Each paragraph was once a whole literary work; each perfect word contains a condensed play. A dramatic moment is a larger whole than is a paragraph. To show the emotion and emotional changes in a work of literature,

graphic curves have been made as follows: Taking 100 words as a unit, I have found the number of nouns, verbs, clauses, sentences, paragraphs, or dramatic moments per one hundred words. These curves show us at a glance in what part of a work any one element dominates. Thus, one finds the adjectives and nouns dominate in the beginning of 'Marjorie Daw,' while at the climax of the story the verbs greatly preponderate, as again nouns predominate in the anticlimax."

Mr. Gerrard represents graphically, in his thesis, by his curves, the emotional measurements of "Pippa Passes," "Camille," "Magda," "Hamlet," "Red Riding Hood," and many other works and characters of literature.

TONALITY.

"The difference between teaching notes and music," says the *Musical Visitor*, "is as great as is the difference between teaching letters and language. One may know a great deal about notes and very little about music, as one may be able to recognize readily the letters of words without understanding at all the meaning of those words, and failing to perceive in both cases the thoughts or ideas the words and the notes are intended to represent.

"There are, doubtless, a large number of music teachers who are content to instruct their pupils to play or to sing the right tones in correct time and, perhaps, with some little regard to the dynamic force required by the marks of expression scattered throughout the music pages. But when all this is done, even if well done, if that is all that is done, the pupil is as far from knowing the music as he was before he began the lesson.

"However necessary the mechanical ability to play or to sing the right tone (and of course this is an absolute necessity), it is but one of the requirements of a good musical performance, and but one of the qualities, however desirable, of a good musician. If this technical accuracy is all that is acquired, the pupil is but little better than a barrel-organ or hurdy-gurdy. The teacher may have turned out a very good machine, but a very poor musician.

"One of the necessities of good musicianship is a thorough knowledge of tonality. This principle is the very foundation of all intelligent playing or singing. Without a knowledge of tonality it is impossible rightly to understand or interpret any musical composition whatever, except in a very mechanical manner. Reading music without a knowledge of tonality is like reading words without a knowledge of their relation to one another. Words have definite meanings and, when placed together in sentences and in paragraphs, express ideas. One may be able to read the words, but not be able to perceive the idea or thought sought to be conveyed by them. Such reading is much like St. Paul's tinkling brass and sounding cymbals—all sound and no meaning. Just like this sort of reading is a musical per-

formance whose only merit is mechanical accuracy, and is devoid of all intelligent perception on the part of the performer, of the relation of the tones to each other as members of the key family.

"A tone by itself means nothing. It is just a tone and nothing more. It has no artistic or æsthetic value. It is without musical power or effect. It is like a man alone in the world, without friends or home, and with no visible means of support or reason for being supported. But a tone or a man placed in useful relation to other tones or men takes on new meaning and importance. The tone G by itself is of little value, but the tone G as the key-note of a group of tones, or as dominant, mediant, or any other relative character, is of great value and full of meaning. A man by himself is also of little importance, but as head of a family or as son or brother or as a member of social, civic, religious, or other groups or societies, he assumes distinct relations and value.

"Tonality or the relation of tones to each other in the groups or families called 'keys' is the basis of all intelligent musicianship."

A KIPLING REMINISCENCE.

Mr. Kipling's recent serious illness brought forth a large crop of estimates of his work but a very scanty supply of reminiscences from those that have known him. Since every man may make an estimate of Kipling's value, they are tolerably cheap; but some value may be attached to the reminiscences of John Holker, of Dharwal, India, lately published in the Lancashire *Daily Post*. He says:

"Mr. Rudyard Kipling was quite a young man when I first knew him—about twenty-one or twenty-two. He was a man of slight frame, but very active. Even then he wore spectacles, I remember. He did not impress one as being of a reflective, studious turn of mind. On the contrary, he was brimful of the most boisterous spirits, and laughed and joked his way through the day. It is said that he is cold, reserved, and distant in his manner now. If that is so, the Rudyard Kipling of to-day is the very antithesis of the blithesome, high-spirited lad I knew fifteen years ago in the Punjab. Eventually he went to Allahabad and joined the staff of the *Pioneer*. At that time he had no reputation in literature. He was not known except as the son of his father. Here in England we know Mr. Kipling, Sr., only as the father of his son. The first I saw of 'Plain Tales from the Hills' was when they appeared in book form. At first they circulated only among the Kiplings' circle of friends, who bought the tales not for any literary merit they might possess, but because readers were able to locate most of the characters depicted. All his tales, I have learned, have as their basis real fact, and the figures that live in them are those of men and women, not of mind-creation, but who are or have been. People in India to-day can tell you every man, woman, child, and place he de-

scribes in his 'Plain Tales' and other Indian stories. Mulvaney, Ortheris; and Learoyd are living men, as surely as you or I.

"One of Kipling's visits to Dharwal was paid at a time when we were holding an annual festival in celebration of the mill's birthday anniversary. After sports in the daytime we had an al fresco magic lantern entertainment. The screen was slung up on the front walls of the village post-office and the lantern platform was in the roadway. Whether it was that Kipling was not thoroughly conversant with the dialect of our district or whether it was because he had not the nerve or the inclination to address so large an audience of natives, I do not know. Whatever the cause, an English doctor did the talking. Kipling was by his side on the lantern platform, and, as each view took the screen, dictated the description in English for the medico to interpret into Dharwalese. For you to appreciate the beauty of the situation, I must remind you that in the years of which I am speaking 'Russia to India via Afghanistan' was a great scare. The Hindus were fully alive to the possibility of our being threatened, and I, like others, felt uncomfortable at times. Our magic lantern worked as if it were an instrument magical. We had pictures descriptive of all the old stories of giants, goblins, monsters, and horrors that children's story-books contain. As soon as a more than usually ferocious giant appeared on the sheet, 'Doctor, this is a Russian, if you please; tell 'em so,' Kipling would say, and the doctor would give out that this was one of the terrible Russians. Some two-headed terror would next appear. 'Another Russian, doctor,' would Kipling instruct. Everything that was dreadful, objectionable or horrifying Kipling made the doctor describe as Russian that night. Horrible stories they concocted between them for the telling by the doctor. That great multitude of Hindus stood or squatted there spellbound with amazement and terror. You could hear the low, quick utterances of Kipling as he communicated his instructions to the doctor, and the big solemn voice of the latter as he faithfully interpreted. For the rest, all was still as the grave. That lecture stamped out any sympathy with Russia and the Russians that might have existed in Dharwal and the surrounding hamlets. It was an evening of funny speeches and ludicrous exaggerations. There never was a more effective oration, however."

CURIOUS NAMES OF HYMN-TUNES.

It is one of the unexplainable mysteries where all the names of our hymns came from, and even if their origin was known, it would be a laborious task to discover how they came to have such comical and odd forms. J. G. Mason, in a recent exchange, writes:

"Take any hymn-book and make a study of the contents under the alphabetical list of tunes and you will find much to interest. If you are studying the geographical and

similar names in the book, names descriptive of places and cities and countries, you will find that the names of hymns have been quite partial to this line of words, as the following taken from a popular hymnal may indicate:

"America, Amsterdam, Athens, and Avon; Baden and Bavaria, of Teutonic turn; Bradford, Brattle Street, Bremen, and Bristol; Cambridge and Capetown, far apart in geography and in culture; Duke Street, Dundee, Elizabethtown, Eton, Federal Street, Franklin Square, suggestive of the publishing quarter of Gotham; Geneva and German; Hamburg, Harmony Grove, Leyden and Lincoln, both names significant of freedom; Moscow and Miles Lane; Lyons and Manchester, with their manufactures; Nashville, Nuremberg, and Oakville, and old, historical Plymouth Rock, with the Britisher's Regent Square and then to the Rhine and to bonny Scotland and down into Sicily and up the map to Vienna and on across the continent, stopping at Warwick and Westminster and York;—so we might travel from place to place the world over and find towns and countries bearing the names of the noble hymns of the church.

"The saints have not been forgotten in the nomenclature of hymns. How many of them there are—Saints Patrick, Michael, Peter, Thomas, Mark, Luke, Stephen, Matthias, Phillip, John and Andrew, and all the host of others—Godric, Gertrude, George, Gabriel, Fulbert, Fabian, Edmund, Edith, Drosdane, Cuthbert, Cross, Crispin, Columbanus, Columbia, Cecilia, and Bride and Bees, Basil, Bartholomew, Alphege, Anatholius, Agnes, Agatha; with other of the blessed women, Mary, Margaret, Ann, and Mildred. So the list goes, not to mention Saints Ignatius, Leonard, Lawrence, Theodulph, Raphael, Sylvester, Hugh, and all the rest.

"Everybody knows Toplady and Retreat and then, among the names that speak of some quality or sentiment or belief, there are Charity and Adoration and Concord; Consolation, Devotion, Humility, Faith, Guidance, Love, Meditation, Peace, Rest, Submission, Trust, Gratitude, Loving-kindness, Mercy, Resignation, Serenity, Solitude, Subjection, Triumph, Victory. How the whole gamut is run, songs with the names of those attributes or conditions which make for the uplift and the betterment of the believer and the unbeliever as well.

"And how the quaint names creep in! There are Wave and Greatheart and Glebe Field and Little Travelers, Midnight Cry, Monkland, Renovation, Winn, Yoakely, Zephyr, Chimes; the old Eine Feste Burg and El Paran; China and Fortress, and Gauntlet and Millennium and Wavertree, Work Song, Angel Tower, Caput, Covert, Fountains, Abbey, Franc, Redhead, Sicilian Mariner, University College, Lachrymæ. So the list grows, many of them without any apparent reason for their existence, but all of them having come into life in some strange way and all of them destined to live as long as the church.

"Shall we look for those that tell of the life to come or of the Haven for the storm-tossed? Heaven is there and Paradise, Beulah and the Blessed Home and the New Jerusalem; and we shall find along the same way Redemption and the Judgment Hymn and Martyrdom and Resurrection, and Intercession and Salvation and the everlasting Rock of Ages."

THE SINGER OF TO-DAY.

Space does not permit of our reprinting the whole of the valuable article on the above topic contributed to the *Boston Musical Record* for May by William F. Apthorp. The following paragraphs, however, contain the pith of his argument:

"It takes no croaker to assert that the average singing we hear nowadays in this country, in concert-room and on the lyric stage, is different from, in some respects inferior to, the average of that which we used to hear half a century ago. For one thing, false intonation in singing has already become a crying general evil.

"The prevalence of this evil may be explained in part by the importation of German singers, consequent upon the growing popularity of German opera. By German singers, I mean not merely singers of Teutonic extraction, but singers trained in Germany by distinctively German methods—what one would call 'singers of the German School.' Time was when such singers stayed almost exclusively in their native country, and so sang to a public long inured to their peculiarities of style. What German singers traveled abroad and made world-wide reputations—like Henrietta Sontag, Gabrielle Krauss, Therese Tietjens, Georg Stigelli, Erminia Rudersdorff, etc.—had been trained by French or by Italian methods, and were German only by birth, not by schooling. As artists, they were just as much Italian or French as if they had been born in one of those countries; moreover, they generally sang French or Italian operas. But, since the well-nigh universal Wagner propaganda, the once stay-at-home German singer of native schooling has taken to traveling, and is now heard in this country almost as much as in Germany itself. He has brought his peculiar style with him, one of the most prominent traits of which is a besetting tendency to sing out of tune. Whether such German-trained singers have found imitators here or not, their very presence and professional activity have lowered the average of singing in this country, for the time being. In this one matter of false intonation, they certainly have found imitators—if probably not intentional ones. I would not lay all the false intonation we are troubled with to-day especially to their charge; this would be absurd. Only, in constantly listening to them, our public has gone far toward becoming inured to impure intonation, and is, in general, less fastidious in this matter than it used to be.

Young native singers, who have no notion of imitating German vocal methods, find the public at large less critical in this respect than they would have found it fifty years ago.

"False intonation in singing may come from one or more of four causes: (1) A congenitally bad and inadequately trained ear for pitch; (2) pathological false hearing; (3) bodily fatigue or momentary ill health; (4) a bad production and emission of tone.

"The first of these causes is not worth considering. A singer with naturally so bad an ear that it can not be trained to accuracy will not come before the public at all. As a public singer, he is but still-born.

"As regards the second cause, extended investigations show that pathological false hearing is of such rare occurrence as to be practically negligible.

"Fatigue and ill-health are things to which anybody is liable; they may affect the greatest artists as well as the clumsiest tyros. All that need be said about them here is that a singer who is overtired or otherwise in poor form ought not to sing.

"These three causes being thus practically out of the discussion, the whole question reduces itself to the fourth: *A bad production and emission of tone.* All competent experts will agree in attributing nine-tenths, if not ninety-nine one-hundredths, of the false intonation we hear from singers nowadays to this cause alone. Here we get to the heart of the matter. Singers sing out of tune, not because they have bad ears or hear false, but solely and simply because they do not know how to sing.

"If this is true, it would argue an enormous prevalence of bad tone-production among singers to-day. Here we have touched upon the real sore spot. A bad, constrained, or otherwise unnatural production of tone is the fundamental vice of German singers—in the sense in which I have used the term—and is fast becoming equally the vice of others, though probably not, as I have said, through conscious imitation. Abundant causes for it are to be sought elsewhere. In any case, a bad production of tone is probably not so systematic with American singers as with Germans; the latter are actually taught to use their voices wrongly; our singers seldom are."

WRITE YOUR SERMONS.

In the course of a recent address before a diocesan convention in New York City, Bishop Henry C. Potter found occasion to speak upon the subject of extemporaneous preaching. He said:

"I know we have come upon the era of extemporaneous preaching, and I am told, often enough, that 'the people like it better.' I suppose they do; for we all like what neither taxes the attention nor touches the conscience, especially if it is soon over, and the extemporaneous preacher, having often very little to say, has at least in his preaching the solitary virtue of brevity.

But I maintain that this is treating a most tremendous responsibility and a most glorious and august opportunity with scanty respect, and still scantier conscience. Let me entreat my brethren, and especially my young brethren of the clergy, to write at least one sermon in the week, and to get ready for it, and for every sermon, on their knees, and with their Greek Testaments in their hand and the best learning of the time within their reach. Do you want men to listen to you? Then prepare for them something which, so far as you can make it, shall be worth listening to!"

PROPER EXERCISE FOR WOMEN.

Dr. Marc Ray Hughes, in a recent number of the *Alkaloidal Clinic*, sounds a timely note of warning in regard to the character and the extent of the exercise proper for women. To quote:

"A girl should be very careful in selecting her exercise and take it according to her strength. Many girls who are stout try to reduce their weight by walking. The first day out they return home tired and disgusted. Why? Because they have overdone it. They have started their work with the idea that if a little exercise will reduce the weight a large amount will reduce it more. Of course, that is not the way to begin. Girls who do take exercise as a rule take it too violently; for instance, those who go on century runs. That kind of work is too harmful and should not be attempted by any woman, no matter how strong and well she may seem to be, for such exercise often brings on cardiac paralysis and other affections of the heart.

"There are many women who are not satisfied with exercise that suits their sex, but who want to try exercise intended exclusively for men, such as football and the like. However, the football craze among college girls did not last long, for it disfigured the skin and features too much. But they could not do without some sport of the kind, so basket-ball came into vogue and is still played.

"If a girl wishes to be beautiful there are two things necessary—rest and proper exercise. Rest in the form of sleep. I can not urge too strongly the value of sleep. One should have at least eight hours' sleep every day.

"Among the different kinds of exercise, walking holds a prominent place, although regular walking as an exercise is not necessarily the best at all seasons of the year. Short, brisk walks in the morning before breakfast are good the whole year round. In summer swimming is the best exercise, if taken at the proper time and of proper duration. Girls at large watering-places indulge too frequently in the bath. One bath a day, taken between the morning and the noon meal, is more beneficial than at any other time during the day. It stimulates the nervous system, which is the main part of the physical economy, and promotes

free diaphoresis, also aiding digestion. On the other hand, if taken too freely it weakens the system by producing anemia. Hence too frequent bathing should be avoided.

"Next to swimming, tennis is the best exercise, because it brings into play every muscle in the body. Of course, tennis should not be played too long. Like many other exercises it will make one very tired. Girls should be very careful about that one point, if they are exercising for beauty's sake, as swimming and tennis are very deceptive games. You may be very tired and not know it until you stop. Spinal irritation often follows violent exercise.

"In winter good brisk walks should be indulged in freely, especially if the weather is cold. The walk should be taken about four o'clock in the afternoon, with the wind to the back as much as possible, thus preventing the face from becoming rough. Skating is very good, but not quite so good as walking, unless the long racing blade and high ankle braces are used. In spring nothing is so good as walking, if you choose a clear day and the bright side of the street."

THE PASSING OF OLD-TIME ORATORY.

"It is frequently said," says Maurice Thompson, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "that oratory of the traditional—we might add the classical—sort is in the way of becoming extinct. Our age, given over to science and to scientific methods of thought and investigation, doubtless has set aside emotional influences wherever it could, in order to make sure of conclusions based upon an unprejudiced examination of facts. The result has been a wonderful advance in many fields of knowledge, and almost incredible physical conquests have led to a practical application of natural forces in human economy. But what has oratory lost or gained?"

"It has doubtless let go a great deal of mere tremulous appeal, mere windy rage, and it has ceased to depend upon melody, mimicry, facial contortion and bodily gymnastics. We must not rashly conclude that this change is in any degree owing to a great elemental reform in human nature. Now, as ever, the orator's audience can be easily carried off its sensible equilibrium by the ancient appeal of comedy, tragedy, farce, caricature, ridicule, invective. The sea of passion is ready to give every wind a full breast of boiling waves. We note, however, that there are fewer wrecks on account of oratorical gales nowadays. In other words, the emotion stirred up by gusty and roaring oratory does not, as formerly, end in conviction and lead to final action.

"The very highest compliment that we can pay to the civilization of to-day is to acknowledge that the ballot, the law, the jury's verdict, the ruling of the courts, the obligations of religion, are no longer appreciably affected by oratory purely emotional. Why should they be affected by it? Now and again a criminal might escape re-handled from justice under cover of a fog of

eloquence; but our age seeks justice, not dramatic escapes from it. If we are practical, it is because we have found that what is honestly practical pays large dividends in solid betterments of society and the state. We have lost faith in manufactured emotion, seeing that it rarely finds its most successful employment on the side of established law and order."

BRIEF MENTION.

[The figures in parentheses denote the prices of the periodicals mentioned. Upon receipt of price, with ten cents added for postage and for other expenses, they will be forwarded, except such as we have to import, which takes about four weeks.]

"Familiar Talks on Reading." Charles M. Curry. *Terre Haute Inland Educator* for April. (10 cts.)
"Carl Schurz and the German Americans." Kuno Francke. *Cambridge Harvard Monthly* for April. (25 cts.)

"A Queen Patron of Dress Reform." London *Lady's Realm* for April. An interesting sketch of the Queen of Portugal. (15 cts.)

"Considerations on the Mental State of Aphasia." Connolly Norman. *London Journal of Mental Science* for April. (\$1.25)

"Languages and Famous Linguists." Albany *Argus* for April 23. (2 cts.)

"The New Oratory." New Orleans *Picayune* for April 23. (10 cts.)

"The Phantasmatograph." Walter Herries Pollock. London *Longman's Magazine* for May. Weird story of an invention by which dead actors and singers are mysteriously brought to life. (15 cts.)

"Music and Why We Demand it." New York *Talent* for May. (10 cts.)

(1) "Some Aspects of Modern Comic Opera," by Reginald De Koven; (2) "Vocal Science: What It Is," by John Denis Mehan; (3) "The Folk-Songs of White Russia," translated from the Bohemian by J. J. Kral; (4) "The Gates of Paradise," by Emil O. Peterson, a musical story. All four in Chicago *Music* for May. (25 cts.)

(1) "Some European Teachers: A De Trabadelo," by Perley Dunn Aldrich; (2) "Music and Education," by William O. Perkins; (3) "The Technic of the Intellect," by Harvey Wickham; (4) "Kindergarten Ideas Applied to Children's Music," by Jessica Wolcott Allen. All four in Philadelphia *Musician* for May. (15 cts.)

"How Actors Rehearse." Newark *Sunday Call* for May 14. (5 cts.)

"Exercise and Overexercise." London *Family Doctor* for May 20. (5 cts.)

(1) "Character Representation in Music;" (2) "Stars and Opera;" (3) "The Woman Composer," by Clara A. Korn. All three in New York *Musical Courier* for May 31. (10 cts.)

(1) "A Plea for Operatic Reform," by Pah King; (2) "Stale Manna and the Music of To-morrow." Both in Boston *Musical Record* for June. (15 cts.)

"Reading in the Primary Schools." E. A. Fritter. *Terre Haute Inland Educator* for June. (10 cts.)

(1) "Prevalent Faults of American Teachers," by Harvey Wickham; (2) "The Need of a Wider Musical Culture," by Grant Hebron Gleason; (3) "The Relation Between the Music Teacher and the Pupil," by Will Arthur Dietrick; (4) "Voice and Vanity," by Charles A. Fisher; (5) "How to Spend the Half-Hour," by Frederic W. Root; (6) "Notes from Cases from the Records of a Voice-Hospital," edited by F. W. Wodell. All six in the Philadelphia *Etude* for June. (15 cts.)

"The Scope of Program Music." London *Musical Times* for June. Abstract of a lecture delivered before the London Musical Association, May 9, by William Wallace. (10 cts.)

"The Art of Acting." W. J. Thorold. New York *Dramatic Mirror* for June 3. A severe criticism of Alfred Ayres and his estimate of Julia Arthur. (10 cts.)

"The Emperor's Birds." Albany *Argus* for June 4. Account of how the song-birds of the Emperor Francis Joseph are taught to sing by melody-making phonographs. (2 cts.)

"A Dramatic Sensation." New York *Leslie's Weekly* for June 8. The phenomenal success of Maude Adams as Juliet. (10 cts.)



THE STORY TELLER

The Fate of a Voice.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

FIFTEEN years ago, I passed once or twice a day through a little street situated at the extreme limit of the Faubourg St. Germain and that ended in one of the magnificent boulevards that branch out from Des Invalides. You could scarcely find a more solitary or aristocratic corner. At the time of which I speak, a single house could be seen in this peaceful spot. The house itself was a pavilion Louis XVI. style, composed of a single story; of exquisite proportions, a graceful double staircase led up to the portico and the high windows were composed of little diamond-shaped panes of glass. The slate rose roof amid the branches of some grand old trees through whose thick foliage you could just discern the farther end of the park. There were no out-buildings, no porter's lodge, nothing but that nest of love in the bushes. One could not look at it without thinking how happy a man could be here—alone with a *grande passion*. What a delicious hiding-place for two lovers, who could spend alone their treasures of tenderness and love. I was young then, and at the hour when the last rays of the setting sun, filtering through the branches of the great trees, shed their crimson rays over the windows of this charming house, illuminated the groups of flowers on the lawn, the scarlet patches of geraniums, I used to wonder myself, in the deceptive reverie in which a man is wont to think that where he is *not*, there happiness dwells.

The pavilion was not empty. The garden full of flowers and well-kept paths showed that. The chimneys puffed their smoke into the gray sky in winter, and in the evening the red glow of a lamp shone behind the closed windows. Several times I had seen coming and going through the grilled gate an old servant, in sombre livery, and of circumspect mien. Evidently I should gain nothing by interrogating him. Besides, what right had I merely to gratify a vain curiosity to trouble the occupant or occupants of the closed mansion. I respected their secret and the enigmatical dwelling continued to exercise its peculiar fascination for me.

One July night, a stifling night, the sky was black and lowering. I was on my way home. It was about eleven o'clock, and, as

I had gotten in the habit of doing, I turned my steps mechanically in order to pass the mysterious house. The three gaslights shone feebly in the overcharged air of the little deserted street. Not a leaf on the trees in the garden stirred. This evening all nature was silent, the silence that precedes a storm. I was in front of the pavilion, when someone within struck some chords upon the piano, that echoed through the still air. I noticed, then, with surprise that, probably on account of the excessive heat, two of the windows were partly open, but not enough to give even a glimpse of the interior. Suddenly a woman's voice, a clear soprano voice of marvelous strength and beauty, burst out in the silent night. She sang a short, strange melody of familiar rhythm and the most touching melancholy that I divined instinctively was a popular air, one of those wild flowers of music not cultivated by professional musicians. I did not recognize the tongue in which the words were written. Still I felt there the sadness, the plaintive melody of the North.

The air was striking, the voice sublime. It hardly lasted two minutes but I never felt in all my life such an emotion vibrate through me, and long after the singer had ceased, I felt a sharp pang in my heart, a long cry of suffering seemed to echo about me. I stood motionless, hoping to hear again that delicious voice. Suddenly a tempest of wind shook the trees and large drops of rain dashed in my face. In spite of my haste, and the short way I had to go, I was fairly caught in the storm.

Some days after I was in the casino at Dieppe with some congenial companions, and we were discussing music in an animated fashion. I praised popular airs that sprang unaffectedly from the heart, and in the support of my argument related my adventure.

"Do you recollect the air?" asked Prince Kadar, with whom I was particularly intimate.

"I shall never forget it," I answered with spirit, and I hummed the melody, indifferently enough.

"Well," answered the Prince, "you can congratulate yourself, my dear sir, in having experienced a very rare pleasure. The

melody is a sailor's song, very popular in Norway, and the beautiful voice that sang it is that of La Stolberg, with whom we all were madly in love when she made her début in St. Petersburg.—Stolberg, the great rival of her countrywoman Nilsson, and who would have become one of the greatest singers of the age if she had not been torn from the stage, from art, from success of all kinds, by Count Basil Lobanof, then my comrade and fellow soldier—in the cavalry, yes, for two years. We lost sight of Basil. He left Russia without a word of adieu to anyone. We only heard vaguely that he had hidden himself in Paris with his friend; and we were ignorant of his exact hiding-place—till you revealed it to us."

"Then," I said, "this great artist renounced everything for a love-affair."

"Say rather for a grand passion," cried the Prince. "Although very young, Stolberg had been the actress in many little affairs before she met Lobanof. I was there behind the scenes—on the evening when Basil, as beautiful as a Greek god, was first presented to her. I saw the prima donna pale, even under the rouge of the stage. Oh! it was perfectly overwhelming, and I expected to see my comrade carried off there on the spot pell mell with the bouquets and other trophies. But he immediately became as jealous as a Turk. Yes, jealous of the public when she sang. He was always there in the first row in the orchestra and at each burst of applause, he would turn around abruptly and throw a gloomy look over the house that showed a desire to exterminate the whole lot. Everything went wrong after that. Even when the Czar was in his box, Stolberg had eyes only for Basil,—sang only to Basil. There were many scenes before the poor girl could decide to leave the stage. She yielded at last at the end of a three months' engagement. Since then they have been hidden in Paris in the retreat you have discovered.

"They must be dead in love. But I will bet that it will be Basil who survives. He is built like a Hercules, and poor Stolberg, they say, is consumptive. They even pretend that her lovely voice owes something of its sweetness to her disease, as the oyster produces its pearl. All the same, no matter how madly in love the poor girl may be with her Lobanof, she must sometimes nearly die of ennui in the cage where he has confined her. She must sing rarely enough, since you, who pass so often, have heard her but once, on the night of the storm. Well, it will end badly!"

The next day I left Dieppe to visit some friends in Normandy. I had been there but a fortnight when I read the following lines

in a dramatic journal: "We announce today the sad news that Madame Stolberg, the Swedish cantatrice, who burned with such a brilliant light in Germany and Russia, and who renounced the stage in the height of her success, died suddenly in Paris, of pulmonary consumption."

I had never seen Stolberg. Only once had I heard her incomparable voice, and yet as I read these trite lines that announced the fulfilment of Kadar's sad prophecy, my heart ached. I knew now the end of the mystery of the closed house. There the poor girl had languished and died, consumed by love, no doubt, but stifled also by the captivity to which the jealousy of her lover had condemned her, the rights for her abandoned art.

The life and fate of Stolberg seemed so melancholy that I was seized with an unreasoning hate for the man to whom she had sacrificed everything, even life. He seemed a dandy, an egotist, a brute, to me. I was sure he would console himself speedily, that he would soon forget the poor dead girl, and that, unworthy of the love he had inspired, he would also be incapable of regret or remorse.

On my return to Paris one of the first acquaintances I met upon the boulevard was young Prince Kadar. I told him how the singer's death had saddened me, and I could not keep from showing the instinctive antipathy I felt for Lobanof.

"Behold those people of imagination," cried the Prince. "You were charmed for a moment by this woman's voice, so you experience for her a posthumous affection and feel a vague jealousy for my unfortunate friend. I own to you that I used to think Basil a more passionate than tender, or more sensual than sensible man. But I assure you I have seen him since Stolberg's death and he is a prey to the most frightful despair. When I expressed my sympathy for him, he threw himself in my arms, and told me, sobbing, he could live no longer. And it was not a superficial emotion either, for he is about to start for Senegal to join a band of explorers, who are going to bury themselves forever in the depths of Africa. There is nothing commonplace in that, surely. In going with Jackson's band he certainly will never be faithless to Stolberg's memory, for they will meet there nothing but horrid monkeys, and it is more than likely some deadly disease or a ball from some savage gun will relieve the poor fellow of his sorrow and his life. Forbear, I beg of you, all rash judgments about him; for he had a most touching idea come to him before he left. Basil wishes the pavilion where he had been so happy and so

unhappy closed forever. He wishes that no living soul shall ever penetrate this sanctuary of love and grief. You will often pass that way, and watch the building fall into decay. The day you see a bill of sale upon the walls, say to yourself, 'Basil Lobanof is dead!'"

I left Kadar, reproaching myself for my hard thoughts, and the next day turned my steps in the direction of the deserted house. Tufts of wild grass pushed their way through the gravel walks,—already abandonment had begun its work of destruction.

Months passed, a whole year, then another. The newspapers from time to time expressed the greatest anxiety as to the fate of the Jackson expedition. You know that even to-day we are ignorant of their fate.

Living always in the same quarter and passing each day by the abandoned house, I saw it crumble, little by little. The rains of two winters had beaten against the plaster walls, and they were stained with mold and mildew.

Some of the slats on the roof had been torn off by the wind, and a broken water-pipe had caused more damage. Dampness was everywhere. Lizards sunned themselves on the walls, the balcony was broken down, the roof leaked.

The appearance of the poor house was most lamentable. The garden had returned to its native savage condition. The flowers ran wild. The rose-bushes grew in their native savagery and bore nought but leaves and branches. The scarlet geraniums were dead. The grass of the lawn was hidden by weeds and by leaves. The spot was transformed back into its native prairie, disdained by butterflies and by birds. Only the pale moth miller hovered over it, and all was gloomy in the extreme.

Years rolled on. It was now nearly hopeless to expect the return of the Jackson band. Evidently these intrepid pioneers had succumbed to thirst and to hunger in some terrible desert or had been murdered by savages, and Basil Lobanof had died with them—faithful to Stolberg. The deserted house fell into ruins. The great plane tree nearest the place, the foliage of which grew untrimmed, had thrust a branch through the window. Decayed by the dampness, the blind had fallen off and the invading tree had, as it were, penetrated the disembowled house.

Mushrooms grew within, and perhaps grass covered the floor of the salon. Every time I passed by the old building that had come to the stage of ruin, I abandoned myself to reverie.

"Better that it should be so! If they had

known surely that the Count was dead, the heirs would doubtless have come forward. They would have brutally broken into the dwelling and thrown open to the garish light of day all these souvenirs of pleasure and sorrow. Basil Lobanof did well to disappear, and leave it to kind nature thus slowly to destroy and to entomb the old nest of love."

The other day I saw the ruin for the last time. The branches of the plane tree had pushed their way into the roof; doubtless, little plane trees grew within.

I met the Prince, and as we walked and talked together, I told him all about the old house, and the thoughts it suggested. The Prince burst into laughter.

"Truly, my friend," he said, "you will never be anything but a poet. Basil is married, the father of three children, and holds to-day the position of first secretary to the Embassy at the Quirinal at Rome."

"Count Lobanof not dead!" cried I, in horror.

"When I was at Rome recently he seemed as alive as you or I. He did not go out with the Jackson party."

"The rascal!" I interrupted, furious at my wasted sympathy. "I should have suspected as much. I will wager he forgot his dead wife at once."

"No," replied the Prince, "Basil was not as bad as that, and he was wild with grief at Ida's death and was eager to go with the party. They set out for Senegambia, but on the sixth day he fell seriously ill, and a caravan carried him back to St. Louis nearly dead. Then he recovered, against his will. His friends profited by his weakness and languor to carry him to the Continent. Afterward, a long time afterward, my faith! he consoled himself."

"But what means, then, this little comedy of the abandoned house—the singer's tomb?" I asked, crossly.

"How severe you are, my friend," answered the amiable Russian. "It is not merely a comedy and proves that the Count, in spite of all, is a man of honor. What did he swear? That as long as he lived no one should live under the roof that once covered his love. Well, he has kept his word, and it has cost him something, for that place is a valuable one. Besides, who knows that he does not still regret that adorable singer, if he does not look back lingeringly on the hours passed in that dear abode, listening to the divinely sad voice that delighted and saddened the hearer! All I can tell you is," added the Prince, with an ironical smile, "that with a great fortune, a lovely family, and a home in the Eternal City, a grief twelve years old ought at least to be endurable."—*Music*.

Obituary.

AUGUSTIN DALY.

THE sudden death of Augustin Daly at Paris on June 7 is, in the opinion of American and English critics, a most serious loss to the stage and to the cause of legitimate drama, of which he was so long a faithful upholder.

Augustin Daly was born at Plymouth, N. C., July 20, 1838. His education was received partly at Norfolk, Va., and in the public schools of New York City. He began his literary career as dramatic editor of the *New York Sunday Courier*, in 1859, and continued to discharge similar functions on that paper, on the *New York Times*, the *Sun*, the *Mail and Express*, and the *Citizen*, until 1869, when he opened the Fifth Avenue Theatre, on Twenty-fourth Street. This building was destroyed by fire in 1873, and three weeks later he opened another theatre, formerly the Globe, on Broadway, under the former name. In 1879 he established Daly's Theatre, on Broadway, near Thirtieth Street, and several years ago he opened in London, Eng., a thoroughly equipped house under the same name. For several seasons he managed the Grand Opera-House in New York.

His career as a dramatic author began in 1862 with an adaptation from the German of Mosenthal's "Devora" and since then he produced many original plays—among them "Divorce," "Pique," "Horizon," "Under the Gaslight," and numerous adaptations from French and from German dramatists. He achieved, also, notable distinction in the presentation of Shakespearian drama, although his productions in this field were the occasion of much conflicting criticism.

In recent years the combination of players with which his name has been identified—Daly's Company—has achieved an international reputation under the leadership of Miss Ada Rehan, who has constituted a leading factor in the success of his undertakings. Mr. Daly devoted all his time to his theatrical enterprises.

The following opinions from four well-known, representative literary men show the standing that Mr. Daly had in literary circles.

Says William Winter, the dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune*:

"The death of Augustin Daly removes the most distinguished figure among the dramatic managers of America since the time of Lester Wallack, and the most powerful and most important intellectual force that has been operant in the American theatre since the best days of Edwin Booth. Mr. Daly was animated by the highest ambition, and in all his relations with the stage he was conscious of a solemn responsibility and acted from motives that were conscientious and noble."

Richard Watson Gilder says: "His theatre was more than a popular house of amusement—it was a school of dramatic art, of which he was the animating spirit. No one can possibly take his place."

Brander Matthews: "Mr. Daly, to my mind, was the greatest of American managers. Every dramatic picture that was produced in his theatre had his name written in one corner. His individuality marked every play he produced. No matter what the author's idea of a play was, no matter what the actor's idea was, the idea the public received was the idea Mr. Daly had of it. Mr. Daly in his lifetime did much for the American stage, not the least of which was in the way of seeing that authors received adequate emolument for their plays."

Bronson Howard: "Probably no manager in any country or in any age discovered and developed or modified and educated the talent and the genius of so many women successful on the stage. As a stage-manager Augustin Daly stood second to none in the world, and this absolutely first rank would be accorded to him even by those who did not always agree with all his methods and principles. He was the first manager to raise the regular fixed royalties paid to American dramatic writers to the established standards of Europe."

LOCKE RICHARDSON.

Locke Richardson, one of the five best readers in the world, died at Berlin, Germany, June 15, as the result of an abdominal operation performed May 31 by Prof. Borgman, as a last resort in the effort to save his life. His remains were cremated in Berlin.

Mr. Richardson had made Shakespeare's plays the study of his lifetime, and was a most acceptable interpreter of them, as well as of Tennyson, the Bible, Dickens, Sheridan, etc. He read in all parts of the English-speaking world, meeting with much success in Australia and in India. While a fault of his readings may have been the comments with which he dovetailed his author to an almost bewildering extent, still his work was much more satisfactory to those auditors not familiar with the play read. He had a handsome physique, and his stage-presence was always that of a highly refined, dignified artist. He was a familiar figure to Metropolitan audiences through his work on the courses of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

Mr. Richardson was honored by many universities and other educational institutions in America, England, and Germany, and was accorded distinctions seldom attained by an elocutionist.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

I FOUND the April and the May Nos. of the magazine very helpful and interesting. The articles on elocution and oratory keep one *thinking*, and I find the musical articles equally suggestive, for voice-training for speech is identical with that for song.

The Recitation Department is excellent nowadays. I am particularly pleased with the little "Encores," and "Chats" is a new feature that should prove of interest to all.

The April editorial did my heart good. I find in it, stated clearly and comprehensively, the duties and the privileges of the public reader as I believe them to be, and all really in one short paragraph, the fourth. It is strange, is it not, how pleased we are, when seeing for the first time our own ideas definitely expressed by someone else? In regard to the statement: "From east to west comes the wail: 'But people do not appreciate good literature,'" I can most emphatically say that such has not been my experience. That is a pessimistic cry repeated so often that many have come to believe it, or say it without serious thought as to its real meaning. People *do* appreciate good literature, but they want it correctly interpreted. The blame should not always be laid on the audience when a Shakespeare or a Browning selection falls flat. We have so much that is good from which to choose that no matter what the style demanded by the audience, there is no excuse for giving trash. I believe the purpose of elocution is the interpretation of the best literature. I also firmly believe that people want the best and have a right to demand the best of which we are capable. Personally, I never recite anything but good literature, nor do I teach my pupils to. In public recitals in Michigan, Montana, and in the school here, I have found that scenes from Shakespeare were most enthusiastically received and made the most lasting impression.

Virginia. *Mabel M. Gormley.*

I want to thank you for that article [WERNER'S MAGAZINE, May, 1899] on the noble Miss Schnabel. Her example should be an inspiration to us all, especially to the singer who is "wasting her sweetness on the desert air." It is a lamentable fact that, with all our piano-pounding, la-sol-faing, it is next to impossible to get music to keep up choirs in churches. O that a few thousand would resolve, with the noble Miss Schnabel, to "sing for Jesus!"

Kansas. *George W. Hoss, LL.D.*

I am much interested in reading and in comparing the "methods" of the various New York singing-teachers. I studied with a pupil of Shakespeare and, of course, believe firmly in him and find much that is helpful in his recently published book on

singing. I will spend my vacation at my home in Boston, where I will pursue the study of voice and piano. I believe it would be interesting to learn the different conceptions by elocutionists of some noted recitation. For instance: I recently heard "Echo and the Ferry" recited in the manner usually taught. It was not *my* idea of the style in which it should be given, and it occurred to me that something of the kind—some discussion—might be interesting. The magazine is exceedingly helpful and is always delightful reading.

Ohio. *Mabel F. Mulliken.*

I should like to pay a tribute to the author of "A Shakespearian Conference," in WERNER'S MAGAZINE for April. While the style of it reminds me strongly of John Kendrick Bangs, it does not impress me as being an imitation. I like the conceit of it. It gives a good opportunity for costuming—either correct or exaggerated would be effective—and the dialogue is funny enough to make any audience wax hilarious.

West Va. *Frances Loring Rathbone.*

I recently gave "A Coquette Conquered," which appeared in your April magazine, before an audience of 1,500 people. It was followed by a storm of applause. It is a realistic piece and very taking.

Texas. *Mrs. Janet Fitzgerald.*

I could not do without the dear old magazine, nor can I make the least suggestion for its improvement. I feel that the profession surely owes the editors of WERNER'S MAGAZINE a great deal for the aid given through its valuable pages.

Texas. *Mollie E. Jackson.*

Your drills and recitations are first class.

North Carolina. *Robert E. Madison.*

I find so much help in WERNER'S MAGAZINE that I can not do without it.

Kansas. *Julia B. Hathawy.*

I can not get along without WERNER'S MAGAZINE.

Texas. *Paulyne Sims.*

Notice To Subscribers.

Subscribers will please bear in mind that all complaints for non-receipt of current magazines must be made before the 15th of the month. No magazines sent again after that date, unless paid for.

In ordering a change of address, be sure to give your former address.

VARIOUS VOICES.

—GRIMSBY: So you are going to make a pianist of your son. Has he an ear for music?
 Filmsby: I don't know anything about his ear; but see what a head of hair he's got.

—ACTOR: I can't imagine how D'Art manages to get such favorable notices from the dramatic critics.

Journalist: Perhaps he acts well.

Actor: By Jinks, I never thought of that.

—"THE prima donna has her fourth husband."

"How inappropriate!"

"What?"

"For a woman to belong to a male quartet."

—GREENKNOW [*at the new play*]: What are they making such a noise for?

Old Timer: They want the author.

Greenknow: Somebody ought to warn him so that he can make his escape. No doubt the poor fellow did the best he could.

—SISTER [*to Tommie, who has just been to hear a famous pianist*]: How did you enjoy the recital, Tom?

Brother: It was a big cheat, sis! A long-haired duffer played the piano, nobody recited at all.—*Harper's Basar.*

—DAVIS-COFFIN-DE-RISKY: When I first sang in public the audience was spellbound—and then burst into tears.

The Lady [*kindly*]: Oh, but you should forget all that—you've improved since then, you know.—*Judge.*

—WILBERFORCE: Can you read music, Terwilliger?

Terwilliger: I can not. All tunes look alike to me.—*Harper's Basar.*

—LAMB: When that gentleman said the whole town was talking about your performance, why didn't you ask him what they said?

Hamm: When you have been on the stage as long as I have, my boy, you'll know when you've got enough.

—"Now, Margaret," the teacher said, "you may see how well you remember what I have said about tight lacing, and tell us why it is injurious."
 There was no response.

"I mean you, Maggie," the teacher added, and the girl jumped to her feet as she recognized the more familiar name.

"Tight lacing, ma'am, is injurious, ma'am—"
 She hesitated, and the teacher smiled encouragingly, and said:

"Go on."

"Cos, ma'am, it's liable to twist your slats."

—ELDERLY BEAU [*who is making a long call, to fair singer, rapturously*]: Ah! that song takes me back to the home of my childhood.

Fair Singer's Irrespressible Younger Sister [*in a loud whisper*]: Can't you sing something that will take him back to the home of his old age?—*Harper's Basar.*

—If all who whine would whistle,

If all who sigh would sing,

This world would be so full of noise

We couldn't hear a thing.

—*Chicago Record.*

—"SHE is such a two-faced thing!"

"How fortunate!" said the person versed in the subtleties of the dramatic art. "She can face the villain and the audience at the same time."

—MAMMA: What is Willie crying about?

Bridget: Shure, ma'am, he wanted to go across the street to Tommy Green's.

Mamma: Well, why didn't you let him go?

Bridget: They were havin' charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't shure as he'd had 'em yet.

—"WHAT candidate is that brass band blowing for?" asked the man at the desk, raising his head and listening.

They told him.

"Thanks," he said. "I shall vote for the other man."

—"IN order to enliven the service," said the minister, "the choir will sing an anthem before and after the sermon. The anthem before the sermon will be 'Ye shall go out with joy,' and that after the sermon, 'It is high time to awake out of sleep.'"

—COMPOSER: I hope you like my new opera?

Critic: Oh! It's good enough in its way, and I dare say it will be performed after the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Meyerbeer are forgotten.

Composer [*delightedly*]: Really!

Critic: Yes; but—not till then.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

—"WOULD I were a bird," she sang, with an appropriate accompaniment on the piano.

"You are," he broke in, rapturously.

Thus he won his suit.

—"PERSONS who stammer," said the pseudo-scientific boarder, "do so because they think faster than they can talk."

"Is that the reason," asked the savage bachelor, "that we so seldom meet a woman who stammers?"

—YES, the slender girl with the pale, serious face was confident she could act.

"Can you sing and play the mouth organ at the same time?" asked the manager of the theatre, not unkindly.

"No, sir," faltered the girl.

"Then," said the manager, "go and learn to do these and come back here and I may be able to give you a job washing windows," for he could not find it in his heart to discourage the aspirations of one so earnest.

—"I'M afraid this town doesn't care for Shakespeare," said Mr. Stormington Barnes.

"Don't you make that mistake," answered Pete, who was spokesman of the committee in waiting at the stage-door. "Shakespeare is all right as far as we know. You're the fellow we're after."

—"YES," said Mrs. Spriggins, "I do think it is awful, this new idea of killing people by elocution, like they do in New York, with an electric chair, but I don't know but what I'd as lief be elocutioned to death as to be crematartared in one of them crematartarys where they burn folks when they are dead. And to think o' my using cream o' tartar all my life thout know how it was made!"

—THE following is told of the secretary of a musical society. A gentleman rang his door-bell one evening recently and asked if Mr. — lived there.

"No," said the intensely musical Henry, pointing to the street, "he lives about an octave—I mean eight doors—higher."

—"HA-HA!" laughed Desdemona, derisively. "Do your worst!"

It being a one-night stand, the pillow borrowed from the hotel certainly wasn't large enough to smother anybody.

"Think not to escape me, wretched woman!" cried Othello, deftly felling her with a chunk of cord wood.

Thus art arises superior to obstacles.

—SUE BRETTE: Does not applause denote pleasure in an audience?

Footlight: Why, certainly. I notice you always get more applause when you go off the stage than when you come on.

—MRS. DOOLAN: Only think, Mrs. Grogan; that dear Paddyrowsky has practiced so har-rd at the pianny for the laast six months that he has paralyzed two fingers.

Mrs. Grogan: Begorra! thot's nothing, Mrs. Doolan. Me daughter Mary Ann has practiced so har-rd for the laast six months thot she's paralyzed two piannies.—*Judge.*

—THE poet entered and carefully unwrapped his manuscript.

"When Phyllis sings —" he began.

"Yes, I know," interrupted the editor. "I know all about it, but it isn't so bad as it might be. If you will only get a little cold water in a glass and throw it in her face, she'll stop. Of course, she won't like it, but she'll stop. They always do. Oh, no thanks, no thanks; I'm always glad to help a fellow-sufferer."

—MRS. TILFORD: It must have taken Daniel Webster a long time to compile the dictionary; don't you think so?

Tilford: Daniel? You mean Noah, don't you?

Mrs. Tilford: Now, don't be silly. Noah built the ark.



READERS AND SINGERS

Miss Anna Morgan is spending her summer vacation abroad.

Miss Ola Creager has just closed a successful term at her college in Texas.

Mrs. Luisa Cappiani expects to teach in New York this coming season, as before.

Mrs. Torpadie Björkstén gave a recital at Carnegie Music-Hall, May 15, assisted by Mrs. Grenville Snelling and Miss Martina Johnston.

Mrs. Elizabeth Flower Willis, whose Grecian art-tableaux appear in another part of this issue, has removed from Boston to New York.

Mrs. Frances H. Carter gave a reading of George Elliot's "The Spanish Gipsy," June 9, in honor of the graduates of Misses Smead's School.

Miss Amanda Kidder has been placed upon the approved list of Wisconsin institute instructors, teaching elocution, orthoepy, physical culture, and literature.

Mr. Marcellus R. Ely was granted the degree of Master of Arts by Christian University, Mo., June 1, for special work and a thesis on "Elocution in Education."

Col. Francis W. Parker, principal of the Chicago Normal School, has resigned the place that he has held for sixteen years, to accept the presidency of the new college of pedagogy to be founded by Mrs. Emmons Blaine.

Mr. and Mrs. Hannibal A. Williams sailed for Honolulu on May 21, where Mrs. Williams read "The Winter's Tale" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Mr. Williams "Othello" and "The Tempest." On June 21 they left for Australia, which they intend to tour, going afterward to Tasmania and to New Zealand.

The students of the November and January classes of the National Dramatic Conservatory held their first public rehearsal at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, May 24, when a one-act play by Henry Arthur Jones was presented, entitled "Sweet Will," and "Who's to Win Him," a one-act comedietta by Thomas J. Williams.

Miss Iva Miller Blaydes directed the biennial celebration of the Philomathean Society of Wesleyan College, May 26. The oration, "The World's Progress," the farce, "To Meet Mr. Thompson," "A Set of Turquoise," given as a scene; and a series of poses called "Vignettes des Poètes," were the main attractions on the program.

Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill Mayer has gone to Point Loma, Cal. to take charge of the summer school of the Isis Conservatory of Music founded by Mrs. Katharine A. Tingley, of Universal Brotherhood fame. The session comprises singers' and pianists' courses, a full course in harmony and counterpoint, and a course in French, Italian and Spanish.

The directors of Adelphi College in Brooklyn have decided to establish a school of musical art, under the direction of Dr. Henry G. Hanchett, the course to consist of sixteen lectures on the general topic "How to Listen Intelligently to Music." Dr. Hanchett has long been identified with the musical department of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

The musical program of the Chautauqua Assembly of 1890 includes a period of eight weeks. Dr. H. R. Palmer, of New York, will be director. Among the soloists announced are William H. Sherwood, Miss Mabel Crawford, Miss Adele Mulford, Mr. Charles A. Rice, and Mr. I. V. Flieger. Mackenzie's "Dream of Jubal" will be presented in August.

The Musical Art-Society of New York City offers a prize of \$50 for the best composition for mixed voices, unaccompanied. The competition is open until Sept. 1, to anyone who, for the last five years or more, has been a resident of the United States or Canada. The judges will be Horatio Parker, B. J. Lang, and the conductor of the Musical Art-Society.

The sixth annual entertainment of the Maryland School of Expression, Miss M. Elizabeth Millard, principal, was held at Ford's Opera-House, May 20. Some of the numbers were a fencing drill by the ladies' class; Act III., Scene 4, from "Mary Stuart;" "Preciosa;" the wooing scene between Katharine and Petruccio; and scenes from "The School for Scandal."

Miss Jennie Mannheim's repertoire for 1890-1891 comprises an original adaptation of Kipling's "The Light That Failed," "An Evening with Shakespearean Heroines,"—Katherine, Juliet, Cordelia, Constance, and Rosalind; "Favorites in Prose and in Verse,"—recitals from the world's best literature; Shakespeare's "As You Like It;" and "An Hour or So with Dan Cupid."

The adult class of the Wilson School of Expression gave a recital and reception, May 10. The program included the reading "Mike," with violin accompaniment; pantomimes of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Comin' thro' the Rye," and "The Court of Cupid;" and the recitations, "Shadowa," "The Unsuccessful Plan," "Money Musk," and "Aunt Sophronia Taber at the Opera."

Mr. D. M. Brewer held the annual entertainment of his elocution class, June 9. The program included "The Firemen's Wedding," "Wish I Was a Girl," "Lizy Ann's Lament," "Cruel, Lying, Heartless Poison," "A Set of Turquoise," "Those Other Letters," pantomime of "Comin' thro' the Rye," "The Confessional," "Playing the Society Belle," "A Box of Powders," and "The Court of Cupid."

The Kansas City School of Oratory held its annual commencement, April 28. "Trick vs. Trick," "A Set of Turquoise," the Letter Scene from "Macbeth," a scene from "Ingomar," and John Kendrick Bangs's "Proposal under Difficulties" were noteworthy features of the program. Mr. Preston K. Dillenbeck, the director, will conduct a summer school for five weeks beginning June 7.

Mrs. Elizabeth de Barrie Gill, the singing-reader, gave a dramatic musicale at St. John's College, Brooklyn, May 30. The recitatorial features of her program were "The Obstructive Hat in the Pit;" "A Royal Princess;" "Nearer, My God, to Thee," in the deaf-mute language;" "Limitations of Youth;" "Dolly's Funeral;" and "Thrush the Newsboy." Mrs. Gill also sang Tosti's "Could I" and Haynes's "The Auld Plaid Shawl."

Mr. B. Russell Throckmorton managed a benefit concert tendered to Miss Alice Hollowell, the sunshine poetess, at St. Bartholomew's Lyceum Hall, New York, May 26. He was assisted by Miss Emma Stiner, who sang a song, "She's Irish," and by Mr. Albert Gérard-Thiers, who sang Novin's "The Rosary" and Sullivan's "Dearest Heart." Mr. Throckmorton filled two numbers of the program, and Miss Hollowell recited four original recitations.

The Western School of Elocution and Oratory, Dr. George W. Hoss, principal, gave an elocutionary and musical entertainment, May 20. The following recitations were given: "Bernardo del Carpio," "The Sioux Chief's Daughter," "The Confessional," "The Polish Boy," "Sandalphon," "The Doom of Claudias and Cynthia," and "Laureame, the Marble Dream." This year there

were six graduates from the school,—five in elocution and one in oratory.

One of the daintiest commencement programs that we have received this year is that of the Portland School of Expression, Miss Emma Wilson Gillespie, director. The elocutionary exercises of that school were held June 6, and comprised "The Ballad of Splendid Silence," "The One-legged Goose," "The Curtain," "The Froward Duster," "The Pilot's Story," "Mice at Play," "Rhyme of the Duchess May," and "The Revel of the Naiads." There were two graduates.

Miss Charlotte Sulley, the New York reader, makes a specialty of selections from dramatic literature. Her repertoire comprises original arrangements of Euripides's "Medea," Racine's "Esther and Athalie," Schiller's "Don Carlos," Goethe's "Faust," Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," Tennyson's "Guinevere" and "Eliane," Sand's "Consuelo," and Dumas's "Taking of the Bastille."

The regular prize-speaking contest of the College of the City of New York took place at Chickering Hall, June 16. The following were the declamations: "A Vision of War," "The Union of the Blue and the Gray," "The South and Her Problems," "The Death-bed of Benedict Arnold," Beecher's "Eulogy on Abraham Lincoln," "The Struggle in the Arena" with "Quo Vadis," "The Swiftness of the Story," "Cromwell on the Death of Charles I.," and "The Song of the Market-Place." Mr. Robert H. Hatch is the instructor in elocution.

Miss Margaretta S. Early directed the fourth dramatic recital of the Pontiac Township High School, June 7. Among the selections were "Six Love-Letters," "My Little Newsboy," pantomimes of "The Conquered Banner" and "Comin' thro' the Rye," "The Two Runaways," "Her Cuban Tea," "How the Gospel Came to Jim Oaks," "The Revel of the Naiada," and the comedietta "A Modern Harem." Miss Early will have charge of the classes in physical culture and in elocution at the Pontiac Chautauqua Assembly, July 29-Aug. 10.

Miss S. McG. Isom has planned an original and unique entertainment consisting of a series of carefully selected readings, with color illustrations, from "Quo Vadis." Her arrangement is not a lecture, but a condensation, in five acts, of the novel. The main facts of interest in the life of the author, and vocal selections from Handel's "Messiah," Beethoven's "The Mount of Olives," and Bach's "Passion Music," are also introduced. Miss Isom gave an all fresco performance of "As You Like It" during the bicentennial celebration of the University in June.

Miss Fanny Robinson, whose pantomime of "The Conquered Banner" appeared in the February No. of this magazine, will close the season with a class of fifty pupils at Randolph College, although she has been teaching there only four months. Among the numbers on her closing recital were "When Jack Comes Late," "A Telephone Romance," "The Revel of the Naiada," "Queen Katharine's Vision," "Fan Brigade," "Fra Giacomo," "Hagar," and "Swallowing an Oyster Alive." Miss Robinson will return to Randolph College next year.

The program of the City Federation of Women's Clubs of Grand Rapids, held at the South End Club, May 17, was as follows: "One of Many," address of welcome by the president of the South End Club, which was responded to by the president of the City Federation of Literary Clubs; seven-minute talks by representatives of eight of the federated clubs; and papers on "What is the Greatest Good Women Have Gained by Women's Clubs?" "Women in Temperance," "Elocution," "The Advantages of Small Clubs," and "Kindergarten." A reception followed the meeting.

The sixth annual commencement and prize contest of the Mt. Vernon Institute of Elocution and Languages was held at the Mt. Vernon Drawing-rooms, June 1. Five honors were contended for. The winners were Miss Marie A. Bradley and Mr. H. W. Steele, who presented the one-act comedietta, "A Box of Powders," which appeared in the March No. of this magazine; Hattie K. Thorman, with "In Imminent Peril;" Miss Anna M. Dunn, with "Christus Hath Triumphed;" and

Miss Iona M. Nowlen, with Willis's "Hagar." A gold medal for the best thesis was awarded to A. Taro Okano, of Japan.

Miss Mabel M. Gormley gave a dramatic recital at Hollins Institute, May 13, with this program: Tennyson's "The Lady of Shalott," Dobson's "Tu Quoque," the Sleep-Walking Scene from "Macbeth," Act III. from "Julius Cæsar," pantomime of "Comin' thro' the Rye" and of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and twelve statue-poses. The regular commencement recital of the Institute occurred June 3. The program included scenes from "Mary Stuart" and "The School for Scandal;" the recitations, "Grandma at the Masquerade," "Herve Riel," "When Jack Comes Late," "Count Gismond," "Cupid's Arrows;" an English drill, "The May;" pantomimes of "Where are you going, my pretty maid" and "Rory O'More;" and the statue-pose "The Niobe Group."

Sir John Stainer, the British government's chief inspector of music, declares that the musical profession is altogether overstocked and that a serious crisis is at hand. Great numbers of musicians of character and attainments are on the verge of starvation for want of employment. He ascribes this partly to the fact that the profession is becoming fashionable. Of the young people who are flocking to the profession in crowds a vast majority have not the remotest chance of even moderate success. He declares that hardly half-a-dozen composers in England can live by writing music. He himself has tested about 15,000 voices in the last thirteen years, and discovered perhaps twenty-five first-rate ones in that number. He says that nobody, unless exceptionally endowed, should think of the musical profession as a career unless prepared to become a teacher as well as a performer.

Mr. Ad. M. Foerster gave a song-recital at his studio, May 6, with this program:

"The Pansy"	}	Mac Dowell
"The Clover"		
"The Yellow Daisy"		
"Ich Grolle Nicht"	}	Schumann
"Lotus Flower"		
"Spring Night" from "A Child's Garden of Verses"	}	Nevin
"In a Foreign Land"		
"Intermezzo"	}	Schumann
"The Green Hat"		
"Sunflowers"	}	Foerster
"Among the Roses"		
"The Watersprite"		
"Die Loewenbraut"	}	Schumann
"First Violet"		
"Morning Greeting"	}	Mendelssohn
"The Swan"		
"Sunshine Song"	}	Grieg

Miss Mabel F. Mulliken gave a pupils' recital, June 15, when the following program was presented:

Duets: "Cradle Song"	Barnby
"Happy Spring"	Osgood
Plano Solos: "Songs Without Words"	
"The Fair"	Gurlitt
"The Huntsman's Song"	
"Joyous Farmer"	Schumann
"Capricciette, op. 217"	Jungman
"Rigaudon"	Grieg
"Air de Ballet"	Chaminade
"Berceuse"	Schytte
"To a Wild Rose"	
"Witches' Dance"	Mac Dowell
"Invitation to the Dance"	von Weber
Songs: "Who is Sylvia?"	Schubert
"Wen der Frühling auf die Berge steigt"	Lassen
"My Redeemer" from the Golden Legend	Buck
"Crossing the Bar."	
"The Creole Lover's Song"	Buck
"A Soul's Longing"	Tirindelli
"Where Love Abides"	Mattioli
"The Sweetest Flower"	Van der Stucken

Recitations: "The Singing Baby"..... Winthrop
"How the Church Was Built at Kehoe's Bar"..... Bennett

At a concert given by the Urbana Euterpean Chorus, May 16, Miss Milliken sang Hawley's "Daisies," Coombs's "Four-Leaf Clover," and Van der Stucken's "Fallib! Fallih!"

Mrs. Nellie Hibler and pupils gave a musicale, May 23, with the following program:

Part-Song: "Birds gaily singing o'er us" *Buch*
 Piano Trio: "Lutspiel Overture" *Kela Bela*
 Bass Solo: "The Turnkey's Song" from "Robin Hood" *De Koven*
 Soprano Solo: "Carina" *Terry*
 Ballad: "For You" *Millard*
 Bass Solo: "Murmuring Voice of the Deep" *Elson*
 Piano Solo: "The Witches' Dance" *MacDowell*
 Song: "Gaily chant the summer birds" *De Prinna*
 Ballad: "A Heart's Whisper" *Piccolomini*
 Duet: "Quis est homo" from "Stabat Mater" *Rossini*
 Waltz Song: "Perfumes of the Orient" *Bellenghi*
 Cavatina: "O Mio Fernando" from "La Favorita" *Donizetti*
 Piano Solo: "Concert March" *Hollender*
 Song: "Happy Days Gone By" *Streletzki*
 Bass Solo: "The Bolero" *Stuart*
 Soprano Solo: "For All Eternity" *Mascheroni*
 Violin Solo: "Gipsy Dance" *Keeler*
 Recitative and Aria: "With verdure clad" from "The Creation" *Haydn*
 Part-Song: "Rest thee on this mossy pillow" *Smart*

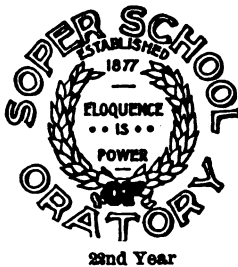
Mrs. Hibler herself sang the aria from "The Creation" and took the soprano part in the duet from "Stabat Mater."

LAWN PLAYS and FESTIVALS How to Give and Manage Them

By LIVINGSTON RUSSELL

Price, 25 Cents

EDGAR S. WERNER, Publisher, 43 E. 19th St., New York



**Summer
School
OPENS JULY 5
1899**

SPECIAL RATES
AND ADVANTAGES
—COOLEST LOCATION

SPECIAL TRAINING FOR
TEACHERS
READERS
PUBLIC SPEAKERS

**ELOCUTION
DELSARTE
PHYSICAL
CULTURE
DRAMATIC ART**

Address **HENRY M. SOPER,**
PRESIDENT

10th Floor, Steinway Hall,
17 Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL.

BACK NUMBERS HARPER'S MAGAZINE

A LIMITED SUPPLY ONLY

SINGLE NUMBERS (25 Cents Each)

1850—October.
 1851—November.
 1852—February, July, August, September,
 November.
 1853—March, October, November.
 1854—June, August, December.
 1855—February, March, April, June, July,
 August, December.
 1856—February, April, June, July, September,
 October.
 1857—February, March, June, August, Novem-
 ber, December.
 1858—Complete.
 1859—Complete except July.
 1860—January, February, April, May, June,
 August, November.
 1861—Complete.
 1862—January, February, March, May, June,
 July, September, October, December.
 1863—February, March, April, May, June,
 July, October, November, December.
 1864—January, February, April, May, June,
 December.
 1865—March, April, August, September, De-
 cember.
 1866—Complete except August and October.
 1867—Complete except November.
 1868—Complete except April.
 1869—January, February, April, May, July,
 October, November.
 1870—February, March, April, October, Nov-
 ember, December.
 1871—Complete.
 1872—June, July, August, September, October,
 November, December.
 1873—Complete.
 1874—Complete.
 1875—Complete.
 1876—Complete.
 1877—Complete.
 1878—Complete.
 1879—Complete.

Volume III., June to November, 1851. \$2.25.
 Volume IX., June to November, 1854. \$2.25.
 Volume XIV., December 1856 to May 1857.
 \$2.25.

Volumes XXII. to XXXV. (except volumes
 XXIII. and XXX.), November 1860 to No-
 vember 1867, 12 volumes, half morocco,
 uniform binding, back stamped in gilt, in
 good condition (one book slightly rubbed.)
 \$2.00 a volume for the entire lot, or \$2.25 a
 volume for single volumes.

. Books sent post-paid on receipt of price.*.*

ADDRESS

EDGAR S. WERNER, 43 E. 19th St., New York

Vol. XXIII.

August, 1899

GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.
Aug 9 1899

No. 6.

WERNER'S MAGAZINE



EMPERESS JOSEPHINE.—From painting by M. Prud'hon.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY—TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
EDGAR S WERNER 43 EAST 19TH ST NEW YORK

DON'T

go to Europe until you have made a trip on the New York Central's "Empire State Express" and seen Niagara Falls. Both can be accomplished in a day, and at the lowest regular rate charged on any railroad in the World,

2 CENTS PER MILE

For a copy of the "Luxury of Modern Railway Travel" send one 2-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

FOR BUSINESS MEN

In the heart of the wholesale district.

FOR SHOPPERS

8 minutes walk to Wanamakers; 8 minutes to Siegel-Cooper's Big Store. Easy of access to the great Dry Goods Stores.

FOR SIGHTSEERS

One block from Broadway Cars, giving easy transportation to all points of interest.

HOTEL ALBERT, NEW YORK.

Cor. 11th Street and University Place,
Only One Block from Broadway.

Rooms, \$1.00 Up.

Restaurant Prices Reasonable.

Pantomimes, or Wordless Poems.

By Mary Tucker Magill.

36 Full-page, Half-tone Illustrations of Expectation, Listening, Looking, He Comes, Affection, The Vow, Anger, Sorrow, Joy, Fear, Religious Devotion, Parting, Seven Times One, "Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" Rory O'More. Minutely described Pantomimes of Seven Times One, Queen Katharine's Vision, Ginevra, "Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" Seven Times Three, Goldenhair and the Bears, Scene from "The Winter's Tale, Rory O'More. Pantomime Exercises with Music of Expectation, Affection, Anger or Hatred, Sorrow, Joy, Fear, Religious Devotion, the Farewell.

Price, \$1.25, post-paid.

EDGAR S. WERNER, Publisher,

43 East 19th Street, New York City.

SONGS BY AMERICAN COMPOSERS

	Voice.	Publisher's Price.
Alden, John Carver. Upon a Meadow All Alone. (<i>The Violet</i>)	High voice in C	.40
When I Wander in the Evening. (<i>Serenade</i> .)	Med. voice in E	.30
Ambrose, Paul. In the Thornbush. (<i>Im Dornbusch</i> .) Op. 12, No. 2.	Med. voice in G	.40
Andrews, Addison F. O for a Day in Spring. Song of the Heart.	High voice in E flat .40 High voice in F .40	
Bartlett, Homer N. An Autumn Song. Op. 131. Sweetheart, Sigh No More. The Wind Is Awake.	Low voice in E flat .50 Med. voice in C .40 High voice in D flat .50 Med. voice in B flat .50	
Bartlett, J. C. A Dream. High voice in A flat Low voice in D flat	Med. voice in F .50 Med. voice in E .50	
Come to Me, Sweetheart. Winona.	High voice in F .50 Low voice in D .50 High voice in E flat .50 Med. voice in C .50	
Boott, F. Lethe.	Med. voice in D	.30
Brackett, Frank H. Proposal.	High voice in E .40 Med. voice in C .40	
Buck, Dudley. In Thy Dreams. Op. 67, No. 2. When the Heart Is Young. Op. 67, No. 5.	High voice in B flat .50 Med. voice in G .50 High voice in E flat .50 Low voice in B flat .50	
Bullard, Frederic Field. Beam from Yonder Star. Med. voice in G The Indifferent Mariner.	High voice in B flat .40 Low voice in E flat .40 Bass voice in E flat .50	
Chadwick, Geo. W. Across the Hills. Good Night. So Far Away.	Med voice in B flat .50 Med. voice in C .50 Low voice in A flat .50 Low voice in A min. .50	
Chapman, Wm. R. This Would I Do.	High voice in G .40 Med. voice in E flat .40	
Cole, Rosseter G. Auf Wiedersehen. Op. 12, No. 2 Longing. Op. 12, No. 1.	Med. voice in E flat .40 High voice in G .50	

All Musical Publications. Send us your orders.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON
C. H. DITSON & CO., NEW YORK
J. E. DITSON & CO., PHILADELPHIA

THE PERRY SCHOOL
OF
ORATORY AND DRAMATIC ART

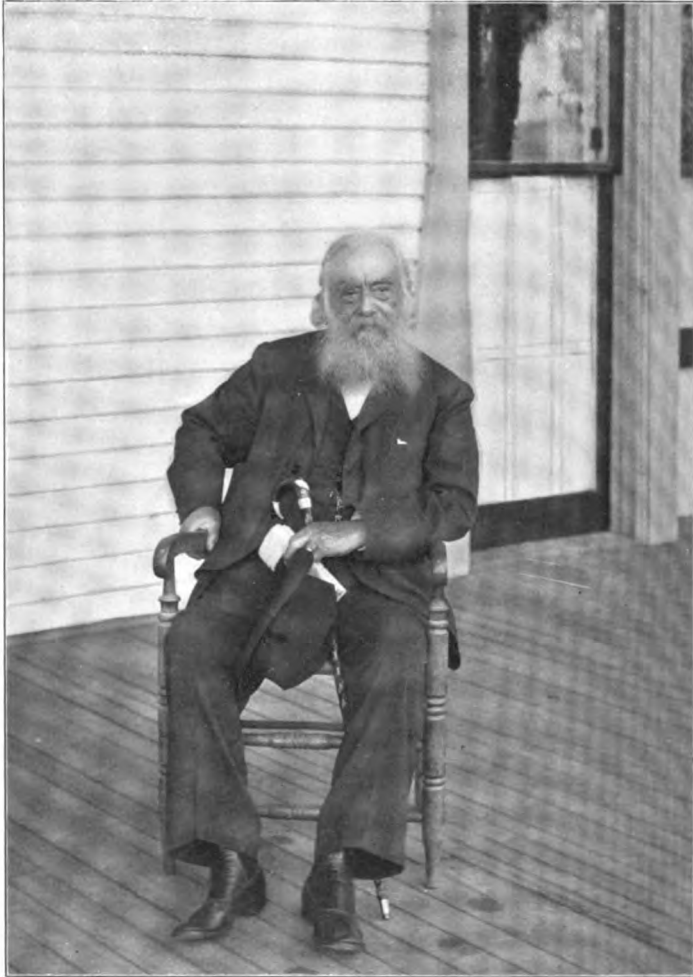
EDWARD
P.
PERRY
DIRECTOR

Y.M.C.A.
BUILDING
CORNER
GRAND & MARKHAM
ST. LOUIS, MO.

PHOTO BY
STRAUSS

Courses of Study for
Teachers, Readers and PUBLIC
on platform and stage SPEAKERS

F. J. BORDNER



ALEXANDER MELVILLE BELL

From a photograph taken at Chautauqua, June 29, 1899,
especially for WERNER'S MAGAZINE



Vol. XXIII.

AUGUST, 1899.

No. 6.

Chautauqua Convention of Elocutionists

A Critique on the Eighth Annual Meeting of the
National Association of Elocutionists, June 26-30, 1899

BY THE EDITOR

“CONSECRATION” and “benediction” were words frequently heard at the Chautauqua convention of elocutionists. These words were used in connection with the presence of Alexander Melville Bell, who, at the age of 80, stood upon the platform and delivered an address (published in our July issue) with a grace of manner, pureness of enunciation and distinctness of articulation surpassed by no other speaker at the convention. Bell’s presence permeated and dominated everything, whether at the hotel headquarters, on the boat-ride excursion, or in the session and recital auditoriums.

Alexander Melville Bell is the greatest living elocutionist. To attend the convention he made a special journey of two thousand miles, foregoing the coolness and quiet and care of his distinguished son’s summer Canadian home. Well might the members of the National Association of Elocutionists rise to their feet

when he entered the hall, and well might they congratulate themselves on being privileged to attend a session that is a historical event in American elocution.

Words can only very inadequately describe the scenes at the Bell session. On the platform stood an elocutionary patriarch, whose discoveries, inventions and writings have vitalized, purified and glorified the English language, uttering words of counsel and pronouncing a benediction. There he stood, erect, reposeful, vigorous, graceful; his bearing, gesture, voice, articulation—all models worthy the study of those that aspire to oratorical excellence. Before him sat many of the leading elocutionists of America, hushed, attentive, impressed—so impressed that many shed tears, and when a resolution of thanks was moved, voices were choked and the pauses of silence were more eloquent than were the words. The sentiments of the entire assemblage were voiced by a speaker



THE CONVENTION IN SESSION AT HIGGINS HALL



HENRY M. SOPER
the New President

who said that he consecrated himself anew to his profession and that hereafter he never could or would apologize for being an elocutionist. The day has come when the National Association of Elocutionists is proud of its name, and is exceedingly glad that a majority of its members heeded not the false prophets who, in 1892, at the New York convention, foretold disaster if the new association should permit "elocution" to form any part of its christening. The presence of Alexander Melville Bell at the Chautauqua convention has leavened the whole elocutionary lump, and has put a *heart* into the National Association of Elocutionists.

The Chautauqua meeting was characterized also by the absence of ill-feeling, of rivalry, of scheming for election. Every one was in good humor, receptive, friendly. No one seemed to have an axe to grind. Perhaps the non-localness of the place did away with the rivalries and jealousies that are apt to arise when the convention is held in places where several members reside.

The factor second in potentiality

at the 1899 meeting was the place itself. The atmosphere, the "aura," so to speak, of Chautauqua is conducive to educational work. Many of the ablest elocutionary teachers were drawn thither by this influence, so that this meeting was attended by more of the "working" teachers than perhaps any other meeting. Chautauqua is an ideal place for such a meeting. Cool, restful, healthy, quiet; plain food, early to bed, no dissipations, no distractions; no ear-splitting noises, no offensive sights or sounds. No better spot for real educative work can be found.

The Chautauqua meeting teaches more forcibly than ever that essays are the least important factors in the Association's mission. People will not and do not journey many miles at large expenditure of vitality, time and money simply to hear read several essays. It is the personal meetings and greetings, the discussions and the sectional work that induce people to attend the conventions. WERNER'S MAGAZINE has said this before and would repeat it more em-



THOMAS C. TRUEBLOOD
the Retiring President



WILLIAM T. ROSS JOHN R. SCOTT
ALEXANDER MELVILLE BELL FRANCIS T. RUSSELL

phatically than ever. The original matter in this magazine is from one to five years (and sometimes ten years) ahead of the essays usually read at the conventions. So far as essays go, WERNER'S MAGAZINE is a far better medium for reaching professionals and laymen than can be any association. This is said not in a boastful spirit, but to induce the managers of the N. A. E. to plan for the best good of the elocutionary cause and for the best good of the Association. A study of the features that made the Chautauqua meeting so preeminently successful will leave no doubt as to the best course to pursue.

The recitals were the least satisfactory of the main features of the Chautauqua meeting. Perhaps the chief cause was the largeness and the openness of the auditorium. The space was too great, the platform was too far away from the audience, the

weather was too cold. Those persons that sat near the platform, being able to hear and to see, enjoyed the recitals; but those that sat back, say ten rows, did not enjoy them, mainly because of their inability to hear and to see. The suitability of the auditorium is an all-important question to the reader and reciter, who have rights that the Association should be bound to respect. It is unfair to readers and reciters of national reputation, who are delighting audiences in all parts of the country, to place them under conditions that make satisfactory artistic work almost physically impossible. These readers and reciters, who donate their services to the good of the cause and run the gauntlet of professional criticism, deserve every attention and every accessory that will aid them to give their best rendition. The Association has been remiss in this respect. It should not be forgotten that a recital



CORA M. WHEELER
First Vice-President



EDWARD P. PERRY
Second Vice-President



MRS. IDA M. RILEY
Secretary



MRS. ELIZABETH MANSFIELD IRVING
Treasurer

OFFICERS FOR 1899-1900

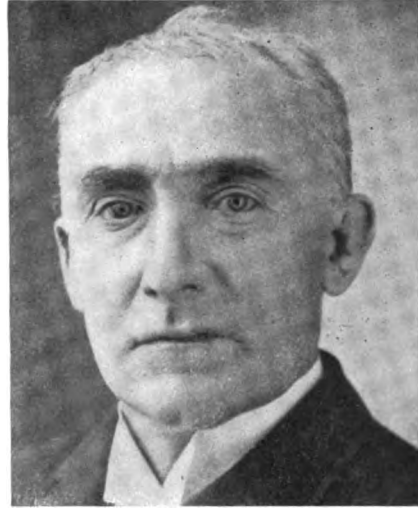
Edward P. Perry Laura E. Aldrich Cora M. Wheeler Mrs. Elizabeth Mansfield Irving Mrs. Ida M. Riley Marie L. Bruot S. H. Clark



F. F. Mackay H. M. Soper Thomas C. Trueblood Mrs. Laura J. Tisdale
THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS PRESENT AT CHAUTAUQUA



S. H. CLARK



F. F. MACKAY

THE MEN READERS OF THE CONVENTION

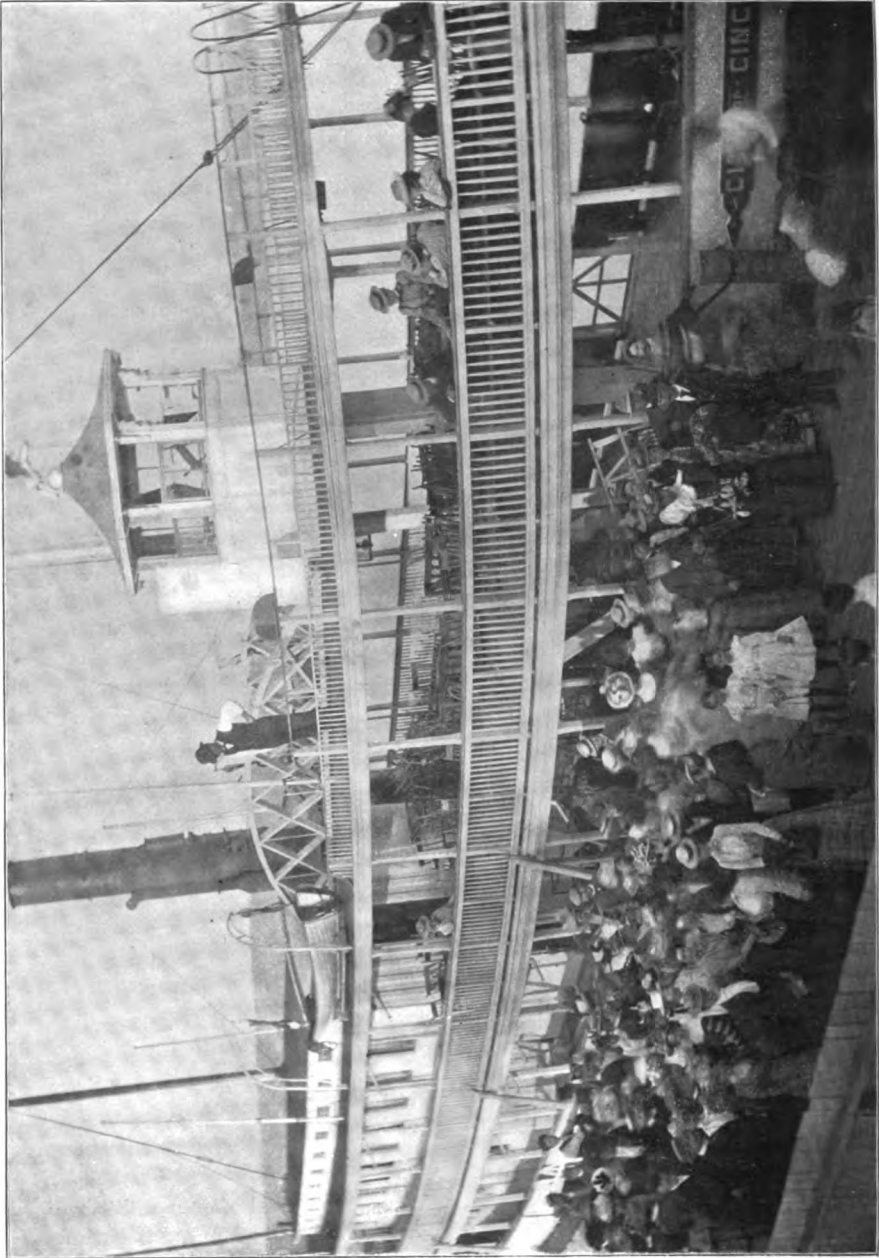
is the fruit of the tilling and the sowing, and that if the fruit is poor something must be wrong with the tilling and the sowing. In other words, if study and training do not result in effective and artistic expression, then the study and training are valueless. Public renditions are the culmination and consummation of elocutionary art, hence the Association should take greater pains with its recitals, which should be models, not only in the excellence of its readers and reciters, but also in the conditions and surroundings in which they appear. It should be decided long beforehand whether the recitals are primarily for the members of the Association or for the general public, and the auditorium and accessories should be chosen accordingly. For an auditorium like that of Chautauqua, which holds several thousand persons, which has no walls, where the wind blows through, and where a woman reader in evening dress may be chilled through (as was the case at this meeting), only bold, pictorial and objective pieces should be given; do not attempt delicate and subjective pieces. The disregard of these requirements rests with the Associa-

tion and not with the readers and reciters at Chautauqua. They were not informed of the unusual size and construction of the auditorium in which they were to appear. With one exception, they did well under the circumstances, and they should not be criticized adversely if their renditions were not of their usual degree of excellence.

Protest has been made against the use of the term "new elocution." Yet some name is needed to designate those that persist (rightly or wrongly) in sticking to the things of ten or twenty years ago. Phenomenal acuteness of perception was not needed to discern that at the Chautauqua meeting, like at every other meeting, cer-



CHARLES SIMONS
Orator of the Convention



GOING ON THE BOAT-RIDE EXCURSION



Lily Hoffner Wood

Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker

Katharine Oliver

Katharine Eggleston, Junkermann

Edna Louise Sutherland

THE WOMEN READERS AT THE CONVENTION

Frances Schermer Minee Alma Cady Jessie Kleinmann Clementine Calvin



Annie Somerville Mary A. Blood Alice May Youse Gwyneth King
CONVENTION MEMBERS FROM VARIOUS SECTIONS



An Expressive N. A.
E. Back

tain elocutionists opposed every progressive measure. If these do not belong to the "old school," who does? Some of the members, while not actively opposing progressive measures, seemed to lack the courage of their convictions — provided their opinions were definite enough to be called convictions. On the other hand, the so-called "newschool" appear too eager to forsake the old landmarks and to accept fascinating but unproven theories. To say, for instance, that the principal nerve-centre for speech lies in the region of the fifth vertebra from the neck, and that by thinking of this spot a person can send a nerve-current to the organs of speech, setting them into normal and artistic activity, is saying something that, while it may be true, has not been corroborated sufficiently to be accepted as a physiological fact. Between these two extremes is there not safer ground? And shall those occupying it be called "elocutionary conservatives?"

The most marked manifestation of retrogression was the declaration of a teacher in a theological seminary that, when it came to Bible reading, he said: "Hands off; no rules, no forms here. 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground!'" He had no use for elocution then; he simply let "the Holy Ghost speak!" Whether the presence of a bishop in the audience influenced the remarks of the speaker can best be told by the speaker himself; but whatever the motive, he should no longer claim to be a teacher of elocution, but a teach-

er of inspiration. The sense of the majority of the members was voiced by another speaker, who said that in his opinion training was needed as much in the reading of Scriptures as in the reading of Shakespeare or of Tennyson, and that to him every literary masterpiece was holy ground, calling for a reader's best endeavors.

Another retrograde tendency was shown by a State Normal School teacher, who argued in favor of any section of country deciding for itself what shall be its standard of pronunciation. This remarkable position called forth a storm of protests. Hopefully this will be the last time that any professional elocutionist, or, in fact, any person of culture and common sense, will oppose uniformity of pronunciation. Think of drifting into provincialisms and dialects!

More surprising than the statement by a Minnesota teacher that the Delsarte System provides relaxing exercises only was the silence of the other members of the convention. Cer-



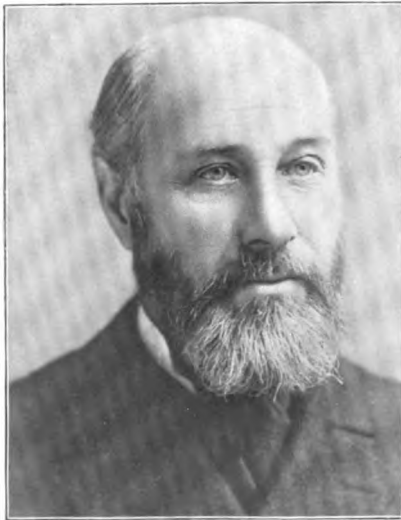
ALEXANDER MELVILLE BELL, and the
EDITOR OF "WERNER'S MAGAZINE"



MRS. ALICE WHITE DE VOL
Essay : "The Spoken Word"



MRS. EMILY M. BISHOP
Essay : "Bodily Responsiveness"



PROF. E. M. BOOTH
Essay : "Reading of Psalms and Hymns"



GERTRUDE McMILLAN
Essay : "The Intellectual Reader"

SOME OF THE ESSAYISTS OF THE CONVENTION

tainly there were plenty of persons present who were competent, and who should have been eager, to enlighten the teacher from the Northwest, and any others who had a similar erroneous belief. We supposed

that every member of the N. A. E., and every reader of WERNER'S MAGAZINE, knew that the Delsarte System uses relaxing exercises only as preliminary to a thorough and complete series of vitalizing exercises.



HOTEL ATHENÆUM, THE ASSOCIATION'S HEADQUARTERS.

Members in Attendance :

Aldrich, Laura E.
 Axford, Rachel M.
 Ayres, Mrs. Evelyn B.
 Baker, Mrs. Bertha Kunz-
 Bell, Alexander Melville
 Bentley, Mrs. Mary E.
 Bishop, Mrs. Emily M.
 Blood, Mary A.
 Booth, E. M.
 Brown, Anne W.
 Brown, Clara J.
 Brown, Miss H. M.
 Browning, May L.
 Bruot, Marie L.
 Burnham, Mrs. A. G.
 Cady, Minee Alma
 Calvin, Clementine
 Campbell, M. Helen
 Carter, Mrs. Frances H.
 Clark, S. H.
 Clark, Mrs. S. H.
 Cooke, Myrtle T.
 Crooks, Arielle
 Denig, Miss E. H.
 De Vol, Mrs. Alice White
 Fields, Addie
 Flowers, C. M.
 Gormley, Miss M. M.

Graff, Louise M.
 Hawn, Henry Gaines
 Hume, Leila Olivia
 Ingraham, F. L.
 Irving, Mrs. Elizabeth M.
 Junkermann, Katharine E.
 King, Gwyneth
 Kleinmann, Jessie
 Kline, Miss
 Loughman, Lulu E.
 Ludlum, Mrs. Mary Hogan
 Lynn, Carrie Victoria
 McCoy, Mrs. M. E.
 McKeever, Esther
 McMillan, Gertrude
 Mackay, F. F.
 Mannheim, Jennie
 Manning, Mrs. Louise J.
 Mathews, Bessie
 Mathews, Blanche
 Newlin, Jessie L.
 Nickson, Catherine
 Oliver, Katharine
 Overton, Florence M.
 Perry, Edward P.
 Pierce, Mrs. Marie S.
 Ransom, Mrs. Lida
 Remick, Mrs. Chas. Edward

Riley, Mrs. Ida M.
 Ripont, Adele
 Ross, William T.
 Russell, Rev. Francis T.
 Schermer, Frances
 Scott, John R.
 Serven, Mme. Ida
 Silvernail, J. P.
 Simons, Charles
 Somerville, Annie
 Soper, H. M.
 Spalding, Margaret
 Stapp, Mrs. Virginia
 Starkey, H. E.
 Stein, Mae
 Sutherland, Edna Louise
 Tisdale, Mrs. Laura J.
 Trueblood, Thos. C.
 Trueblood, Mrs. Thomas C.
 Vincent, Bishop
 Vincent, George E.
 Walton, Mrs. Elizabeth R.
 Warner, Lydia A.
 Wheeler, Cora M.
 Wood, Lily Hoffner
 Youse, Alice May
 Zachos, M. Helena



THE GAVEL PRESENTED TO THE N. A. E. BY THE NEW YORK TEACHERS OF ORATORY



MRS. BERTHA KUNZ-BAKER
The Foremost American Woman Reader

CHAUTAUQUA CONVENTION NOTES.

Mispronunciations were too frequent.

There were no programs at the first session.

In voting for seven directors there were 47 votes cast.

St. Louis is the next place of meeting, Monday, June 25, 1900.

None of the New England States was represented at the convention.

Moses True Brown was elected an honorary member of the Association.

The Committee on Terminology has held no meeting since February, 1898.

One of Prof. Bell's books reached its 136 thousandth copy in its last edition.

Mrs. Mary Hogan Ludlum was seriously ill during the latter part of the convention.

Wandering from the point characterized too many of the extemporaneous speeches.

Several Southern members left the amphitheatre, offended at the oration on "John Brown."

As usual, women were largely in the majority, although most of the talking was done by men.

A "Hobson" scene was enacted in the hotel corridor by twenty or more ladies kissing Prof. Bell.

Miss Minee Alma Cady, besides her elocutionary work, is a prominent factor in Iowa women clubs.

Prof. E. M. Booth broke down completely from emotion in seconding the motion for a vote of thanks to Prof. Bell.

President Soper celebrated the 19th anniversary of his marriage July 6, 1899. He has one child, a son 14 years old.

Discouraged at the long waits at the railway connections, several members turned back before reaching Chautauqua.

Half-truths were plentiful. Sometimes a half-truth is more dangerous than no truth. Beware of the man with a half-truth!

The opening session and all of the recitals were held in the amphitheatre. All of the other sessions were held in Higgins Hall.

"Balance of time," and "you would have been given" were phrases that grated harshly upon the ears of advocates of good English.

The clergyman that made the opening prayer omitted the N. A. E. entirely from the things he prayed for. The convention was a success.

Rev. Francis T. Russell, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, by his Episcopal garb, gave a sort of clerical dignity to the convention.

One of the side-scenes of the convention was the reading of four Kipling poems by Miss M. Helena Zachos, to Prof. and Mrs. Bell, and Prof. Ross.

Hopefully at the future meetings all of the visiting members can be at one hotel. This adds greatly to the enjoyment and profit of a convention.

The spacious rooms, corridors and piazzas of the Hotel Athenæum, the Association's headquarters, added greatly to the enjoyment of the members.

A reaction from the fallacies introduced into Delsartism was shown at this convention. Mrs. Emily M. Bishop is prominent among the reactionists.

President Trueblood's address was educative rather than executive. He declared that the teaching of oratory was the chief work of the elocutionist.

Prof. John R. Scott, the Rushite and pupil of James E. Murdoch, was in attendance for the first time. He wrote in favor of forming an association sixteen years ago.

Satisfactory reasons were not given for all of the notable absences this year. Some of the Association's most active supporters were conspicuous because of their absences.

Miss Cora M. Wheeler, the present First Vice-President, is in line of promotion to the presidency. Many members expressed the wish that the next president be a woman.

The interest in the personnel of the Association would be increased if the men elocutionists would bring their wives and the women elocutionists their husbands to the conventions.

What did the member mean by saying, "We know there will be no animus?" Guesses can be made, but there should be no ambiguity about the language of an elocutionist.

The Association received \$150 from the Chautauqua Assembly for the recitals, which were free to the Chautauqua public. The boat ride was also a gift from the Chautauqua Assembly.

The enquiry being made from the platform, 35 members said that they used, preferentially, Webster's International Dictionary, 8 Worcester's, 8 Funk & Wagnall's Standard, and 4 the Century. by Google

Prof. W. T. Ross, who was among the first to advocate the forming of an association sixteen years ago, came for the first time from the Pacific coast, and took a prominent part in the proceedings.

Miss Margaret Spalding, in criticizing Miss Schermer's reciting, recommended that a reader or reciter do not wear eyeglasses while on the platform, because they interfere with facial expression.

Miss Marie L. Bruot, whose portrait appears in the Higgins Hall group and in the Board of Directors group, is of Huguenot descent. She was born at Paris, and her grandfather fought under Napoleon I.

The sense of the convention seemed to be that in giving a recitation, the condition of the narrator at the time of telling the story should be the dominant mood of the reciter. Everything else should be subordinate.

Mrs. S. H. Clark, having a cottage at Chautauqua, and thus in a certain sense a hostess, was indefatigable in her attentions to the visiting members and contributed largely to their comfort and enjoyment.

Miss Mary A. Blood, by her frank and comprehensive exposition of the Columbia School of Oratory's method of teaching pantomime, won many friends and showed herself to be an able and progressive teacher.

Miss Laura E. Aldrich was one of the readiest extemporaneous speakers at the convention. She remains faithful to her Cincinnati High School, although flattering Metropolitan business proposals have been made to her.

The business relationship and personal comradeship between Mrs. Emily M. Bishop and Miss Gwyneth King were a pleasing and striking phase of the convention and are perhaps without a parallel in physical-cultural history.

The States represented at the convention were: California, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Virginia, the District of Columbia and Canada.

Miss May L. Browning, although having inherited a sufficient sum to place her above the necessity of teaching, will return for another year to her school to continue the artistic education of certain girls in whom she is much interested.

Miss Jennie Mannheimer brought two of her pupils, Misses Blanche and Bessie Mathews. It is with much difficulty that we forbear giving here the result of the camera's glimpse of them while they were enjoying the natatorial pleasures of Chautauqua.

Some of the ladies need instruction in artistic dress. A tall, slim woman should not wear a gown having perpendicular or oblique pointed effects either on skirt or waist; nor should a short, stout woman wear a gown having horizontal, rounded effects.

Mr. C. M. Flowers believes that he is ready, and that the Association should be ready, to formulate a principle that shall guide a reader in giving a rendition. He rebuked those that hem and hesitate about declaring their views on reading and reciting.

Miss Katharine Eggleston Junkermann was the only reciter to fill an entire program, and also the only one to recite original poems. Miss S. McG. Isom, who was announced on the same program to tell the story of "Quo Vadis" "pictorially," did not appear.

Mrs. Laura J. Tisdale, one of the first in this country to become a Delsartian, was displeased with the attitudes of some of the essayists. She expressed surprise that those whose business it is to teach physical strength and grace should themselves not learn to stand properly.

Miss Cora M. Wheeler is the first member daring enough to bring a pupil to a convention to give a recitation for the purpose of criticism. She as well as Miss Frances Schermer, the pupil, are to be commended and congratulated. A scene from "King Lear" was used.

The retiring treasurer, Mr. E. P. Perry, reported the total membership at 217, active and associate. He also reported a balance of \$441.91 on hand, exclusive of the \$150 to come from the Chautauqua Assembly for the recitals, and exclusive of the amount to be paid to the stenographer.

Prof. George E. Vincent, following his father, the bishop, also welcomed the Association in a humorous vein, suggesting that the Association adopt a trade-mark to distinguish the good from the poor elocutionists. He outlined the difficulties that Chautauqua has in getting the right kind of elocutionists on its programs.

The illustrations in this article, with few exceptions, were taken on the spot expressly for WERNER'S MAGAZINE. Most of them are outdoor scenes, which explains why the lights and shades are not fully satisfactory. The originality, uniqueness, and up-to-date-ness of the illustrations will more than offset their slight imperfections.

Mr. F. F. Mackay, chairman of the Board of Trustees, reported the following number

of copies of the official report on hand: 1892, 281; 1893, 461; 1894, 32; 1895, 155; 1896, 148; 1897, 95; 1898, 183. He had inventoried their value at \$1 each. There were 500 copies of the 1898 report published, of which 296 copies were sent to members.

Bishop Vincent, in welcoming the Association to Chautauqua, spoke of Mr. S. H. Clark's and Mrs. Emily M. Bishop's work, which teaches that "elocution is not alone good voice, pronunciation, pose, gesture, but that elocution is an art, and that back of the art is a science, and that art and science depend upon personality."

Prof. J. P. Silvernail uttered the choicest epigram, which Prof. Trueblood declared was worth attending the convention for, namely, that the chief aim of his teaching was to enable a pupil "to give a sit-down tone in a stand-up position." He also quoted Carlyle's advice to "hold thy tongue until some meaning sets it wagging."

We believe that Bishop Vincent is the first bishop to attend a convention session. Bishop Potter opened the New York convention with prayer, but he left as soon as his duty was performed; whereas Bishop Vincent not only welcomed the Association in the amphitheatre, but also attended voluntarily a session at Higgins Hall.

Mrs. Charles Edward Remick, of Oneida, and Mrs. Marie S. Pierce, of Washington, friends of Mrs. Elizabeth Mansfield Irving and Mrs. Elizabeth R. Walton respectively, were two society women whose pretty gowns helped to lend picturesqueness to the convention. Mrs. Remick wore badges of many of the leading women's clubs of America.

The lack of conventionality in dress was marked. With one or two exceptions, the only men in dress-suits were President Trueblood and President-elect Soper and the men readers. The ladies, however, could not repress themselves wholly, but occasionally expressed themselves in gay attire. Chautauqua style for women seems to be bare heads, and parasols.

Mrs. Alice White DeVol, who attended an N. A. E. convention for the first time, is a daughter of the distinguished educator Emerson E. White, LL.D. She is a graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory, and has taken special courses under eminent instructors in her study of literature. The kernel of her paper was that the best way to study literature is by means of the spoken word—a message that WERNER'S MAGAZINE has been spreading broadcast for years.

Prof. J. P. Silvernail, who was called upon at the last moment before the convention to fill a gap in the program, took as his theme

"The Elocution of Jesus." It is said that several members left the hall, shocked at the title. His address, although apparently extemporaneous, had been carefully written out and this was its fourteenth delivery. It followed the orthodox creed too closely to be an impartial, dispassionate discussion of the subject. It was more of a doctrinal sermon. A satisfactory treatment of the elocution of Jesus has yet to be written.

About 30 college boys are engaged during the season at the Hotel Athenaeum as dining-room waiters, earning in regular salaries and in tips about \$25 a month for two months. The head waiter holds a fellowship at Cornell worth about \$500 a year. The boys are able to attend most of the lectures and entertainments, and are said to be in demand by the young ladies of the place. While the food may taste no better, yet to be served by an "A.B.," an "A.M.," a "Ph.D.," or an embryo "D.D.," has a uniqueness not found in meals served by professional waiters, or, as the head-waiter put it, by "menial service."

The following menu gives some idea of what the elocutionists lived on during their stay at Chautauqua:



Dinner.

Thursday, June 29, 1899.

POTAGES		
Lamb Broth a la Grecque		
RELISHES		
Sliced Tomatoes	Lettuce, French Dressing	Queen Olives
FISH		
Bottled Lake Trout a l'Oreore Potatoes Hollandaise		
RELEVES		
Baked Pork and Beans		
ENTREES		
Chicken Pot-pie, New England Style	Calf Liver Saute a l'Italienne	Spaghetti a la Parisienne
ROAST		
Ribs of Prime Beef Leg of Veal au Jus		
VEGETABLES		
Buffed Potatoes Beets	Mashed Potatoes	Green Peas Served Tomatoes
DESSERT		
Apple Pie	Tapioca Pudding, Fruit Sauce	Orange Creamed Tart Strawberry Sherbet
Neapolitan Ice Cream	Assorted Cake Water Melon Dairy Cheese	Mixed Nuts

SPOLLERMAN, SARATOGA, KESSEBORN AND MATHEWS WAITERS ON CALL AT LOW PRICES, AND SERVED AT TABLE IF DESIRED.

The Visualizing of Stuttering.

BY EDGAR S. WERNER.

MANILA, May 6.—The curious freaks the Mauser bullet has performed in its courings through the systems of fighting Americans in the late wars have resulted in some queer tales. The latest is the experience of Private H. E. Redmond, Company C, First Colorado Volunteer Infantry, who, when he enlisted, stuttered so badly that the recruiting officer came near leaving him off the rolls. Private Redmond was wounded in the battle of Mariquina on March 31. Now his wound is healed and he stutters no more. A Mauser bullet struck him in the face, passed diagonally downward through his mouth and made its exit near the back of the neck. It was considered a frightful wound by the surgeons, but Redmond proceeded to recover even faster than patients with less painful injuries. Now all that can be seen of the wound is a small livid spot to the left of the nose and above the upper lip. Redmond chews hard tack with the greatest zest and tells stories he has not been able to finish in years on account of his halting speech. He insists that the Mauser bullet carried away his vocal impediment.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THAT a change in the physical formation of organs that take part in speech should have an effect on stuttering is possible, and is not strange to those that know something about the matter. Stuttering does not come from malformation of the organs, but from a wrong activity of the organs. Whatever mystery there is about stuttering comes from a lack of knowledge of the physiology of speech and also from not knowing just what are the wrong conditions, the wrong positions, and the wrong movements, during the stuttering, of the organs concerned. In spite of what is claimed to be known of speech, of its visibility, etc., it can not be seen, and we know not for certainty just what takes place during the speech-act. The speech-machinery in normal activity can not be seen until some non-interfering way is discovered of illuminating the parts. Perhaps the Roentgen X-ray may some day make this possible. It seems hardly necessary to add that

the laryngoscope in use makes normal speech, and even normal phonation, impossible, so that it is of little use in solving the problems now confronting the speech-specialist.

The Mauser bullet, mentioned in the news item given above, changed the physical formation in some way so that the organs could not fall into that particular interrelationship that hitherto they had done whenever the man stuttered. There is no need, in these remarks, to attempt an inquiry whether the bullet wrought the change in the innervation, or in the structure itself, of the organs; suffice to know that the mechanism of the organs had been changed, and that the change removed the speech-impediment.

Before this case can be accepted finally it must be known if the man stays cured. His is not the first case where wounds, either accidental or surgical, have apparently cured stuttering. But in the great majority of recorded cases the stuttering has returned with the healing of the wound.

If, however, the cure should prove permanent, the fact should not be surprising, for stuttering is caused by the interfering action of certain muscles set into activity by wrong speech-concept or by faulty or meddling action of some brain or nerve-centre. Stuttering may also be defined as a conflict between the voluntary and involuntary systems, using the word "system" as including the various specific systems as differentiated by medical authorities.

The soldier loses his stuttering by losing a part of his muscular tissue, or by losing the power to innervate (charge with nerve-force) that par-

ticular muscular tissue that hitherto has, by acting, disturbed the speech-act. Now this particular meddlesome muscular tissue is either gone, by having been shot away, or it is powerless, because the nerve-supply has been cut off.

Every stutterer, however, can not be shot with the hope that he will be cured. Other means must be used. The case of the soldier teaches a useful lesson that should be learned by those wishing to cure stuttering.

The invisibility of speech places the efforts of the teacher, or physician, or surgeon, to remedy defects into the realm of empiricism—a blind groping. Even if a cure in one case should be effected, the curer does not know how he did it, and he can not do it again—except by chance, by empirical means. The situation is the same in all departments of voice and speech culture. Teachers of singing and of speaking are working empirically, so far as the physiology of voice and of speech is concerned. They may be good teachers and may reach good results, but it is because they, being themselves good models of song and of speech, or themselves possessing artistic natures and talents, wittingly or unwittingly deal with unconscious processes, with involuntary movements, leading the pupil by mental awakening and by imitation to the goal without bothering him about the “how.” In other words, the successful teacher is he who, having himself a good tone-concept, seeks to awaken a similar tone-concept in his pupil, and by experimenting and practicing get the pupil able to produce the tone that his mind has conceived.

If stutter-doctors or teachers were to employ this method, their success would be far greater. But unfortunately, they reverse the process. They are analytic instead of synthetic in their method of procedure. They take apart the delicate and compli-

cated and not-understood speech-machinery and are unable to put it together again. They start out by mechanicalizing speech instead of mentalizing it; they direct their efforts to the periphery instead of to the centre; they seek to cleanse the current of speech far away from its source; they attempt to destroy the offending tree by clipping off the leaves instead of digging it up by the roots. Is their poor success surprising? Not at all.

Speech is the outcome of imitation. The brightest child in the world would remain speechless (as speech is understood) if he never heard or saw speech. Does he learn speech analytically, consciously, mechanically? No. He learns speech synthetically, unconsciously, cerebrally. The thing or act that he gives verbal expression to he sees concretely, pictorially. If he says “horse runs,” it is because he sees, or has seen, a horse run, and because the thing [horse] and the act [runs] have been named for him by his superior in verbal expression. He learns polysyllabic as readily as monosyllabic words. The main reason why a child of ten years has not a working vocabulary of ten thousand words is because his associates have not a working vocabulary of ten thousand words. An inquiry into the reason why so-called educated, cultured and refined people have so limited a vocabulary would lead too far away from the purpose of these remarks; but the subject is worthy of careful consideration, inasmuch as a lack of expressive terms is perhaps the greatest barrier to mental development.

All of these remarks are pertinent to the nature and cure of stuttering. The way a child learns to talk is the way the stutterer must learn to talk, if he ever is to reach permanent normal speech. The brain-centres and the nerve-centres must be permitted to do their work uninterfered with by

any conscious effort on the part of the speech-sufferer. Peripheral effort must be stopped. Phonation is just as much an involuntary act as is deglutition. If a man should set out to control the swallowing of food or drink by attempting to work a particular muscle disconnected from its associate muscles, he would fall into trouble, but his attempt would be no more fruitless and foolish than the attempt of the stutterer to control his speaking by a similar effort.

The first step, then, in the cure of stuttering is to form a right speech-concept, to know definitely and clearly *what* to say. Let the *how* take care of itself. In none of man's other functions is there greater proof that "mind is master of matter." Cure the stutterer's mind and the rest will be easy.

Mind and body, however, can not be separated, at least during mundane existence; hence wrong bodily habits, of which stuttering is one, oftentimes require bodily agencies for their removal. A stutterer for years might be cured mentally and yet soon relapse, if he did not acquire the right speech-mechanism. Perhaps the most difficult part of the cure is to get the sufferer to forget, muscularly as well as mentally, that he has been a stutterer. He has been accustomed so long consciously and wrongly to direct his organs that they, obeying the impulse that years of disturbed action have left, are apt to assume their old wrong positions, and thus by sympathetic and reactionary influence disturb anew the cerebral and spinal centres.

But a stutterer's mind can not be cured unless the power to speak is given him. The trouble with most teaching is that the remedy is as bad as the disease. To be compelled to talk syllabically and drawlingly, even if it can be done without repulsive contortions of face and body, is only a short distance from the start-

ing-point. This manner of talking kills the aroma of verbal expression, and is really more offensive than written conversation. Better to write on a tablet what must be said than to drawl and dislocate spoken words. The listener's time and nerves would be spared by so doing.

That method of treatment is defective that substitutes a disagreeable, distorted, disjointed manner of talking for the original defect. Not only is it defective, but positively injurious. A child's impediment, if the child has never learned to syllabize his words, may require slow, measured syllabic word-practice, but an adult of ordinary education needs only the right word-concept in order to give the proper utterance. Now, to disjoint, to deexpressionize the oral verbal form of a thought, is injurious both to thought and to speech. Avoid it by all means.

These remarks have wandered a long way from our soldier in the Philippines, whose stuttering has been shot away, hopefully never to return; hopefully also with no legacy of pain or inconvenience in the years to come. The objective point of this discussion is a speculative visualizing of the stuttering-act. At the best it is but a guess, but one man's guess, especially if the best years of his life have been given to the solving of the problem, is as good as another man's guess.

Now, what is the primary manifestation of stuttering? "Primary" is used because the secondary manifestations are apparent to everybody, such as facial contortions, collapse or twisting of the body, repetition of syllables or words, stamping of the feet, swinging of the arms—all the various doings that superficial observers dwell upon, and whose disappearance or abatement these same obtuse observers call a cure.

The primary manifestation [not

cause, remember] is a refusal of the voice. In other words, during the stuttering-spasm the vocal cords do not phonate. The sufferer is a mute for the time being. There is interference somewhere. The vibratory action of the vocal cords is interfered with. This disturbed atmospheric pressure, confinement, or condensation has been a great stumbling-block to investigators and experimenters who have concluded that the cause of the disorder was in the respiration. As a result, respiratory methods have multiplied, and the lungs have been distended to the injury of the adjacent organs. The spirometer has shown the unusual lung-capacity of those who have gone through such methods, but whose stuttering, alas! seemed oftentimes to keep pace with their lung-development. Parenthetically it may be stated that conscious breathing should be avoided by the stut-terer. Breathing-gymnastics are good for him as well as for other persons, just the same as are physical gymnastics, but neither of them are a vital factor in the problem. Indeed, it may be that the stutterer already has too much air in his lungs during his effort to speak, and the first step necessary in the mechanical part of the treatment may be a letting out of some of the air.

The primary manifestation of stuttering is at the vocal cords, which are kept from vibrating because there are lacking the proper conditions in the atmospheric pressure. For a tone there must be, if physicists are to be believed, a certain degree of condensation, a certain imprisonment, and a timely escape of the air. These are the factors of what is called a "fundamental" tone, which is reenforced by "over" tones in the air-chambers, or resonance-cavities, formed by the parts above the vocal cords.

In stuttering there is a conflict apparently between the fundamental

tone and the overtones. The action of the parts above the vocal cords that is requisite for forming the overtones seems to interfere with the action of the vocal cords in forming the fundamental tone. The articulation of words depends largely on overtones, hence stuttering manifests itself proportionately to the number of overtones required for the articulation of the word, and manifests itself also proportionately to the dominance of the activity of the parts above the vocal cords; including in this general statement the cerebrum.

A striking proof of this theory is found in the fact that ninety-nine stutterers (perhaps there is no exception) out of a hundred can sing without stuttering. Singing as compared with speaking is a dominance, a continuity of the fundamental tone; the overtones of articulation being subordinate. Singing furthermore is less of a cerebral act than is speaking. Not only are the singer's words ready-made for him, but so also are his pitches, his keys, and his rate. Then, too, his is more of an emotional than an intellectual message. He voices something that his auditors will not dispute; probably they know beforehand what he is going to sing; they are not concerned about his words, they are thinking of the quality of his tones and of his manner of singing them.

The visual act of stuttering then is a forced inactivity of the vocal cords as the first factor; but the other factors are unknown. Whether the so-called false vocal cords approximate too much or not enough, whether air through the œsophagus from the stomach comes or does not come, whether the tongue is too far from or too near the walls of the pharynx, whether the soft-palate is too low or too high, whether the air-chambers above the pharynx are too open or too contracted, whether the tongue is too low or too high in the mouth

—none of this is positively known, and perhaps it makes no difference anyway. All these manifestations are probably no more important than are the more external manifestations already described, to which may be added drumming a tattoo on the thigh or wiggling the ear. They are most

likely peripheral manifestations all coming from one and the same central cause.

Suppose this "cause" is found to be in inharmony between the sensor and motor nerves, the question still remains, what is the cause of the "inharmony."

The Influence of Fashion on the Art of Music.

By SIR JOHN STAINER.

[Lecture delivered at Oxford University, May 5, 1899.]

IN matters of musical art we must distinguish carefully between those composers who deliberately adopt a certain style after having mastered its underlying principles, and those who simply copy its most easily recognized accessories in the way of ornament or detail. The former are legitimate representatives of a school of art; the latter are mere propagators of a fashion. The former have grasped the essence of the style they have adopted; the latter have only caught its accidental features. In fact, the fashionable imitator often turns out a sort of piebald work in which the mannerism or the ornaments characteristic of a particular style are introduced and joined to something with which they are totally incompatible. Many of you must have observed this fact while listening to those modern imitations of old English songs, which were so fashionable recently. In nearly every case, however cleverly the old peculiarities and tricks have been copied, you will suddenly hear a few bars that could not possibly have been contemporaneous with the rest.

Handel was surrounded during his life and followed after his death by a host of weak imitators. Their music was but a short-lived fashion, because, in due course, people discovered that Handel's mannerisms, un-

supported by his massive genius, rapidly palled on the taste. Handel's mighty contemporary, Bach, offers great temptation to imitators; he has unmistakable mannerisms, and his methods are broad and clear. Two facts, however, make any attempt to produce sham Bach always futile. His technical skill in harmony, counterpoint, and methods of composition generally, are absolutely unapproachable, and he wrote so much as practically to exhaust the resources of his own style. Though Mozart and Haydn kept such a hold on the public for many years, their influence was certainly beneficial; and one can not say that their style created a weak fashion. The compositions of the best imitator of Mozart's pianoforte style—Hummel—still holds a fairly good position in art. It has often been asked, "How is it that Beethoven can not be said to have founded a school of composition?" The fact is remarkable, especially as he possessed striking mannerisms; but if you go behind his mannerisms you will find a depth of thought that defies all attempts at counterfeit.

When once the beautifully-turned and refined diction of Mendelssohn had become appreciated, all fashionable composers imitated him as far as they possibly could without becoming actual plagiarists. I think

one might well make Mendelssohn say, "Save me from my friends," for I feel quite sure that the true cause of much of the modern tendency to depreciate Mendelssohn's position in art has been the sense of plethora and surfeit brought about by the perpetual hearing of weak imitations of his characteristics. He has been a sufferer simply because his style became fashionable. But, shun his imitators, and go to the pure fount of his greatest vocal and instrumental compositions, and I will answer for your profound acknowledgment of his greatness.

The style of Schumann is not easily imitated—any attempt to use his works as a model generally ends in the production of a caricature; and his imagination was so fertile that he formed a style without actual mannerisms, though intensely individual. The fashionable cult of Wagner and of Brahms is now beginning to leave an important stamp on the works of young composers and on the art of music generally, notwithstanding the fact that, critically speaking, the aims and ideals of these two men were absolutely divergent; the one throwing down old barriers with an exclamation of contempt, and rushing into new spheres of thought with an almost wild delight, using fresh methods of expression with a lavishness that hardly allows the hearer time to follow him or trace his steps; the other deeply imbued with the beauty of classical forms, and finding himself able by his genius to impart new life and fresh vigor into the very framework and mechanism that a too hasty criticism had begun to disparage as worn-out and useless, failing, dying.

But if we may congratulate ourselves on the fact that the works of Wagner and of Brahms are not only loved by the trained musician, but are a source of interest and pleasure to educated society at large, it is per-

haps too early to venture an opinion as to the value of their influence on the many rising young English composers whose watchword is "Forward," or the less conscientious class who want to profit by the fact that Wagner and Brahms are unmistakably *in fashion*.

If Brahms had left behind him as a legacy to humanity nothing but his vast contribution to the literature of songs, it would be impossible to keep him out of the first rank of modern composers. I need not here enlarge upon their continuous flow of rich melody raised above ever freshly manipulated harmony, the extraordinary variety of their style, their direct appeal to the heart of the hearer, the solid basis of intellect on which they are built, and the cleverness of their construction. In short, they are the work of a master-hand directed by lofty genius. His influence in this direction has been strong on contemporary writers, and he has helped undoubtedly by his example to call into existence those many collections of songs by writers of all European nationalities which we hope are destined ere long to destroy, as utterly as it deserves to be destroyed, that dreadful monstrosity of creation, the fashionable English drawing-room ballad.

I have a special reason for giving attention to songs. I have been inspector of music in training colleges for the last sixteen years. The students in these colleges receive two years' admirable training as a preparation for their career as teachers in elementary schools of all kinds—church schools, board schools, Wesleyan, Roman Catholic, or any other denomination that starts a training college. The musical examination of these students consists in testing the correctness of their ears, making them read music at sight, also each student has to sing a song, and then all combine for choral music. Dr.

McNaught (my assistant-inspector) and I divide the work between us, but I have calculated that during the last sixteen years I have had to listen to at least 1,000 songs a year—i. e., 16,000 in all. When I first took up the work of Dr. Hullah (my predecessor), I found that very little restriction had been placed on the selection of songs, and I had to hear such specimens as "The Gravedigger," "The Diver," "The Jolly Old Oak," "The Sexton," "The Bugler," "The Three Postboys," "Annie Laurie," etc. One student asked me if he might sing me a *comic* song! I had to draw the line there. But by dint of constant grumbling, and, better still, owing to the cordial cooperation of the college teachers, such beautiful songs are now selected and they are often so charmingly sung that it is quite a pleasure to listen to them. Just hear how matters have improved: In 1897 I reported to the department that I and Dr. McNaught had during the year had the pleasure of listening to songs by Mendelssohn, 580 times; Schubert, 235; Handel, 201; S. Bennett, 166; Schumann, 82; Beethoven, 35; Spohr, 28. These were taken merely as a sample, but this selection accounts for nearly 1,350 of the songs we heard; the majority of the remainder being by no means unworthy of study. As schoolmasters and schoolmistresses trained in these colleges are quickly snapped up for posts in the best elementary schools in the country, the character of their influence on music among the lower and the lower middle classes is of the highest importance. The mass of the population *must* eventually be reached through the medium of the four or five million children who go to our elementary schools. We are already finding that the upper standards in schools are being taught easy specimens of songs by the great composers; the elder children soon prefer them to the rubbish that a mistaken

fashion considers specially suitable to children, and the seeds of good taste are being thus sown. Of course, much of this laboriously sown seed may be, in the after-life of the children, destroyed by the music-hall songs so fashionable among the frequenters of those places of (so-called) entertainment; but that some of the good seed will take root we hope and believe.

There is only one drawback to the beautiful German and French songs which are destined, I think, eventually to eject our weak but fashionable drawing-room ballads, and that drawback is really a serious one,—the difficulty of the pianoforte accompaniments. In the majority of those of an advanced type, the singer can not possibly accompany himself or herself, owing to the rapid or complicated movements of the hands; sometimes the hands are constantly crossing each other; in many cases the accompaniments can only be mastered by a really good pianist. The result is that the man or the woman who selects the finest modern songs and has taken great pains to render them well is always liable to have the singing and the composer's music hopelessly ruined by an inefficient accompanist. Some of the most difficult of these modern songs have been sarcastically described as duets for voice and pianoforte. As the highest type of German and French songs is already showing its influence on the songs of our advancing English composers, and is happily likely to become fashionable, I fear that the difficult accompaniment will also become fashionable. Signs that this will be the case are already visible. I confess that I can not see why composers should risk the proper treatment and general use of their songs by the character of their accompaniment; and now that our grand pianofortes are of such giant stature and strength, there is the additional

danger that the voice-part may be completely overpowered by a too zealous pianist. Notwithstanding all this, the new style of song coming into fashion is an enormous stride from the outgoing type.

The song for one voice naturally suggests a few words about the song in parts—or, as we call it, the part-song. Fifty or sixty years ago the glee, a pure English school of composition, was a great favorite in the home. Musical families, or the musical members of two or three families, used to sing glees regularly in the evenings for their own pleasure and that of a few friends, and there were many glee-clubs. As you all know, we possess a very large literature of this class of composition, a large proportion of which is of a distinctly high order of merit. Perhaps I ought to point out that the glee differs from a part-song not only in the fact that there should be only one voice to a part, but also because all the parts must be flowing and melodious and each must have an importance of its own. Hence, in the more elaborate glees there is a considerable amount of imitative and contrapuntal writing, beautiful and interesting, but of course requiring good musicianship in all the voices. As the glee of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries was the legitimate successor of the madrigal, so also the fashion of singing glees at home naturally followed after that fashion of singing madrigals at home which is mentioned by so many seventeenth century writers. The part-song, as its name implies, so far from having independent part-writing and contrapuntal devices, is nothing more or less than a harmonized melody, the harmonization never being elaborate or complicated; it should not be so. Part-songs are of German origin. They arose from the fact that musical people, and especially students, found some harmonies an

agreeable addition to the hundreds of simple folk-songs so well known to all and so loved by all. For a long time the harmonies remained unwritten, and as a natural consequence they were subject to any eccentric variations that individuals might try experimentally. We all know the extraordinary chords we hear when a large body of people try to harmonize "God Save the Queen" or "Old Hundred" without premeditation.

The harmonized German folk-song soon found its way into England, and with it a large number of compositions in the same style by the best German composers of that time, among them Mendelssohn, to whom we probably owe the real popularizing of the part-song in England. Being much easier of performance and allowing a large number to "join in" and also, one might say, "prop each other up" when any little difficulty had to be surmounted, the part-song took a powerful and permanent hold; the fashion of home glee-singing died out, and this beautiful form of composition is only now kept alive by the survival of a few of the old glee-clubs in London and by the choirs of provincial cathedrals; just as the taste for madrigals is being kept alive by a few old-established madrigal societies and by some enthusiasts such as Lionel Benson.

There was, however, one particular reason for the pushing out of the old glee by the new intruder, the part-song, which is of some interest. It is this: Concurrently with the introduction of part-songs, there were beginning to spring up over all England church choirs. The clarinet, bassoon, and violoncello were ousted, and with them the West-end vocal quartet, which, under the pretext of leading the congregation, which it sometimes did, also showed itself off, which it always did. It is of universal experience that if you want to keep a

choir together, especially where easy congregational church music is used, you must make them study some other class of music and widen their interest in the art. The part-song was the very thing wanted for this purpose,—easy, sprightly, and effective. A few, of various styles, could be thoroughly mastered by a series of weekly practices in the parish schoolroom or elsewhere.

For a considerable number of years—in fact, until quite recently—part-songs were the chief constituents of the programs of parish concerts, the long list being occasionally interspersed with a few songs and an instrumental solo, when one could be got. The part-song is not quite so much in fashion as it used to be; church choirs, and those numerous choral societies which have grown out of them, having become sufficiently ambitious to attack cantatas, oratorios, and other larger works. While it lasted, the fashion had the good result of bringing into existence many beautiful compositions by Smart, Macfarren, Leslie, Barnby, Sullivan, and a score of others.

England, in the latter half of last century and the early part of this, was flooded with hymn-tunes of the most commonplace and weak type. Some of the tunes to which the noblest examples of last century hymns were originally sung are perfectly execrable—such as "Jesu, Lover of My Soul," and "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," sung to the tune "Tombstone." Within the last forty years an entirely new school of hymn-tunes has come into existence, the best exponents of which were S. S. Wesley, W. H. Monk, Dr. J. B. Dykes, and, later still, Barnby, Elliott, and Sullivan. If some of the modern tunes are too "tuney," taken as a whole, it must at least be admitted that they are congruous with and illustrative of the words to which they are attached;

and the blame that is often heaped on the composer of what are called weak and sentimental tunes must at least be shared by the author who produced the weak, sentimental words. But many of the beautiful warm-hearted stanzas from the pens of our best modern authors actually need to be wedded to a sympathetic tune.

I recall a curious illustration of this: In the original issue of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," (1861), Mrs. Alexander's lovely hymn, "The Roseate Hues of Early Dawn," was wedded to the tune known as the Old 44th, a really fine tune in itself. But, though both words and music were admirable, taken separately, the combination of a sixteenth century tune with an essentially nineteenth century lyric was most incongruous. It was more than incongruous, it was almost funny, and, of course, a modern tune was attached to the hymn at the next revision (1875).

After many years of protest from musicians and from amateurs whose words deserve respect, a vicious fashion is beginning to die out, though I fear but slowly. I refer to the fashion of singing hymns at an absurdly rapid pace. We must not however be too hard on those who started this fashion; it was, after all, but a natural reaction from the tedious drawl of Tate and Brady's New Version, which was to be heard in most of our churches when I was a child. The slowness of old-fashioned psalm-singing can hardly be realized in these days, but it is still maintained in some parts of Germany and in Holland. I took the metronomic mark by my watch of a psalm-tune I heard in a church in Rotterdam, and it was $\text{♩} = 24$ —that is to say, every note was held on for rather more than two seconds. It was a psalm in eight-line stanzas, and, I assure you, I felt quite unable to trace the melody, and by the time

the last line was finished I had not the smallest conception of what the first line of the tune was like.

It will give you some idea of the contrast between this and the present so-called "hearty" singing, if I tell you that I have often heard Barnby's beautiful tune to "When morning gilds the skies" sung exactly *six times* as fast, viz., $\text{♩} = 144$. The remedy for these two opposite absurdities is simple enough. It only requires a little sense of historical propriety on the part of clergy and musicians. Tunes composed in the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth centuries, whatever their nationality—German, French, or English—should be sung rather slowly; this would include German chorales, such as "Nun danket alle Gott" and "Ein' feste Burg" and others; also Franco-Genevan tunes such as the "Old Hundred" and "Commandments," and early English psalm-tunes found in such collections as Daye, Este, and Ravenscroft. The middle English tunes such as "St. Anne," "Rockingham," "Hanover," and others should be sung a little faster, but still only at a *moderate* pace. Quite modern tunes must of course follow the character of the words and the definite wishes of the composer; such tunes as Langran's "Hark, the sound of holy voices," Smart's "Pilgrims of the night," or Dykes's "Ten thousand times ten thousand" should be sung at a brisk pace. Hymns of a penitential character and also those used during Holy Communion should of course be rendered solemnly and slowly. Many of you would justly say that, "musical instinct" should easily discover the proper tempo. True, but the instinct of true and just tempi is, strangely enough, a very rare gift. I have known many musicians of considerable power and taste to break down completely in the test of per-

forming compositions at their proper pace.

The development of the organ during the last fifty years in two directions—the multiplying of stops imitating orchestral instruments, and the facility of execution rendered possible by pneumatic levers attached to the keys—has led to some unfortunate results. These two developments, orchestral registers and a touch as light as a pianoforte, have in combination led organists to cast aside much valuable legitimate organ-music, and attempt the reproduction of purely orchestral works. I have heard the overtures to "William Tell," "Masaniello," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (among others) reproduced on the organ. Just imagine how the delicate staccato violin passages of "William Tell" and of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are ruined by transference to the king of instruments. Again, the fact that rapid music can be played on an organ makes organists forget that, in a church or cathedral where there is considerable reverberation, quick passages, especially if forte, become merely a chaotic muddle. Young organists are so anxious to get control over an instrument with plenty of solo stops and all the latest improvements that organs in churches are often far too large. Only a performer of the best taste and long experience can be trusted with an unduly large organ; in the hands of a youngster it is nothing more or less than a dangerous explosive!

Fashion has a curious and very insidious effect on our musical judgment and critical powers. We all must have observed the taste for complicated and difficult music which the modern advanced style has made general. In listening to orchestral works or the orchestral accompaniment of vocal works that our young composers furnish for provincial mu-

sical festivals, I have been forced to come to the conclusion that *difficult* music is at present fashionable. Indeed, I very much doubt if any composer of the present generation would *dare* to produce something exceedingly simple. It is more than probable that it would be treated with actual contempt by many of our professional critics. It seems to be forgotten that the practical difficulties in Beethoven's later works and in Wagner are necessary for the production of definite results and effects which could not otherwise be obtained. This is a totally different thing from creating difficulties in order to make music sound modern or abstruse. Englishmen ought specially to beware of this temptation to write "difficulties for difficulty's sake," as it is undeniable that one of the gifts, or, some would say, the only gift Englishmen can now claim and have always been able claim is that of being able to compose beautiful simple melodies. I might begin with Dowland, Lawes, Blow, and Purcell, and trace an unbroken pedigree, passing through the period of Arne, Dibdin, and onward to Sir Henry Bishop, Henry Smart, Sterndale Bennett, and winding up with Dykes and Arthur Sullivan. When an Englishman, therefore, tries to imitate the chromatic and complicated style of the modern advanced German school, he is deliberately going out of a style in which we have always excelled into a style in which, as a matter of fact, we have always failed. This love of practical difficulty for its own sake has a pernicious effect on our young instrumentalists. In nine cases out of ten if you ask a student of the violin or the pianoforte to play to you, he or she will select, not the most beautiful, but the most difficult piece recently learned. Youngsters are always more desirous of showing off their agility than their power of expression. When more

experienced, they learn sometimes, though not always, that there is something higher and better than racing up and down and about the gamut at tip-top speed.

Singers are not so tempted to become musical race-horses as instrumentalists are. The most unpleasant fashion, in which too many singers acquiesce, is that of the abuse of vibrato. When words and music, or a dramatic situation, have worked a singer up to a high pitch of excitement, it is most natural that the voice should throb with passionate emotion; and because it is natural, under such circumstances listeners are deeply affected by it. But when this vibrato commences on the first note of a song and asserts itself throughout, notwithstanding the varying character of the words, its force is utterly wasted, and, so far from carrying hearers *with* it, most hearers would prefer to be carried *away from* it.

But whether fashion be good or bad, whether it may exercise at one time a beneficial and at another a baneful influence, we must remember that art ever presses onward, struggling to improve its method of expression, and to raise to an ideal level the thoughts it desires to express, entreating the throng which without it would pass along life's road, intent on nothing but commercial gain or physical pleasure, to come and listen to its deep teaching. Fashion is only the fringe of the robe of art, the hem of the garment of that mighty power which moves among the struggling mass of mankind, teaching them to value and to cultivate those higher qualities and tastes that call forth into life and light a hidden store of tenderness, sympathy, and brotherhood. The gentle and refining influence of art can indeed make a man something even better than a reasonable or clever—viz., a lovable being. The truly wise will see the *real ex-*

istence, the entity of art, through the thin gauze of varying manifestations, and if her lessons and her entreaties sink into the soul, the enthusiast and the devotee will find that she has the power to transform unpolished nature, just as marvelously as the rough dull stone is converted by the hand

of the lapidary into a sparkling gem. Of all the branches of art, not one is more capable of realizing this lofty aim than that which hovers round the cradle, is the handmaid of worship, the pleasure of the home, and hymns its farewell over our grave—music.

Life and the Stage.

BY MARGUERITE MERINGTON.

[Address delivered before the Comparative Literature Society.]

A CERTAIN confusion arises in speaking about the drama in its relation to life,—that it is art pure and simple, but instead of being an artistic problem worked out in brushes or paint upon canvas or common marble, it is worked out on a stage like this with living men and women. It is never life, it is a reproduction of life, but, first and last, it always must be art.

Now, suppose we start with a definition. Search our dictionaries through as we may and we shall never find a better definition of the purpose of the play or the drama than that which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Hamlet.

In one of Victor Hugo's plays I came across this passage: "The drama speaks loud and high; the drama is a tribunal, is a pulpit; the drama has a threefold mission,—a national mission, a social mission, and a human mission."

The two great dramatists tell us practically the same thing. They start by saying that the drama must hold the mirror up to nature. Second, it has also an ethical mission,—to show virtue her own features, and scorn her own image; and that is the eternal antagonism and conflict between vice and virtue. And last, it has its social, contemporaneous, historical mission, which is to chronicle

the manners and customs of its time.

Now, how shall the drama work out its problems? Shall it be a kinetoscope or a photographic reproduction of the trivialities of life around us. Never. It must work between the limits of dramatic art. Drama is to be regarded as art, not as literature. Its end is to give the reproduction and the illusion of the great facts of life.

Let us look at the practical divisions of the dramatic working.

The stage represents in one scene of the play a carpeted drawing-room, gentlemen seated at the table. The next act is to be on the tessellated floor of a cathedral. The third act is perhaps a beautiful greensward. All these three things—drawing-room floor, marble pavement of the cathedral, greensward—are flat. Well, then, the stage is always to represent flatness. Now that is just exactly what it is not; it is slanting. It is built with a little slant in order that it may appear flat. That is the whole history of the drama,—“a thing worked in artificial conditions in order that it may appear true;” human nature fitted into conditions that are artificial, hypothetical, or ideal; not life, but an illusion of life.

People come on the stage and talk to one another. They never talk to

you. You are always there, but they are never supposed to know it. The moment they address you, the whole drama goes to pieces; it is a burlesque.

Let me give you a commonplace illustration. Some years ago I went to see a comedy. There was a troublesome woman to be got rid of, so a gentleman escorts her to a railway station. A few minutes later he returns, smiles at the audience and describes how he left her at the railway station. That was bad art. He told it to a blank wall. You never talk like that to a blank wall. What would have been good art would have been to show in some way that he had left the lady at the railway station, or he could have said: "I left her at the railway station, and I hope she will stay there," etc. But to come in and describe it to the audience was not art. At that moment the whole drama fell to pieces.

Let us look at the relation of the audience to the drama. I said that the audience was always present as an integral factor of a play, but a silent factor as far as the people on the stage are concerned. This is always a wall. It is a crystal wall, through which you may look but of which these people are absolutely unconscious; but you, on the other hand, are always gifted with an omniscience that never happens to us in real life. In real life we see and know people very intimately. We might count up that we know a hundred people. As a matter of fact, we know few people very well, and the people we think we know best are always surprising us most unexpectedly. We do not really know them. We know certain aspects of their character; sometimes we know an average of aspects, but we rarely know them through and through. An audience is never in the dark as to the characters on the stage. The first business of the dramatist is to

establish conditions as you can never know them in real life. And why? Because the human story has to be told to you in two hours' time, which is impossible in real life. Of course, real life is very much more dramatic than life on the stage

On the stage life is not short, but drama is flighty; so the whole human story has to be clear to you. Life works out its own human problems, sometimes in twenty years, sometimes in a century. Sometimes the whole human problem in our lifetime is left unfinished; sometimes it is carried over into kingdom come. That can not be so on the stage. The whole thing has to be told to you in two hours. That makes it clear that the whole thing must be free from the commonplace. The dramatist can pick out only the salient features of character,—the things that carry on the dramatic movement of the story, and that is where the drama as a work of art differs from life.

Let me speak about the relation that exists between the people that play the play and life itself. The actors can not afford to be the thing they pretend to be. If they were, they would not be what they pretend to be. On the stage the thing suggested is always greater than the thing seen.

Let us take a few illustrations. The best one is from the drama "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The Indians are outside and two people are alone and defenceless,—a father to save his child from falling into the hands of the Indians is prepared to shoot her. There is an army of Indians outside. It would be impossible to have the Indians there. There are simply half-a-dozen men in the wings to give the battle-song of the Indians, which grows until it reaches an immense volume of sound, until you think all the tribes of Indians in the world are standing outside. It is simply a suggestion. It touches the

imagination of the audience, and that is the greatest thing art can do.

Now, the relation of the actor toward art: Sometimes you hear: "Oh, what a great actress! She is crying real tears!" That is not the question. The question is: "Does she make you cry real tears?" If she does, then she is a great actress.

When Duse was here, I heard people say: "Oh, she doesn't act; she goes on the stage and is quite natural." I wonder if those worthy people had the faintest conception of how much art it needs to go on the stage and merely do a thing so that it looks as if you were not acting, and to do it for over 100 nights. That is the perfection of art.

Another example: When Mrs. Fiske was in the city playing "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," people said: "Oh, how natural that murder scene is!" I wonder how many of them had ever seen a murder. I do not think we had any precedent to go by. I fancy, too, we all commit our murders in very different ways. What people really meant was that, given those absolutely hypothetical, unnatural conditions, given the artificial conditions of the stage and a woman with a certain individuality working out her problems, and we say: "That is lifelike!" If that had been really done, that is what we should have seen. That is high art.

Now, to take general definitions: It would be criminal to ask a man of eighty years to play the part of a man of eighty years every night. What you want is a robust man to take that part every night.

Speaking to Mrs. Kendal about the Statue Scene in "Goliath," I asked her what she did when she came to life as a statue and saw blood. She answered: "Well, I put myself in the place of a statue that has come to life. I was a statue; I had no past; I had no experience of pain, no association with blood. I came into the

world joyous and happy, I saw blood and dabbled into that blood and said: 'Oh, isn't that pretty?'" That was good art.

Let us look at the relation of the subject chosen by the dramatist toward real life. People are constantly saying what subjects are proper for a dramatist to put upon the stage. They are urged to put upon the stage something that children could be taken to see. I hold that any subject is food for the dramatist, in heaven or on earth or in the place beneath, provided that he makes it a work of art. The drama, whatever it is, must differ from life. We said above that all our human stories are incomplete. They are carried over to the next world for completion. On the stage this can not happen. We require that we go away with a sense satisfied. Something must happen; something must be proved; some sacrifice must be made; something must be accomplished. To take an example: One of the finest pieces that Sardou ever wrote is "Daniel Roche." It will never be a popular play. I question if it is even a great play, but it is a masterpiece in its illusion. Why? Because the problem is unfinished at the end; it leaves us exactly where we began. You all know the story. A man and a woman, high-minded, love each other devotedly. They are preparing to live together as man and wife, when suddenly this problem arises between them: The man believes in no religious ceremonial. He will not take the marriage vow before a priest, because that would be hypocrisy. The woman is all creed. She thinks to live with a man without the blessing of the church is a crime. The story finishes just as it began.

We require a certain completion in the dramatic story. Something must be perfect. One side must convince the other, two lovers must come together, or somebody must be killed.

Let us look at the relation of dramatic dialogue toward life. It never does to put dialogue on the stage quite as we hear it. As we have only two hours to present it, we require it to be brighter and wittier than in real life. Nowadays dramatists are getting more to the natural thing,—they write more as people talk; but a clever dramatist will always pick up his sentence by the right end, so that it appears most effective on the stage. It must not be professedly literature, though the literary drama may be the outcome; but it must be the language of humanity, only put a little more tentatively, that this body of people may be interesting.

Take for instance love-scenes. We should find them very dull. The dram-

atist has to make his love-scene so that it is natural to the two lovers. But these thousand people looking at them through the crystal wall must never be bored. They must be amused and fascinated with what is going on between those two people.

The great object of all art is to suggest something of life. A work of art must never be life, but it always requires the collaboration of the living. That is to say, the great artist suggests something and our own minds and our own souls must add to that. That, then, is the province of art, of the drama, as I take it,—not to be life but to give us something a little wider and better and greater than life as we actually see it. It is to make us see ourselves, but not as we see ourselves.

The Educational Value of Training in Public Speaking.

BY PROF. THOMAS C. TRUEBLOOD.

[His address as president of the National Association of Elocutionists at the annual convention at Chautauqua, N. Y., June 26, 1899.]

Fellow-Teachers, Ladies and Gentlemen:

WE are met together in our eighth annual convention for the purpose of discussing fully and freely the elements of our art and to contribute each his share to the general advancement of the profession. As we are about to enter upon the work of another year, may we not with profit consider the influence of an art that has caused it to be given a place in the college curriculum and has established schools of oratory in every prominent city. In short, what is the educational value of sound training in public speaking?

As speaking involves the whole man—body, soul and spirit—and as man is what he is, not in one part but throughout, “from the animal stomach to the throbbing brain,” so that when he thinks “he thinks the

whole trunk through;” I shall treat the subject from three standpoints: The value of our work from the standpoint of the physical, from the standpoint of the intellectual and from the standpoint of the moral.

How may the study of expression benefit the race physically?

The teacher of expression, if he would make his students well-rounded men, must take into account their physical development. Not that he himself should do the work of the physical culturist, though that is not incompatible with his work, but he should see that it is done systematically and well, and according to the laws of symmetry. But there are certain elements of physical strength for speaking, not required by the athlete or even by the man of physical competency, that no one but the wise teacher of elocution is supposed

to understand. It is to these, in particular, I would now address myself.

The study of expression develops to a high degree the organs of respiration. The student not only gains lung-power but he gains breath-propelling power. While the athlete strives for lung capacity, aerating surface and the power to hold and to economize the breath for great physical efforts, the trained speaker learns to sustain the breath for steady tone-production and develops the muscles of forced expiration for strong utterance. Such discipline is not only necessary to strong vocal power, but is a prime element of good health and fine spirits.

An educational advantage, apparent to everyone, is that which comes to the student from vocal discipline. While such discipline is not wholly physical, the mental and spiritual coming in for their share, yet it is largely physical. The voice must be trained for purity, compass, strength, and mellowness. It is a physical process to discipline the throat-muscles, enlarge the cavities of resonance, strengthen the fibre of the cords, and make firm by exercise the membranes of the throat and the nose. It is a physical process to join easily the various parts of the compass into flexible and beautiful speech-notes. It is a physical process to learn so to control the vocal organs as to avoid breathiness and hollowness of tone. The clearness of tone-production, which comes from vocal exercise under careful direction, is a great saver of strength to the speaker; for the use of breathy tones causes too frequent respirations and this results in overstimulation of the brain and is therefore weakening. The same may be said of poor enunciation. In mumbling, where the organs of articulation are not held firmly in contact, there is a waste both of tone and of breath and a waste of either is a waste of vitality. We can not

strengthen articulation and lung-power without benefiting the whole system. The exercise of the lungs in reading aloud is most healthful. The late Dr. Studly, one of the most prominent Methodist divines, whose Bible and hymn reading were a revelation and who possessed the finest voice I ever heard in the pulpit, gained his power by daily practice in reading aloud. He once said to me: "I often begin a play of Shakespeare and read it quite through before I awaken to the fact that I must be at my sermons."

Right speaking is a benefit rather than a detriment to the health; the physical effects of wrong speaking are often disastrous. We have but to recall the numerous instances of ministers who have had to give up their work because of wasting throat-diseases caused by ill use of the voice. What shall we say to one about to give up in despair for lack of vocal strength to meet the requirements of his work? Would you send him to a physician? Nine times in ten he should go to the teacher of oratory. It is not a course of medication he needs so much as a course in common-sense methods of speaking. Countless are the instances of men who, after having changed their methods of speaking, have been able to resume their labors and do more and harder work than ever before. Did anybody ever hear of such a one having to give up ordinary conversation with his family and friends on account of his throat-difficulty? Had he employed a style of speaking based on conversation and not sought some ethereal way of addressing his audience, there would have been little cause for his giving up.

But this state of affairs is not confined to the preachers. I myself can give testimony to the curative effects of proper vocal training. For eleven months, on account of wrong methods of voice-production taught me in

the beginning, I was unable to pursue my chosen work and should have had to give it up had I not then come under the instruction of the venerated Murdoch, to whose methods I attribute my complete recovery. So what I am saying is not mere theory, but a conclusion reached by careful observation and a sad experience, which enables me to give personal testimony.

Again, bounding vocal health has a reflex action upon the spirits of the speaker and in due proportion upon his audience. The first element of success in public speaking is to be heard. Recall the discomfort and the chagrin you have experienced in some audiences where you desired very much to hear some distinguished speaker who, for lack of voice and method, was unable to be heard. For this very reason Matthew Arnold was obliged to cancel his engagements to lecture in America. He could not be heard. The ring and penetrative power that sound vocal training give to the voice make it a source of pleasure to listen to a speaker, and the ease of listening reflects upon and stimulates the one speaking.

The same argument will apply to the second of the elements of speaking,—the art of being understood; for some are heard that are not understood. Who has not sat under the broken English but thundering tones of some foreigner and strained to the point of distraction to gather what he was saying? Or who has not heard one of our own nationality so vociferate that the sounds banging against the ear-drums have drowned themselves in confusion, till the tired ear shut its sense against words freighted with truth. The correction of these faults is largely physical, and it is an untold advantage to both speaker and audience that these defects be corrected in due time.

There is another physical advan-

tage in the study of expression not wholly reached by directors of gymnasiums, and that is grace of bearing and gesture. The healthy, well-developed man is not always graceful in his movements. Some of the finest athletes I have ever known were most awkward in their attitudes and movements on the platform. The work of the elocutionist must supplement that of the physical culturist. Happy the teacher of oratory who can place his pupils in the hands of the director of a gymnasium, who is both a physician and a gymnast, but the teacher of expression must add grace to the work of muscle-making. The standing position for speaking is not the same as that for military or gymnasium practice. There is a poise of body, of chest, of neck, of head, that the gymnasium does not teach. It is left for us to accomplish these things by what I shall venture to term "the gymnastics of speaking." We must know and teach the uses of relaxation and of vitalization, we must know the uses of the centres and the radii of motion and how they are employed in gesture, we must know the best positions of neck and head and torso for right vocal effect, we must know and teach the relation of poise and attitude to the passions. How often, fellow-teachers, in paraphrase of Shylock, shall we have to say of awkward young speakers, "How much more manly art thou than thy looks!"

Another physical element, not so clearly ours to educate, but yet so closely connected with our work that I can not leave it unmentioned, is nerve-power, self-control. As public speaking is more or less a nervous strain, I hold it to be our duty as educators to know something of those simple laws which, if well followed, will avoid nervous waste and conserve the energies of the speaker. There are reckless public speakers as well as reckless men in other walks of life. One of our most famous

preachers to-day, when remonstrated with for doing the work of three men, laughingly remarked: "The men that have been advising me thus for the last twelve years are nearly all dead." But he is paying the penalty of thus disregarding natural laws, and perhaps after a few more years of enforced rest he may gain sufficient vigor to go on with his work, but he can never fully regain his powers. To the speaker, of all men, nerve-power is essential. What are some of the precautions that may add to the speaker's effectiveness?

In the first place, a speaker, in preparing an address, should not study and practice up to the last moment. The worry about a speech up to the time of speaking is one of the severest strains a speaker has to endure. It is even worse than the effort itself. The day before a speech ought to be play-day. Saturday and Monday ought to be days of recreation for the preacher. They should be devoted to social, intellectual, and physical exhilaration. He should be out on the hills, in the woods, along the streams and the lakes, in the art-galleries, on the golf links, or watching college sports. The mind unconsciously collects vital force from the complete change. One gets condition without thinking about it, and that is the best kind of condition. The reader, the actor, the orator, all would fare better by resting and by recreation before their efforts. A tired memory is like a tired horse. It is not alert and can not be goaded into its best work.

Another pertinent question: What shall we do with ourselves after the speech, when the mind is wrought up to an intense pitch of enthusiasm? How shall we earliest procure that rest and sleep which knit up the raveled sleeve of care? Rather than toss about for two hours, it would be better to use a simple though most sensible and effective remedy. The

brain surcharged with blood must be relieved. An attack upon another part of the body by bathing or rubbing will suffice, for the blood rushes there away from the head to fortify against the attack. A hot or a cold bath will call the blood away from the head and give immediate relief. Many public speakers, among them Beecher and Phillips Brooks testify to the effectiveness of this simple precaution and urge it as far better than "tinkering with the body for special occasions" with various kinds of stimulants. We, as teachers, should know these simple laws of health that our students may use them without having to wait so many years to discover them, perhaps by chance.

The study of these physical elements is noble when undertaken with the view of rendering the body a fit instrument to serve the good purpose of the heart. Fine speeches often accomplish nothing for lack of physical force. Most persuasive men are of strong physical development, with good digestion and great lung-power, the power to thrust truth out at men and give what Beecher calls "lunge" to a man's speaking. Who wants to listen to an invalid preacher with his piteous prayers and moaning hymns? Men depressed in body and heavy in mind can not get eloquent. It takes a vigorous, vital man to arouse and refashion. The best condition for eloquence is when the body is in a perfect state of health.

Governor Roosevelt, one of the most vital of men, was a physical weakling; but he had the good sense to see that it takes more than a brain and a moral nature to make a man. So he set to work to build up a body and became an athlete who could stand the rough life of the plains, the tussle with Tammany, or the hardships of the Cuban campaign. Phillips Brooks declares that "the training of the full body is a part of that total self-consecration which can not

be divided and which, altogether, make you the medium through which God may reach his children's lives. Be alive, not dead. Do everything to keep the vitality at its fullest." Beecher says that "while it is important to train for thought and matter, it is only second in importance to train for condition;" while Spurgeon once said: "I believe that everyone should train his voice and body under some system of elocution, first, for the health it affords, second, for its educating effects, third, for the advantage it gives over others for usefulness."

I have spoken thus fully upon the physical side of our art because I feel that we do not altogether appreciate that side, but let us now consider the gains intellectually in the study of expression.

First, I believe that a knowledge of the underlying principles of elocution is a mental development equal to and quite as useful as that offered by any of the liberal sciences. All correct speaking is based upon certain principles. These principles have been discovered and formulated by the pioneers of the art, and may be mastered and applied by young students of expression. While it was left to our fathers to come upon success by practice right or wrong, it is the heritage of the generations present and to come to reach results not by accidental means but by pursuing the philosophy of correct speaking. These principles may become as much a part of us as the principles of rhetoric or logic or music. Will anyone say that these subjects are not founded on basic principles, and that it is not an intellectual accomplishment to understand them?

Again, the study of expression involves a study of literature. The moment one begins to give expression to the lines of another, he seeks the proper meaning and tries to make others understand it as he does.

This is mental transportation pure and simple and is a high intellectual process, for it cultivates the imagination and stimulates taste for good literature both in reader and in listener. The public reader who dramatizes works of fiction for public recital, in which he preserves the central idea of the author, brushing aside verbiage and arranging the principal parts for presentation, is doing literary work that the public appreciates,—a work that, if not wholly creative, is yet constructive and tends most strongly to develop the literary gift.

The student of expression deals not only with general literature, but particularly with the master orations of all time. The teacher of expression can not escape the oratorical feature of our work unless he forcibly puts it aside. To be a teacher of oratory he must deal with something more than dramatic reading for public entertainment. I am strongly impressed that the teaching of oratory is our chief work,—the work that appeals most strongly to educators and to the public; the work that, coupled with the teaching of elocution, has established chairs in many of our leading universities. The study of oratory leads us to the study of great orations, to seek the purpose of the speech, the historic events of the time and the special occasions that called them forth; it leads us to select and to commit the passages that embody the dominant thought and that appeal most strongly to us. The delivery of these passages with a spirit aroused by a full appreciation of the circumstances that led to their utterance is nothing short of eloquence. I have heard such passages delivered by students who so transfused their spirits into my spirit that I have tingled from head to foot and could not feel that I should have been more aroused by the orator himself. If such a man can grow eloquent with the words of

another, he can be eloquent himself under like conditions.

Furthermore, a close study of master orations reveals their structure. The ability to discover the plan of a speech and put it into form is a step toward formulating one's own thought on some question of the hour. This is progress in public speaking greatly to be desired. It should also be remembered that our masterpieces of oratory are the best prose we have. Where is the prose on this side the Atlantic that can match the speech of Patrick Henry in the Virginia Convention, the Bunker Hill orations of Webster and his reply to Hayne, Phillips on the "Murder of Lovejoy," Lincoln's Gettysburg address, and Sumner's "True Grandeur of Nations." The walls of every schoolhouse in the land ring with these classics, and their phrases, like our national songs, become the highest expression of our patriotism.

Another highly intellectual process called forth by our work is the actual construction and delivery of speeches. This is purely creative. There is no higher intellectual accomplishment than to be able to convince men and move them to action. That is the gift that made Hamilton, Webster, Phillips, and Beecher supreme. That is the gift that to-day is helping men to preferment. The man that can speak well gathers clients. Whether in court or in Congress, the people place their affairs in the hands of the skilful advocate. It is our duty as teachers to strengthen this side of men, to contribute in great measure to the success of those professions that demand speaking. Schools of oratory that neglect this side of expression should either abolish the name or come up to it.

Another advantage to be gained by the study of oratorical expression is the development of style. Someone has said that "style is the man;"

but let us remember that, as the man improves, the style should improve. Just as that style of elocution is the best which calls least attention to itself, so that literary style is best which is "least obtrusive, which lets through the truth most nearly in its absolute purity." Involved, circuitous, parenthetical sentences, even though rhythmical and well-balanced tend to cloud the understanding and lose attention. Beecher in his Yale lectures to preachers says: "Don't whip with a switch that has the leaves on if you want to tingle. I have known men whose style was magnificent when they were once thoroughly mad. Temper straightened out all the curls and made their sentences straight as a lance."

I once heard the president of a theological seminary say to his students: "If you want to study style, go out and watch the boys play marbles. Their language is not always chaste, but it is direct and forcible and instantly understood." Emerson declares that the language of the street is superior in force to that of the academy and bewails the fact that scholars do not convey their meaning in terms as short and strong as the porter or truckman. He says further that the moment an orator rises to any height of thought or passion, he descends in his language to the level of his audience. What Emerson says is the very essence of vigorous style. The common people must be reached in home-bred Anglo-Saxon,—words that strike the imagination and that awaken "ineffable and tremulous memories."

Our students of oratory must be taught these elements of power. They must know that constant writing and extemporizing are necessary to perfect style; that they must practice for rhythm and cadence to see that the idea gets off the tongue properly; that compactness of style, stopping short of the dry and plain

on the one hand and the diffuse on the other, is devoutly to be wished; that there should be variety of style to rest the audience; that wit and humor should be intermingled with story and fact, illustration and experience with exposition and argument. Better than a dead level of argument is to get the mouth open with a laugh and then thrust in a chunk of wisdom. This is a duty that we as teachers owe to the audience to be addressed by those under our charge. Viewed in the light of the pleasure and the profit that come to the people who might otherwise turn a deaf ear to instruction and to appeal, there is no other name to be applied to it than philanthropy.

I would name, also, the cultivation of the imagination as another of the values of education in expression. By associating the mind with the best thought of the ages, by dwelling upon the most striking passages, by committing and reciting the parts that most strongly appeal to us, by attempting to embody in our own writing some of the elements of beauty contained in the masterpieces, we develop in a high degree the imagination, the literary faculty, the memory, the love of the beautiful. The ability to clothe in appropriate language the imagery of the mind grows by what it feeds on. This ability is aroused by the responsibility of facing an audience and by the audience itself; and while I do not believe in extemporaneous acquisition, I do believe that the stimulus of an audience puts one in fuller command of his resources, arouses the memory to produce facts, incidents, and illustrations long since apparently forgotten.

Webster says that when he arose to reply to Hayne and had subdued by a strong effort his trepidation, that "all he had ever read or thought or acted, in literature, in history, in law, in politics, seemed to unroll before him in one glowing panorama and

then it was easy, if he wanted a thunderbolt, to reach out and take it as it went smoking by."

The study of oratory develops the logical faculty,—the highest mental act. The study of argumentative productions stimulates the power to put things together, to deduce arguments from premises, to follow a chain of reasoning to its conclusion. It develops skill in determining when exposition should turn to argument or to illustration. Many an effect has been lost because the speaker held too long to a subtle argument. By trying to make his speech symmetrical, he has lost his audience. "Many a preacher," says Beecher, "in trying to save a sermon, has lost a soul. An argument may as well go forward by illustration as by abstract statement."

Proper instruction in reading aloud is a prime factor in stimulating the logical faculty. The discriminating emphasis with which the trained reader gives out thought and feeling is a logical process. The preacher who read the following text as I shall read it was guilty of a semi-logical fallacy; "And the prophet spake to his sons saying, 'Saddle me the ass' and they saddled *him*."

The unskilled reader is guilty of many errors not so ludicrous as the one I have cited, but just as illogical and misleading. The person skilled in interpretation must be a thinker, must reason, must put things together, must leave, unimportant, things presupposed or already expressed or implied, must set forth strongly the new or strange ideas, must credit the audience with average intelligence and stimulate rather than gorge the intellect of his audience.

So much for the physical and the intellectual. What is the value of our art to the moral growth of the student?

Much that I have already said bears directly upon this part of my

remarks, for I believe there is such a thing as physical morality, that the care of the body necessary in reaching the highest usefulness in public speaking ought to be a matter of conscience with him who loves his fellow-men and desires to elevate them. What I have said, also, of the intellectual is so closely interlaced with the moral that I have found difficulty in determining where the one ends and the other begins. But there are two or three points relating distinctly to this phase of our teaching on which I would dwell for a moment.

First, I would urge the study of human nature. You who would interpret human character in drama or in fiction must have mingled with such men as you personate, must have found your ideal in a living person. You who would persuade men must study their lives, their needs, their motives, their purposes. You who would teach men must gain their sympathy, must find out their hearts. You who would create must, like Shakespeare, Dickens, and Hawthorne, go among the common people and discover the characters you would depict. Men differ so widely we can only know them by mingling with them, by studying their actions, their social habits.

Nobody was ever injured by getting close to the toilers. They all can teach us something. How else can we interpret their feelings and soften our own hard hearts? Were Patrick Henry, James Otis, John Bright, and Abraham Lincoln ever hurt by getting close to the people? This sympathy with the masses makes men forgetful of themselves; makes them come before audiences with a message, not a performance; makes them go straight for the hearts of men. The moment a man begins to think he is speaking well he weakens his speech. No reader ever began to observe his tones and gestures

without losing sympathy. Many an oratorical contest has been lost because the student thought more of the prize than the message. Men should care less for the speech and more for truth. Those are happy moments when men go clear out of themselves in driving home the truth.

This desire to be helpful, this love of the audience, is a great source of moral strength. High respect for those under our teaching calls for the best we have, and the best is never too good for the people. Not only does the study of living men awaken sympathy, but the study of characters in literature and in history arouses that love for men which leads us to seek the sources of human action and adapt the truth to their needs.

The last of the points I will consider is the development of personal character. The association of the mind of the student with the best minds in literature is a course in character-building. The putting down of the bad and the exalting of the good, the retribution that comes to the guilty and the contentment to the faithful, all tend to develop personal strength, manliness, courage, nobility of character. The responsibility of leading and directing souls arouses men to their best efforts; makes them discard habits of thought and action, which lose respect and leadership; makes models of men; makes them strive to be what they would be thought to be. This is character-building and character is the basis of oratory, for speech is valued by the character of him who speaks. As President Thwing puts it: "In order to make oratory beneficent, persuasive, larger, richer, finer, we must make a richer and finer and nobler character in the speaker himself. Therefore, our common work in making speakers is also the divine work of making men."

Our work, then, fellow-teachers, is to bring men to higher physical, intellectual and moral levels. If education is power, then there is no work that yields more abundantly than sound training along the lines of expression. Let us stop talking about the aversion of people to elocution. They are not opposed to the right kind of elocution nor do they object to its teaching. Elocution is here and here to stay. It is entrenched in the high school, college, and university. If people do not like our work we must seek the cause, not in elocution but in ourselves. The uncultured will not stand false pretense and the most cultured will welcome genuineness and manliness.

Let me urge in conclusion that we come close together in our work this week under these classic shades.

The good-fellowship we have enjoyed at our previous meetings is the glory of these occasions. Let us be generous givers as well as sympathetic receivers. No one has anything too good to give out, if he has at heart the advancement of the cause. We have done much as an association since 1892, but we have yet much to accomplish. There are still colleges and universities and many high schools not yet supplied with teachers of expression. We must reach these by making our work too useful to be dispensed with; we must make this organization one whose meetings no teacher of the art can afford to miss. Let us be hard-working, faithful, progressive men and women, and the National Association will not fail to accomplish the high and noble purpose for which it was founded.

IT was one of the fundamental principles in the teaching of Delsarte—a principle of incomparable educational importance—that the ethical and religious grade of any experience is revealed by the æsthetic quality of its proper expression. If you will compare two incarnate expressions of opposed kinds and of a climacteric character, and study them until you take in their full significance, and then in the light of it make a wide range of careful observations, you will not have the slightest doubt as to the accuracy of the proposition. In fact, a single contrasted example is enough to commend the instantaneous and irresistible assent of every competent judge. No more is needed than to place side by side a face that is inflamed and smelting with concupiscence and a face entranced and radiant with adoration. One glance of interpretative insight at the two faces and the formula is demonstrated. If one would like further proof, let him compare the look of a person who says, with a snarling and snappish cast of sneering nose, retracted lips and revulsive seizure of jaws and fingers, as if intending to bite and scratch, “I hate you!” with the aspect of one who says with a reposeful solemnity of countenance shadowed by reproach and loaded with personal authority, as though appealing to God, “Sir, your conduct violates every principle of honor!”—and he can not fail to see that the mean egotism shown in the former is ugly and repulsive, while the universal sentiment visible in the latter is beautiful and commanding. The moral rank of experiences corresponds with the æsthetic rank of their normal expressions. The beauty of the expression measures the worth of the experience. Had Delsarte left us no other formula, the originality and the value of this one should have made his name immortal.—*Rev. William R. Alger.*

Recitation and Declamation

I.

DEATHS OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.

BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

AT last the hour was accomplished for both apostles. But, as if to complete his service, it was given to the fisherman of the Lord to win two souls even in confinement. The soldiers who guarded him in the Mamertine prison received baptism. Then came the hour of torture. Nero was not in Rome at that time. Sentence was passed by two freedmen to whom Nero had confided the government of Rome during his absence.

On the aged apostle had been inflicted the stripes prescribed by law; and next day he was led forth beyond the walls of the city, toward the Vatican Hill, where he was to suffer the punishment of the cross assigned to him. Soldiers were astonished by the crowd which had gathered before the prison, for in their minds the death of a common man, and besides a foreigner, should not rouse such interest; they did not understand that that retinue was composed not of sight-seers, but confessors, anxious to escort the great apostle to the place of execution. In the afternoon the gates of the prison were thrown open at last, and Peter appeared in the midst of a detachment of pretorians. The sun had inclined somewhat toward Ostia already; the day was clear and calm. Because of his advanced age, Peter was not required to carry the cross; it was supposed that he could not carry it. They had not put the fork on his neck, either, so as not to retard his pace. He walked without hindrance, and the faithful could see him perfectly.

At moments when his white head showed itself among the iron helmets of the soldiers, weeping was heard in the crowd; but it was restrained immediately, for the face of the old man had in it so much calmness and was so bright with joy, that all understood him to be not a victim going to destruction, but a victor celebrating his triumph.

Thus it was really. The fisherman,

usually humble and stooping, walked now erect, taller than the soldiers, full of dignity. Never had men seen such majesty in his bearing. It might have seemed that he was a monarch attended by people and military. From every side voices were raised, "There is Peter going to the Lord!"

All forgot, as it were, that torture and death were waiting for him. He walked with solemn attention, but with calmness, feeling that, since the death on Golgotha, nothing equally important had happened, and as the first death had redeemed the whole world, this was to redeem the city.

Along the road people halted from wonder at sight of that old man; but believers, laying hands on their shoulders, said, with calm voices:

"See how a just man goes to death,—one who knew Christ and proclaimed love to the world."

These became thoughtful, and walked away, saying to themselves: "He can not, indeed, be unjust!"

Along the road noise was hushed, and the cries of the street. The retinue moved on before houses newly reared, before white columns of temples over whose summits hung the deep sky, calm and blue. They went in quiet; only at times the weapons of the soldiers clattered or the murmur of prayer rose. Peter heard the last, and his face grew bright with increasing joy, for his glance could hardly take in those thousands of confessors. He felt that he had done his work, and he knew now that that truth which he had been declaring all his life would overwhelm everything, like a sea, and that nothing would have power to restrain it.

Thus thinking, he raised his eyes, and said: "O Lord, Thou didst command me to conquer this world-ruling city; hence I have conquered it. Thou hast commanded me to found here Thy capital; hence I have founded it. This is Thy city now, O Lord, and I go to Thee, for I have tolled greatly."

As he passed before temples he said to them, "Ye will be temples of Christ." Looking at throngs of people moving before his eyes, he said to them, "Your children will be servants of Christ;" and he advanced with the feeling that he had conquered, conscious of his service, conscious of his strength, solaced,—great. The soldiers conducted him over the Pons Triumphalis, as if giving involuntary testimony to his triumph, and they led him farther toward the Circus. The faithful from beyond the Tiber joined the procession; and such a throng of people was formed that the centurion commanding the pretorians understood at last that he was leading a high priest surrounded by believers, and grew alarmed because of the small number of soldiers. But no cry of indignation or rage was given out in the throng. Men's faces were penetrated with the greatness of the moment, solemn and full of expectation. Some believers, remembering that when the Lord died the earth opened from fright and the dead rose from their graves, thought that now some evident signs would appear, after which the death of the apostle would not be forgotten for ages. Others said to themselves, "Perhaps the Lord will select the hour of Peter's death to come from heaven as He promised, and judge the world." With this idea they recommended themselves to the mercy of the Redeemer.

But round about there was calm. The hills seemed to be warming themselves, and resting in the sun. The procession stopped at last between the Circus and the Vatican Hill. Soldiers began now to dig a hole; others placed on the ground the cross, hammers, and nails, waiting till all preparations were finished. The crowd, continuing quiet and attentive, knelt round about.

The apostle, with his head in the sun-rays and golden light, turned for the last time toward the city. At a distance lower down was seen the gleaming Tiber; beyond was the Campus Martius; higher up, the Mausoleum of Augustus; below that, the gigantic baths just begun by Nero; still lower, Pompey's theatre; and beyond them were visible in places, and in places hidden by other buildings, the Septa Julia, a multitude of porticos, temples, columns, great edifices; and, finally, far in the distance, hills covered with houses, a gigantic resort of people, the borders of which vanished in the blue haze,—an abode of crime, but of power; of madness, but of order—which had become the head of the world, its oppressor, but its law and its peace,—almighty, invincible, eternal.

But Peter, surrounded by soldiers, looked

at the city as a ruler and king looks at his inheritance. And he said to it, "Thou art redeemed and mine!" No one, not merely among the soldiers digging the hole in which to plant the cross, but even among believers, could divine that, standing there among them, was the true ruler of that moving life; that Cæsars would pass away, waves of barbarians go by, and ages vanish, but that old man would be lord there unbrokenly.

The sun had sunk still more toward Ostia, and had become large and red. The whole western side of the sky had begun to glow with immense brightness. The soldiers approached Peter to strip him.

But he, while praying, straightened himself all at once, and stretched his right hand high. The executioners stopped, as if made timid by his posture; the faithful held the breath in their breasts, thinking that he wished to say something, and silence unbroken followed.

But he, standing on the height, with his extended right hand made the sign of the cross, blessing in the hour of death the city and the world.

In that same wonderful evening another detachment of soldiers conducted along the Ostian way Paul of Tarsus toward a place called "Aquæ Salviæ." Behind him also advanced a crowd of the faithful whom he had converted; but when he recognized near acquaintances, he halted and conversed with them, for, being a Roman citizen, the guard showed more respect to him.

Beyond the gate called "Tergemina" he met Plautilla, the daughter of the prefect Flavius Sabinus, and, seeing her youthful face covered with tears, he said:

"Plautilla, daughter of Eternal Salvation, depart in peace. Only give me a veil with which to bind my eyes when I am going to the Lord."

Taking it, he advanced with a face as full of delight as that of a laborer who, when he had toiled the whole day successfully, is returning home. His thoughts, like those of Peter, were as calm and quiet as that evening sky. His eyes gazed with thoughtfulness upon the plain which stretched out before him, and to the Alban Hills, immersed in light. He remembered his journeys, his toils, his labor, the struggles in which he had conquered, the churches which he had founded in all lands and beyond all seas; and he thought that he had earned his rest honestly, that he had finished his work. He felt now that the seed which he had planted would not be blown away by the wind of malice. He was leaving this life with the certainty that in the battle which his truth had declared against the world it

would conquer, and a mighty peace settled down on his soul.

The road to the place of execution was long, and evening was coming. The mountains became purple, and the bases of them went gradually into the shade. Flocks were returning home. Here and there groups of slaves were walking with the tools of labor on their shoulders. Children playing on the road before houses looked with curiosity at the passing soldiers. But in that evening, in that transparent golden air, there were not only peace and lovingness but a certain harmony, which seemed to lift from earth to heaven. Paul felt this; and his heart was filled with delight at the thought that to that harmony of the world he had added one note which had not been in it hitherto, but without which the whole earth was like sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

He remembered how he had taught people love,—how he had told them that though they were to give their property to the poor, though they knew all languages, all secrets, and all sciences, they would be nothing without love, which is kind, enduring, which does not return evil, which does not desire honor, suffers all things, believes all things, hopes all things, is patient of all things. His life had passed in teaching people this truth. Now he said in spirit: What power can equal it, what can conquer it? Could Cæsar stop it, though he had twice as many legions and twice as many cities, seas, lands, and nations? Paul went to his reward like a conqueror.

The detachment left the main road at last, and turned toward the east on a narrow path leading to the *Aquæ Salviæ*. The red sun was lying now on the heather. The centurion stopped the soldiers at the fountain, for the moment had come.

Paul placed *Plautilla's* veil on his arm, intending to bind his eyes with it. For the last time he raised those eyes, full of unspeakable peace, toward the eternal light of the evening, and prayed. Yes, the moment had come; but he saw before him a great road in the light, leading to heaven; and in his soul he repeated the same words which formerly he had written in the feeling of his own finished service and his near end:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

THERE are two wings by which a man soars above the world, — sincerity and purity. The former regards the intention, the latter the affections; that aspires and aims at a likeness to God, this makes us really like Him.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

II.

SAMBO'S PRAYER.

By S. W. Foss.

YO' says it ain't no good to pray?
It's coz you doan pray right.
Jes' pray de way yo' oughter pray
An' pray wiv all yo' might.
Doan ask de Lawd to guv yer things,
But ask him to he'p yo',
He'p yo' yo'self to git de things,
An' he will pull yo' froo.
Jes' ask in humbleness of spi't
An' yo'll git w'at yo' ask to git.

I prayed myse'f fo' free long weeks
Wiv mos' tremendous viggah:
"Lawd, sen' a chick'n, oh, good Lawd!
To dis mos' hungry niggah.
Oh, sen' a chick'n, Lawd, be quick!"
But de good Lawd didn' quick'n,
An' though I wrestled long in pray'r
I nevah seen no chick'n.
I didn't pray right, I wasted bref,
An' so I almos' starved to def.

"Oh, sen' a chick'n, Lawd, to me,"
I prayed wiv tears an' plead'n';
"Oh, sen' a chick'n, Lawd, an' heah
Thy servant's interced'n'."
But w'en no chick'n come, I prayed
My heart wiv sorer strick'n
"Sen' me, oh, sen' dis niggah, Lawd,
Oh, sen' him to a chick'n."
Yo' say it ain't no good to pray?
Waal—we had chick'n-pie nex' day.
—*Judge.*

III.

DEWEY'S COMING HOME.

By JANE HECKER.

OLYMPIA! Olympia!
No Cæsar of old Rome
Could teach the lesson you have taught,
Or fight the fight as you have fought,
Or bring to us what you have brought,
When Dewey has come home!

Rejoice, America, rejoice!
That Dewey is your own,
Ring out a welcome far and wide,
O'er hill, o'er dale, o'er country side,
Of gratitude, of joy, of pride,
To Dewey coming home!

No statesman he or courtier,
Who waits upon a throne,
But just a sailor, frank and free,
Who did his duty faithfully,
And proved a conqueror to be!
Dewey's coming home!

IV.

Society
Skit

A SONATA.

BY AGNES WARNER McCLELLAND.

CHARACTERS :

Rose Murry. Conductor.
Dr. Gibson, Rev. Mr. Everton.
Richard Adair, or Dick.

I.

ALLEGRO.

TIME: Morning.

SCENE: Street-car.

ROSE MURRY. Good morning, Dr. Gibson.
DR. GIBSON. Ah, good morning! The gods are sometimes kind!

ROSE. What! To send you out this cold winter morning?

DR. G. Winter! Is this winter? I thought it June, since I had found a Rose.

ROSE. Fie! Judge Cameron is just back of us. If he should overhear you, he would send for Dr. Seamore at his next attack of gout.

DR. G. I do not believe it. "All the world loves a lover."

ROSE. Hush! Was not Melba entrancing last night?

DR. G. Yes. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." I was quite dove-like under the limpid beauty of her voice, although I saw why you had refused my invitation, to accept—a poet's.

ROSE [*pouting*]. You were so late with yours. Did you do it on purpose?

DR. G. A doctor's time is not his own. I never knew I could go until the moment I wrote you; but, confess, my invitation would have stood no show—for he is a lion nowadays.

ROSE. So they say. To me he seems more like a woolly lamb,—so young and tender.

DR. G. How cynical! What did he say to enrage you?

ROSE. I cynical? No, indeed! He is quite refreshing; one meets so few men who are either young or tender.

DR. G. Thanks! Yet I would rather be neither than be called a lamb! You have not answered my note, Miss Rose.

ROSE. What note?

DR. G. Did you not receive a note with the roses?

ROSE [*hesitatingly*]. I thanked you for the gift; I—did not know the note required an answer.

DR. G. And yet there are those who call you kind.

ROSE. To change the subject, Dollie Morse was there when I received your lovely flowers; she saw your card, and remarked that the handsome doctor was a great flirt!

DR. G. How glad I am that I am not the handsome doctor. Even my mother never accused me of that!

ROSE. But you are, you know!

DR. G. What, handsome?

ROSE. No, a flirt!

DR. G. Rose, I am sure you do not believe that. You have seen my—

ROSE. Hush! The Judge!

DR. G. Hang the Judge!

CONDUCTOR. State Street!

ROSE. My destination! How the time has flown.

DR. G. I shall call to-morrow. My day will seem the brighter for this sight of—my

Rose. Good moraing.

ROSE. Good-by. Such a pleasant chat!

II.

ANDANTE.

TIME: Afternoon.

SCENE: Pond in the Park.

ROSE. Mr. Everton! What a surprise! I never dreamed of seeing you!

REV. MR. EVERTON: A happy surprise, I hope, Miss Murry. I had finished my sermon, so rushed away to call upon you, only to be met with the rebuff that "Miss Rose had gone skating, and would not be back until tea-time." Was Miss Rose alone? "Oh, yes." Well, then, I rushed home again for my skates. Tell me I am welcome.

ROSE. Oh, very! There is no one here but the children, and although they are delightful, I was longing for someone to talk with. How are your little folks, Mr. Everton? and why did you not bring Hazel with you?

MR. E. Both Hazel and Roger are suffering from colds, and so are shut up in the nursery. Hazel called to me, as she saw me going out with my skates, to give her love to Miss Rose, if I saw her.

ROSE. Dear little tot! Shall we turn now? How smooth the ice is. Tell Hazel I shall come to see her soon.

MR. E. That will make her very happy. You are so good to my children, Rose.

ROSE. They are such darlings, it is a pleasure to be good to them. How lovely the sunset is through those tall firs.

MR. E. Very— Rose, we are very lonely, I and my children.

ROSE [*hastily*]. I know you must be. Could you not persuade your sister to come to you?

MR. E. Do not try to evade me, Rose; it is you we want, not my sister.

ROSE. Oh, I beg of you—

MR. E. I love you, dearest!

ROSE. I never guessed it, I am so sorry!

MR. E. O Rose, for my children's sake!

ROSE. I dare not. I am not fit.

MR. E. You, my pure Rose! Do not answer now. Think of it, I beg of you.

ROSE. No, it will be of no use. I am so sorry, I can not.

MR. E. You do not love me?

ROSE. No.

MR. E. You do not care to try?

ROSE. No.

MR. E. Then there is someone else?

ROSE. Do not ask me.

MR. E. Forgive me, dear, I had no right to ask that. See, the sun has set. How cold the twilight is. Shall we go now?

III.

PRESTO.

TIME: Evening.

SCENE: Colonial Ball.

ROSE. O Dick, how late you are!

RICHARD ADAIR. Came the moment I could get here; business, man, collar-button, everything to keep a fellow back. By Jove, but you are stunning!

ROSE. I am so glad you like me.

DICK. Like you? Long past that, sweetheart!

ROSE. Our waltz! Quick, there comes that horrid Smith!

DICK. Here we go! Careful! Don't run into the dowager! What's the matter with Smith?

ROSE. I—I think I was down to him for this dance.

DICK. O Rosy, what a sly one you are! There is your aunty glowering at us from the doorway. How she hates me! If I only had a million, Rose!

DICK. What did she say after she saw us yesterday?

ROSE. Oh, that I was horrid, immodest, ungrateful, and all the rest. I was very unhappy, Dick.

DICK. My poor darling! How long are we going to keep this up, Rose? The home I offer you is simple, I know, dear, but an honest hand and heart go with it. You love me, Rose?

ROSE. You know that, dear.

DICK. You believe in my love?

ROSE. Entirely.

DICK. Then listen, Rose. Go up to the dressing-room, get your wraps and meet me at the side door. I will have a carriage there, and we will drive straight to Mr. Everton—

ROSE. Oh, not there, not there!

DICK. Well, just where you please—only Everton is a mighty good fellow and sure to sympathize with us. To Dr. Orland then, and in an hour from now you will be my wife, and no one will have a right to make you unhappy.

ROSE. O Dick, I am afraid!

DICK. Courage, dear, for my sake.

ROSE. Is there no other way?

DICK. No other way, kiss me, love, and go.

ROSE. In twenty minutes, then, at the side door.

DICK. Be brave, sweetheart, I will be there.

—Four O'clock.

V.

IN APPLE-TIME.

BY ERNEST NEAL LYON.

I N apple-pickin' years ago, my father'd say to me,

"There's jest a few big fellows, Jim, away up in the tree.

You shinny up 'n 'git 'em; don't let any of 'em fall,

Fur fallen fruit is skersely wuth the gether-in' at all."

Then I'd climb up to the very top o' that old apple-tree,

'N' find them apples waitin'—My! What bouncin' ones they'd be!

'N', with the biggest in my mouth, I'd clamber down again,

'N' if I tore my pantaloons, it didn't matter—then!

Sence then, in all my ups 'n' downs 'n' travelin' around,

I never saw good apples, boys, a-lyin' on the ground.

Sometimes, of course, they look all right—the outside may be fair;

But when you come to sample 'em, you'll find a worm-hole there.

Then leave behind the wind-fall, 'n' fruit on branches low.

The crowd gits smaller all the time the higher up you go.

The top has many prizes that are temptin' you 'n' me,

But if we want to taste 'em, we've got to climb the tree!

—Munsey's Magazine.

VI.

A Boy's
Soliloquy

THE BOY'S REVENGE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I'M a boy. I ain't so big as some folks, but I've got ears an' they hear things, an' I've got eyes an' they see things, an' you can jest bet yer boots I ain't a idiot an' don't know nothin' cos I'm small. I don't care if 'Lisbuth—she's my big sister,—does call me a idiot when she gits on one of her tantrums. That don't made it so I reckon, just because *she* says it. I don't like 'Lisbuth, cos she snaps my ears when she's mad, an' she hain't no feelin' for boys; an' I say that folks what snap boys' ears the way she does hadn't ought to be liked by nobody.

"Never you mind," I've said to 'Lisbuth, more'n once, when she's been a-snappin' me, "I'll pay you back fer yer meanness, some day, seef I don't."

Then like's not, she'd up an' snap me ag'n, cos she said I was sassy. But I kep' my word an' did jest as I said I would. I paid her off fer all her snappin', an' don't you fergit it. I s'pose I've got to stan' lots more of it yet, afore I git big, but when I think how mad she was when I come it over her, it makes me feel so good that I can stan' a pile o' snappin' 'thout feelin' it much. It just makes me feel chuckly all over ev'ry time I think of it. My, but wa'n't she mad, though!

You see, 'Lisbuth, she had a beau. She's had lots of 'em, cos she's good-lookin' an' is so nice an' smooth. Her han's look awful purty to the beaus, with rings on 'em cos they don't feel 'em a-snappin' their ears. I s'pose some of 'em think she's a angel, but that's cos they don't know nothin' about it. I do. Once she snapped my ears, an' then that wa'n't enuff an' she up an' slapped 'em; an' her big dimun ring it hurt awful; an' it made me mad, an' I asked her what made her keep her han's so still an' purty when beaus was there? Why didn't she snap their ears, I'd like to know? Next time her feller come to see her, I sed I was goin' to make faces at her so she'd up an' snap me an' show how smart she was with her fingers. An' she sez, "What a idiot!" But I didn't care, an' nex' time she had a beau I went down to the sittin'-room where she was tryin' to pull the wool over his eyes by her behavin' nice, an' I got right up afore her, an' I made faces at her, awful, an' she jest laffed, an' sed:

"What a rediclus boy. He's too comical fer ennything, ain't he?"

"Why don't you snap me?" sez I.

"I would like to," she sez, low, so her feller couldn't hear her, an' then mother

she came in an' I dassen't act no more to 'Lisbuth, that time, but you jest bet yer boots I ketched it after the feller was gone.

Sophy—she's my 'tother sister—she had a beau, an' she thought ev'rything an' more, too, o' him. I liked him, cos he gave me things, an' he wa'n't alwa's lookin' as if he didn't think boys had no business to be round when our folks wa'n't in sight, as some o' the fellers that come to our house did. Some fellers, they'd be awful nice to me when ennybody see 'em, but if they didn't they'd scowl at me an' jerk their canes if I took holt of 'em, an' snap out suthin' 'bout boys always bein' where they wa'n't wanted, jest as if boys hadn't no bisness to be nowheres. But Henry, he wa'n't so. Henry, he liked Sophy 'smuch as she liked him, an' they'd set an' look at each other jest as if they wanted to swoller each other, awful kind o' foolish an' soft like; but I s'pose they liked it or they wouldn't ha' done it. I ust to peak in through the crack in the door, jest fer fun, an' once I heered a-smackin', an' I hollered through the key-hole: "What's that I he'rd?" Then I opened the door an' look't at 'em, an' he was red, an' Sophy, she was red, too, an' they wa'n't nigher'n ten foot of each other, an' they lookt just as innercent,—but I know he'd been a-kissin' her, sly as they tried to keep it. You can't fool me. If't had been 'Lisbuth, she'd 'a' snapped me when he was gone, but Sophy, she never acted like that. I like Sophy tip-top. She's got some feelin's fer a boy, she has, but 'Lisbuth, she hain't got enny, an' I'd hope she'll be an old maid, only she'd always live to home then.

'Lisbuth, she took a fancy to Sophy's feller, an' she jest laid herself out an' did her level best to hook him. She'd smile at him as sweet as 'lasses candy, an' she'd make him sing when she played the pianner, an' she'd say: "What a sweet, beyoutiful voice," an' kind o' roll up her eyes as if suthin' pained her when he'd got through singin'. She wouldn't ha' made out nuthin', though, ef she hadn't got Sophy to send him a valentine. It was a real rediclus one; an' he got mad about it cos 'Lisbuth went an' told him that Sophy sent it, an' made him think that Sophy was mad at him an' wanted to let him know that her heart wa'n't his'n enny more. So 'Lisbuth, she busted up things between 'em an' Henry, he'd come to see 'Lisbuth, but he didn't say nothin' about

Sophy, an' she'd get right up an' go out o' the room when she see him a-comin'.

"What's the racket?" sez I to 'him one day. "Don't you like Sophy no more?"

He got awful red in the face, an' 'Lizbuth, she was hoppin', an' she got right up an' took holt o' me an' walked me out o' the room an' when she got me into the hall she shet the door, an' she snapped me so I couldn't stan' it; an' I up an' trod on her sore foot, an' she jest groaned an' kinder scrooched right down as if it hurt awful; and I'll bet it did, fer I kind o' jest scrouged my foot round on her'n.

"Goody, goody," sez I, "I'm glad of it. My ears has got jest as much feelin's as your foot has," an' then I jerked an' run.

I went up to Sophy's room, an' showed her my ears, an' told her how 'Lizbuth had been snappin' 'em. She said 'twas a shame, an' put arnicky onto 'em. It made 'em smart awful, but they didn't git sore much.

"What did you do to 'Lizbuth to make her mad!" Sophy, she asked me, when she was a-rubbin' my ears with the arnicky, an' I sed, 'Nothin'; only I asked Henry if he didn't like you no more, that was all."

"Then Sophy, she set still a minnit, lookin' awful white an' queer-like, an' then she bu'st right out a-cryin', an' sez she, jest as ef I wa'n't there but she was a-talkin' to herself.

"No, he don't like me enny more, but I do him. Oh, why did I send him that old valentine, jest cos 'Lizbuth dared me to?"

Then she lopped her head onto the table; an' I see how't was, ef I ain't big, an' I made up my mind quicker'n a wink how I'd come it over snappin' 'Lizbuth. So I went down an' set on the steps, an' bimeby Henry come along, an' I sed:

"Sophy's awful sorry she sent that valentine, an' she wouldn't, neither, ef 'Lizbuth hadn' dared her to, an' she ain't mad with you, cos she cried about it. It's all 'Lizbuth, an' she's pullin' wool over yer eyes, makin' b'leeve she's so good an' sweet. Jest you feel o' my ears an' see how sore they be where she snapped 'em cos I asked you ef you didn't like Sophy no more. She hain't no more feelin's than a camel."

An' then he sed to me, all in a twitter: "Be you sure Sophy ain't mad at me?"

I sed to him: "What d'ye take me fer? Didn't I hear her say so when she was a-puttin' the arnicky on?"

An' sez he: "I wish I could see her an' have a talk with her."

"She's goin' to walk with me down to the park to-morrer afternoon," sez I.

Then he sed he'd be there, but I shouldn't tell her so, cos ef she knew it mabby she wouldn't come, an' I sed I'd keep mum, an' then he giv' me a quarter, an' I went an'

lichrish, an' a fish-hook, an' some candy. Henry, he's a bully chap, an' don't you fer-git it.

The next day we went a-walkin' down to the park, an' bimeby we see Henry a-comin', an' Sophy, she got pale. Then Henry, he came up an' sed suthin' kind o' low an' sweet-like, an' she wa'n't pale enny more after that. Purty soon Henry, he asked me if I'd seen how fat the geese was a-gittin' on the pond, an' I sed: "No, but I'd go an' feed 'em if I had a quarter," an' he forked it over an' me an' Jimmy Jones went an' had a good time a-plaguin' the geese.

When Sophy an' Henry come back they was a-smillin', an' Henry, he sed I was a-goin' to be his little brother, an' ef it hadn't been fer me 'twouldn't ha' been so, an' then Sophy, she kisst me, an' I sed I was glad, an' I run fer home cos I wanted to tell 'Lizbuth.

'Lizbuth, she was in the parlor, an' I went in and sed: "I'm goin' to hev a new brother." Mother an' 'Lizbuth, they both lookt at me, an' 'Lizbuth sez: "What on earth does the youn'un mean now?" An' I sed I meant Henry, fer he 'n' Sophy'd made up, an' 'twouldn't happened ef't hadn't been fer me, an' they wuz a-comin' up the path now, an' she could look an' see fer herself ef she didn't b'leeve what I sed, an' I sed: "I told him how you snapped me, an' he giv' me a quarter." Then she lookt out an' see 'em a-tryin' to crowd each one other off'n the path, they was a-walkin' so clost, an', oh, my gracious! you'd better b'leeve she was mad.

"You little wretch," sez she, an' then she grabbed me, an' she snapped me the worst I ever was, an' my ears, they swelled up all black an' blue. But I didn't care much, cos I was so tickled cos she was so mad, an' that kep' 'em from hurtin' a good 'eal.

Jimmy Jones, he read in a book 'bout a man, he was a-travelin', an' a worm he kep' a-gittin' in his way, an' bimeby the man he stept onto him, an' the worm sed: "Don't you do that ag'in;" but the man he didn't pay no 'tention to what the worm told him, an' the worm he up an' bit him, an' the man swelled up an' died, an' the worm sed he was glad of it, cos it served him right, he'd no bus'n'ess to be steppin' on him. That's the way with 'Lizbuth, she'd no business to be snappin' me. Boys can't stan' ev'rythin', mor'n worms. I had to keep dodgin' ev'ry time I come nigh her fer mor'n a week, fer she'd up an' snap at me, an' I'd say: "You don't looks ef you felt as good as Sophy an' Henry do." Then she'd grab fer me, an' I'd run an' laff. I'll bet she was sorry then cos she'd snapped me so, but I don't care; ef she didn't want fer to make me go an' do suthin' she needn't ha' used me so. Folks hain't got no right to snap

VII.

THE RAGPICKER.

BY HENRY FRANK.

HEAVY the load on my back this morn!
 Heigh-ho! how heavy, heigh-ho!
 Come on, dear gray old wrinkled bag,
 Some day we'll end our woe.
 Be quick and pick,
 Old trusty stick,
 For rags and paper and string!
 Beat up, old heart, and sing:
 "Rags, rags,
 Any rags, any rags?"
 Ah, me! how the people will scorn my musty
 bags.

Yes, I remember; 'twas long ago,
 In the far, dim days of old.
 Young and smart and gay was my heart,
 In those glad glare days of gold.
 I laughed at the rick
 Of stubble and stick
 On the back of a crooked old hag,
 While my tongue would roguishly wag:
 "Rags, rags,
 Any rags, any rags"—
 Till she cried—and how I am one of those
 ragpicking hags!

The lassies gay and the young lads dear,
 With a bundle of books on each arm,
 How they scowl at my frame with a slant
 look of shame,
 And shout with mocking alarm:
 "Beware the old hag
 When she limps 'neath her bag,
 And leans on her hickory stick,
 Whining with tuneful trick:
 'Rags, rags,
 Any rags, any rags?'"
 Gay lads, they reck not the heart that bleeds
 'neath these bags!

The morning is bright or the morning is
 cold,
 Arouse ye, lazy limbs!
 No time to wait for old loafer, the sun,
 Or day into darkness dims,
 Ere there's a rag
 In thy flat-bosomed bag!
 For I'm young and my wrinkles are lies,
 Though my voice often cracks when it cries:
 "Rags, rags,
 Any rags, any rags?"
 Ah, you laugh! I don't wonder, for I'm only
 a bundle of rags.

Quick step, sharp eye, and head bent to
 earth,
 Is my routine of work the day long;
 But though clad in rags I'm happier, I know,
 Than some I must mingle among,
 In the perfumed parade

Of wanton and jade,
 Who rustle their robes in the light,
 And think me accurst in my plight.
 Rags, rags,
 Rusty rags, rusty rags,
 Their wealth shall become, though now of
 its glory it brags!

A lady, one day, decked in laces and silks,
 Sauntered by with a child at her side;
 As I hobbled along with my bundle and
 stick,
 The sweet child tenderly cried:
 "O mamma, see;
 Poor thing!" Were I free
 I'd kiss that dear child, but a tear
 Choked my voice and it trembled so queer:
 "Rags, rags,
 Any rags, any rags?"
 My den was a palace that night; royal robes
 were my rags!

Once I felt timid and alid along
 Through a throng in the slippery street;
 My limbs were weary and heavy my load,
 And I slipped on the ice and sleet.
 On broken bags
 And scattered rags,
 I lay with a bruised limb;
 'Twas late and the light was dim.
 "Rags, rags,
 Any rags, any rags?"
 Someone mocked and laughed. My blood
 turned to ice on the rags!

But the world is cold, and why should it not
 Be cold to a mortal like me?
 I am old and poor, and brown as the soil,
 And wrinkled as mummies can be!
 Has a beggar so gaunt
 A soul God would want?
 Has a fossil a sensitive heart?
 Let the gay world play its part!—
 "Rags, rags,
 Any rags, any rags?"
 What, a tear! O fie, old eyes, you'll mildew
 my rags!

VIII.

THE MYSTIFIED QUAKER.

NEW YORK, 3rd month, 8th day.

RESPECTED WIFE:

FROM these few lines my whereabouts
 you'll learn,
 Moreover, I impart to thee my serious con-
 cern,
 The language of this people is a riddle unto
 me,
 And words with them are fragments of a
 reckless mockery.
 For instance, as I left the car, an imp with
 smutty face

Said, "Shine?" "Nay, I'll not shine," said I, "except with inward grace."
 "Is inward grace a blacking or a paste?" said this young Turk,
 "Hi-daddy, what *is* inward grace; how does the old thing work?"
 "Friend," said I, to a Jehu, whose breath suggested gin,
 "Can thee convey me straightway to a reputable inn?"
 His answer's gross irrelevance, I shall not soon forget,
 Instead of simply "yea" or "nay," he gruffly said, "You bet!"
 "Nay, nay, friend, I'll not bet," I said, "for that would be a sin,
 Why can't thee tell me plainly—will thee take me to an inn?
 Thy vehicle was doubtless meant to carry folks about in,
 They why prevaricate?" Quoth he, per-versely, "Now you're shoutin'."
 "Nay, verily, I shouted not," said I, "my speech was mild,
 But thine, I grieve to say it, with falsehood was defiled!
 Thee ought to be admonished to rid thy heart from guile."
 "See here, my live moke," said he, "you sling on too much style."
 "I've had these plain drab garments twenty years and more," said I,
 "And when thee says I *sling on style*, thee tells a wilful lie!"
 With that he danced about as if a bee was in his bonnet,
 And with fierce gesticulations, inquired if I was "on it."
 "On what? Till thee explains thyself, I can not tell," I said.
 He swore that something was "too thin," and likewise it was "played;"
 But all his language was surpassed in wild absurdity,
 By threats, profanely emphasized, to "put a head" on me.
 "No son of Belial," quoth I, "that miracle can do!"
 With that, he sprang upon me, with blows and curses, too;
 But failed to work that miracle, if such was his design;
 Instead of putting on a head, he strove to strike off mine.
 Thee knows I cultivate the peaceful habit of our sect,
 But this man's actions wrought on me a singular effect,
 And when he slapped my broad-brim off, and said, "How's that for high?"

It roused the Adam in me, and I smote him hip and thigh.
 The crowd then gave a specimen of calumny broke loose,
 They said I'd "snatched him bald-headed," and likewise "cooked his goose,"
 Although I solemnly affirm I did not pull his hair,
 Nor did I cook his poultry, for he had no poultry there.
 They called me "bully boy," although I've seen nigh fourscore years,
 They said that I was "lightning" when I "got upon my ear,"
 And when I asked if lightning climbed its ear, or dressed in drab,
 "You know how it is yourself," said one, in consequential blab.
 Thee may divine, that by this time, I was somewhat perplexed;
 Yea, the quiet spirit in me hath seldom been so vexed.
 I turned about and left them, for plain-spoken men like me,
 With such perverters of our tongue, can have no company.

IX.

AFTER VACATION.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

MY books lie strapped on the table there,
 Tom Smith is waiting beside the gate,
 And mother must give one final brush—
 Make haste, dear mother, or I'll be late.
 I've filled the long vacation up
 With romps and rambles and rioting fun,
 Too short, alas, was each golden hour,
 For play-time's ended and work's begun.
 I've trod the meadows and roamed the woods,
 I've thrown my line in many a pool,
 And many a lesson I have learned,—
 There's other knowledge than that of school.
 I've watched the toil of the wee brown ant,
 The loving care of the mother bird,
 My heart is filled with the forest praise,
 No whisper even but I have heard.
 I lay my cheek to the warm brown earth,
 And feel the care that she hath for me,
 The blush of flower, the gold of grain,
 The life of the green rejoicing tree.
 But now I will fold it all away,
 Drop hazel wand for the scholar's pen;
 I turn from the wonderful pictured page,
 From Nature's book to the book of men.

X.

Oration

JOHN BROWN.

BY CHARLES SIMONS.

[Oration delivered at Annual Meeting of the National Association of Elocutionists at Chautauqua, N. Y., June 30, 1890, Mr. Simons being the 1898 First Honor Orator of the Northern Oratorical League.]

IDEAS are not temporal, they are eternal. They move onward through the ages shaping the destiny of worlds. Towering shafts and sculptured granite mark their course; the cross, the stake and the gibbet are mile-stones in their progress. No Prophet of Nazareth now treads the shores of Galilee, the world no longer trembles at a pope's decrees, and the clanking of the bond-man's chains is heard no more. But the message of the cross dwells in the hearts of millions; a grateful world has sanctified the martyrs who, at the stake, delivered it from the bondage of fanaticism; and, in the ages to come, the children of a liberated race will turn their gaze backward toward that galloos which preaches to the world the brotherhood of man.

Every great movement has been consecrated by the blood of symbolic martyrs. So, in an age when men had wilfully shut their eyes to right and their ears to the reproving voice of conscience, then, breathing forth the spirit of Puritanism, exalting justice above law and humanity above patriotism, came a simple, brave, chivalrous old man, to throw himself against a continent for the sake of a principle and sanctify a gibbet by a death that was sublime. Who was this man who, in opposition to a nation, dared to be right? What was his life-work and what his message?

It was at the dawn of a new century, that in the little village of Torrington, Conn., John Brown was born. A descendant of one of the Pilgrim Fathers and the grandson of a Puritan patriot who gave up his life in the Revolution for the cause of liberty, John Brown was by heritage destined to be a champion of freedom. His boyhood was passed in the backwoods of Ohio, where he became inured to the hardships of a pioneer life. He was of a loving and sensitive disposition, and his mind early revolted at the thought of cruelty and suffering. When he was twelve years old, he saw a negro boy who had been kind to him brutally whipped. All the compassion and resentment in his generous nature was aroused and, actuated by his sympathy for the negro, he swore "eternal war with slavery," a vow which was to determine the course of a life and the fulfilment of a destiny. Youth ripened into manhood. Compelled to give up studying

for the ministry, Brown engaged in various occupations; but through all the vicissitudes of a restless career, one idea, one motive, one purpose, kept growing within him: Slavery was wrong—slavery must perish. It was opposed to his religion, his ancestral traditions, his worship for the Revolutionary heroes, his reverence for justice, and his love for his fellow-man. He felt that to oppose slavery was right, and for the right he stood ready to sacrifice his own life and the lives of those dear to him. Destiny had chosen him as a warrior for freedom. The conflict was inevitable. The sooner it came, the less disastrous its results and the more glorious its end.

Such was John Brown when, in 1854, the Kansas-Nebraska bill became a law. The struggle had begun and all eyes were turned toward Kansas. The South was determined to win the State for slavery. Slavery was the basic rock of its prosperity—freedom was fanaticism. Armed bands from Missouri marched into Kansas, the polls were seized, a proslavery legislature elected, and the infamous Missouri statutes adopted. Free speech was made a crime. To assist a slave to escape meant death. Innumerable deprivations were made under the guise of law. Men were brutally murdered. Towns were sacked. Whole families were driven from their homes, and soon throughout the North rang the startled cries of "bleeding Kansas."

Those were the conditions when John Brown appeared upon the scene. The free-state men had found a leader, and the border ruffians were soon to learn that freedom had both heart and hand. The sun, rising over the banks of the Pottawatomie, revealed the dead bodies of five notorious border leaders. The proslavery ruffians were terrified and the whole State filled with horror. The deed was attributed to John Brown. Men whispered then that the act was murder, but posterity must judge differently. Consider that a state of actual warfare existed, that armed bands acting under authority from a usurping legislature had committed the most atrocious brutalities, and that the petitions of Kansas to the President and Congress had been slighted. Consider that these men had sworn to exterminate Brown and his sons, that justice was

unheard of, and that the law afforded no protection. Consider that the act was necessary; that to secure to hundreds of free-state settlers the safety of their lives and property the border ruffians must be checked and taught to fear with their own weapons. Consider, and then judge whether this act of self-defense and vindication was murder. William Tell, killing Gessler to protect his family, is a national hero. Oliver Cromwell, beheading a tyrant king to preserve the liberties of a people, receives the plaudits of posterity; and shall we deny a just verdict to the brave man who dared strike to defend himself and his sons, to save Kansas, and deal the first blow for the liberty of a fettered race?

That the act was necessary was shown by its results. The border ruffians were taught that outrage has its limits. Depredations ceased and Kansas became a fit habitation for freemen. Under the leadership of Brown, the proslavery men were defeated at Black Jack and Ossawatimie. Settlers flocked in from the North. The State was saved to freedom. The northward march of the slave power was checked, and the first blow struck for the liberty of a downtrodden people.

But John Brown's work was not yet ended. Slavery remained. It was stretching its monstrous arms outward. It was reaching toward Cuba. Mexico was to come into its awful embrace. It sat enthroned at the capital, and from the bench of the Supreme Court, instituted to maintain justice and promote liberty, had gone forth the infamous decree, denying to four million Americans the rights of men. The slave-trade had been revived, and from the dismal hold of the slaveship went up the cries of wretched creatures, torn from their native soil and doomed to servitude in a foreign land.

But slavery had reached its zenith. Its triumphant advance was to be checked, a schoolboy's vow to be fulfilled. With the grim determination of a man of destiny and with a purpose hardened by a lifetime of unflinching devotion to a great motive, John Brown steals forth, in the dead of night, hurls himself against slavery, against government, against law, and strikes the blow which is to mold the future of the nation and "shape the history of the world."

The news of Harper's Ferry flashes out upon the startled South. Troops are hurried to the scene of action. The little band is shot down. John Brown, wounded and bleeding, is captured. Trembling for her safety, Virginia hurries the old man to his doom. Witness what monsters slavery can make of chivalrous men. Dazed and weak from his scarcely-healed wounds, the old

hero is carried to the courtroom. There, lying on a pallet, unable to conduct his defense, he is tried, convicted, and sentenced. This was not under the shadows of a despotic throne, but in the Commonwealth of Virginia! Listen to the simple eloquence of the old man as he lies prostrate before the court,—that eloquence which, showing to the world the motives for the deed, was to justify the doer. "I believe that to have interfered as I have done in behalf of God's despised poor was not wrong, but right. And now if it is necessary for me to mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions of this slave country, I submit."

Virginia, trembling at the thought of God's justice, surrounds the scaffold with her martial array. Upon that scaffold stands John Brown, calm and erect. He has opposed the enactments of the State and must suffer death; but he has obeyed a higher law and his conscience is as clear as that of a child. His plans have failed, but he knows what his death means to the cause of fettered millions and is content. Virginia gives the signal, and the man who at Harper's Ferry was a madman, fanatic, traitor, becomes a martyred saint, consecrating a glorious cause.

Such is the story of John Brown's Raid and the vengeance which Virginia wreaked on him who had threatened her institutions. What was the message which this man gave to the world from Harper's Ferry and the scaffold? He taught the South that a new era had begun, that not by persuasion, threat, or rant, but by force, was slavery to be exterminated. He showed to the North the weakness of slavery. An old man had thrown himself against it, and the whole structure had trembled to its base. He tore aside the deluding veil of compromise and revealed the spreading ulcer which was destroying the Union. He made the whole North blush and hide its head for shame at the picture of an old, gray-headed man, yielding his life without a murmur for the uplifting of a downtrodden race. He taught the world that man is the equal of his fellow-man. He fanned the latent fires of conscience, smoldering in a million breasts, and they were soon to burst into a mighty conflagration. Slavery would be consumed. The nation would be purged. The States would be welded together in the white heat of civil war. Then should freedom be more than a name, and union no longer a mockery.

To the mournful music of tolling bells the body of John Brown was borne to its resting-place in the heart of the Adirondacks. Wendell Phillips pronounced the funeral

oration; Whittier sang his praises; Emerson and Thoreau exalted his motives; and all men, North and South, bore witness to the firmness of his purpose and the simple nobility of his character.

The South had slain the man, but the spirit which animated him was beyond the reach of earthly power. The body of John Brown lay moldering in its mountain grave and mingling its dust with that of the eternal hills, but his spirit went marching on. It swept from ocean to ocean. It mingled its breath with the whispers of every breeze, with the surge of the Atlantic as it beat against Plymouth Rock, and the mountain echoes, as they reverberated through a thousand caverns. It joined its voice to the sound of the woodman's ax, to the clang of anvils in the armories, and the ring of hammers in the gun shops. It recruited armies. It blazed from the hot throats of the Union cannon. It stormed Vicksburg, it hovered over the field of Gettysburg, it swept up Lookout Mountain and over Missionary Ridge, and went with Sherman to the sea, and when at Appomatox it had fulfilled its mission and taken its flight heavenward, the lowering clouds of slavery and oppression parted, and forth in radiant glory burst the clear sun of emancipation.

XI.

THE MOURNING VEIL.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

A WIDE, uncovered piazza ran along the front of the Stoner house, and there two little girls—children of a neighbor who had no piazza—were playing "keep house." They had their dolls, dishes and other playthings strewn about, but were beginning to lose interest in housekeeping and in "going visiting." Suddenly the younger of them said:

"I'll tell you what—let's play funeral."

"How?"

"Well, we can play that my Josephine Maude Angelina dolly died, and that we buried her."

"That will be splendid! Let's have her die right off."

Immediately after the death of Josephine Maude Angelina her grief-stricken mother said:

"Now, Katie, we must put crape on the door-knob to let folks know about it. You run over to the house and get mamma's long black veil."

"It ought to be white for a dolly, oughtn't it?" asked Katie.

"I guess you forget that Josephine Maude was a married doll, and a widow at that,

don't you?" asked Dorothy, a little tartly. "You remember how Teddy Davis's horrid dog chewed poor Josephine's husband up."

Katie went away, and returned soon with a long, black mourning veil. It was quickly tied to Mrs. Stoner's front door-bell knob; then the bereft Dorothy's grief broke out afresh, and she wailed and wept so vigorously that Mrs. Stoner put her head out of an upper window and said:

"You little girls are making too much noise down there. Mr. Stoner's sick and you disturb him. I think you'd better run home and play now. My husband wants to go to sleep."

"How unfeeling!" said Dorothy, snatching up the dead doll and her other playthings.

They departed, quite forgetting to take the veil off the door-knob.

Half an hour afterward Maria Simmons came down the street, and suddenly stopped in front of the Stoner house.

"My sakes alive! If there ain't crape on the Stoners' door-knob! Poor Sam Stoner! I knew he was sick, but I'd no idea he was at all dangerous. I must stop on my way home and find out about it."

She would have stopped then if it had not been for her eagerness to carry the news to those who might not have heard of it. A little farther on, she met an acquaintance.

"Ain't heard 'bout the trouble up at the Stoners', have you?"

"What trouble?"

"Sam Stoner is dead. There's crape on the door-knob. I was in there yesterday, and Sam was up and round the house; but I could see that he was a good deal sicker than he or his wife had any idea of, and I ain't much s'prised."

"My goodness me! I must find time to call there before night!"

Mrs. Simmons stopped at the village post-office ostensibly to ask for a letter, but really to impart her information to Uncle Dan Wales, the talkative old postmaster.

"Heard 'bout Sam Stoner?"

"No. I did hear he was gruntin' round a little, but—"

"He won't grunt no more," said Mrs. Simmons, solemnly. "He's dead."

"How you talk!"

"It's so. There's crape on the door."

"Must have been dreadful sudden? Mis' Stoner was in here last evening an' she reckoned he'd be out in a day or two well as ever."

"I know. But he ain't been well for a long time. I could see it if others couldn't."

The news was spreading now from another source, and in a way that caused those who heard it to declare that it was

"perfectly scandalous" for Mrs. Stoner to "carry on so."

Job Higley, the grocer's delivery man, returned from leaving some things at the Stoner house, full of indignation.

"That Mis' Stoner ain't no more feelin' than a lamp-post," said Job, indignantly. "There's crape on the door-knob for poor Sam Stoner, an' when I left the groceries Mis' Stoner was fryin' doughnuts cool as a cucumber an' singin' 'Way down upon the S'wanee River' loud as she could screech, an' when I said I was sorry 'bout Sam she just laughed an' said she guessed Sam was all right, an' then if she didn't go to jokin' me 'bout Tildy Hopkins."

Old Mrs. Peevy came home with an equally scandalous tale.

"I went right over to the Stoners' soon as I heard 'bout poor Sam," she said, "an' if you'll believe me, there was Mis' Stoner hangin' out clothes in the back yard, I went right round to where she was an' she says, just as flippant, 'Mercy! Mis' Peevy, where'd you drop down from?'"

"I felt so s'prised an' disgusted that I says, 'Mis' Stoner, this is a mighty solemn thing,' an' if she didn't just look at me an' laugh, with the crape for poor Sam danglin' from the front door-bell knob; an' she says: 'I don't see nothin' very solemn 'bout washin' an' hangin' out some o' Sam's old shirts an' underwear that he'll never wear ag'in. I'm goin' to work 'em up into carpet-rags if they ain't too fur gone fur even that,'"

"'Mis' Stoner,' I says, 'the neighbors will talk dreadfully if you ain't more carefully,' an' she got real angry an' said if the neighbors would attend to their business she'd attend to hers. I turned an' left, without even going into the house."

The *Carbury Weekly Star* came out two hours later with this announcement:

"We stop our press to announce the unexpected demise of our highly respected fellow-citizen, Mr. Samuel Stoner, this afternoon. A more extended notice will appear next week."

"Unexpected! I should say so!" said Samuel Stoner, as he read this announcement in the paper. "'A more extended notice next week?' I'll write that notice myself, and I'll extend it far enough to let that editor know what I think of him."

"But how did this crape get on the front door?" interrupted Mrs. Stoner. "I found it there when I went out to get the paper. It is the strangest thing, and I—there's the minister coming in the gate! Do calm down, Sam! He's coming to make arrangements for the funeral, I suppose."

Mr. Havens, the minister, was surprised when Mr. Stoner himself opened the door and said:

"Come right in, pastor; come right in. My wife's busy, but if you want to go ahead with the funeral, I'll give you the main points myself."—*Youth's Companion*.

XII.

THE RAIN-STORM.

BY KATHARINE EGGLESTON JUNKERMANN.

[Recited by the author at the Annual Meeting of the National Association of Elocutionists at Chautauqua, N. Y., June 26, 1890.]

I LISTEN to it raining;
I think in dull despair;
I find myself restraining
The tear-drops that are there.

I sigh, "Oh, dreary rain-storm,
With ceaseless drip, drip, drip,
Is Heaven weeping with me
As rain-tears drip, drip, drip?"

Another thought comes o'er me;
I almost smile again,
And listen to the story
Told by the falling rain.

For us the flowers are waiting—drip, drip—
For us the grass delaying,
And yet we find you are berating—drip,
drip—

And hard things about us are saying.

Oh, do we not remind you—drip, drip—
The time a maiden fair
Gave love pure and true,—drip, drip—
Sitting in that great chair.

You watched the rain-drops falling, drip,
drip;

You bent near her little ear.

You said: "The rain-drops are calling—
drip, drip—

Their sweethearts, the flowers, dear.

But you seem so forgetful,—drip, drip;
Your heart may know its pain,

If so our song is regretful,—drip, drip—
The sorrow-song of the rain.

Is that little green mound in the churchyard
—drip, drip—

The cause of life's dull pain?

We weep, we know that death marred—
drip, drip—

Thy love for the sound of the rain.

XIII.

THE LAND OF PRETTY SOON.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I KNOW of a land where the streets are
paved
With the things which we meant to
achieve;

It is walled with the money we meant to
have saved

And the pleasures for which we grieve.

The kind words unspoken, the promises
broken,

And many a coveted boon
Are stowed away there in that land some-
where—

The Land of Pretty Soon.

There are uncut jewels of possible fame

Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mold and rust.
And, oh! this place, while it seems so near,
Is farther away than the moon.

Though our purpose is fair, yet we never
get there—

To the Land of Pretty Soon.

The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,
And the ships that have sailed for its shining
strand

Bear skeletons on their decks.

It is farther at noon than it was at dawn,
And farther at night than at noon.
Oh, let us beware of that land down there—
The Land of Pretty Soon.

ENCORES.

1. Suppose.

BY WILLIAM S. LORD.

SUPPOSE you were reading some won-
derful tome

That led you 'way back in the past,
Till with feasting and fighting in Athens or
Rome

You'd forget in what age you were cast;
Suppose while thus "busy" you heard a
wee voice

And felt a small hand on your knee;
Would the world of the present or past be
your choice

At the sound of that little "take me?"
Oh, come now! Be honest! What would you
do?

You'd "take" Tiny Toddler and hug him to
you.

Suppose you had been in the city all day,

In the trouble and turmoil of trade,
Till your brain was so weary you felt the
dismay

Of an overtaxt surface-car jade;
Suppose you were smoking and taking your
ease,

And in should come little Boy Blue
To "play horsey" and wouldn't he please
"To kick up" and such antics go through?
Oh, come now! Be honest! What would you
do?

You'd prance and "play horsey" with little
Boy Blue!

Suppose you were thinking of serious things,
Of questions mortality asks,
Till life, with the problems perplexing it
brings,

Seemed a round of impossible tasks;
Suppose while thus puzzled, a frown on
your brow

And your face looking solemn and grim,
Little laddie insist you shall be a "bow-
wow"

Or sing "Hey, diddle, diddle!" to him!

Oh, come now! Be honest! What would you
do?

You'd "bark" or recite Mother Goose,
wouldn't you?

2. The Echo.

[A beautiful effect can be obtained by a slow
soft call of "echo" the second time it is given.
Place the hand to the mouth as if calling.]

WHO can say where echo dwells?

In some mountain cave, methinks
Where the white owl sits and blinks;
Or in deep, sequestered dells,
Where the foxglove hangs its bells,
Echo dwells. Echo! Echo!

Phantom of the crystal air,
Daughter of sweet mystery!
Here is one has need of thee.
Lead him to thy secret lair;
Myrtle brings he for thy hair;
Hear his prayer. Echo! Echo!

Echo, lift thy drowsy head,
And repeat each charmed word
Thou must needs have overheard
Yestere'en ere, rosy red,
Daphne down the valley fled,—
Words unsaid. Echo! Echo!

3. By the Fire.

SETTIN' by the fire
With Maria—sweet Maria!

I say: "The fire's goin' out, I see."
She turned from me a minute,
Lookin' mighty thoughtful in it:
"That's more than you are doin', sir," says
she.

Settin' by the fire
With Maria—sweet Maria!

I said: "The snow is flyin' fur an' free."
She turned to me a minute,
An' her speech had meanin' in it:
"That's more than you are doin', sir," says
she.

Settin' by the fire
 With Maria—sweet Maria!
 I says: "I hear a weddin' soon to be."
 She dropped her eyes a minute
 With a smile (I longed to win it):
 "That's more than you're arrangin' for,"
 says she.

Settin' by the fire
 With Maria—my Maria!
 I kissed her cheek—as rosy as could be.
 I axed her: "Will you marry?"
 Not a second did she tarry!
 "But it's more than you're deservin', sir,"
 says she.

4. The Sharpshooter.

BY MINNA IRVING.

A SOLDIER went riding away to the war,
 With a sword and a sash and a jacket of blue.
 The notes of the bugle were sweet on the air,
 And the drummer was beating a merry tattoo.
 But his sweetheart was left in the dawn and the dew,
 With the tears of love and of fear on her face;
 While the cluster of roses she wore at her breast
 Was broken and crushed by his parting embrace.

The soldier came riding home from the war,
 To the cheers and the music that welcome the brave.
 The ivy had hidden the latch of her door,

And green were the grasses that covered her grave.
 For the sharpshooter Death through the trenches had passed,
 And left him unharmed in the tempest of lead—
 To stop at the little white house in the North,
 And take for his target a pretty brown head.

—*New England Magazine.*

5. Her Gentle Hint.

"YOU may not kiss me, Jack," said she,
 While dimples dotted saucily
 Her cheeks of blushing red;
 "You may not kiss me, Jack, until—"
 I felt my heart with rapture thrill—
 "It grows quite dark," she said.

But there (confound my luck) on high
 The sun amid the azure sky
 Poured forth its golden light.
 But I—I wished each piercing ray
 Would, fading, put an end to day
 And hasten on the night.

From yonder west, where ocean rolls
 Her foaming waves on sandy shoals,
 A dark'ning storm-cloud blew;
 The bright sun faded soon away,
 While blacker grew the autumn day;
 Still there I sat with Sue.

Alas! I knew the storm full well
 Would drive us from the cozy dell
 Where oft the hours we whiled.
 But Sue, she sighed and bent her head:
 Then looking up, "Why, Jack," she said,
 "How dark it grows," and smiled.

CRITICISMS OF THE APRIL, MAY AND JUNE RECITATIONS.

I.

I like the idea of giving Special Day Programs occasionally. They must be very valuable to teachers of children, as are also the occasional recitations for the little folk. For teachers of elocution and public readers, however, I would suggest more selections from our best authors—cuttings from popular works that are new and scenes from well-known works. These make excellent studies for pupils and are appropriate on any program.

Many excellent recitations could be found in the short stories of our standard magazines if permission could be obtained to abridge and publish them.

The variety of selections that the Recitation Department has contained of late is most acceptable—something dramatic, something humorous, something descrip-

tive, with an occasional scene from some play. I most heartily approve of the effort to give us more *good literature*. It is the foundation upon which we elocutionists must build. It is not an easy matter to find good fun—fun that is funny without being coarse.

"The Courting of Dinah Shadd" is good and wholesome and gives an opportunity for pleasing dialect work. The last lines are fine for showing the joy that filled the exultant Mulvaney's heart.

In "Burlesque Pantomime of Shakespeare's 'Seven Ages of Man,'" the effort to find something to illustrate is painfully evident. It reminds one of exhibitions in the little red schoolhouse. The thoughtful spectator would be at a loss to find either fun or purpose in it. The whole thing is strained.

"Grant's Place in History" will prove

very useful to teachers or to those who wish some short, patriotic selection for special days. It is well written and contains a good climax.

The "Pantomime of 'Comin' thro' the Rye'" would perhaps be pretty enough to look at when used as an encore, but we can not help feeling that too much work of this kind causes the profession of the elocutionist to be looked upon with a tolerating curl of the lip by many thoughtful, intelligent men and women. It cheapens our work.

The general plan of "A Shakespearian Conference" is cleverly gotten up. It would make an effective number on a program after something more serious, if it was well costumed and the parts well taken.

"A Tribute to Grant" is not adapted to recitation. It seems to be pieced together with no idea of unity or climax. Too much is omitted somewhere.

"A Coquette Conquered" would make a bright and taking encore. It affords opportunity for legitimate pantomime work.

"Execution of Joan of Arc" is a strong selection for declamation.

Of the encores, "Keep A-Goin'" is good. "A Gold Bug," and "If I Should Die Tonight" would be appropriate for men. "The Pessimist" and "Sometimes" seem flat and unprofitable.

The work for special days in this volume is very valuable. If not taken exactly as presented, many excellent suggestions will be found.

If "Cruel, Heartless, Lying Posy," in the May No., is intended for juveniles, it certainly shows bad taste. Keep a child a child and he is attractive, but the system of forcing him into emotious that are not a part of childhood is pernicious. The whole selection seems to be but a poor excuse to utilize some poor music.

All that the "spring poet" raves over is in "A Spring Song,"—hearts, clouds, waves, gulls, seas, flowers, doves, loves, rings, sings, etc. A mental dizziness would certainly be brought on were it not for the little jerk of the line:

"Fills the air with melod-ee."

If we must have bird-tones, let someone weave their notes into verse who can interpret the true spirit of the songsters.

The theme of "'With the Shadow of Thy Wing'" is not bad, but the poetry is decidedly commonplace.

"Slowly down the street he sauntered,
Waiting till his train was due,"

may be prose fact, but it certainly does not lend itself to poetic expression. So with many other lines. It shows the machine element too plainly.

"Laddie" is a valuable selection. The story is well told and the interest sustained from beginning to end. It has a purpose, too, and one receives, though unconsciously, a little moral strengthening from the experiences of Dr. Carter. From an elocutionary standpoint, it furnishes good material for character study and requires of the narrator good story-telling ability.

"Spring Flowers" is a charming selection for children.

"Baby's Bed-time" is good, but too similar to the familiar song to avoid comparison with it. We like better the arrangement and the music of the latter. It seems to give more opportunity to work up the baby's sleepiness, which is, of course, the point of the poem.

"Grandma's Advice" would be cunning if given as suggested.

"The Policy of Cromwell" is a good, solid oration,—one that will work up well and prove a benefit to any young man who studies it.

In "In the Woods in May" we have a bird-song written in the unmistakable language of the true poet. It is dainty, it is sweet, and it *means* something. The simplicity with which it is told should be a key to the reciter.

Such selections as "The Fate of Virginia" are pleasanter to read silently than to hear from the platform. Spare your audiences all the bloody deaths you can.

"Singing in God's Acre" is a dainty and beautiful poem, well worth study.

"It Ain't a Feller's Fault," "A Friendly Hand," and "When Pa Gets Sick" are especially good encores.

"In Millinery," in the June No., gives opportunity for pantomimic work and might be well received by some audiences if a man could bring himself to impersonate such a feather-brained part.

"The Blind Bard of Antiquity" is not well adapted to recitation. The first five or six paragraphs promise more than the rest of the production fulfils. The last grows booky and uninteresting.

"Jimsella" is an excellent dialect selection, giving the reader a good opportunity to bring out the softening effect of Jimsella upon her unloving father.

The ending of "Fourth of July Ice-Cream" is too uninteresting to allow the selection to be classed among good recitations. The whole plan is rather old—too like the salted mush poem.

"Picnic Time," by Eugene Field, is always good.

"Uncle Sam's New Scholars" is a timely selection and would be a most pleasing number for a school-program. Some of the puns are rather forced and might better be omitted.

"The Revelation of the Scarlet Letter" is strong and dramatic. In the hands of a mature man or woman it would be effective.

The theme of "Hobson's Kiss" is coarse. "Hullo!" is a good, healthy sentiment told in a hearty way.

"Who's Afraid in the Dark?" would work up nicely for an encore.

It is difficult to criticize a drill without seeing it. With proper handling, all of those published ought to be effective.

Pennsylvania. Mollie Tracy Weston.

II.

The recitations found in WERNER'S MAGAZINE are a source of never-failing interest to

me and to my pupils and from every number I present at least three of the selections found therein. The appropriateness of the recitations to the time of year in which they are published is a commendable feature. The holidays are always represented by something new in the way of entertainments and selections and this alone should fill with gratitude the heart of the teacher who searches wearily through all the books she possesses for something "suited to the occasion" to give to her pupils.

Cuttings from prose works are popular with our story loving public. Dialect is good occasionally, but pure English is most attractive. Scenes from "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "The Little Minister," "The Christian," etc., prove very entertaining to the readers of current literature.

The Encores are always good. In the April No., "Keep A-Going" is to the point and has a way of touching the heart and creating sympathy for your fellow-man. "If I Should Die To-night" is witty and capable of a very individual presentation.

If I was to give my criticism on any selections in the April No., it would be on "A Shakespearian Conference." It always hurts to hear a parody on such a noble work. It may make part of the audience laugh but, in his own words, "the judicious grieve." Shakespeare, like the Bible, seems too dignified to suffer change.

The June selections are happy ones. "Picnic Time" is very popular among my younger pupils. "Uncle Sam's New Scholars" could be well presented in the schoolroom. "The Revelation of the Scarlet Letter" is very fine and follows out my idea of presenting the outline or resumé of some noted prose work. "Suggestions for Special Day Programs" and "Quota-

tions" are most interesting and helpful and for reading aloud to pupils. "The Bastille" and "Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne" are instructive and valuable.

Missouri.

Evelyn Currier.

III.

I must give utterance to the thoughts the June magazine has caused. You have prepared a genuine feast for us. Mrs. Baker's article is an inspiration to those of us who are trying to present good literature in an interesting manner. Mrs. Bishop's article must surely appeal to all teachers. Those six classes of pupils come to us all.

Miss Lounsbury, in her criticism of the Recitation Department, expresses herself as impressed with "At the King's Head" as a recitation and thinks it would make a great hit. I can give her the assurance that her conjecture is right. One of my pupils, Miss Dollie Chase, presented it at a student's recital at my school in June and received an ovation. Miss Chase also appeared in a dramatic version thereof during the last season, the play being called "Kitty Clive."

Miss Stace speaks of "An Uncrowned Hero" as "decidedly flat, because of the commonplace manner in which it is told." I must put myself on record as disagreeing with her. Another pupil of mine (one of your subscribers), Miss Blanche Mathews, has succeeded in making a very good impression with that beautiful, touching little story, which I would call "homely," but not "commonplace." This number was one of the gems of our students' recital and I felt I had to say a word in its defense. Miss Stace would change her opinion, I am sure, had she heard Miss Mathews's reading.

Ohio.

Jennie Mannheim.

A SUGGESTIVE KIPLING PROGRAM.

BY CLARA F. RANDALL.

SOLO AND CHORUS: "The Recessional."

ORATION: "Kipling, the True Poet Laureate of England."

READING: "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi."

ORATION: "The Army Correspondent."

RECITATION: "With Scindia to Delhi."

COMEDY: "With Any Amazement."

The time required for this program is one hour and a half.

The music used for "The Recessional" was published in the May, 1898, No. of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. A church setting for the stage adds to the effect.

The reading "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," was chosen because of its interest to young and old, also because, by judicious cutting, it could be brought within the time-limit of half an hour and still be presented as a unit, not as a fragment of some longer work.

The recitation "With Scindia to Delhi" vividly presents a ride for life and love, always pleasing to story-lovers, and is more

intelligible to a popular audience than are some of the more characteristic ballads and poems.

The comedy "With Any Amazement" is one of "The Gadsby Papers." It is easily staged. The settings may be made very pleasing by careful attention to the details of the story. The marriage scene was made particularly effective by seating within the church, as invited guests, all the members of the class not otherwise connected with the play. The curtain was lowered on the departure of the bridal party from the altar. This marriage scene is given partly in pantomime, respecting the views of all those who look upon marriage as one of the sacramental rites of the church, as Kipling himself has done in the writing of it. It seems best to cut out the wedding-breakfast scene which follows, but to give to Capt. Maffin, who has borne so brave a part in the event of the day, the last word as the bridal party walk down the aisle: "They say marriage is like cholera; I wonder who'll be the next victim!"

ENTERTAINMENTS

A DEPARTMENT FULL OF MATTER AND SUGGESTIONS
FOR ENTERTAINMENTS OF ALL KINDS—SOCIALES,
PARTIES, FETES, FESTIVALS—FOR FAMILY CIRCLE,
PARLOR, PLATFORM, SCHOOL, AND STAGE

I.

A PICNIC IN THE WOODS.

BY STANLEY SCHELL.

INVITATIONS: Send or give invitations two weeks before the event. If written invitations are to be used, the following form is a good one. If the picnic is given by one person, the name of the person may be substituted for that of a church:

The New England Baptist Church of Brownstown cordially invites Mrs. James Agnew and family to attend its annual picnic, to be held in Jones's Woods on August 24, 1899. It is the desire of the Pastor that all meet at the parsonage at 8 o'clock A. M. on that date. Kindly furnish six jars of pickles.
R. S. V. P. August 8th, 1899.

COMMITTEE ON PICNIC: Select five men and five women that are thoroughly representative of the congregation.

DUTIES OF THE COMMITTEE: To decide the place for the picnic, the time to hold it, the people to be invited, the kind of food and drink, the amount needed, who to bring food or drink and what, the kind of entertainment for the guests; to get all things necessary for the comfort of the guests; to prepare the place for eating; to serve the food, drink, etc.; to introduce guests; to start games, etc., for the enjoyment of the guests.

ENTERTAINMENT: Swings, games, races, walks, music, etc. If near the water, where bathing, boating and fishing are possible, see that everything is provided that will insure complete enjoyment there.

ENTERTAINMENT SUGGESTED: 1. "Hares and Hounds." To play this game, select two bright boys and two bright girls to play the part of hares. Give to each of them a bag of small bits of paper. Select also five boys and five girls to act as hounds. When

all are ready, give signal for hares to start. They rush off in different directions and scatter at different places, as they run, bits of paper. They try to scatter papers so they can not be traced. After they have had five minutes' start the second signal is given, and the hounds may then follow the hares. The hounds that succeed in catching the hares are entitled to prizes. The committee decides who is to have and what.

2. "Faba-Baga." Fasten two boards together at the top with hinges. Cut in one of them, near the top, a circular hole, eight inches in diameter. Prepare ten bean bags of five different sizes, each size covered with a different color. To play the game, open your boards and stand them on the ground with the circular hole facing the players. Select ten to twelve players for this game. Decide which one is to play first, and give such player the bags. The players stand about ten feet from the board and try to throw the bags through the circular hole. Each bag has its own value: Smallest size, ten; the next, eight; the next, six; the next, four; and the largest two. The player that receives 100 counts first gets the prize.

This same game can be played with three holes in the board (the holes to be of different sizes), and with six bags of three different sizes. The player must throw the smallest bags through the smallest hole, the medium bags through the medium hole, and the largest bags through the largest hole, to win any points. The counts are ten for smallest bags, six for medium bags and four for largest bags.

3. "Ring Catcher" is an exceedingly pleasing game. Take a board one foot square, make a hole in its centre large enough to hold an upright stick cut from the end of a broomstick. Make rings of muslin or bedticking and stuff them, or buy wooden rings. Select ten players for the game. Give each player a ring and let him stand,

when playing, nine feet from the upright stick. His aim is to throw his ring over the upright stick. Each time a player succeeds in throwing a ring over the stick, he wins five points. Fifty or more points may be a game.

4. "Ring Toss." Drive a stake into the ground and place players twenty-five to thirty feet from it. Give the first player all the rings (twelve in number, of three different sizes, made from wire and covered in three different colors) and he is to try to throw the rings over the stake. Each player, in turn, gets all the rings and tries to do the same thing. The smallest rings count three points, the medium size count two points, and the largest size count one point. Fifty points is the game.

5. "Battledore and Shuttlecock." To make battledores, get two round sticks, each one foot and one half long. Get also two wide pieces of rattan long enough to make an ordinary tennis racket when fastened to the end of the sticks. Perforate the strips of rattan with holes at equal distances. Fasten the strips to the end of the sticks with strong and gaily colored cord, then run cords through the perforations in the rattan just as you would darn stockings (lattice-work). To make the shuttlecock, get a good-sized and perfect cork. Fill the big end of it with perforations, into which stick fancy-colored quills, all of the same size. To play the game, one player places the shuttlecock upon his battledore, held flat, and bats it to the other player, who must return the shuttlecock to the first player and so on. The player that lets the shuttlecock fall to the ground loses a point. Twenty points make a game, and only two players can participate in this game.

6. "Sack Walk." Each player gets into a potato sack and ties the sack around his waist. A certain course is marked out for them and the one that reaches his destination and returns without falling or other accident wins the prize.

7. "Wheelbarrow Race." Each player, with wheelbarrows in hand partly filled with stones or with fruit, starts out to reach a certain point at full run. The one that reaches the point without spilling any of the contents of his barrow gets the prize.

8. "Potato or Apple Race." Prepare

ten rows of apples with a certain number in each row. Place the apples two feet apart. See that the lines or rows of apples are perfectly straight, and far enough apart to enable those participating to have room to run quickly up and down the lines. At the top end of the lines have ten baskets. To play the game; At a given signal the ten players start down the lines. Each one picks up the first apple nearest his basket and then runs back and puts it into his basket; then runs and picks up the second apple and carries it to his basket; and so on until he has put all his apples, one at a time, into his basket. The one that succeeds in getting all in first gets the prize.

9. "Obstacle Race." Put all sorts of obstacles in the way along the line of travel of the participants, such as trees, bushes, ladders, barrels (open at both ends and placed horizontally), fences, rocks, etc. Give signal. All start together. The one that gets to the end of the route first gets the prize.

10. "Barrel Race." Have five barrels (open at both ends). Each player gets inside of his barrel and, holding it up, at a given signal runs the course laid out. The one that gets in first without dropping his barrel wins the prize.

11. "Relay Race." Select players from two different societies (four from each). Place them in two straight lines, opposed to each other. Lay out a circular course over which they are to run. Give signal. A leader from each line starts out together and runs over the same course twice. As soon as the leader has reached the starting-place the second time, the second on his line takes his place and goes around the course twice; and so on, each man being relieved by the next on the line behind him. Each runner goes around twice, and is accompanied by an opposed runner. The side that has the fastest runners wins, as there is to be no break in the continuity of the race until all have run. The line that gets around the course first wins the prize.

12. "Hurdle Race" and "Fence Jumping" also add to a day's enjoyment.

13. A "Cake Walk" for all, except the committee in charge, would be a fine finish for the day's enjoyment, the couple that does the most ridiculous, yet artistic, walking to win the prize.

HE [*with sad, love-sick air*]: Oh, wilt thou be mine, my own dear birdie? I love you deeply, 'ondly, passionately, wildly! I can not live without you. Say, oh, say thou wilt be mine.

SHE [*with downcast eyes*]: Adolphus, is there anything the matter with my dress? The Smith girls are staring at me curiously. Is my hair all right? Or is the expression of my face concentric or eccentric?

II.

Pantomime

A SPANISH ROMANCE.

BY MARGARET WOOD.

CHARACTERS:

Juanita.	Carlos.
Juanita's Father.	Juanita's Mother.
Juanita's Uncle.	Duenna.
Maid, Dancers and Servants.	

COSTUMES: Spanish.

MUSIC: Appropriate music should be played throughout the entire performance. "The Carmen" would be pretty for Juanita's special dance, while the "Dance of the Fairies" from Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" would be suitable for the butterflies' dance.

EXPLANATION: The following explanation should be read before the pantomime is presented.

Juanita and Carlos are two Spanish lovers. Owing to Carlos's poverty, Juanita's father is seriously opposed to their attachment. Various complications arise, which finally result in the marriage of the lovers, without the father's consent. Just as the marriage is taking place, news comes to Juanita's father that Carlos has come into the possession of a large fortune. The father is immediately reconciled and sends for Juanita and Carlos, receiving them with many blessings and great joy.

SCENE I.—A Gala Day in Spain: A beautiful Spanish dance is given by young ladies and gentlemen. The music changes. Juanita is brought forward by two girl friends, who bow and join their companions, as Juanita gives a special dance. She is highly applauded by her friends, as she bows and runs back among them. Two young men come forward with a rustic throne entwined with flowers. Carlos goes to Juanita, takes her by the hand and leads her to the throne. A little girl dressed as a Spanish fairy comes forward with a wreath of flowers. Carlos takes it, kneels before Juanita, rises and places it upon her head. Those in the background keep time to the orchestra, as a dozen little girls, dressed as butterflies, give a pretty dance about the queen of the festival. While this is being done, the Duenna enters and furtively watches Juanita and Carlos. She now rushes forward, stamps her foot, shakes fist threatenly at Carlos, snatches Juanita's crown, throws it on the ground and, quickly covering Juanita's face with a mantilla, hurries her away. The butterflies hang their heads in sadness, as they slowly file off stage. The dancers look angry

and disgusted. Some of them shake their tambourines after the Duenna and go away; one or two lingeringly look back at Carlos, and one wag points his finger at him and laughs as he runs away. Carlos dashes after him as curtain falls.

SCENE II.—Juanita's Home: Duenna is telling story of Juanita's conduct at the festival. The mother is shocked, the father is highly incensed. Juanita begins to cry, opens the locket on her chain, kisses picture, and shows it to her father and mother, as she clasps it to her bosom. Father seizes her by the arm, takes key from his pocket, gives it the Duenna and tells her to lock Juanita in her room. Mother censures daughter, and turns her back on her. Maid cries. Father and mother leave the stage, following Juanita and the Duenna. Maid is alone. She wrings her hands and weeps. Suddenly she stops, claps her hands together, dances around the stage, puts on hat and runs away. Curtain.

SCENE III.—The Lover's Despair: Carlos is seated at the table with head bowed on arms. He starts up, takes dirk from his belt, keenly eyes its edge, and strides across the stage, striking at imaginary antagonist. Just then the maid rushes up to him and graphically describes the scene at Juanita's home. She kisses imaginary locket, wrings hands, cries, and makes Carlos fully understand Juanita's condition. Carlos is distressed, runs fingers through his hair, and walks back and forth across the stage. Suddenly he stops, in deep thought, with folded arms, head bowed. A fruit and flower vender comes trudging along. Carlos looks up, his face brightens, and he signals the man to come near. He selects bouquet, pays for it, seats himself at stand, takes note-book from pocket, hurriedly writes a note and places it among the flowers. The maid, during this time, has quickly dried her tears and has been flirting with the flower-vender. Carlos calls to her, shows her the note and bids her hurry to Juanita. Curtain.

SCENE IV.—The Escape: The interior of Juanita's room is seen. She, in deep distress, is sitting on a couch. The door of her room is locked and the Duenna is sitting by it. She is slowly nodding, as she lazily fans herself with a large fan. Maid is seen in the background watching her. Duenna falls asleep, maid steals key from her apron

pocket, unlocks door and goes into Juanita's room. She gives the flowers. Juanita takes them in her arms, hugs and kisses them, and reads the note. She tells maid to assist her and makes her understand that she must get out at the high window of her room. Maid rushes into a closet, gets a step-ladder, and places it against the wall. The window is opened and Carlos is seen below. He quickly assists Juanita out of window. Maid places ladder in closet, lowers the curtain, locks door, slips key into Duenna's pocket and is gone. Curtain.

SCENE V.—*The Marriage*: Stage is darkened. Juanita and Carlos are kneeling before the priest. They rise. He congratulates them and they pass quickly off the stage. Curtain.

SCENE VI.—*Discovery and Reconciliation*: Duenna is still asleep, snoring. Servant comes to her with a waiter upon which Juanita's dinner is placed. She sets down waiter, shakes Duenna, points to the dinner and to the clock, signifying that it is late. Duenna starts up, rubs eyes, yawns, gets key from pocket, unlocks the door, motioning servant to enter. Servant does so, but, not seeing Juanita, sets waiter on table and begins to look for her. She rushes back to Duenna, throwing up her hands and shaking head, as if to say, "She's gone; she's gone!" Duenna rushes into room, searches closet, looks under couch, wrings hands, pushes curtain aside and, seeing open window, throws apron over her head and rushes frantically out of room. She returns with father and mother. Mother screams and falls in a swoon; father seizes old sword from the wall, waves it in the air, takes his hat and is rushing out at the door, when his brother enters with bundle of papers. He unrolls paper, shows it to the father. The father is rejoiced. He rings for servant, sends him for Juanita and Carlos, runs to his wife, explains to her that Carlos had suddenly become rich. Mother soon revives, through the attention of servants, and heartily blesses and congratulates Juanita and Carlos, who now enter. The fruit vender and maid enter and all dance as the curtain falls.

III.

THE KITCHEN.

Dialogue for six little girls, each carrying a cooking utensil.

CHARACTERS: { Kettle.
Frying-pan.
Broiler.
Roasting-pan.
Baking-pan.
Griddle.

KETTLE. I am the kettle that hums and sings

And sounds like the flutter of fairies' wings.
Without me the cook could not get along,
For all her goodies would be cooked wrong.

FRYING-PAN. I am the frying-pan, don't you see?

Nothing is fried without little black me;
Sausages, eggs, potatoes, ham,
And often bacon, an oyster, or clam.

BROILER. I am the broiler for chops and steak,
And for many good things the butchers make.

I am most important, for, don't you know,
If you eat fried meat you never will grow.

ROASTING-PAN. I am the pan that roasts the lamb,

The turkey, the beef, and sometimes a ham.
They are basted brown and look so nice
They are better than any sugar or spice.

BAKING-PAN. I am the pan that bakes the cakes,

The biscuits, too, that the good cook makes.
They rise and brown as only they can
That are baked and raised and browned in my pan.

GRIDDLE. I am the griddle that cooks the snaps

That are made of ginger, and other flaps
Called "Jack;" and griddle cakes, too, I cook,
That makes the mouth water if you but look.

ALL. No kitchen can do without us all,
However big or however small.
Without us you would have nothing to eat.
But with you all have many a treat.

IV.

LARRY KISSES THE RIGHT WAY.

BY JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

HOW do I know that Larry loves me,
How does he his love betray?
How do I know that Larry loves me?
Larry kisses the right way.

"An' how—an' how does Larry kiss thee—
Kiss by candle-light or day?"
Only this my tongue can tell thee:
Larry kisses the right way.

THREE EVENINGS WITH OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BY STANLEY SCHELL.

I. With the Poet.

1. Poetical Quotations.
2. Song and Chorus: "Flowers of Liberty." (30c.)
3. Essay: "Life of Oliver Wendell Holmes."
4. Quartet: "Angel of Peace." (10 cts.)
5. Poetical Selections: (a) Humorous. (b) Serious. (c) Versatile.
6. Song and Chorus: "There's No Time like the Old Time." (30 cts.)
7. Criticisms of the Poet.
8. Song: "Evening Thought." (35 cts.)

II. With the "Autocrat," "Professor," and "Poet."

1. Prose Quotations.
2. Song: "Ballad of the Oysterman." (40 cts.)
3. Essay-Talks:
 - (a) "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."
 - (1) Synopsis. (2) Selections.
 - (3) Epigrams. (4) Criticism.
 - (b) "The Professor at the Breakfast Table."
 - (1) Synopsis. (2) Selections.
 - (3) Epigrams. (4) Criticism.
 - (c) "The Poet at the Breakfast Table."
 - (1) Synopsis. (2) Selections.

- (3) Epigrams ("Breakfast-Table").
 - (4) Criticism.
 - (d) "Over the Teacups."
 - (1) Selections. (2) Criticism.
4. Song: "Song of a Clerk." (30 cts.)

III. With the Novelist.

1. Epigrams from His Novels.
2. Quartet: "Welcome to the Nations." (10 cts.)
3. Criticisms: (a) Of the Man.
 - (b) Of the Lecturer.
 - (c) Of the Novelist.
4. Song and Chorus: "Union and Liberty." (30c.)
5. Novels:
 - (a) "Elsie Venner."
 - (1) Synopsis. (2) Selection.
 - (3) Criticism.
 - (b) "The Guardian Angel."
 - (1) Synopsis. (2) Selection.
 - (3) Criticism.
 - (c) "A Mortal Antipathy."
 - (1) Synopsis. (2) Selection.
 - (3) Criticism.
6. Quartet: "Hymn to Peace." (30 cts.)
7. General Criticism.

LIFE OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the American essayist, poet and novelist, was born at Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809.

Oliver was the third child of Abiel and Mary Wendell Holmes. The year 1809 was also the birth-year of Gladstone, Darwin, Tennyson, Lincoln, and Lord Houghton. The atmosphere into which he was born was a fresh, clear, and not unscholarly one. It was, moreover, charged with historical traditions, for it was within the shadow of Harvard University, and many important events took place there.

The situation of his home within the shadow of Harvard University, of his birth-chamber with its fine outlook toward the west, where the sunsets were so beautiful, and the hills lying between the sunsets and his bedchamber covered with fine trees, and the places of rare beauty

round about his home with which he became familiar, all tended to foster the poetic nature within him.

The life he lived was extremely simple, for, like the boys of his time, he chopped wood, made fires, ran errands, skated, went nutting, etc. His education at home was also extremely simple, but he received that which was more valuable,—a fine insight into true thought and life.

His father, after a six years' pastorate in Georgia, came to Cambridge, where he was pastor over the first parish for forty years. His second wife was Mary Wendell, the mother of Oliver.

Holmes's early schooling, after initiation in a dame school, was under Master William Bigelow. When ten years old he went to school at Cambridgeport. At fifteen he was sent for special preparation to Phillips Academy, at Andover. He spent a year there and then entered Harvard with the class that was to graduate in 1829. Many of the members of this class afterward attained emi-

Much of the material for these evenings will be found on pages 558-572. The epigrams and selections from the novels are to be made by the person selected to give them. The words of the song are poems of Holmes's set to music.

nence. This class attained a distinction no other class of the college enjoyed, in that it had a poet who year after year, until 1889, at the class-meeting sang for them a song of memory and affection.

His predilection for literature and his irrepressible humor were evident in the spontaneous, mirthful verses that came from him from time to time before and after graduation.

Holmes was totally undecided as to his life-work. Writing to a friend, he said: "It will be law or physic, for I can not say that I think the trade of authorship quite adapted to this meridian." It is of interest to note how his mind wavered between these three careers.

He decided finally to study law, as an experiment, for one year. He entered the law class at Harvard in 1830 and while there received his first poetic inspiration. The frigate *Constitution* was at that time lying in the navy-yard at Charleston. Dr. Holmes saw a paragraph in a newspaper saying that the ship was condemned by the Navy Department to be destroyed. He was on fire at the idea. With a pencil he hurriedly wrote down his verses "Old Ironsides" on a scrap of paper. He soon wrought them into shape and sent them to a Boston newspaper. They flew from end to end of the country, were reprinted on slips and distributed in the streets of Washington. The old man-of-war was saved, and the country learned of Oliver Wendell Holmes for the first time. He became known as the poet of his class and so remained all his life in a class whose members were distinguished afterward for their eminence.

In 1831 he decided that medicine should be his life-work. He began its study at Harvard, then went abroad, in 1833, and completed his studies in the hospitals and the schools at Paris and in other European cities. In 1836 he returned to

his alma mater and received the degree of M.D. He began to practice medicine in Boston. He had an overwhelming distaste for many details of his profession; but as the years went by he found his place on the scientific side of it.

For many years he looked upon the practice of medicine as his vocation and that of literature as his avocation; but by degrees the tables turned and his pen became his sword. He wrote many fine articles on medicine. His essay on "The Contagion of Puerperal Fever" marked him to the eyes of the scientific world as a man of original thought and careful but determined expression of the truth. It revolutionized the practice of physicians.

In 1836 he also started his career as the spokesman of great occasions. He read "Poetry, a Metrical Essay" before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of his college. The same year he published his first volume of verse.

In 1837 he published a medical treatise. Thus, neck and neck at the start were the two horses he continued to ride for many years.

In 1839 he was appointed professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth College.

In 1840 he married Amelia Lee Jackson, a woman well adapted to make him happy.

In 1847 he was appointed professor of anatomy and physiology at Harvard University Medical School. When he resigned the position many years later, he was appointed professor emeritus.

In 1847 he also published his second volume of poetry.

In 1857 he sent in his first contribution to the *Atlantic Monthly*,—"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

In 1861 appeared his first novel,— "Elsie Venner."

His collected works are thirteen in number. His essay-talks are "Auto-

crat of the Breakfast Table," "Professor at the Breakfast Table" (1859), "Poet at the Breakfast Table," (1872) and "Over the Teacups" (1890). His poetical works, are "Songs in Many Keys" (1862), "Songs of Many Seasons" (1875), "Humorous Poems" and "Before the Curfew and Other Poems" (1888). His novels are "Elsie Venner," "A Guardian Angel" (1867), and "A Mortal Antipathy" (1885). He wrote, also, a number of fine medical essays.

In 1886 he visited Europe again. This time he went to the Derby in company with the Prince of Wales

and witnessed the race from the grand stand. The record of this journey is preserved in "One Hundred Days in Europe."

He had a mellow evening of life. As one after another of his comrades left the world, he bade them good-bye with a song. At last his own voice was silent, and there was no one left in his generation to sing his farewell, as all the great American writers of his period had passed away before him.

He died suddenly at his home in Boston, Sunday afternoon, Oct. 7, 1894, at half-past one, while talking with his son.

QUOTATIONS FROM OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Poems.

Choice, Nobility of.

"Think not too meanly of thy low estate;
Thou hast a choice; to choose is to create!
Remember whose the sacred lips that tell,
Angels approve thee, when thy choice is well;

Remember One, a judge of righteous men,
Swore to spare Sodom, if she held but ten!
Use well the freedom which thy master gave
(Think'st thou that Heaven can tolerate a slave?)

And He who made thee to be just and true
Will bless thee, love thee,—ay, respect thee too!"

Time, Thieves of.

"Shun such as lounge through afternoons
and eves,
And on thy dial write, 'Beware of thieves!'
Felon of minutes, never taught to feel
The worth of treasures which thy fingers steal,

Pick my left pocket of its silver dime,
But spare the right—it holds my golden time!"

Free Will, Issues of.

"So from the heights of will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends.
From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee,
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the peaceful sea!"

Misery, Melody of.

"O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lips and fading tresses,

Till Death pours out his cordial wine

Slow-dropped from misery's crushing presses!

If singing breath or echoing chord

To envy hidden pang were given,

What endless melodies were poured,

As sad as earth, as sweet as Heaven."

Evanescence, Exceptions to.

"Little of all we value here

Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year,

Without both feeling and looking queer.

In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,

So far as I know, but a tree and truth."

Excitement.

"Don't catch the fidgets. You have found
your place

Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss.

Think of the patriarchs; then compare as men

These lean-cheeked warriors of the tongue
and pen!

Run like a man, but don't be worked to
death;

And with new notions,—let me change the
rule—

Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool!"

Temptation, Deceitfulness of.

"See where the tree its richest foliage
wears,

And golden fruit its laden branches bear.

Behold concealed beneath its shade, side-
long,

The glossy serpent, with its poisonous
tongue.

The simple boy, far from his father's care,

Is well-nigh taken with the gilded snare.
 The tempting fruit, outspread before his
 eyes,
 Fills him with rapture and complete sur-
 prise;
 Nor hidden dangers will he wait to see,
 But onward hastens to the fatal tree.
 His father sees him, and, with faltering
 breath,
 Recalls his loved one from the brink of
 death;
 Nor waits reply, but on the spot he springs,
 And saves his darling from the serpent's
 sting."

Illusion.

"Dream on! Though Heaven may woo our
 open eyes,
 Through their closed lids we look on fairer
 skies.
 Truth is for other worlds, and hope for this;
 The cheating future lends the present's
 bliss.
 Life is a running shade, with fettered hands,
 That chases phantoms o'er shifting sands;
 Death a still spectre on a marble seat,
 With ever-clutching palms and shackled
 feet;
 The airy shapes that mock life's slender
 chain
 The flying joys he strives to clasp in vain,
 Death only grasps; to live is to pursue—
 Dream on; there's nothing but illusion
 true."

Life.

"Between two breaths what crowded mys-
 teries lie,—
 The first short gasp, the last and long-drawn
 sigh!
 Like phantoms painted on the magic slide,
 Forth from the darkness of the past we glide,
 As living shadows for a moment seen
 In any pageant on the eternal screen,
 Traced by a ray from one unchanging plane,
 Then seek the dust and stillness whence we
 came."

Country.

"Thou, O my country, hast thy foolish
 ways,
 Too apt to purr at every stranger's praise,—
 But if the stranger touch thy modes or laws,
 Off goes the velvet and out come the claws!"

Prose.

Liberty, Choice of.

"Liberty is often a heavy burden on a
 man. It invokes the necessity for perpetual
 choice, which is the kind of labor men have
 always dreaded."—From "*Elsie Venner.*"

Good-breeding, Beauty of

"The beauty of good-breeding is that it
 adjusts itself to all relations without effort,
 true to itself always, however the manners
 of those around may change."

—From "*Elsie Venner.*"

Dinner, An Event.

"A breakfast, a lunch, a tea, is a circum-
 stance, an occurrence, in social life, but a
 dinner is an event. It is the full-blown flower
 of that cultivated growth of which those
 products are the buds."—From "*One Hun-
 dred Days in Europe.*"

Poets.

"Poets are never young, in one sense.
 Their delicate ear hears the far-off whisper
 of eternity, which coarser souls must travel
 toward for scores of years before their dull
 sense is touched by them."—From "*The
 Professor at the Breakfast Table.*"

Dulness.

"What a comfort a dull but kindly person
 is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass
 shade over a gas lamp does not bring any
 more solace to our dazzled eyes than such
 a one to our minds."—From "*The Auto-
 crat of the Breakfast Table.*"

Names, Magic of.

"If one wishes to know the magic of
 names, let him visit the places made mem-
 orable by the lives of the illustrious men of
 the past in the Old World."—From "*One
 Hundred Days in Europe.*"

Exercise, The Pleasure of.

"The pleasure of exercise is due first to
 a purely physical impression, and secondly
 to a sense of power in action. The first
 source of pleasure varies, of course, with
 our condition and the state of the surround-
 ing circumstances; the second with the
 amount and kind of power, and the extent
 and kind of action. In all forms of active
 exercise there are three powers simultane-
 ously in action,—the will, the muscles and
 the intellect. Each of these predominates
 in different kinds of exercise."—From "*The
 Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*"

Life, Stages of.

"I have been struck with the fact that
 life admits of a natural analysis into no less
 than fifteen distinct periods. Taking the
 five primary divisions, infancy, childhood,
 youth, manhood, old age, each of these has
 its own three periods of immaturity, com-
 plete development and decline."—From
 "*The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*"

SYNOPSIS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S WORKS.

Essay-Talks.

"THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

This is a series of essays appearing first in the *Atlantic Monthly* and consists of imaginary conversations around a boarding-house table. It contains, also, many of his most famous poems: "The Deacon's Masterpiece, or the Wonderful One-Hoss Shay;" "The Chambered Nautilus;" "The Old Man Dreams;" "Contentment;" "Æstivation;" the bacchanalian ode with the teetotal committee's matchless alterations; and others. The characters are introduced to the reader as the Autocrat, the Schoolmistress, the Old Gentleman Opposite, the Young Man Called John, the Landlady, the Landlady's Daughter, the Poor Relation, and the Divinity Student; but Holmes is far too great an artist to make them talk always the "patter" of their situations or functions, like automata. Many subjects—art, science, theology, philosophy, travel, etc.—are touched on in a delightfully rambling way; ideas widely dissimilar following each other, with anecdotes, witticisms, flowers of fact and fancy plentifully interwoven. This is the most popular of Dr. Holmes's books; and in none of them are his ease of style, his wit, his humor, his kindly sympathy and love of humanity, more clearly shown. While there is no attempt to weave these essays into a romance, there is a suggestion of sentimental interest between the Autocrat and the Schoolmistress, which affords an opportunity for a graceful ending to the conversations, when, having taken the "long walk" across Boston Common,—a little journey—typical of their life's long walk,—they announce their approaching marriage to the circle around the immortal boarding-house table.

"THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

"The Professor" has a still stronger dramatic element than "The Autocrat." Some of the former characters remain, and others of even more positive individuality are added; a romance is inwoven and something like a plot sketched, so that, while the talk goes on and eddies about graver subjects than before, the book, which grew out of the papers, has more distinctly the form of a series of sketches from life.

The poems in "The Professor" are quite distinctly the outgrowth of that strain of religious speculation that characterizes the work. "The Hymn of Trust," "A Sun-Day Hymn," "Iris, Her Book," "St. Anthony the Reformer," are some of the poems that appear in this book.

"THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

Like its predecessors "The Autocrat" and "The Professor," "The Poet" consists of rambling, discursive talks on many subjects, religion, science, literature, with a frequent excursion into the realm of philosophy.

The principal persons at the table are the Poet; the Old Master, a scholarly philosopher; the Scarabee, a withered entomologist; the Poetic Young Astronomer; Scheherazade, a young girl who writes stories; and the Lady. All of these occasionally take part in the conversation, but frequently the writer in his own person addresses the reader directly. In whatever guise he appears, however, we can not help recognizing the genial personality of Holmes himself.

The finest poems in this book are "Aunt Tabitha" and "Homesick in Heaven."

Novels.

"ELSIE VENNER."

"Elsie Venner" was first published serially in 1859-60, under the name of "The Professor's Story." The romance is a study in heredity, introducing a peculiar series of phenomena closely allied to such dualism of nature as may best be described by the word "opiantropy." Delineations of the characters, social functions, and religious peculiarities of a New England village form a setting for the story. Elsie Venner is a young girl whose physical and psychical peculiarities occasion much grief and perplexity to her father, a widower of gentle nature and exceptional culture. The victim of some prenatal casualty, Elsie shows from infancy unmistakable traces of a serpent nature intermingling with her higher self. This nature dies within her only when she yields to an absorbing love.

"A MORTAL ANTIPATHY."

The third and last volume of Oliver Wendell Holmes's novels was published in 1885, when he was in his seventy-sixth year. Like the two preceding works of fiction (to which it is inferior), it is concerned with a curious problem of a psychological nature.

Maurice Kirkwood, a young man of good family, suffers from a singular malady, brought on by a fall, when a child, from the arms of a girl cousin. Ever after that the presence of a beautiful woman caused him to faint away. A love-story is interwoven with the story of his cure.

"THE GUARDIAN ANGEL."

The author says in his preface: "I have attempted to show the successful evolution of some inherited qualities in the character of Myrtle Hazard." The story opens in 1859 in the New England village of Ox-

bow. Myrtle, a beautiful orphan of fifteen, born in tropical climes and descended from a line of ancestors of widely varying natures, lives with an austere and uncongenial aunt, who fails utterly to control her turbulent, growing impulses. Disguised as a boy, she runs away, is rescued from drowning by Clement Lindsay, a handsome young sculptor, and brought home by Prof. Gridley. An illness follows, which leaves her for a time hysterical, highly impressionable, prone to seeing visions and taking strong fancies. Thanks to the watchful care of Prof. Gridley (whom she afterward calls her "Guardian Angel"), she emerges from this state, and is sent to a city school to complete her education. Among her suitors is Murray Bradshaw, a lawyer possessed of the secret that under an old will she is likely to come into a large fortune. He plots to win her, but is balked by Prof. Gridley; and she gives her love to Clement Lindsay, who joins the army and rises to the rank of colonel. During the war, she goes with him to the front; and "in the offices of mercy which she performed (in the hospital) . . . the dross of her nature seemed to be burned away. The conflict of mingled lives in her blood had ceased."

Sonnet to Holmes on His Birthday.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

"HOW shall I crown this child?" fair
 Summer cried.
 May wasted all her violets long ago;
 No longer on the hills June's roses glow,
 Flushing with tender bloom the pastures
 wide.
 My stately lilies one by one have died;
 The clematis is but a ghost—and lo!
 In the fair meadow-lands no daisies blow.
 "How shall I crown this summer child?"
 she sighed,
 Then quickly smiled. "For him, for him,"
 she said,
 "On every hill my goldenrod shall flame,
 Token of all my prescient soul foretells,
 His shall be golden song and golden fame,
 Long golden years with love and honor wed,
 And crowns, at last, of silver immortelles."

EPIGRAMS.

From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

"Men of talent necessarily hate each other."

"A weak flavor of genius in an essentially common person is detestable."

"All generous minds have a horror of what are commonly called 'facts!'"

"The race that shortens its weapons lengthens its boundaries."

"Insanity is often the logic of an accurate mind overtaxed."

From "The Professor at the Breakfast Table."

"Man is a dependent creature."

"Life is a great bundle of little things."

"Praying rogues and swearing saints."

"Flying in the face of facts."

"Nobody talks much that doesn't say unwise things."

"The strong hate the weak."

"Bustle with moral excellences."

From "The Breakfast Table Series."

"Certificates are for the most part like ostrich eggs; the giver never knows what is hatched out of them."

"If a man has a genuine, sincere, hearty wish to get rid of his liberty; if he is really bent upon becoming a slave; nothing can stop him. Liberty is often a heavy burden on a man."

"Nature, when she invented and manufactured authors, made critics of the chips that were left."

"Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all."

"Give us the luxuries of life and we will dispense with its necessities."

"A new lecture is just like any other tool. We use it for a while with pleasure; then it blisters our hands and we hate to touch it."

"From forty to fifty a man must move upward, or the natural falling off in the vigor of life will carry him rapidly downward."

"All our other features are made for us, but a man makes his own mouth."

"The woods at first convey an impression of profound repose, and yet if you watch their ways with open ear, you find the life which is in them is restless and nervous as that of a woman."

"A man may love his own soul too well."

"Plenty of basements, Grindley used to say, without attics and skylights. Plenty of skylights without rooms enough and space enough below. But here was a three-story brain."

SELECTIONS SUGGESTED.

- I. FROM "THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE."
 - (a) "Conversation." (See page 565 of this issue.)
 - (b) "Self-Made Men." (See page 565 of this issue.)
 - (c) "The Race of Life." (See page 565 of this issue.)
 - (d) "Old Age."
- II. FROM "THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE."
 - (a) "Iris." (In "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 5." 35 cts.)
- III. FROM "THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE."
 - (a) "People We Dislike."
 - (b) "The Poets."
- IV. FROM "OVER THE TEACUPS."
 - (a) "Oat-Meal and Pie."
 - (b) "The Terrible Clock."
- V. FROM HIS POEMS.
 - "The Pilgrim's Vision." (In "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 10." 35 cts.)
 - "Spring Has Come." (In "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 17." 35 cts.)
 - "The Dilemma." (In "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 16." 35 cts.)
 1. Humor: "The Last Leaf."
"The One Hoss Shay."
"The Boys."
"Contentment."
"Dorothy Q."
"My Aunt."
 2. Serious: "The Chambered Nautilus."
"Avis."
"O Love Divine."
"Lord of All Being."
 3. Patriotic: "Robinson of Leyden."
"Under the Washington Elm."
"Our Country."
 4. Memorial: "Shakespeare."
"Lincoln."
"Sumner."
"Burns."
 5. Tributes: "Longfellow."
"Lowell."
"Whittier."
"Bryant."
 6. To Show Versatility:
"Aunt Tabitha."
"The Chambered Nautilus."
"Never and Now."
 7. National Lyric: "Old Ironsides."

SELECTIONS FROM "THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

CONVERSATION.

This business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do. Mark this that I am going to say; for it is as good as a working professional man's advice, and costs you nothing: It is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped. Nobody measures your nervous force as it runs away, nor bandages your brain and marrow after the operation.

There are men of esprit who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers that have what may be called *jerky* minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zig-zags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel. What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas-lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

SELF-MADE MEN.

Self-made men?—Well, yes. Of course, every body likes and respects self made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all. Are any of you younger people old enough to remember that Irishman's house on the marsh at Cambridgeport, which house he built from drain to chimney-top with his own hands? It took him a good many years to build it, and one could see that it was a little out of plumb, and a little wavy in outline, and a little queer and uncertain in general aspect. A regular hand could certainly have built a better house; but it was a very good house for a "self-made" carpenter's house, and people praised it, and said how remarkably well the Irishman had succeeded. They never thought of praising the fine blocks of houses a little farther on.

Your self-made man, whittled into shape with his own jack-knife, deserves more credit, if that is all, than the regular engine-turned article, shaped by the most approved pattern, and French-polished by society and travel. But as to saying that one is every way the equal of the other, that is another matter. The right of strict social discrimination of all things and persons, according to their merits, native or acquired, is one of the most precious republican privileges.

I take the liberty to exercise it when I say, that, *other things being equal*, in most relations of life I prefer a man of family.

THE RACE OF LIFE.

Nothing strikes one more, in the race of life, than to see how many give out in the first half of the course.

"Commencement day" always reminds me of the start for the "Derby," when the beautiful high-bred three-year-olds of the season are brought up for trial. That day is the start, and life is the race. Here we are at Cambridge, and a class is just "graduating." Poor Harry! he was to have been there, too, but he has paid forfeit. Step out here into the grass back of the church. Ah, there it is:

"HUNC LAPIDEM POSUERUNT SOCII MÆRENTES."

But this is the start, and here they are,—coats bright as silk, and manes as smooth as *eau lustrale* can make them. Some of the best of the colts are pranced round, a few minutes each, to show their paces. What is that old gentleman crying about? and the old lady by him, and the three girls, all covering their eyes for? Oh, that is *their* colt that has just been trotted up on the stage. Do they really think those little thin legs can do anything in such a slashing sweepstakes as is coming off in these next forty years? Oh, this terrible gift of second-sight that comes to some of us when we begin to look through the silver rings of the *arcus senilis!*

Ten years gone. First turn in the race. A few broken down; two or three bolted. Several show in advance of the ruck. Cassock, a black colt, seems to be ahead of the rest; those black colts commonly get the start, I have noticed, of the others, in the first quarter. Meteor has pulled up.

Twenty years. Second corner turned. Cassock has dropped from the front, and Judex, an iron-gray, has the lead. But look! how they have thinned out! Down flat,—five—six—how many? They lie still enough! They will not get up again in this race, be very sure. And the rest of them, what a "tailing off!" 'Anybody can see who is going to win,—perhaps.

Thirty years. Third corner turned. Dives, bright sorrel, ridden by the fellow in a yellow jacket, begins to make play fast; is getting to be the favorite with many. But who is that other one that has been lengthening his stride from the first, and now shows close up to the front? Don't you remember the quiet, brown colt Asteroid, with the star in his forehead? That is he; he is one of the sort that lasts; look out for him! The

black "colt," as we used to call him, is in the background, taking it easily in a gentle trot. There is one they used to call the "Filly," on account of a certain feminine air he had, well up, you see; the Filly is not to be despised, my boy!

Forty years. More dropping off,—but places much as before.

Fifty years. Race over. All that are on

the course are coming in at a walk; no more running. Who is ahead? Ahead? What! and the winning-post a slab of white or gray stone standing out from that turf where there is no more jockeying or straining for victory! Well, the world marks their places in its betting-book; but be sure that these matter very little, if they have run as well as they knew how.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S LYRICS.

1. *The Chambered Nautilus.*

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its web of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year behold the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and new the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought
by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lot, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-resting sea!

2. *Old Ironsides.*

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

3. *My Aunt.*

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone.
I know it hurts her,—though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell?

Her father,—grandpapa! forgive
This erring lip its smiles—
Vowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles.
He sent her to a stylish school

("Twas in her thirteenth June),
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To made her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair;
They screwed it up with pins;—
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track).
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperat man!"

Alas! nor chariot nor barouche
Nor bandit cavalcade
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

4. *Our Yankee Girls.*

Let greener lands and bluer skies,
If such the wide earth shows,
With fairer cheeks and brighter eyes,
Match us the star and rose;
The winds that lift the Georgian's veil
Or wave the Circassia's curls,
Waft to their shores the sultan's sail,—
Who buys our Yankee girls?

The gay grisette, whose fingers touch
Love's thousand chords so well;
The dark Italian, loving much,
But more than *one* can tell;
And England's fair-haired, blue-eyed dame,
Who binds her brow with pearls;—
Ye who have seen them, can they shame
Our own sweet Yankee girls?

And what if court and castle vaunt
Its children loftier born?
Who heeds the silken tassel's flaunt
Beside the golden corn?
They ask not for the dainty toil
Of ribboned knights and earls,
The daughters of the virgin soil,
Our freeborn Yankee girls!

By every hill whose stately pines
Wave their dark arms above
The home where some fair being shines,
To warm the wilds with love,
From barest rock to bleakest shore
Where farthest sail unfurls,
That stars and stripes are streaming o'er,—
God bless our Yankee girls!

5. *The Voiceless.*

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them.
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their heart's sad
story,—

Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadean breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine
Slow-dropped from misery's crushing
presses,—

If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

CRITICISMS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

1. *The Man.*

"A vivacious, sparkling personage; smile easily invoked; fond of fun and ineluctable repartee; conversation runs on copiously, supplied with choice discriminating words laden with the best stores of picked fact from the whole range of science and society, and of ingenious reflection in a certain vein of optimism. The anatomy of the popular lecture he understands perfectly—how large a proportion of art he may safely associate with the least quantity of dulness. The

muse of Holmes is a foe to humbug. He clears the moral atmosphere of the morbid literary and other pretenses afloat. People breathe freer from his verses. He shakes the cobwebs out of their systems and keeps up in the world that brisk, healthy current of common sense, which is to the mind what circulation is to the body. He sees a thing objectively in the air and understands what is due to nature and to the inevitable conventionalities of society."—*World's Best Literature.*"

II. *The Lecturer.*

"As a lecturer his style was precise and animated, his illustration sharp and cleanly. Each lecture closed with a copy of verses humorous or sentimental, growing out of the prevalent mood of the hour's discussion."—*Charles F. Richardson, in "Poets of America."*

III. *The Poet.*

"Dr. Holmes's poetry does not deal with the common things of life. His ideas are original and surprising, but easily understood. There is nothing strange or mystical about his poetry. Yet it is not all on the surface, and you do not know all that he means by a poem until you learn where every word comes from. He only wrote a few remarkable serious poems, but those are extremely fine.

"Dr. Holmes's poetry does not come rushing in a torrent, from an overabundant pent-up fountain of words that must dash themselves into utterance, simply because they must, when the seething brain can no longer restrain them. His thoughts do not heave onward like the long fathomless swell of an ocean wave that rolls its pounding diapason on the shore. His is not the fiery, resistless, and continual inspiration that distinguishes the great poets of the world. His thoughts and words are orderly and chosen, yet so well chosen, with so infinite a delicacy and sentiment so genuine, that several of his poems barely escape greatness. 'The Last Leaf' is the perfection of tender pathos, and unique. As for 'The Chambered Nautilus'—written, as it is, with painstaking exactness—it must be classed both for thought and for expression among the great poems of the language. As far as human foresight can be trusted, it is safe to prophesy that this poem will be read so long as men can breathe or eyes can see. So perfect a master of expression is Dr. Holmes that his comic verses are works of art. 'The One-Hoss Shay' is in its way a masterpiece."—*From "Treasure Trove."*

"The personal element is ever welcome in the poems, and, I may add, indispensable. He is preeminently a lyrist of humor, pathos, and occasion, and the poets of this class are poets who put their individual selves into iambus and trochee. They instruct while they amuse, and their personal attraction is transmuted into poetic force. They are the spectators of the comedies and tragedies that make up life; Balzacs in theme, but treating their themes with somewhat of the heart and humanity that spontaneously sang themselves in the lyrics of Burns.

"The wit of Holmes is human as well as

intellectual, though it stops far short of the vulgar or the sensational elements that are the bane of the lower Americans and sometimes of the higher. Whatever Holmes writes is not only manly and characteristic, but characteristic of the man. Variety and quiet, wholesome suggestiveness and helpfulness in the poems come from the same qualities in the writer.

"Of all the company of American singers after Poe, Taylor and Holmes are the poets who versify most simply and sweetly. Lyrical grace and aptness are theirs. This singing power gives pleasure in Holmes's rollicking descriptions and bits of mere fun, his after-dinner sallies, his ephemeral contemporary satires, his best songs of occasion, and his downright masterpieces, 'The Last Leaf' or 'The Chambered Nautilus.'

"One enjoys reading aloud, with somewhat undue stress of accent, the least ambitious of Holmes's clever rhymes.

"His occasional poems, though shortened like his lyrics, are free from imitiveness. They have amused hundreds of delighted hearers.

"As I turn over the leaves of Holmes's complete poetical works, I find just half-a-dozen poems which stand out most in my mind as significant: 'The Last Leaf,' 'The Chambered Nautilus,' 'The Voiceless,' 'The Deacon's Masterpiece,' 'Æstivation,' and 'Homesick in Heaven.'

"'The Last Leaf' is full of pathos and humor expressed with novelty of form added to naturalness of picture. An artless piece of art. It is a lily none can paint.

"'The Chambered Nautilus' is a poem of self-evident beauty, inculcating a moral lesson.

"'The Voiceless' is a laurel-wreath of recognition and reward laid upon the grave, mute, anonymous.

"'The Deacon's Masterpiece' is noted for its swift movement, its Yankee spirit, its country pictures, its sui generis catastrophe, and its delicious ultimate line:

'Logic is logic. That's all I say,'
is faultless fun.

"'Æstivation,' one longs to send back the ages, or beyond the 'Iron Gate' of which Holmes afterward sang, to that true, pure poet and beautiful old English doctor, Sir Thomas Browne.

"A poet as well as a humorist, a teacher as well as a 'man-pleaser,' a natural catholic singer, he has constantly upheld right canons of living manliness and culture."—*Charles F. Richardson, in "Poets of America."*

IV. *The Essayist.*

"When he had written 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' Holmes would have

done well, as it has since appeared, had he ceased from satire. That series of papers gave him a brilliant reputation, which from that time forward he has gone on damaging, diminishing it by each new book. . . . On the whole, 'The Guardian Angel' is far from being unreadable, unless one is too fastidious."—*The Nation*, vol. 390.

"His prose writings exhibit strikingly the wide range of his thought. 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' 'Professor at the Breakfast Table,' 'Poet at the Breakfast Table' and 'Over the Teacups' form a distinct group. They are replete with wit, satire, naive egotism, exquisite fancies, profound reasoning, fresh presentations of old truths. On these his fame chiefly rests."—*World's Best Literature*."

"The 'Autocrat,' 'Professor' and 'Poet' 'at the Breakfast Table'—those original and valuable books of essay-talk—display the man and his mind in round and attractive completeness; and they show that the books are the author, and the author a nineteenth century American in thought and outlook.

"Though as a poet he is almost great but assuredly not great, while as a prose essayist he must ever stand below the great American whose biography he wrote, his place on the shelf is characteristic and likely to remain undusty. A later Franklin in riper days, he has added to the valuable part of creative literature, while he has shown how an intense, perpetual localism, under the touch of a true, though narrow, genius, and aided by culture, may earn a place in the world's republic of letters."—*Charles F. Richardson*, in "*Poets of America*."

"The vein which Dr. Holmes has worked so long gives no signs of exhaustion. Whether he has brought to light as much sterling ore as on former occasions need not be decided; but at any rate he writes with his old buoyancy, and does not make upon us the unpleasant impression of a writer flogging a tired horse and producing a wretched jog trot in place of the old lively paces."—*Criticism of "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," in the "Saturday Review," vol. 34.*

"These form an independent group, a new contribution, to the forms of literary art, yet not altogether novel. The distinctive mask of 'The Autocrat' and its fellows was the frank dominance of the author's personality. The elasticity of the scheme rendered possible a comprehensiveness of material; the exuberance of the author's fancy and the fulness of his thought gave a

richness to the fabric; the poetic sense of fitness kept the whole within just bounds. The form of these books made poetical interludes easy and natural. The poems in 'The Autocrat' partake of the swift, varied play of that book, and those in 'Over the Teacups' show the flaring up, now and then, of the old flame, as the book itself is more or less of an effort."—*Criticism of "The Breakfast Table Series."*

V. *The Novelist.*

"His novels in their freshness, alertness, and brilliancy of delineation are thoroughly of New England. Common sense has no better representative, and it is this very common sense that prevents Holmes from reaching the highest success in fiction. 'The Guardian Angel' narrowly escapes being a great novel. But in it as in the less meritorious 'Elsie Venner' and the weaker 'A Mortal Antipathy' the author personally invades the artistic field."—*Charles F. Richardson*, in "*Poets of America*."

"Like all the works of Dr. Holmes 'Elsie Venner' is brilliantly written and full of epigrammatic sayings; it is acute, though harsh, in dissection of New England life, and distinguished by psychological insight and the richest humor."

—"*World's Best Literature*."

"On the whole 'Elsie Venner' is his masterpiece, is certainly his most original work though the heroine has been inevitably compared to the Lamia of tradition and of Keats; but it has the inequality of execution apt to attach to all the performances of an adventurer, however brilliant, in so many fields. The artistic effect of Holmes's depth of insight and genuine sympathy is impaired by an almost tiresome, frequently flippant, smartness; and the range of his characters, those at least of more than mere local interest, is limited. Exception has been taken to the somewhat obtrusive manner in which, at starting, the hero, Bernard Langdon, is vaunted as a type of the 'Brahmin caste' of New England. But there is no reason to doubt that a republic may have its intellectual aristocracy, or that there, as elsewhere, the qualities of 'blue-blood'—refinement, courage, frankness, loyalty, and decision—may belong to inherited culture. Langdon's encounter, in his early experience as a schoolmaster, with the hulking Abner Briggs, is as natural as his victory, and this applies to the other passages of his career. Dick Venner, the half-breed 'Portugee' with his mustang and attempted murder, is as fairly drawn as most villains of romance; as is also Helen Darley, an at-

tractive type of the best class of New England schoolmistresses; and Dudley Venner of the physically and mentally weak, but, withal, high-souled, gentleman. The vulgar people—Sproule and Sloper and Silas Peckham, especially the last—are revoltingly life-like (though in such portraits we always miss the master-hand of Dickens), and the clergymen, Fairweather and Honeywood, as true to nature as the author's bias against their profession will permit them to be.

"The interest of the story, to an unusual degree, centres in, or round, the main figure. Elsie Venner, whose mother had been bitten by a rattlesnake, has drunk in the poison as a mithridate. She becomes a snake-charmer, visits the adders in their graphically described mountain haunts, plays with them like dolls, over-fascinates them with her 'diamond-eyes,' and similarly allures all the 'human mortals' with whom she comes in contact, while often making them shiver by her touch. Some of the incidents in her story are doubtless incredible, but she is less repulsive than her mythological prototypes, and it is a defective sympathy that does not mourn over the unrequited love, which at once brings her back to common day and closes her strange career."

—"Criticism of American Authors."

"Dr. Holmes's characteristic wit is shown in many of the shrewd sayings of the kindly old professor and other characters [in "The Guardian Angel"], and his delightful enthusiasm makes the book more interesting than most more-formally-constructed novels.

"The essential sameness, often a counterpoise, of impatient versatility, appears in the fact that Dr. Holmes in his romance changes the properties rather than the persons of his limited stage. Here again the leading idea is that of destiny made true by transmitted qualities. It is a second weird story of physical and mental affinities, wrought out on similar lines with less of the distinctly supernatural, but more of the painfully anatomical element, as in the account of the heroine's hysteria. The 'drop of aboriginal blood' in her ancestress and the Italian air over her cradle correspond closely to the adder's bite. The plot is only modified by her marriage with the hero, instead of her death, in the denouement. Myrtle Hazard is Elsie Venner, with a difference. The same fascinating impishness or sprighthood in both is allayed by a similar healing or converting process. Clement Lindsay is Langdon, with more genius, but hardly so much character. The Withers take the place of the Dudley stock. William Murray Bradshaw is, like Dick Venner, the

defeated scamp, with the same motives,—pelf and a dash of passion; though his means are purloining a will, instead of throwing a lasso. The devoted old nurse's facsimiles; with a change of color, and Miss Susan Posey are repetitions of Bertram's Rosa. There are some new types—Byles Grindley, the childless Guardian Angel, in lifelong weeds for his stillborn book, yet shrewd and decisive as a knight-errant of daily life; the worthy old cats, Cynthia Badlum and Kitty Fagan; Miss Silence, the incarnation of rigid Calvinism, against which the author nowhere more vehemently tilts; the nonagenarian, Dr. Halibut; the Rev. Mr. Stoker, an unpleasant amalgam of Arthur Dimmesdale and Charles Honeyman; and the gifted Hopkins, poetaster and plagiarist, whose crowning merit was, by the provincial papers, admitted to be originality. Both books assert their right to exist by their geniality, frequent incisiveness, and recognition of the sun and shadow blended in the warp and woof of life. Though both are here and there marred by professional pedantry, the lesson in each is humanizing, but in both we have the same grain ground, somewhat too swiftly to be ground small, in the same mill. The most striking single scenes in the two books are the inverted rescues of Langdon by Elsie, in the hollow haunted by the snakes, and of Myrtle by Clement, after shooting the rapids."—*"Criticism of American Authors."*

"'A Mortal Antipathy' has the freedom and often the verve of the conversation which 'The Autocrat' has ruled over so long with such universal acceptance."—*"The Nation," vol. 90.*

VI. General Criticism.

"Oliver Wendell Holmes excels in several departments. He is by profession a medical lecturer, and ranks high as a writer on medical science. He has won great praise, also, as a poet. But his greatest and most enduring fame, undoubtedly, is that acquire as a writer of magazine articles. Were there a laureate for his line of art, as there is for poetry, Holmes beyond all question would wear the bays. No living magazinist, English or American, can equal him. His 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table' and its successors are fully up to the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Blackwood when Wilson was in his prime.

"As a prosaist, he has rendered himself famous by his 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' his 'Professor at the Breakfast Table,' 'Elsie Venner,' and 'The Guardian Angel.' In both his prose and his verse, he

exhibits a strange blending of the humorous, witty and sentimental. An accurate, although scarcely a profound, knowledge of character, a perfect command of words, and a most genial vigor of expression. No other American writer, perhaps, has so cheered and stimulated his public. His 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' in the pages of the *Atlantic*, came like the dawning of a new era, and contributed more than any other cause to the success of that periodical. Among Holmes's poems it is almost impossible to make a choice—they are so much alike and so equally good.

"The Autocrat is as genial and gentle and, withal, as philosophical an essayist as any of modern times. Charles Lamb would have opened his heart to one who resembles him so much in many excellent points. Thomas Hood, the great humanitarian, would have relished his fine catholic spirit. Dickens, no doubt, has read him more than once, admiring his command of our common language—the 'well of English undefiled'—and above all, the pervading tone of practical philosophy. The Autocrat, however, is somewhat more than an essayist; he is contemplative, discursive, poetical, thoughtful, philosophical, amusing, imaginative, tender,—never didactic. This is the secret of his marked success; he interests variously constituted minds and various moods of minds. It needed not the introduction of lyrical pieces (which we are glad to have) to show that the Autocrat is essentially a poet."—*R. Shelton Mackenzie*.

"His work is as emblematic of the past as are the stairways and hand-carvings in various houses of Cambridge, Portsmouth, and Norwich. His work is a survival, not an experiment. His verses have the courtesy and wit, without the pedagogy, of the knee-buckle time, and a flavor that is really their own. He has modern vivacity, and adjusts without effort even the most hackneyed measures to a new occasion. On the whole, so far as we can class him, he is at the head of his class, and in other respects a class by himself. He is our typical university poet; the minstrel of the college that bred him and yet, as a university poet, he curiously illustrates his own theories of natural descent. He was the first natural songster of Harvard. As a wit, no writer of English, unless it be Lowell, at this day vies with him.

"As a humorist, the poet of 'The Last Leaf' was among the first to teach his countrymen that pathos is an equal part of true humor; that sorrow is lightened by jest, and jest redeemed from coarseness by emotion, under most conditions of this our evanescent human life.

"Holmes's early pieces, mostly college verse, were better of their kind than those of a better kind written in youth by some of his contemporaries.

"The thing we first note is his elastic, buoyant nature, displayed from youth to age with cheery frankness,—his zest. There is an unwritten plaudite at the end of every poem, almost every stanza.

"In his early work the mirth so often outweighed the sentiment as to lessen the promise and the self-prediction of his being a poet indeed. Many of his youthful stanzas are serious and eloquent, those which approach the feeling of true poetry are in celebration of companionship and good character.

"Eloquence was a feature of his lyrics.

"His poetry was and is, like his humor, the overflow of a nervous, original, decidedly intellectual nature; of sparkling life, no less, in which he gathered the full worth of heyday experience.

"His poems may be divided first as to form and second as to purpose; divided as to form into lyrics and poetical essays in solid complete verse, divided as to purpose into lighter songs and nobler numbers.

"He is a song-writer of the natural kind, through his taste for the open vowel-sounds and for measures that set themselves to tune.

"He is an expert in writing natty lyrics, satires, and *jeux d'esprit*, which it has become the usage to designate as 'society verse.'

"Where most in earnest, he is most imaginative. Humility in presence of recognized law is the spirit of the flings at cant and half-truth in his rhymed essays. 'The Living Temple' and 'The Chambered Nautilus' show us the writer's finest qualities.

"The things which, after all, sharply distinguish Holmes from other poets and constitute the bulk of his work, are the lyrics and metrical essays. To this day there is no telling, whether a fancy, once caught and mounted, will bear this lively rider. In Holmes we have an attractive voice devoted to a secondary order of expression. Yet many of his notes survive and are worthy of a rehearing. A true faculty is requisite to insure this result, and it is but just.

"With his own growth his brilliant occasional pieces strengthened in thought, wit, and feeling.

"With respect to his style, there is no one more free from structural whims and vagaries. He has an ear for the 'classical' forms of English verse, the academic measures which still bid fair to hold their own—those confirmed by Pope and Goldsmith.

His way of thought, like his style, is straightforward and sententious; both are the reverse of what is called 'transcendental.' When he has sustained work to do, and braces himself for a great occasion, nothing will suit but the rhymed pentameter; his heaviest roadster, sixteen hands high, for a long journey.

"The best comment on Holmes's prose works is made by their sagacious author, who likens them to the wine of grapes that are squeezed in the press after the first juice that runs of itself from the heart of the fruit has been drawn off."—*Edmund Clarence Stedman, in "Poets of America."*

"Dr. Holmes is, of all living American writers, the one who may most truly be said to have won the hearts of English readers. Longfellow and Emerson have had, the former wider, and the latter deeper, influence on the feeling and thoughts of Englishmen. But there is no American author now living whose works are more often read and (which is the best test of their value) more often taken up again than those of Dr. Holmes."—*"Saturday Review," vol. 57.*

"If any of your readers (and at times we fear it is the case with all) need amusement, and the wholesome alternative of a hearty laugh, we commend them not to Dr. Holmes the physician, but to Dr. Holmes the scholar, the wit and the humorist; not to the scientific medical professor's barbarous Latin, but to his practical prescriptions given in choice old Saxon. We have tried them and are ready to give the doctor certificates of their efficacy. . . . Long may he live to make broader the face of our care ridden generation, and to realize for himself the truth of the wise man's declaration that a merry heart is 'a continual feast.'"—*John G. Whittier.*

"As he is everybody's favorite, there is no occasion for critics to meddle with him, either to censure or to praise. He can afford to laugh at the whole reviewing fraternity. His wit is all his own, so sly and tingling, but without a drop of ill-nature in it, and never leaving a sting behind. His humor is so grotesque and queer that it reminds one of the frolics of Puck; and deep pathos mingles with it so naturally that, when the reader's eyes are brimming with tears, he knows not whether they have their source in sorrow or in laughter."—*Francis Bowen, in the "North American Review."*

"Dr. Holmes had the literary instinct as a gift of nature, and through his long life he constantly employed it as the aside of a

laborious profession. He was known as a poet when Emerson was only known as the author of an essay entitled 'Nature,' which nobody understood or read. Later than Longfellow and Hawthorne he was before the public as a poet, and it was by his gift in writing pointed and witty verses which graced the occasion that he first became famous as a man of letters. The chief tendency in his life was toward the career of a literary man, and when Lowell insisted that he should become a contributor to the *Atlantic* if he himself took the editorial chair, Dr. Holmes was over fifty years old, and had yet to win his higher laurels as a man of letters. The instant recognition of the merit of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' showed that in this work Dr. Holmes had reached the expression of his best gifts. It was not a story or an essay or a series of poems, and yet it was all these combined. It was a natural expression of the whole man. He wrote this book as he talked. It was said of him that no man was more charming, more witty, more brilliant, or more entertaining as a conversationalist, and in these papers he forgot himself in his treatment of the several characters, and created a species of literature that was new in this country.

"Dr. Holmes had a rare gift as a biographer, and his 'Life of John Lothrop Motley' is a model of the biography of a man of letters. He attempted to render the same service to Emerson, but he could not grasp the greatness of the Concord thinker, and the work lacks that note of high appreciation which satisfies the soul. The question may be raised whether Dr. Holmes will be best remembered as a poet or as a prose writer. We doubt whether more than a dozen of his poems will live. They are mostly occasional verses, and it is only where he has expressed the high thought and spiritual feeling that his poems touch the deeper life of humanity. His prose style was his best gift. Few men have written simpler, purer or better English. Whether we take up 'The Autocrat,' or 'A Hundred Days in Europe,' or 'Over the Teacups,' or 'Elsie Venner,' the style is the perfect vehicle of what the writer intends to convey. No one of our American writers has excelled Dr. Holmes in his ability so to convey his thought in prose that its vehicle is almost unconsciously present. Hawthorne had the same gift, and these two New England authors will live by virtue of their prose style in their best works as long as the English language is spoken. Dr. Holmes was not a thinker or a philosopher, but a remarkably acute, bright, witty, and genial person. He had the gift of saying what he thought in the best manner, and his personality added immensely to what he said."—*Boston Herald.*

CURRENT THOUGHT

THE CARE OF CHILDREN'S VOICES.

LUCY K. COLE read a paper on the above subject at the Michigan State Teachers' Association, in which she said, among other things:

"Much has been said and written regarding the material used for music work in the schoolroom, but comparatively little in regard to the manner in which such material is used. The average teacher deems her duty ended in regard to the music lesson when the children have learned to 'keep the time' and sing the tones written.

"True, with the vast amount of work required of our grade teachers, there is little time for doing more than technical work in any branch, and voice-culture as such can not be successfully carried on in our schoolrooms. But what we special teachers of music most desire in our school-work is not so much the cultivation of the child-voice as to preserve it in its natural simplicity and beauty. But the short time, fifteen to twenty minutes, each day devoted to music in the schoolroom, is not the only place where benefit or injury may be done the child-voice.

"How often one passes a school-building and hears a class reciting the multiplication table together, or spelling in concert, in the loudest, harshest tones, annoying to the listener and injurious to the voices of the children.

"Many teachers complain that they can not arouse enthusiasm in their classes unless they permit them to talk very loud, in fact, many teachers allow their voices to rise in pitch and in intensity with their growing interest in the subject at hand. In so doing, they are practically admitting that the physical is the dominant power in their natures, that the mental can only be aroused when the nervous organism is at its highest pitch of energy. They are wearing themselves out needlessly and preparing their classes for nervous prostration in their late school-life. Furthermore, it has been demonstrated that the mind works best when the body is quiet and passive. It is the 'still small voice' that is potent. Every orator knows how to secure the breathless attention of his audience by lowering his voice to a whisper and using a very intense tone. It is quality of tone, not the pitch nor the loudness, that carries weight and makes the lasting impression upon the listener.

"Education is supposed to include culture and refinement, but the unrefined, almost disrespectful, tone in which many classes

are permitted to answer is anything but cultured and refined.

"Voice-culture has proven that the light, natural tone carries much farther than a loud, unnatural one. The child enters with a light tiny voice. If he is fortunate enough to have a teacher with a soprano voice, all is well; but if the teacher has a low voice, then much harm may be done his voice. The speaking-voice of a child of five or six years of age is seldom pitched below G. Imagine the injury resulting from forcing it to C or B.

"It is possible to do more harm to the child-voice in the first two years of his school-life than in any late period, by pitching everything too low for him. The dust and the impure air of the schoolroom are very bad for the voice. Singing while marching is also very injurious and should be discouraged.

"The care of the child-voice, then, is practically the care of the child. The voice is only the medium for the expression of what the mind and the soul have experienced. If he has only the true and the beautiful within him, surely the expression of it will be beautiful. If he hears only gentle and refined tones, both in speech and in song, his own can not fail to be more or less a correct echo.

"Therefore, let us surround the child only with those tones and melodies of life which we wish him to express. Then give him songs, pure and simple, and entirely within the comprehension of his little mind and heart, and no one need fear that his rendering will be anything but beneficial to the voice of the little singer."

PHYSICAL-GROWTH PERIODS AND APPROPRIATE EXERCISES.

The *Forum* for June contains a very practical article by William O. Krohn on the physical training of the child. After tracing his various nascent and growth periods, he goes on to say:

"It is a demonstrated truth, to all students of physical training, that a certain exercise that is of benefit at one period of growth is absolutely of no value at another period of development; while at still another period the same exercise is positively harmful to the child. Let us now make a summary of physical exercises most beneficial at various ages.

"The first period for which exercise should be provided is the period between six and nine years. The positive need of

exercise during this period is for the purpose of incitement to growth by animating the organic activities, the breathing and the circulation. There is great need of special incitement to the formation of blood, because the processes just mentioned are so largely interfered with and impeded by the compulsory sitting posture in the school-room. There is special need for exercises in the open air,—recreation exercises, those that conduce to animation and increase of joy; for a cheerful mental state is one of the most essential conditions of rapid growth. Joy is a physiological necessity.

"The exercises that must be forbidden during this period are those in which occur any severe strain of even a small number of muscles. Such strain and fatigue must be avoided in order to prevent consumption of material needed for growth and development. Because of heart-changes such exercises as rope jumping should be positively prohibited during this period. The juvenile nervous system must not be burdened by any system of training in tactics and in calisthenics; for these latter are of no value here, though of much service a year or two later. The exercises recommended are the simple games of motion.

"The second period for which appropriate physical exercises must be provided is that between the years of nine and fourteen. Three kinds of exercise during this period are needed. First, exercises tending to continued incitement to growth and to formation of blood, as above. Second, exercises that tend to the acquisition of a well-poised carriage and graceful walk. (The muscles during this period are ripe and ready for training in this particular. If such training is deferred, the graceful carriage of body can never be acquired to the same degree.) Third, those involving practice of skill. All exercises of *endurance* involve great risk during this period, on account of impending molecular changes. They must never be continued to the point of exhaustion, but must be stopped when fatigue manifests itself. The high-school boy with athletic aspirations makes a serious mistake when he apes certain of the 'events' of college athletics that require great endurance. The mile run, tug-of-war, and similar events should always be eliminated from high-school 'Field-Day' exercises. If football games are permitted, the length of each half should not exceed twenty minutes.

"The exercises especially recommended during this period may thus be summarized. During the first third of the period—ordinarily from nine to eleven years of age—tactics and calisthenics will prove of great value. Then should follow exercises in quickness. This, of all periods, is the period for training with respect to muscular quickness. Subsequently, there must be exercises of skill on gymnasium apparatus. Toward the close of this period and at the beginning of the next, there should be, by all means, intricate ball games and games of alertness. The boy who does not take up such games as baseball by the time he approaches the close of his thirteenth year

is certainly missing a golden opportunity in his physical training.

"The period of physical development par excellence is that from fourteen to twenty years of age. The crying need of exercise during this period is for the purpose, above all, of inciting strong activity of heart and lungs; and, to be of any real benefit, the exercises must conduce to the development of skill, daring, and courage. Prolonged exertion must be forbidden, on account of possible deleterious effects upon the functions of breathing and circulation. Exhaustive exercises of endurance should also be avoided. At the beginning of this period, there must be continued employment in exercises of skill on apparatus in the gymnasium, and continued participation in the intricate ball games and games of alertness. There should be some of the more easy and moderate exercises of endurance; and exercises of strength should also be taken up at this time. This stage is extremely important from the point of view of physical development, especially of heart and lungs; for it is during this period that they readily lend themselves to the beneficent effects of appropriate physical exercises.

"It is during the next period—that between the years of twenty and thirty—that the highest achievements in skill and quickness can be acquired. Severe exercises of endurance—the tug-of-war, the college boat-race, etc., are also appropriate to this period. Easy calisthenics and graceful tactics are now, however, of no practical value. In fact, all the best authorities postpone easy calisthenics after the age of eleven years to the years between forty-five and sixty. During the period under discussion—that between the ages of twenty and thirty—the gymnasium exercises should consist of general exercises of strength and heavy exercises of endurance.

"It may be said, in passing, that the exercises during the years intervening between thirty and forty are for the purpose of still higher achievements in strength and endurance and for the purpose of oxidizing surplus fat. Skill can no longer be increased. The highest achievements in quickness are, as a rule, no longer possible.

"In the discussion of the topic of this paper, the writer has had in mind the larger and more profound problem—the provision in the child of to-day of a large stock in trade of physical vigor. This will, at the same time, bring to him greater power to resist disease, not only physical disease, but also various forms of psychopathic taint that may result from the stress of social conditions in which he may be compelled to pass his later life,—real mental abnormalities that would certainly befall him if his powers of resistance should be weakened, owing to a poorly developed body. Physical exercise properly adjusted to the periods of growth is a provision against the inordinate demands of the future. It indirectly invigorates the mind as certainly as it directly invigorates the body.

"As parents and citizens, we are frequently cautious not to load too heavy pecuniary

burdens upon our children, the future citizens of the State. But do we consider whether or not we should tax the physical and mental health of posterity? We do thus tax it, not intentionally, but ignorantly and thoughtlessly. The use to which the individual puts his physical and mental powers may be merely his own affair. But I believe this is only apparently so. In truth, it is the concern not only of the society in which he lives, but equally of coming generations."

THE UNMUSICAL CZAR.

The other day an anecdote went the rounds of the press that the Czar had sung several songs at a family party and was the proud possessor of a good tenor voice. The story was pleasant but untrue. The *London Daily News*, alluding to the incident, says:

"Musical evenings, at which celebrated artists take part, are very rare at the court of the Czar now. The late Emperor was passionately fond of music, and was in his youth an excellent performer on the cornet-a-piston. Prof. Wurm had been teaching him for ten years, and even to-day praises the zeal and the talent of his illustrious pupil. When later on he became so much occupied with government business, he had to give up his favorite instrument, as he had no time to practice. 'But we won't give up music quite,' he remarked to Prof. Wurm. 'Now I shall choose the great saxtuba.' He founded his own brass band of about forty performers, mostly officers, and begged the conductor to treat them all *sans façon*, for certainly otherwise nothing sensible would come of it. At the head of them sat the Czar, his gigantic instrument slung around him, and tooted bravely with the rest. At court balls it amused him to conduct personally some bars of a waltz, especially when his illustrious consort, who loved dancing passionately, was enjoying herself. All at once the music would come to a dead stop in the middle of a waltz. Everybody would look up startled, and only the Empress would glance smilingly at the gallery. She knew who the rogue was who wanted to play her a trick again. The Dowager Empress, a brilliant pianist, had inherited the talent from her mother, the late Queen of Denmark, and always zealously endeavored to inspire her children with a love for music. There was no want of excellent masters at St. Petersburg at that time, but alas! the young grand dukes and duchesses had little sympathy for their mother's noble intentions. All had to practice the piano, but they did so very unwillingly. As Czar Alexander was an ardent admirer of Richard Wagner, the music-master of the heir to the throne gave himself the greatest trouble to teach the latter a composition of the Baireuth master as a surprise to papa. The Wedding March from 'Lohengrin' was chosen, in the easiest arrangement that could be found. The appointed day arrived, and the performance began; but praise there was none. It was whispered, indeed, that

just the reverse was the case. There was only one consolation for the Prince—that his sisters and brothers did no better.

"Meantime Nikolai Alexandrovitch has become autocrat of all the Russias. But he has no special predilection for music and his charming young wife will, in spite of her knowledge of it, never instil it into him. It is stated that the Czar possesses a sympathetic tenor voice, and often surprises his intimate friends by his songs, especially French romances, which he sings with great feeling. But all these are legends, as are all the statements that he accompanies his own songs on the piano. His young wife loves and cultivates with great intelligence classical music, and among modern composers, especially Brahms."

WOMEN AS DRAMATISTS.

Alice Ives, the author of "The Village Postmaster," in an article in a late number of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, says:

"Is play-writing a good field for women? Yes, just as good as it is for men, if they are willing, after the play is written, to work about ten times as hard as a man to get it accepted. There will be masculine demurs at this statement, but the woman who has been through the mill with her eyes open will agree with me. Here are some of the reasons: The managerial field is entirely monopolized by men. All the capital at present in use for producing plays is controlled by men. Most managers have more confidence in a play written by a man than in one by a woman. Why? Because, up to the last ten years, you could count on the fingers of one hand all the successful women dramatists who ever lived. The female play-writer, compared to the male, was about one in ten thousand.

"Pioneers, in any field, always have a rough time. Play-writing is comparatively a new art for woman. Her successes in this line having been so infrequent is one reason why the manager has hesitated even to read her manuscript.

"But times have changed. To-day some of the greatest 'winners' on the boards were written by women. Not so very long ago, here in New York, three plays written by men were failures, and were withdrawn to make way for three plays written by women, all of which were successful. Yet the old prejudice has not entirely departed. The man still has the better business opportunity with his fellow-man.

"At the outset, the woman's chances for getting an interview with the manager are much more restricted than those of the man. If you are Miss or Mrs. Blank, you must go to the manager's office and send in your card. Should he happen to be one of the great theatrical magnates, the anteroom will be crowded with people waiting to see him. Perhaps, if you are unknown, when your turn comes you will be informed that the manager can not see you to-day. You must come another time. Possibly it will

be weeks before you are admitted to his presence.

"Once there, you are expected to say everything in five minutes. He believes that the chances are about one in ten thousand that you will be any good to him. That is all he thinks of. There are no simon pure philanthropists in the business. Why should there be, any more than there are in journalism, publishing, or running a dry-goods shop? When the time comes that there is some real encouragement for art, with a subsidized theatre and disinterested readers to take up your manuscript—but that is another ball of yarn. At present native dramatic art is about the most discouraged thing in all this big commercial country.

"Since the play, then, rests entirely on a commercial basis, we must deal with conditions as they now exist.

"If the manager is one of the lesser lights, it is easier to get to his presence; but you may find him surrounded by men, some of whom may neglect to remove their hats when you appear. The only thing to do is to advance resolutely and ask him if you can speak with him for a few minutes. Perhaps you will have to talk in the hearing of them all, but your business is perfectly legitimate, and why should you be afraid?

"If you can get a letter of introduction from some friend, your opportunities for gaining the manager's attention and a more careful reading of your play are greatly facilitated. He is likely to take more of an interest in your work, after becoming somewhat interested in you. Should your play be mailed to him from some unknown quarter, it is just one of a bushel of plays, and shares the same fate.

"Supposing you have penetrated to the august presence, be as terse and business-like as possible. Use technical terms where they are necessary. Never betray ignorance on that point, or you will be taken at once for a beginner. It is a sin to be a beginner. Tell him exactly what you have. For instance: 'It is a melodrama in four acts and four set scenes; the first act in the South, all the others in New York City; time, the present.' Or, 'It is a farcical comedy in three acts, only two set interiors required; up-to-date; small cast, eight people.' If he wants that sort of a play he will say, 'Send it in.' There is nothing more for you to do, and you go away wondering if you would better launch your poor little craft on such a doubtful sea. But you do; there is no other way.

"Note the difference between your chances and those of the man. He plans to take the magnate in a genial mood. He lies in wait for him in the theatre lobby, the smoking-room of the hotel, or the drinking saloon; perhaps lavishes perfectos on him or takes him out to dine, and in the course of a friendly chat tactfully leads up to the fact that he has a play up his sleeve. The manager, having become interested in the man, is somewhat interested in the play. He may give the author some valuable hints as to that which he wants. Perhaps he has gained the manager's promise to hear him

read his play, which is always to the advantage of the writer. At any rate, he has obtained in one interview more of an interested hearing than a woman, in the usual course of business, would achieve in years.

"Even at the best, the probabilities of interesting a manager in an unknown author's play sufficiently to warrant him in investing several thousand dollars in it—and that is what a production always means—are decidedly slender.

"There is no kind of literary product under the sun so hard to dispose of as a play, because it costs so much to put it before the public. In these days of elaborate mounting, correct details and high-salaried actors, there is very little chance for a piece that is not properly staged. The furniture alone used in one act of a play recently produced cost \$1,000. This was an unnecessary outlay, since the setting of a stage need not be of such expensive materials if the effect is good. Still, in this instance the exquisite taste displayed in selecting and in arranging the beautiful old mahogany was a delight to the eye. It was all the work of a woman; and when women some day have their way about setting a stage it will look more like the real home of a human being, and less like an upholsterer's shop, than it does now.

"The time is at hand when the woman in this field will not have the thorny path that has been the lot of her sisters. The recent successes of plays by women have made the managers begin to look with respect upon her efforts. Any woman's work which brings dollars into his coffer has a convincing effect, which raises the value of all other women's work in the same line."

THE MODERN ORCHESTRA: ITS USE AND ABUSE.

William J. Holding read a paper on the above subject at the convention of the N. Y. State Music Teachers in June. He advocated the employment of good music on all occasions where orchestral music is essential. He stated this branch of the art of music was debauched by unscrupulous persons and its influence then was pernicious and baleful.

"There is absolutely no excuse for such a condition of affairs musically, as there are excellent orchestras and clever musicians enough throughout the land to supply competent and experienced performers and good music on all occasions. But the services of this class of instrumentalists are ignored by those who have the employment of musicians at such places, because they are willing to accept the unreasonable pittance for which incompetent and inexperienced musicians can be obtained.

"The public have a prerogative in this matter, and as citizens should not be slow to utilize it. By remaining indifferent and ignoring this fact, you are offering a premium and encouragement to incompetence and mediocrity.

"The profession is overcrowded with a

class of mediocrity that is always putting itself in evidence by ever boasting of its superior ability, and often writing up notices of their wonderful achievements for publication in the daily papers and resorting to illegitimate schemes to secure patronage regardless of their incapability of meeting required demands.

"If you doubt this assertion, just make a note of the professional musicians of well-earned reputation and merit who are conspicuous by their absence from positions where public patronage demands the best service in return for its money. This will also explain why professional musicians of talent and clever attainment, worthy of your patronage and mine, are obliged to leave their homes and seek employment in the overcrowded centres of large cities and find it difficult to make an honest living in their legitimate lines of professional work. This is a fact, true not only of instrumentalists, but applies also to singers and teachers.

"In reference to the places of amusement there is a common impression with some managers that an orchestra is a necessary nuisance, of no importance whatever, except to fill in the waits between acts, and in that capacity, 'anything goes.' Hence, a few players (and in the managers' estimation, the fewer the better) are employed at the cheapest rates obtainable, regardless of ability, experience or even combination of instruments. This is a grave mistake, and if fully understood by the public, would not be tolerated.

"As patrons, the public have a right, and would be justifiable in remonstrating against not only these incomplete orchestras but likewise music of a trashy grade.

"As citizens we should act as decidedly in this matter as we would if a like diabolical and distracting performance were permitted on the stage.

"An orchestra to do good and effective work in dramatic and in operatic music should consist of at least twelve musicians. Half of that number should play stringed instruments.

"Now, let us consider for a moment what seems to be the manager's idea or conception of an orchestra:

"In one place we find a piano player the lone occupant of the place allotted to the musicians; on this occasion he is the whole orchestra. The height of his ambition seems to be the rendering of the so-called 'popular songs of the day' in the distorted form of the latest craze and society fad 'rag time.'

"In another place we find the individual piano player in evidence, but assisted by an uncertain number of musicians of suspicious ability, whose combined efforts of execution or even conception is harrowing to the true lover of music.

"At another place we are attracted by the announcement that the production of a popular opera, which has had phenomenal success in one of the larger cities, will be given; the merits of the company are set forth in glowing terms. The company, we are told, has been secured at enormous expense, and

in consequence of this fact the admission tickets and seats are sold at advanced rates. We are informed that this is the original cast, assisted by a large chorus and an augmented orchestra. The unsuspecting public crowd the house leaving 'standing room only.' Instead of an orchestra of fifteen or twenty musicians we find a lone violinist playing the overture; his knowledge of the opera has been enlarged by an hour rehearsal. He is struggling with the original score (which, by the way, was orchestrated for twenty instruments). The excited conductor is stamping his feet and thumping out his rage on an innocent rattle-trap piano in frantic efforts to get revenge and make up in volume what the orchestra is deficient in instruments. These two have the assistance of a cornet, trombone and drums, and perchance a forlorn clarinetist, who by the manager's direction has been added to complete the augmented orchestra for this special occasion.

"Everything in this age is progressing with wonderful strides. But in the matter of orchestral music in our places of amusement we seem to be woefully degenerating.

"Twenty years ago musicians of ability were rare and an expensive luxury. Nevertheless, each theatre had its orchestra fully equipped in numbers and in instrumentation. Each opera-company carried an efficient number of musicians, which, added to the local organization, made an augmented orchestra of twenty to thirty musicians. Under such conditions operas were given effective and creditable representation.

"The need to-day is for good orchestras, composed exclusively of orchestral players and not made up of brass-band musicians. The latter are all right in their place. But brass-band work is ruinous to orchestral players, and unfits them for the fine, delicate work required of an orchestra.

"As citizens we can do much to raise the standard of music by giving our encouragement to such organizations as are composed of competent professional instrumentalists, and whose work proves them equal to the demands of the occasion. A united movement of this character will prove a great public benefit and purify the musical atmosphere of our communities as nothing else can, and stimulate a demand for good, wholesome music."

THE SOUNDS OF THE VOWELS.

"Dr. Marage proves," says *Cosmos*, "that the vowels have two origins,—the vibration of the air and the movement of the air; and he deduces the following consequences: (1) The vocable does not make the vowel, but indicates its degree of purity. (2) If the supralaryngeal resonators remain constant there are as many vowels as there are laryngeal notes, and if we wish to preserve the vowel, we must at each note alter the form of the resonators; the number of vowels is thus very considerable, but to have pure vowels we must use only the notes common to all the registers. (3) In the notes below

do', the natural resonators are in unison with the laryngeal note, and we distinguish only the one note, varying between a vaguely defined O and A. (4) We may apply mathematics to the formation of the synthetic vowels and thus determine the physical conditions necessary to produce a pure vowel."

ADVICE TO A STUTTERER.

"The quickest and best way to cure oneself of stuttering," writes a recent correspondent of the *New York Sun*, "is not to begin to talk until one can say what he wishes to say. Wait. This I know, not from practical experience, but from being associated more or less with those who have stuttered. A young man I knew practically cured himself in a few months by this method of procedure. When he came in to report on some errand, if he could not talk without stuttering, he would stand before the one he was trying to talk to and wait until he could. Sometimes he would stand for five minutes without saying a word and then he would say what he wished to say without stuttering. At first there was some hesitation between words, but in a short time this was overcome and one would not think to hear him talk that he was ever a stutterer. Never mind what folks think. If you find you are going to stutter, wait until you can say without stuttering what you have a desire or it is necessary for you to speak out."

THE ORIGINAL "LAST HOPE."

Everyone has heard of Gottschalk's "Last Hope." It may not be so widely known, however, that the current edition of this celebrated composition is not the original version composed by Gottschalk during his visit to Santiago in 1853. William L. Hawes, a correspondent of Boston *Musical Record*, contributes this letter to its July No.:

"Under its original form, the 'Last Hope' was first published in December, 1854, by the firm of Firth, Pond & Co., to whom it was sold for the insignificant sum of \$50, and Gottschalk evidently refers to this edition in 'Notes of a Pianist,' where he states: 'I had composed a few pieces, one of them of a melancholy character, and with which was connected a touching episode of my journey to Santiago de Cuba, that seemed to me to unite the conditions requisite for popularity.' In this edition the theme itself is practically the same as that appearing in the edition so long known to the musical public, but the ornamentation and arabesque work are different, somewhat more attractive, and, in my opinion, conforming more closely to Gottschalk's own peculiar characteristics than is exhibited in the present-day version. This difference is conspicuously shown in the second part where, instead of the rapid upward short chromatic scale and descend-

ing arpeggios, Gottschalk has written quick upward chromatic sequences, similar to those which abound in 'Ricordati,' 'God Save the Queen,' etc., followed by descending arpeggios. The introduction and ending are also unlike the present edition. In February, 1855, a second edition of this version was published, and in 1856 Gottschalk made a revised version for the house of William Hall & Co., who had acquired the ownership of all of Gottschalk's copyrights, and the original 1854 plates were destroyed. Probably there are not to-day a dozen copies of the old 1854 edition in existence, as I have been able to locate only two during the course of a steady investigation and much correspondence covering a period of four years, and extending even to European houses. One of these copies was recently exhibited to me as a curiosity, and the lady owning it, who knew the artist personally, assured me that Gottschalk himself always played for her this version, as he gave it the preference over the revised form. About 1856-57 Gottschalk made a second trip to Cuba, and the plates of the first edition of 1854 having been abandoned, that edition, of course, simply exhausted itself and faded away, while the revised edition became more popularly known on account of being readily purchasable by the issue of new prints, continuing on down to the present time. Upon his return to the United States, after a protracted stay in the West Indies, Gottschalk played during his concerts the revised or present-day version, as it had naturally sprung into favor during his absence, completely obliterating any remembrance of the original version which he himself had formerly played and preferred to the present setting of the piece. It is but natural to suppose, also, that Gottschalk would not antagonize his publishers by playing the 'Last Hope' under the 1854 form, which was no longer published and had been superseded by the version of 1856; for such a course on his part would have been not only unwise, but decidedly impolitic and unbusiness-like."

EXPRESSION DISTINGUISHED FROM GRIMACE.

"Facial expression," says the Rev. William R. Alger, in the spring No. of Boston *Expression*, "is the accentuation of the parts by the proportioning whole; grimace is the deformation of the whole by the disproportioned accentuation of the parts. Expression is the easy play of the features from the interior; grimace is their violent disarrangement from the exterior. The one seems spontaneous and self-regulated; the other is obviously volitional and lawless. Expression posits emphasis and changes its position; grimace produces distortion and destroys congruity. Expression is caused by force distributed and resident; grimace is caused by force compelled and sent. In the former, effect is visible, effort invisible; in the latter, the effort is seen trying to produce the effect. In expressiveness the modulation moves in continuous lines. In

grimacery there is no attunement of the parts in a purposive whole; but the movement goes by jumps from fulcrum to fulcrum, like the grotesque pantomime of Henry Irving, which is an imitative reproduction of the automatic by the volitional. In expressiveness the selected features alone change and move; in grimacery the parts adjacent to those properly concerned are confused with them and the medley moves in a lump. All contorted or convulsive twisting, wrinkling, writhing and squirming of the face is grimacery, in contradistinction to its freely possessed and rationally regulated variation of repose and play. To sum up the whole matter in a single sentence: In expression the relatedness of the features is modulated by the rational principle of fitness and proportion, so that the harmonic unity of the face is preserved; but in grimace the unity of the face is broken and its harmony destroyed through an absurd and dislocating emphasis of its features by lawless impulse."

THE RADIOPHONE.

What is known as the "radiophone," an apparatus for transmitting speech by means of a ray of light, is attracting considerable attention at present. In a recent number, *New York Electricity* has this to say concerning it:

"This idea of transmitting sound by means of a ray of light is, however, by no means of very recent date, as Prof. Graham Bell in 1880 devised an apparatus for this purpose which he named the 'photophone.' As designed by the inventor of the telephone, the transmitter consisted of a plane mirror so arranged as to reflect a beam of light upon a selenium cell in circuit with an ordinary telephone receiver at the receiving end. The mirror served as a telephone diaphragm, a resonating chamber and mouthpiece being placed at the back. A sound of any description on entering the mouthpiece caused the mirror to vibrate, thus altering the intensity of the beam of light. These changes in the beam of light, owing to the presence of the selenium cell, which altered its electrical resistance accordingly, produced vibrations in the receiver diaphragm similar to those communicated to the mirror of the transmitter. Although the apparatus as designed by Prof. Bell proved conclusively that speech could be transmitted by means of a ray of light, it was not without defects, some of them so vital that further experiments were discontinued for the time being, but M. Mercadier, the well-known French electrician, had meantime proven that the results obtained were owing to heat effects and not, as had been previously supposed, to the light rays.

"A short time ago Hammond V. Hayes, of Boston, again began experimenting with the radiophone where Prof. Bell and other investigators had left off. After many unsuccessful attempts, the problem was partly, if not entirely, solved by connect-

ing in a shunt circuit about the arc a telephone transmitter designed to carry a large amount of current. By this arrangement current is shunted from the arc in proportion to the resistance of the transmitter, the resistance of the latter varying in accordance with the vibrations of its diaphragm. The variations in the current of the arc lamp produced corresponding changes in the heat rays emitted, and these changes affected a small pellet of carbonized fibre in a glass bulb, which constituted the receiver, producing vibrations in the column of air contained in the ear-tubes, these being of the ordinary phonograph type. Probably the simplest explanation of the invention is that the heat-rays that travel along the reflected beam of light answer the same purpose as sound-waves in the case of the telephone."

BERNHARDT'S "HAMLET."

The theatrical sensation, par excellence, in Europe this season is the appearance of Sarah Bernhardt in the role of the Prince of Denmark. The Paris correspondent of the *New York Times* in his report says:

"To tell the truth, Mme. Sarah has solved all mooted problems to the satisfaction of playgoers—for the time being, at any rate. Later on, of course, when the marvelous first impression of her acting has in some measure worn off, we shall begin discussing whether her interpretation of Shakespeare's most powerful and tragic creation is final or not. Personality means so much that I doubt whether anyone at the end of the fifteen tableaux into which Marcel Schwob has divided his translation, when the curtain falls upon Sarah borne away upon a steel buckler by four Danish captains, when the dead march has played itself out, and the guns have roared, and the last hand clap has died away, does not think that this is Hamlet as the part has never been played before—the real Hamlet whom Shakespeare himself would have applauded to the echo.

"It is strange that after all the centuries that divide us from the poet's lifetime it should be a woman who reveals Hamlet to us. Sarah Bernhardt, with that amazing intuition and subtlety of perception which are her leading intellectual and artistic qualities, takes our hand in hers and places it right over Shakespeare's heart.

"Whether it is a German, an Italian, an American, or an English Hamlet, we have been accustomed hitherto to meet with a ranter, a black-haired, melancholy monstrosity. Bernhardt shows us a fair haired, slim, nervous, excitable youth, corrupt with the corruption of extreme innocence, pessimistic with a philosophy that is still in its teens. Her Hamlet is in love with Ophelia as a lad would be just after leaving school, and he gives her the good advice that smacks of the Greek authors he has been made to construe, and he is royal with it all, for he is a prince, and, though he says rude things to her, he says them with the tenderness

and the naïveté of a child, by which their venom is destroyed.

"But child that he is—a blasé, spoiled child that is growing into a decadent young man—he has the superstition and the inherited savagery of a Dane of the middle ages. So when he is with his mother this lurid side of his character shines forth, tempered by sudden lapses into the dreamy, sardonic tenderness natural to him; it exhibits itself in wild outbursts of buffoonery, in which the hopeless and unrestrained boyhood has a leading part. He is alternately respectful, insulting, tender, appealing, passionately loving, and withal profoundly philosophic, with a philosophy born of utter naturalness,—a philosophy all the truer because it is so profoundly unconscious of itself. It is the tragedy of a vigorous, passionate, life-loving personality, overwhelmed by the doom of circumstances, which Hamlet works out.

"It is not often that a piece of acting is a great intellectual revelation. In this case it is so. Bernhardt has never played with so much power before. Her Hamlet is the crowning glory of her artistic career. She recognizes this herself. Never in her life was she so in love with any role as with that of Hamlet; yet it will take at least a year before she will be satisfied with her own interpretation of the role. She feels that in every one of Shakespeare's sentences there is a profundity of philosophy to which it is excessively difficult to give the necessary accent and relief. But in time she hopes that her rendering will become more and more a sequent and convincing interpretation of Shakespeare's full thought. She is studying the part still—complete as her impersonation seems. By the time she reaches America with it, it will be in fullest maturity. And this amazing woman, whose youthful travesty cuts a few years off Hamlet's life, is nearly sixty!"

READING ALOUD IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The *Educational Review* of New York recently published an article by S. H. Clark on this subject. We have made the following excerpts from the first half of it; the rest of the article deals simply with the criteria of vocal expression.

"It is universally conceded that the public schools fail to give children any power as readers. One authority states that, after the child's twelfth year, his ability as a reader steadily declines. (Up to that time he is gradually acquiring greater mastery over words, and so in a sense, he may be said to be improving.) I can add my testimony that, by the time he reaches the university, the average student can not read at all.

"Many remedies have been suggested, from which I may select two as typical. One is to call the attention of the child to the mechanics of vocal expression—to inflection, force movement, etc.; the other (that commonly employed), to tell the child to get the thought. It can not be denied that both

methods have, in isolated cases, been productive of some good, yet, on the whole, they have been well-nigh barren of results.

"The mechanical method fails, especially with younger people, because it is dry, technical, unstimulating, and, in the main, uninteresting. The 'get-the-thought' method is a revolt against the other plan. Appreciating that drill in inflection, pitch, etc., has done nothing toward elevating the standard of reading, the conscientious principal or superintendent has told his teachers that they must see to it that the scholars get the thought. This is a step in the right direction, but it must be acknowledged that it does not produce results. Why? First, for one cause or another the finer shades of meaning escape too many teachers. Second, very few teachers have received the training that would enable them to discern quickly with what mental conditions various forms of vocal expression are associated. In other words they have not the criteria of vocal expression; and, in consequence, helpful criticism is impossible.

"Why have previous methods of teaching reading failed? I offer three reasons: First, the lack of appreciation of the best literature on the part of the teacher; second, the complexity of vocal expression; and third, the intangibility of vocal expression.

"It is not within the scope of this article to dwell on the first of these reasons. One can safely assert, however, that thousands of children would be better readers if their teachers had more love and appreciation of real literature. Of what avail is it to put good literature into the schoolbooks if its merit does not appeal as well to the instructor as to the pupil?

"Complexity may be defined by illustration. A phrase may be read fast or slowly; in high or low key; with one melody or another; with loud or subdued force; with this quality of voice or with that. Now all these elements are present at one time, so that without proper training, the teacher is unable to discriminate between them and hence unable to give the needful correction, without which there can be no progress.

"Intangibility may be explained by showing what is meant by a tangible subject. The spelling lesson is tangible; the arithmetic lesson is tangible. A mistake is easily recognized and corrected. Three months after a paper on these subjects has been handed in, the teacher can go back to it and examine it. But vocal expression is evanescent, and, by the untrained, can be recalled imperfectly, if at all, and then only a short time after it has been heard.

"In the presence of the combined difficulties due to complexity and to intangibility the teacher is appalled; and, conscientious though he be, gives up in despair. The teaching becomes perfunctory; the children lose interest; and there is the end of reading.

"It may be asked, what objects are to be attained as a result of reading lessons? I think we can agree that there are two. One is to give us the power to extract thought from the printed page. After we leave

school our information is gained from books; and what we get from these is largely determined by our school-training. Our system of education has a great deal to answer for when it fails to provide this training. I would not for a moment depreciate the value of vocal expression, but I consider of primary importance the ability to get the author's meaning. Our teaching, from the primary grade to the university, is lamentably weak in this direction. No one who examines the reading in our schools can fail to be struck, not so much with the absence of expressive power, as with the absence of mental grasp. We are so anxious to get on that we are content with skimming the surface, and do not take the time to get beneath it. The reading lesson should be primarily a thinking lesson, and every shade of thought should be carefully determined, no matter how long a time may be consumed. The habit of hurrying over the page, which is so prevalent, is clearly an outgrowth of schoolroom methods.

"One is sick of the universal excuse for the laxity in our methods: We have not the time. To which I reply to teacher, superintendent, and school-board, we have no time to teach a subject poorly. If thought-getting—genuine thought-getting—were insisted on from the outset, I am sure that the work which now requires six or seven years to accomplish could be done in five. How much thought-power has the public-school graduate? Very little. And yet, if all lessons—history, geography, arithmetic, and the rest—were made thought-lessons, a child of fourteen might be on the road to educating himself when he leaves school. I would not seem altogether a pessimist, for I am convinced that there is, of late, great improvement along the lines in question; but not everywhere. And so I would urge the teacher to ponder these noble words of a noble man, 'When thou readest, look steadfastly with the mind at the things the words symbolize. If there be questions of mountains, let them loom before thee; if of the ocean, let its billows roll before thy eyes. This habit will give to thy voice even pliancy and meaning. The more sources of interest we have, the richer is our life. To hold any portion of truth in a vital way is better than to have its whole baggage stored merely in one's memory.' And, again, 'He who thinks for himself is rarely persuaded by another. Information and inspiration he gladly receives, but he forms his own judgment. Arguments and reasons which, to the thoughtful, sound like mockery, satisfy the superficial and ignorant.' There is no better way to develop such a thinking person than by careful training in reading.

"Training in thought-getting is, then, the first result to be expected from the reading lesson. The second is the power of adequate vocal expression.

"Granting that the teacher has the thought of the reading lesson,—and this is a sine qua non—what else is necessary to make him a good teacher of reading? First, he must have a thorough knowledge of how thought and feeling get themselves ex-

pressed. In other words, he must have the criteria of expression. Second, he must have a definite graded method of instruction, in which the simple shall precede the complex, and in which one element, and only one, shall be presented at a time.

"The phrase and sentence method is the best for beginners. The primers so generally used are unscientific and stultifying. The 'I see a cat on the mat' sentence is unworthy the attention of a sensible child. As far as possible I would have the child read sentences that he himself coins in the course of his daily life. These may be written on the board, or, better still, printed for him. Never let a child read aloud a single sentence until he has the thought. This should be insisted on from the outset. The teacher should in every way impress upon the class that word recognition is not the end but the means. This insistence makes the work a little slower at the start, but the final results justify the claim that this is the only true educational theory."

HOW TO ENJOY MUSIC.

Some of the points that H. S. Saroni makes in his article on "How to Enjoy Music," in the July No. of the Philadelphia *Etude*, are well worthy of republication. At first glance "how to enjoy music" appears synonymous with "how to understand" music; but there is this difference: The former appeals to the heart, the latter to the mind; the one to the lover of music, the other to the finished musician. To quote further:

"Americans, as a general thing, imagine themselves called upon to criticize—thus turning pleasure into business. Now, I do not deny that the ability of distinguishing right from wrong or good from bad enhances in some cases the pleasure of listening to music, but for real, spontaneous enjoyment, give me the man or the woman who plunges right into music, never caring whether the singer has the French or the Italian method, whether the performer belongs to the classic or to the romantic school.

"As in literature the home-circle is the best educator, so in music the home-circle is the best teacher. As the association with refined people softens our rough natures, so the association with good music cultivates our crude tastes. Give me the home where slang never crossed the threshold, and I will give you the boy or the girl who will prefer Bryant to Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Southworth, or the Duchess. Give me the home where Schubert's 'Serenade' is sung, and I will show you the girl who prefers a Beethoven sonata to a jig.

"But our nation is young and our households have not yet reached that stage where music comes next to prayer. For this reason some guidance may be necessary to assist the seekers of truth in music. This can best be given in a negative form. Do not imagine that noise is music. Do not mistake agility for expression. Do not be swayed by outward surroundings to lead

you away from the lone path. Do not criticize instead of simply listening. Do not think that because music is a language, and universal at that, that it can tell you the time or the state of the weather.

"As vocal and instrumental music combined culminates in the oratorio and the opera, so does instrumental music by itself culminate in the symphony. The most important classification of music, however, is that which distinguishes between homophonic and polyphonic music—the former having a main idea supported by one or more less essential voices or instruments; the latter consisting of two or more essential voices or instruments. To the former belong the ballads, marches, dances, and the so-called 'salon music.' To the latter belong the string-quartet and most chamber music, its highest form—vocal or instrumental—being the fugue. Oratorio, opera, and symphony make use of both styles.

"Realism is a bane of music. From the 'Battle of Prague' to the last 'Alpine Storm,' we find this continuous striving to tear music down from its high pedestal to see it groveling in the mud. Music is different from poetry, painting, and sculpture, which in their highest flight of fancy must necessarily have some analogy to something already in existence. Music not merely creates the idea but the means that serve to develop it.

"Do not be swayed by outward surroundings. Do not think that burnt cork can turn bad into good music, or that red shirts of firemen can improve the music of the 'Anvil Chorus.'

"By way of conclusion, I can not resist the temptation of quoting here what Mendelssohn said: 'Above all, listen to good music. It may at first seem all but chaos to you, but directly some little strain will appeal to your fancy. You watch for its return. Directly you will recognize it in a new dress, perhaps here and there a fragment of it. You will then perhaps turn your attention to its accompaniment; a new interest will be aroused in you. *Interest is education, and education is enjoyment.*'"

EDUCATION VS. ATHLETICS.

"All would agree," observes a writer in an English contemporary, "that a certain amount of outdoor exercise is good for girls, but many would doubt whether girls require as much and as violent a form of exercise as their brothers. Walking, dancing, riding, tennis, have always been considered eminently suitable for girls; but what about cricket, hockey, gymnastics on parallel bars, ropes, giant's-strides, etc.? Walk into one of our high schools and you will find that the girls are doing all these. Many of them give up three and four afternoons a week to these sports, besides attending matches over all the place, generally on their bicycles. 'Athletics' is becoming the absorbing topic of conversation among schoolgirls.

"This absorbing interest in sport presents a twofold danger. First, violent exercise of

any sort is very harmful to girls between twelve and twenty, just when they are emerging from childhood to womanhood. Hockey is violent, cricket is violent, whatever the champions of these sports may say, and I have again and again seen girls returning utterly exhausted after a couple of hours at either of these sports. Boys and girls are utterly different, and what is health to the boy is often harm to the girl. Not only does a girl's physique suffer from this violent exercise, but her manners and her mind suffer, too. In all these violent games there must perforce be much pushing and hustling, and that grace, which most of us like to associate with womanhood, will be liable to vanish from the generations to come. If, of course, it were a case of sacrificing grace to health, it might be worth while to sacrifice the former, but I contend it is not. We do not improve our girls' health by these sports; we do spoil much that gives womanhood its charm and attraction.

"This excessive athleticism injures the mind and hinders its right development. If the girl's thoughts are so absorbed in cricket and in hockey, can she be expected to care for her literature, her history, her languages? How little real work our elder girls are doing, except those who are going to earn their living! They do just what is set; but the idea of reading for themselves is abhorrent to them. They will read the magazines, and especially some of the women's weeklies, which are largely devoted to sport; but they scorn the idea of reading Ruskin, George Eliot, etc. 'A healthy mind in a healthy body' is all very well; but what about a healthy body and a vacant mind?"

BRIEF MENTION.

[The figures in parentheses denote the prices of the periodicals mentioned. Upon receipt of price, with ten cents added for postage and for other expenses, they will be forwarded, except such as we have to import, which takes about four weeks.]

"Moods" Lee Fairchild. *New York Talent* for June. The reflex action of one's mood upon himself and upon his audience. (10 cts.)

"Bernhardt's 'Hamlet.'" Minnie Robinson. *New York Home Journal* for June 14. (5 cts.)

"Singing in School." *Newark Sunday Call* for June 18. (5 cts.)

"Physical Training in Middle Life." *London Family Doctor* for June 24. (5 cts.)

"Augustin Daly's Library." *New York Home Journal* for June 28. (5 cts.)

"Reading 'with Expression.'" Sarah Louise Arnold. *Boston Journal of Education* for June 29. (6 cts.)

(1) "Good Citizenship and Athletics," by C. S. Loch. (2) "The Mission of Music," by S. A. Barnett. Both in *Philadelphia International Journal of Ethics* for July. (65 cts.)

"Musical Life in Berlin." Arthur Bird. *Boston Musical Record* for July. (15 cts.)

"A Theory of the Drama." Ferris Greenslet. *New York Forum* for July. (35 cts.)

"Expression in Portraiture." *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* for July. (30 cts.)

(1) "Reading in the Primary Grades," by E. A. Fritter. (2) "Physical Culture," by Louis Lepper. Both in the *Terre Haute Inland Educator* for July. (10 cts.)

(1) "The Moonlight King," by J. H. Gore. The vagaries of Ludwig II. of Bavaria and his support of Wagner and the theatre. (2) "Five-Minute Talks on Good Health," by Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Warman. Both in the *Philadelphia Ladies' Home Journal* for July. (10 cts.)

THE MUSIC TEACHERS' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

THE twenty-first annual convention of the Music Teachers' National Association took place at Cincinnati, June 20-23. The program was:

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21.

9 o'clock. (Odeon.) Invocation by the Rev. Peter Tinsley.

Address of Welcome on behalf of the College of Music, by Alexander McDonald.

President's Address, A. J. Gantvoort, Cincinnati.

Address of Welcome on behalf of the city, by Mayor Gustav A. Tafel.

Reports of the Secretary and Treasurer. Business Meeting.

11 o'clock. Paper by William Armstrong, Chicago. "The Artistic Temperament." Discussion.

1:30 o'clock. (Music-Hall.) Organ-recital by Walter Keller, Chicago.

Sonata in F, op. 45.....*Wrightson*
 Processional March (MSS.).....*Luthin*
 On the Coast.....*Buch*
 Cradle Song, op. 128.....*Bartlett*
 Toccata in B flat.....*Barnes*
 Introduction and March of the Priests of
 Huitsall, from "Montezuma" (MSS.) *Gleason*

2:30 o'clock. (Odeon.) Recital of American Music for Voice, Piano, and Strings.

Piano:

Prelude and Fugue in D minor.....*Foote*
 Gavotte in A minor.....*Brandeis*
 Dance Fantastique.....*Preyer*
 La Chasseresse.....*von Sternberg*
 Humoreske.....*Busch*
 Ernest R. Kroeger, St. Louis.

Soprano:

Bee Song.....*Gerrit Smith*
 An Open Secret.....*Woodman*
 The Sweetest Flower That Blows
Van der Stucken
 Miss Florence Hayes, Detroit.

Piano:

Bros.-Melody.....*Foerster*
 Romance Dramatique.....*Liebling*
 Gavotte in F.....*Wilson G. Smith*
 Gondollera.....*Conrath*
 Mazurka in A minor.....*Sherwood*
 Margaret at the Spinning-Wheel.....*Klein*
 Ernest R. Kroeger.

Soprano:

Seligkeit.....*Van der Stucken*
 Rappelle-Tol.....*Nevin*
 Ariette.....*Beach*
 Little Boy Blue.....*Nevin*
 Miss Mamie Harrison, Opelika, Ala.

Piano:

Silhouettes, op. 80 (MSS.).....*Wilson G. Smith*
 Five Poems, after Omar Khayyam.....*Foote*
 Dreams, after Hein's "Buch der Lieder".....*Klein*
 Quintet for Piano and Strings.....*Kroeger*

7:45 o'clock. (Music-Hall.) American Concert by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Frank Van der Stucken, conductor, assisted by Arthur Whiting, New York, piano; Luigi von Kunits, Pittsburgh, violin; Oscar Ehrsgott, Cincinnati, baritone. Introductory remarks by H. E. Krehbiel, New York.

Orchestra: Symphony No. 2 in G minor, after La Motte Fouqué's poem "Sintram".....*Strong*
 Baritone Solo: "Lochinvar".....*Chadwick*
 Fantaisie for Piano and Orchestra, op. 11.
Whiting

Cavatina for Violin and Orchestra, op. 13.
Brockway
 Orchestra: "Carnival in Louisiana," op. 53.
 No. 1.....*Klein*

THURSDAY, JUNE 22.

9 o'clock. (Lyceum.) Round Table for Piano Teachers, Constantine von Sternberg, Chairman.

Addresses on "How Can the Business Conditions and Methods of the Piano Teacher Be Ameliorated?"

Paper by Miss Evelyn Fletcher, Philadelphia. "The Fletcher Simplex Method." Miscellaneous topics.

9 o'clock. (Room 28.) Round Table for Vocal Teachers, Frank Herbert Tubbs, New York, Chairman.

Paper by Edmund J. Myer, New York. "Should the Teaching of Voice-Culture and the Art of Singing Be Separated?"

Paper by Joseph A. Farrell, Kansas. "What Legitimate Methods Can a Teacher Pursue in Order to Get More Pupils?"

Paper by Charles D. Carter, Pittsburgh. "What Is Gained through Pupils' Recitals?"
 Paper by W. S. Sterling, Cincinnati. "The Philosophy of Relaxation."

9 o'clock. (Room 5.) Round Table for Organ Teachers, Carl G. Schmidt, New Jersey, Chairman.

Paper by Arthur L. Manchester, New Jersey. "The Organist: His Position, Its Responsibilities and Its Possibilities."

Paper by Frederic A. Fowler, New Haven. "Some Advantages to the Organist of an Electric System of Organ-Building." Miscellaneous topics.

9 o'clock. (Room 7.) Round Table Discussion for Teachers of Music in Public Schools, B. C. Davis, Georgia, Chairman.

Paper by N. L. Glover, Ohio. "The Best Means to Get the Boys to Do Good Work in the Grammar Grades."

10:30 o'clock. (Odeon.) Paper by Edmund J. Myer, New York. "Renaissance of the Vocal Art."

Paper by Thomas Tapper, Boston. "The Foundations of a Musical Education."

1:30 o'clock. (Music-Hall.) Organ-Recital by Mrs. Lillian Arkell-Rixford, Cincinnati.

Sonata, op. 47, No. 1.....*Miller*
 Toccata in F major.....*Bartlett*
 Prelude in F major.....*Dethier*
 Gaelic March.....*Kelley*

2 o'clock. (Odeon.) Concert.

Sonata for Violin and Piano.....*Klein*
 Adolph Hahn, Cincinnati, violin; George Kroeger, Cincinnati, piano.

- Piano:
- Ballade, op. 10.....*Brockway*
 Impromptu, A major.....*Guessbacher*
 Bourrée and Musette.....*Schoenfeld*
 Ballade, op. 10.....*Brockway*
 Night Song.....*Bertschinger*
 Prelude.....*Borowski*
 Hans von Schiller, Chicago.
- Soprano:
- Where Love Abides.....*Mattioli*
 A Summer Night.....*Coombs*
 The Rose Leaves over the Pool.....*Chadwick*
 O Come with Me.....*Van der Stucken*
 Mrs. Mamie Hissem-DeMoss, Cincinnati.
- Piano:
- Sonata in C sharp minor, op. 33.....*Preyer*
 Carl Adolph Freyer.
- Songs:
- Ye Christian Herald, Go Proclaim.....*Boax*
 A Solitary Fir Tree.....*Eisenheimer*
 Place Near Me Here the Fragrant Mignonette.
Eisenheimer
 Aria, "She Was a Prince's Child.....*Whiting*
 Edmund A. Yahn, Cincinnati.
- Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, op. 32..
Kaun
- 7:45 o'clock. (Music-Hall.) The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Frank Van der Stucken, conductor, assisted by Henry Holden Huss, New York, piano; and Adelaide Kalkman, St. Louis, soprano. Introductory remarks by William Armstrong, Chicago.
- Orchestra:
- Symphonic Prologue to Heine's "William Ratcliff".....*Van der Stucken*
- Piano:
- Concerto in B major for Piano and Orchestra, op. 6.....*Huss*
 Henry Holden Huss.
- Soprano:
- Aria, Yveva's Song from "Montezuma".....*Gleason*
 Adelaide Kalkman.
- Orchestra.
- Funeral March.....*Brand*
 Overture, "As You Like It".....*Carter*

FRIDAY, JUNE 23.

- 9 o'clock. (Lyceum.) Round Table for Piano Teachers, Constantine von Sternberg, Chairman.
 Paper by Mrs. Parsons, Chicago. "Kindergarten Methods."
 Paper by Dr. S. Hageman, Cincinnati. "The Perfectly Tuned Piano."
 Miscellaneous Topics.
- 9 o'clock. (Room 28.) Round Table Discussion for Vocal Teachers, Frank Herbert Tubbs, Chairman.
 Paper by Otto Engwerson, Ohio. "The Relation of Physical Culture to Voice-Culture."
 Paper by J. Baker, Ohio. "How to Teach the Structure of Songs."
 Address on "What Is Gained by Pupils from Books and from Journals."
 Address on "What Can Pupils Learn through Hearing Artists."
 Paper by Mary M. Shedd, New York. "Tone-Building."
 Miscellaneous Topics.
- 9 o'clock. (Room 7.) Round Table for Teachers of Music in Public Schools, B. C. Davis, Chairman.

Paper by Eva B. Deming, Philadelphia, "The Principles of the Paris-Galin-Chevé Method of Sight-Singing."

Paper by John Tagg, New Jersey. "The Principles of the Tonic Sol-Fa Method."

Paper by H. Estelle Woodruff, New York. "Sight-Singing without Syllables."

Paper by B. C. Welgamoood, Ohio. "The Musical Structure of Unaccompanied One-Part Children's Songs."

Paper by N. Coe Stewart, Cleveland. "Should There Be a Definite Course in Music in the High School? If so, of What Should It Consist?"

1:30 o'clock. (Music-Hall.) Organ-Recital by Charles Galloway, St. Louis.

- Second Sonata.....*Buch*
 Andante Religioso.....*Parker*
 Christmas Pastoral.....*Whiting*
 Finale from Sonata in E flat.....*Buch*

2:30 o'clock. (Odeon.) Concert of Compositions for Piano, Organ and Strings.

Piano:

- Concert Etude, op. 5.....*Whiting*
 Minuet in A flat.....*E. H. Sherwood*
 Folke Dana, op. 13, No. 6.....*Maas*
 Serenata Napolitana.....*Seeboeck*
 Medea.....*W. H. Sherwood*
 William H. Sherwood, Chicago.

Trio No. 2 in F minor, for Piano, Violin and 'Cello, op. 79.....*von Sternberg*
 Constantine von Sternberg, Philadelphia, piano; Adolph Hahn, Cincinnati, violin; Michael Brand, Cincinnati, 'cello.

Songs:

- Herbstgefühl.....*Nevin*
 Two Folk-songs.....*Chadwick*
 Serenade.....*Kroeger*
 Miss Adelaide Kalkman, St. Louis.

Piano:

- Minuet in B flat.....*Brandeis*
 Secret d'amour (Dialogues), op. 2.....*Klein*
 Gavotte in Canon Form (MSS.).....*Penfield*
 Autumn.....*W. H. Sherwood*
 Polonaise in A minor, op. 1.....*Dayas*
 William H. Sherwood.

Quintet for Piano and Strings in A minor, op. 38.....*Foote*
 Arthur Foote, Boston, piano; and the Philharmonic String Quartet of Cincinnati.

7:45 o'clock. (Music-Hall.) Concert by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Frank Van der Stucken, conductor, assisted by the Polyhymnia Society, Cincinnati.

- Orchestra: Prelude to Sophocles's "Œdipus Tyrannus," op. 35.....*Paine*
 Baritone and Chorus: Prologue from "The Golden Legend".....*Buch*
 W. Y. Griffith and the Polyhymnia Society.
 Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra in E minor, op. 30.....*Herbert*
 Lino Mattioli, Cincinnati.
 Elegy, for Quartet, Chorus and Orchestra.....*Gorno*

Orchestra:

- Air from Suite, op. 35.....*Foote*
 Symphonic Scherzo.....*Bech*
 Orchestra and Chorus: Festival March and Hymn to Liberty, op. 29.....*Kann*

The officers for 1899-1900 are:
 President—A. J. Gantvoort, Cincinnati.
 Vice-President—A. L. Manchester, New Jersey.
 Secretary—Philip Werthner, Cincinnati.
 Treasurer—Frederic A. Fewler, New Haven.

Executive Committee—M. L. Bartlett, Chairman; C. M. Keeler and Milo G. Ward; all of Des Moines.

Program Committee—Frank Van der Stucken, Cincinnati, Chairman; Thomas Tapper, Boston; and Rossiter G. Cole, Iowa.

The next meeting will be held at Des Moines, Iowa.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ELOCUTIONISTS.

OFFICERS FOR 1899-1900.

President—H. M. Soper.
First Vice-President—Cora M. Wheeler.
Second Vice-President—Edward P. Perry.
Secretary—Mrs. Ida M. Riley.
Treasurer—Mrs. Elizabeth Mansfield Irving.

DIRECTORS.

Term Expires 1900.

Wm. T. Ross
 Hannibal A. Williams
 Mrs. Mary E. Ludlum
 Thomas C. Trueblood
 Austin H. Merrill
 Miss M. H. Zachos
 Geo. R. Phillips.

Term Expires 1901.

S. H. Clark
 Robert I. Fulton
 Miss Emma A. Greeley
 George B. Hynson
 F. F. Mackay
 F. Townsend Southwick
 Chas. F. Underhill.

Term Expires 1900.

Miss Laura E. Aldrich
 Miss Marie L. Bruot
 W. B. Chamberlain
 Walter V. Holt
 Leland T. Powers
 Minee Alma Cady
 Franklin H. Sargent.

THE . . .

Cincinnati School of Expression
 PIKE OPERA HOUSE

MISS MANNHEIMER, - Principal

CULTIVATION OF THE SPEECH-ARTS

DRAMATIC DEPARTMENT The C. S. E. Dramatic Club filled fourteen engagements in 1898-99.

Pupils on stage, reading platform, and holding positions in schools and colleges.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

BACON: I can't understand why your wife calls that Wagnerian stuff heavenly music.

EGBERT: Because it sounds like thunder, I suppose.

VARIOUS VOICES.

—**BILL:** Why do you call your friend a popular song-writer?
Jill: Because he never sings his own songs.

—**PROPS:** Got to cut out that scene where you light a cigar with a \$1,000 bill.
The Star: What's the matter?
"The cigar dealer says he won't credit you for another cigar till you settle."

—**BLANK'S** wife is one of the women who occasionally take the platform to advocate some reform movement. Blank was accosted by a fellow-citizen the other night, who said:
"I heard your wife lecture. Her power of diction is wonderful."
"Yes, fair. But it's nothing compared to her power of contradiction."

—**BOSTON** quick-wittedness is well illustrated by the following incident that occurred at Chautauqua: The professor of English literature asked his class: "What is the meaning of the Shakespearian phrase, 'Go to!'" A bright Boston girl immediately answered: "Oh, that is only the sixteenth century's expression of the modern 'Come off.'" The two phrases, while apparently opposite, do in reality mean the same thing.

—**LAWSON:** What are you doing now for a living, Dawson?
Dawson: I am at the opera.
Lawson: Indeed? I never knew you had a voice.
Dawson: I haven't. I play the left foreleg of the elephant in "L'Africaine."

—A NEW YORK publisher of music recently received a composition entitled "Mother's Teeth Are Plugged with Zinc." It was probably inspired by that other family idyll, "Don't Drive Nails in Father's Face."

—**MRS. NINTHFLOOR:** How do you like the singing in the flat below?
Mr. Ninthfloor: I'd like it better if there were less flat in the singing.

—**YOUNG LADY** [*in the music store*]: Give me the Cadenza from "Faust."
Clerk [*after long search*]: Very sorry, miss. We are just out of that. Order it for you?
Young Lady: No, thanks, just let me have the Crescendo from "Pagliacci."
Clerk [*after second long search*]: We haven't that either. But I can easily order it.
Young Lady: No, thanks. Have you the words to Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte?"
Clerk [*after last long search, in despair*]: We haven't those either, miss. Won't you let me order all three for you?

—**ACTOR** [*at rehearsal*]: Hello, professor. What has become of the fat bass-drum player you had?
Leader: Oh, he went up to der Klondyke.
Actor: The Klondyke! Where did he get the money to pay his fare?
Leader: Oh, he don't haf to pay no fare. He chust takes his drum und beats his vay.

—AN enthusiastic professor was advocating the advantages of athletic exercise.
"The Roman youths," he cried, "used to swim across the Tiber three times before breakfast."
 A Scotch student smiled, at which the irate professor exclaimed:
"Mr. McAllister, why do you smile? We shall be glad to share your amusement."
The canny Scot replied: "I was just thinking, sir, that the Roman youths must have left their clothes on the wrong bank at the end of their swim."

—**WALLACE:** I see that the aeronauts have discovered that a woman's voice ascends to twice the height attained by man's.
Ferry: I wonder if that is the reason so many men let their wives do all the praying?

—**"ISN'T** it awfully difficult," asked the gushing maiden, "to find new ideas for your plays?"
"I don't know," replied the successful playwright, "I have never tried to."
"How did you like the concert?"
"First rate! Especially a solo that two ladies sang."
"A solo! How can two ladies sing a solo?"
"Oh, one of them hadn't any voice!"



READERS AND SINGERS

Mme. d'Arona, the New York singing-teacher, has located at Paris.

The Kansas State Agricultural College held its commencement June 8.

Miss Emma Elise West is spending her vacation in the White Mountains.

The Illinois State Music Teachers' Association met at Quincy, June 27-30.

Mr. Livingston Russell has assumed the managing-editorship of the *Ridgefield Press*.

Mr. T. J. McAvoy graduated two pupils from his Indianapolis School of Elocution in June.

Mr. S. H. Clark has arranged "Cyrano de Bergerac" as a monologue, which he will present next season.

The closing concert of the Newark College of Music, Mr. Louis Arthur Russell, director, was held June 30.

The Association for the Promotion of Teaching Speech to the Deaf held its annual meeting at Northampton in June.

Mme. L. Torrigi-Heiroth will conduct a course of lectures on singing at the Academy of Music, Geneva, beginning Sept. 1.

Under the direction of Miss Alice Washburn, the senior class of the Oshkosh Normal School presented Sheridan's "The Rivals."

Mrs. Eugenia Williamson-Hume was the reciter at the annual convention of the Regular Missouri State Equal Suffrage Association, June 30.

Mme. Anna Lankow gave a concert recently in the rooms of the Women's Philharmonic Society of New York for the benefit of the vocal department.

The Missouri State Music Teachers' Association held its fourth annual meeting at Joplin, June 14-16. Mr. E. R. Kroeger, of St. Louis, is the president.

Mrs. Julia Kendall-Holt stage-managed an elaborate production of Lytton's historical play, "Richelieu," by the pupils of the San Bernardino High School.

Mme. Lena Doria Devine was represented at the N. Y. State Music Teachers' convention in June at Albany by the work done by her pupil, Miss Blanche Duffield, the coloratura soprano.

A portrait and sketch of Mrs. W. C. Chilton appeared in the New Orleans *Picayune* for June 18. At an entertainment given June 17, her pupils presented Grace Livingston Furniss's farce "A Box of Monkeys."

Miss Dora Valesca Becker, the violinist, was married, June 28, to Mr. Charles Grant Schaffer, principal of public schools at Lake Charles, La. With her marriage Mrs. Schaffer gives up her professional work.

Mrs. Emma Manning Huntley directed the exhibition of the Lowell High School girls, June 1. The program consisted of military evolutions, exercises in Swedish movements, swimming movements, and a dumb bell drill.

The annual elocutionary recital of the Missouri Valley College was held May 27, at which "Titania and Her Fairies,"—an arrangement from Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—and "As You Like It" were presented.

Elise Polko died at Munich, May 15, aged seventy-seven. She studied under Garcia in Paris and sang in opera at Frankfort, but after her marriage she appeared only occasionally in concert. She wrote many books about music and contributed largely to musical journals.

Loretto Academy of New Mexico held its forty-sixth annual commencement, June 28, at which were given the "Amazon Drill," by twelve young women in red gowns, glittering spears and breast-plates; and pantomimes of "The Story of a Faithful Soul" and "The Conquered Banner."

Among the recitations that are favorites with Mrs. Belle McLeod Lewis and her pupils are the Flower Scene from "Ingomar;" Act V., Scene 1, from "Macbeth;" "Secrets of the Heart;" "Edith Dombey;" "Come Here;" "Hagar;" "A Set of Turquoise;" "Fatima;" and "Brier Rose."

Miss Katharine Oliver made her arrangement of "The Little Minister," Acts I. and II., which she read at the annual convention of the National Association of Elocutionists at Chautauqua in June, in 1892 and recited it for J. M. Barrie at his home in London in 1896, just before he dramatized the story for the stage.

The school of expression of Beaumont College held its annual recital June 6, under the direction of Miss Mattie Dunlap Bell. The recitatorial features were "Seem' Things," "The Whistling Regiment," "Naughty Zella," "Laureame," and "Tomorrow at Ten." Miss Bell returns to Beaumont College next year.

Charles Graham, the author of "The Picture That Is Turned Toward the Wall," "Two Little Girls in Blue," and many similar songs, died at Bellevue Hospital, New York, July 8. He was born at Boston, Eng., in 1863 and came to this country in 1879. For nearly a year he had been in straitened circumstances.

Since last October Mrs. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh has been directing the Alumnae Shakespeare Class of the New York Normal College in a course of study in Shakespeare and in Euripides. The plays considered were "Antony and Cleopatra," "The Bacchanals," "As You Like It," "Medea," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "Electra."

The Portland *Oregonian*, in speaking of the work of Mrs. Louise Humphrey-Smith, says: "Those who have heard Mrs. Humphrey-Smith in Browning's great emotional fragment, 'In a Balcony,' can never forget the crescendo of dramatic power in the personation of the queen and the masterful interpretation of passions succeeding each other in the three characters."

The first annual commencement of the Capitol School of Oratory, Mr. Frank S. Fox, principal, was held June 16. "The Unknown Speaker" and "Hagar" were the features recitationally. Mr. Fox opened his regular summer school in conjunction with the Lakeside Chautauqua Assembly, July 5, after a short summer session at the Kentucky Chautauqua Assembly.

The department of physical training of the Hudson River Institute held its annual demonstration, June 12, under the direction of Mrs. Helen A. Bristol. Some of the features were a Columbian march, German and aesthetic gymnastic exercises, an English ball drill, wood exercises, a pink rose drill, exercises with wooden rings, an Indian club solo, and fencing with wooden wands.

At the graduating exercises of the University of the Pacific, Mrs. Estabrook Yard, director, the following recitations were recited: "The Red Fan," "The Hippodrome Race," "Nydia, the Blind Girl," "Zingarella," the Letter Scene from "Macbeth," "Bill's in Trouble," and "A Set of Turquoise." Mrs. Yard has been principal of the elocution department at the university for three years.

Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins has been active in the recently formed Women's Philharmonic So-

ciety of New York, occupying the position of chairman of the department of composition and musical literature as well as holding a membership in the organizing committee, the executive council, etc. Ditson has in press two of Miss Cellins's two-part songs for women's voices,— "The Swabian Maid" and "Swiss Song."

Bellhaven College held its annual commencement exercises, June 15. The program comprised the monologue "An Appeal," the reading "Mother and Son," a debate on the question "Resolved, that literature exerts a greater influence for good than music," the operetta "Cinderella," and two scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The two last named were arranged and staged by Miss Pauline S. Townsend, the elocution teacher at the college.

The following from Miss Charlotte E. Merwin is encouraging: "I am just in receipt of the July magazine and from a hasty glance at its pages am delighted with its contents. 'The Illustrated Lecture' and the two encores, 'Essay on Man' and 'His New Brother,' are so true to life and so irresistibly funny that they would redeem any program otherwise faulty. I recently recited that bright little encore published in the March No., 'She Was Mad with a Cause,' and its rendition was received with enthusiasm. The magazine grows better every number."

The pupils of Mrs. Harriet Colburn Sanderson gave their closing recital in June. The program consisted of selections from Kiley and from Field; the pantomime, "Comin' thro' the Rye," by three young ladies; "A Romance of the Ganges," read by Mrs. Sanderson and illustrated by seven young ladies; "A Set of Turquoise," presented as a play; and ten "Expression Groups," by nine young ladies. Some of the groups were "The Toilet of the Bride," "The Niobe Group," "The Sacrifice," "Diana's Hunting Party," "Sorrow," "Grief," "Remorse," "The Revel of the Muses," and "Death of Virginia." At their commencement, the sophomore class of Ripon College presented the Greek play "Iphigenia at Tauria." They were drilled by Prof. and Mrs. Sanderson.

The degree of Doctor of Laws, which has always been most sparingly bestowed by Tufts College, was conferred upon Mr. Austin B. Fletcher, on June 27. It was the first time that President Capon had ever bestowed so high a degree upon one of his own pupils, and he has been president of Tufts for a quarter of a century. Mr. Fletcher is the compiler of "Advanced Readings and Recitations" and is also a distinguished member of the New York bar. While a student at Tufts, he won every prize for oratory for which he contended. Not long ago he declined the presidency of one of the first educational institutions in America. He was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1880 and removed to New York City in 1882. Previously to his practice of law Mr. Fletcher taught elocution.

The annual commencement and oratorical contest for the Peacock medal of the Soper School of Oratory were held June 10. This year's class numbered twenty-eight, and six of the graduates contended for the medal. It was won by Mrs. Alice Morris Gaver, who recited Julia T. Bishop's "Robert," which appeared in "Werner's Readings and Recitations, No. 10." Among the other prize recitations offered were "Forty to Twenty," "Demetrius," "A Sisterly Scheme," and "Where's Annette?" A number of Shakespearean tableaux, arranged by Miss Eleanor H. Denig, were given by members of the post-graduate class. They included scenes from "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado About Nothing," "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Hamlet."

At the State Agricultural College of Utah reading is required of all first year subfreshmen in daily recitation. The best dictionaries are in use, and students have constant practical drills in orthography, phonetic spelling, marking and defining words, and articulation. The principal aim in the work, however, is to develop easy, natural readers, who will be able to express the thought of the author in a clear and impressive manner. The work of last year consisted of a study of "Julius Cæsar," "The Merchant of Venice," and miscellaneous readings. The work in elocution taken by the second year subfreshmen is a continuation of that done in the first subfreshman year, also practical work in recitation and impersonation. Each

student is expected to present a recitation to the class once each month or as often as the number in the class or division will allow.

Mrs. S. Etta Young's pupils gave their fourth annual entertainment, June 30, at which the following recitations were recited: "A Sisterly Scheme," "That Waitz of Von Weber's," "Our Country," "The Spinning Wheel Song," "The Legend of Van Bibber's Wheel," "Jerry an' Me," "Only an Irish Washerwoman," "Our Thursdays," "The Elixir of Youth," "David Copperfield's Visit to Yarmouth," "Our Flag," "Intry-Mintry," "Why He Didn't Succeed," "Granny," "Old Glory," "The Minuet," "The Other One Was Booth," and "Columbus," the drill "Japanese Fantastica," the farce "Uncle Sam's New Scholars," and ten of the Clara Power Egerly statue-poses were also presented. Mrs. Young writes: "Uncle Sam's New Scholars," from WERNER'S MAGAZINE for June, was a great success. It was just the thing to close with. We costumed in native dress, however, and used the characters in a patriotic tableau with red lights."

The commencement exercises of the Columbia Institute took place in the Bloomingdale Reformed Church, New York, May 31. The numbers were Latin salutatory, "How Savior Won," "Bouquet of Classical Gems" by the preparatory school, "Norval," "I Got to Go to School," "When the World Bu'st Through," "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," "Brutus and Cassius Up-to-Date," "The Dandy Fifth," "Hymn to the Night," "Convention of Realistic Readers," "Reggie on the Horse-car," "The Soul of the Violin," an original oration "Peak and Plateau," and an original oration "American Aristocracy." A \$50 gold medal for the best recitation was presented to Mr. John B. Naething for his interpretation of "The Soul of the Violin." Mr. Cadet Hopper received a silver medal for his "Brutus and Cassius Up-to-Date." Miss Agnes Crawford, who is now spending her vacation at her home in Canada, is the instructor in elocution at the institute.

June 20, 21 and 22 were the days selected by Nazareth Academy of Michigan for its commencement exercises. On the first day a musical concert was given with this program:

"Valse Impromptu"	Bachmann
"A Hushaby Song"	Root
"Jeanne d'Arc"	Bordese
"Gondoliera"	Meyer-Helmsand
"Spanish Dance"	Mertz
"Distant Bells"	MacKenzie
"Hark, Hark, the Lark"	Liszt-Schubert
"Come, May, with all thy flowers"	Marston
"The Shepherdess"	Hood
"Serenade"	Tomaso
"The Broken Pitcher"	Pontet
"The Woodbird and Minnsinger"	Harmston
"The Echoes Ring"	Giabel
"Concert Waltz"	Rubinstein
"Les Myrtes"	Lack
"Awake! the night is beaming"	
"A Summer Song"	Pinsuti
"Sacred Chorus"	Perosi

On June 21 the drama "Jeanne d'Arc" was presented. On the last day a miscellaneous program was given, the principal numbers of which were:

Chorus: "The Sea Nymph"	Rubinstein
Trio from "Der Freischütz"	Weber
Dramatic scene: "Ruth"	Gounod
Piano Duet: "Valse Tyrolenne"	Raff
Drill: "The Carmen"	Stebbins
Vocal Duet: "Evening"	Gambussi
Pantomime: "The Passions"	
Chorus: "The Light Castanet"	Parher
Piano Duet: Polonaise in A major	Chopin-Burchard

23d year. Opens in Sept.

Elocution, Delsarte, Dramatic Art, Physical Culture, Psychological Interpretation. Modern methods of instruction. — ELEANOR H. DENIG, Director of Delsarte and Physical Culture.

HENRY M. SOPER, Pres.
10th Floor, Steiway Hall,
CHICAGO.

Werner's Readings and Recitations

NO. 6.

WHAT IS IN IT:

This volume is especially replete with Sketches suitable for convents and for religious occasions. A long list of Beautiful Legends, varied in theme and in sentiment, are especially interesting.

The following synopsis endeavors to show at a glimpse a comprehensive tabulation of the entire contents of No. 6, arranged under headings to meet almost any especial need or occasion one may have in mind. Note the headings and see if you find what you want.

I.—Selections Suitable for Christmas.

- "The Christ-Child."—Pathetic.
- "Santa Claus."—Humorous.
- "Life's Day."—Exercise for 12 girls.
- "The Orphan's Dream of Christmas."—Pathetic.
- "The Monks' Magnificat."—Pathetic music introduced.
- "Legend of the Missions."
- "St. Anthony."
- "The Christmas Sheaf."
- "Christmas Flowers."

Legends.

II.—Selection Suitable for Thanksgiving.

- "Thanksgiving Eve."

III.—Selections for Rosary Sunday.

- "The Battle of Lepanto."
- "The Annunciation."

IV.—Legends of Various Saints.

- "The Vision of St. Dominic."
- "St. Patrick and the Impostor."
- "St. Ursula."
- "St. Anthony."

V.—Selections Suitable for Children.

- "Three Little Kittens."
- "A Childish Fancy."—Told in character of a little old man
- "The Bee's Sermon."—Told by child dressed as a bee.
- "No."—For church or Sunday-school.
- "When Old Jack Died."—Child impersonation.
- "Santa Claus."—Bad boy impersonation.
- "What Echo Said."—Introduces echo effects.
- "Down in the Strawberry Bed."—Can be given by child dressed as an anxious little mother.
- "Long Ago."—Child impersonation.

VI.—Selections of Interest to Children and Suitable for Programs Given to Entertain Them.

- "How They Caught the Panther."—Dramatic.
- "A Tree-tise on Nature."—Botanical.
- "The Christ-Child."—Legendary.
- "The Two Chimneys."—Allegorical.
- "What Is To-morrow?"—Quizzical.
- "What Lottie Saw?"—Child story.
- "Thanksgiving Eve."—Street types.

VII.—Exercises Costumed.

- "Life's Day."—For 12 girls.
- "The Three Missions."—For 3 girls.

VIII.—Drills.

- "Japanese Parasol and Fan Drill."
- "Harvest Drill."
- "Tennis Drill."

IX.—Selections Suitable for Schools.

(a) BOTANICAL.

- "A Tree-tise on Nature."
- "Dandelions."
- "The Legend of the Lilly."
- "Legend of the Heather."
- "Christmas Flowers."

(b) OF ANIMALS AND SCIENCE.

- "The Bee's Sermon."
- "The Nightingale."
- "Why the Robin's Breast Is Red."
- "When Old Jack Died."
- "St. Anthony."—His love for dumb animals.
- "The Elixir of Life."—Legend that outdoes chemistry.
- "When Washington was President."—Compares inventions of that day and this.

(c) ARTISTS' LEGENDS.

- "Unseen Yet Seen."
- "The Ivory Crucifix."
- "The Work That Is Best."

(d) MUSICIANS' LEGENDS.

- "The Vision of Handel."

X.—Selections Introducing Music.

- "The Tintamarre."—A French refrain.
- "Mother's Hymns."—Gospel hymns.
- "The Sicilian Captive."
- "Life's Day."—Exercise for 12 girls.
- "The Monks' Magnificat."
- "Three Missions."—Exercise for 3 girls.
- "The Vision of Handel."

XI.—Selections Introducing Novel Vocal Effects.

- "The Tintamarre."—French chant or recurring refrain.
- "The Vesper Bell."—Bell accompaniment or imitations.
- "What Echo Said."—Echo effects.
- "Down in the Strawberry Bed."—Can introduce bird-notes.
- "The Nightingale."—Also bird-notes.
- "The Song of the Wind."—Can introduce sound of whizzing, blowing and signing of wind.

XII.—Pathetic Sketches.

- "The Christ-Child."
- "The Orphan's Dream of Christmas."
- "The Little Tin Cup."
- "A Casualty."
- "The Little White Hearse."
- "A Day Too Late."

XIII.—Vivid Descriptive Sketches.

- "The Tale of the Fire."
- "The Song of the Locomotive."

XIV.—Geographical and Historical.

- "The Christ-Child."
- "A Day Too Late."
- "Will My Soul Pass Through Ireland?"—Ireland.
- "The Writing on the Image."—Rome.
- "The Virgin with the Bells."—Florence.
- "A Legend of the Missions."—San Antonio.
- "Arnold at Stillwater."—American.
- "William Tell to His Son."—Swiss.
- "The Christmas Sheaf."—Norway.
- "The Sicilian Captive."—Sicily.
- "The Battle of Lepanto."
- "St. Ursula."—Early Britain.
- "The Wreck of the Solent."—England.
- "Something Great."
- "The Challenge."
- "Lady Hildegarde." } Middle ages.
- "Cordelle."

XV.—Recitations Suitable to Be Given as Impersonations, or as Readings in Distinctive Costume.

OLD SAILOR OR FISHERMAN.

- "The Wreck of the Solent."
- "Dorothy."
- "Becalmed at Sea."

SCHOOL-TEACHER, OR GRANDPARENT.

- "How They Caught the Panther."

ENGLISH SOLDIER.—"The Drummer-Boy of Kent."

OLD G. A. R.—"Somebody's Boy."

REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER, OR OLD MAN.

- "Arnold at Stillwater."

SCHOOL BOY OR GIRL.—"When Old Jack Died."

CHILD (BOY OR GIRL).—"Long Ago."

IRISHMAN.—"Will My Soul Pass through Ireland?"—Death-bed scene.

BAD BOY.—"Santa Claus."

FARMER.—"The Little Tin Cup."

YOUNG MOTHER.—"The Turn of the Tide."

YOUNG GIRL.—"My Twentieth Birthday."

STREET CAR CONDUCTOR.—"The Little Pilgrim."

ARTIST.—"The Work That Is Best."

LOAFER IN COUNTRY STORE.

"A Lesson in Weighing."

YOUNG GIRL WITH HARP DRESSED AS SICILIAN GIRL.

"The Sicilian Captive."—The song can be acted and sung by the costumed character.

ORIENTAL GOWN.

Appropriate when rendering "The Rabbi and the Prince."

FRENCH PEASANT COSTUME.

Appropriate when giving "The Tintamarre."

NORMANDY COSTUME.

Picturesque dressing for "A Christmas Sheaf."

SWISS COSTUME.—"William Tell to His Son."

MONK'S GOWN.—"The Legend of the Missions."

XVI.—Patriotic Sketches.

(a) **REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.**

"Rodney's Ride."

"Arnold at Stillwater."

"When Washington Was President."

(b) **G. A. R.'S—CIVIL WAR.**

"The Funeral of the Mountains."

"Somebody's Boy."

XVII.—Legends.

"The Vision of St. Dominic."—Theme: Faith and peace.

"The Writing on the Image."—Theme: Wealth and learning avail nothing.

"The Rabbi and the Prince."—Theme: Pride humbled.

"Unseen Yet Seen."—Theme: Conscientiousness in little things.

"The Ivory Crucifix."—Theme: Striving after the ideal.

"Legend of the Heather."

"The Legend of the Lily."

"Why the Robin's Breast is Red."

"Friar Serretus."—Theme: Duty.

"Something Great."—Theme: Duty in little things.

"The Palmer's Vision."—Theme: Duty and toll before reward.

"The Lady Hildegard."—Theme: Charity and retribution.

"The Virgin with the Bells."—Theme: Pride humbled.

"St. Patrick and the Imposter."—Theme: Faith and repentance.

"The King's Bell."

"The King's Joy Bells." } Theme:

"The Two Brothers." } The Search for Happiness.

"St. Anthony."—Theme: The care of the weak and helpless.

"The Elixir of Life."—Theme: Power of Prayer and the Creator's goodness.

XVIII.—Verses and Encores.

"December."—For Christmas.

"The Challenge."—Medieval.

"Encore."—Oriental gown or cook.

"Rescued."—Mock heroic.

"When Washington was President."—Up-to-date make-up.

"A Childish Fancy."

"No."

"Charity."

"The Way."—Religious.

"The Vesper Bell."

"My Twentieth Birthday."—Impersonation.

"Consternation."—Caricature on housekeepers.

DRILLS

PARASOL DRILL. Mrs. E. Lottner. Cuts, diagrams, and full directions. 15c.

CHILDREN'S FLAG DRILL. Loula K. Rogers. For patriotic occasions. Music given. 20c.

MEXIC DRILL, THE. Mattie Hardwicke. Mexican costume drill for 19 girls. Directions for 43 pantomimes, while one person reads Whittier's "Angels of Buena Vista." 20c.

PROMENADE OF THE BROADWAY BELLS. Minee A. Cady. A drill for 19 or more girls bringing in various kinds of walking as may be seen on a city thoroughfare. Has parasol manoeuvres and gives opportunity for a clever song. 20c.

CHILDREN'S FAN BRIGADE. Ella S. Cummins. Drill for 8 or more girls. 24 figures minutely described. Full directions for costuming and presentation. In a book of 300 pages of good pieces. 35c.

INTERNATIONAL FLAG DRILL. Lily Hoffner Wood. For 23 girls dressed in national costumes and carrying national flags. Music of national airs given, with illustrations of the groups. Everything minutely explained. 20c.

GOSSIP PANTOMIME. L. May Haughwout. A drill for small girls of any even number. 24 different attitudes for the tots dressed as old ladies with spectacle frames. Full directions. 15c.

(1) **DOLL DRILL.** Adelaide Norris. For any number of girls. Full directions with lullabies by Brahms and from "Ermine," which may be given by an invisible chorus. (2) **SWORD DRILL.** Anna B. Webb. For 16 girls who drill to the poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Full directions with illustrations. Both drills are in "Delsarte Recitation Book" (400 pages of the best recitations). \$1.25.

(1) **HARVEST DRILL.** Sara S. Rice. Any even number of girls may take part. (2) **JAPANESE PARASOL AND FAN DRILL.** Mary L. Gaddess. For 19 girls. Music may be used from the "Mikado." (3) **TENNIS DRILL.** Mary Drew Wilson. Drill for 12 girls or for 6 girls and 6 boys. 20 different movements. All three drills are in a book of many other good pieces. 25c.

CHRISTMAS BELL DRILL. Lily Hoffner Wood. For 19 girls. Diagrams and full directions. 15c.

SCARF DRILL. A. Alexander. For any number of girls. Full directions and music, with illustrations. 25c.

GUN DRILL. A. Alexander. For any number of boys. Can also be given by girls. Full directions and music, with illustrations. 20c.

MAYPOLE EXERCISES. A. Alexander. For outdoor or indoor use for any number of boys and girls. Music given, with illustrations. 25c.

DRILL OF THE STARS AND STRIPES. Lily Hoffner Wood. For 13 girls. Diagrams and full directions. 15c.

CYMBAL DRILL. E. Josephine Harwood. For 12, 16 or 20 girls. Diagrams and full directions. 15c.

JAPANESE FANTASTICS. L. May Haughwout. Any even number of girls may take part. 10 half-tone illustrations. 25c.

SCARF FANTASTICS. Elizabeth A. Middleton. Aesthetic drill for 9 young ladies. Time, 20 minutes. Finely printed; 12 full-page illustrations. 25c.

REVEL OF THE NAIADS. Elizabeth A. Middleton. Aesthetic drill for 9 young ladies. Most beautifully illustrated with 23 full-page cuts. 25c.

AMAZON DRILL. Jamie T. Laird and Stanley Schell. For 12 girls. Very copiously illustrated with diagrams of Tableaux and Marching Figures. 25c.

(1) **DELSARTIAN PHYSICAL DRILL.** Lizzie White. For 5 girls 6 to 8 years old. Time, 6 to 10 minutes. Minute directions. (2) **SANTA CLAUS'S RECEPTION.** Jean Halifax. For 19 boys and 15 girls. Brings in various nationalities, including gipsies. (3) **RAINBOW DRILL.** C. H. Sherman. For one large girl (to recite the poem) and 7 little girls. (4) **NURSERY RHYMES DRILL.** Mary L. Gaddess. Any number of boys and girls to represent Mother Goose, Little Boy Blue, and other nursery favorites. (5) **DAUGHTERS OF THE REGIMENT DRILL.** Mrs. A. G. Lewis. For 16 girls. Military movements. (6) **DAISY DRILL.** Jean Halifax. For 16 girls with daisies fastened to their dresses. All six drills are in a book containing much other recitatorial matter. 35c.

GOOD NIGHT DRILL. For 8 little girls clad in white night-gowns and caps. 25c.

HATCHET DRILL. Clara L. Mabry. For 16 boys. 25c.

MARTHA WASHINGTON TEA-PARTY. Maud de Con. For 10 girls. Diagrams and full directions. 25c.

(1) **SILVER WAND DRILL.** (2) **RINGS.** (3) **BARBELLS.** (4) **RATAPLAN CHORUS.** (5) **HOOP DRILL.** (6) **BELLS AND WANDS.** (7) **POLES.** (8) **SALUTES.** (9) **FANCY STEPS.** (10) **FANCY MARCHES.** H. S. Anderson. 63 half-tone illustrations and 18 diagrams of marches. All 10 drills in bound book ("Artistic Work"). 75c.

GENEVIEVE STEBBINS'S DRILLS: (1) Eastern Temple Drill; (2) Energizing Dramatic Drill; (3) Minuet Fan Drill; (4) An Aesthetic Drill. These four drills, 30c. Or the first three just named together with (1) The English Drill (the May); (2) The Spanish Drill (the Carmen); (3) The Roman Drill (the Amazon); (4) The Athenian Drill (the Victory); (5) The Greek Drill (the Nymphs), in a bound book for \$1.

FEAST OF ROSES DRILL. Mattie Hardwicke-Jones. For 12 girls. 25c.

Unique and Artistic Publications

SUITABLE FOR ENTERTAINMENTS
OR FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.....

All contain beautiful Half-tone
Illustrations taken from living models.

Tableaux Mouvants and Poses Plastiques, No. 1.

BY CLARA POWER EDERLY.

Contains text giving full directions, and the following illustrations: "The Toilet of the Bride," "The Dance of the Muses," "The Niobe Group," "The Death of Virginia." Price, 25 cents.

Tableaux Mouvants and Poses Plastiques, No. 2.

BY MARGARET VIRGINIA JENKINS.

Contains text giving full directions, and the following illustrations: "A Charm from the Skies," "The Birds Singing Gaily," "Heavenly Home," "In Sight of Home," "A Study in Attitude." Price, 25 cents.

Tableaux Mouvants and Poses Plastiques, No. 3.

BY FLORENCE FOWLE ADAMS.

Contains text giving full directions, and the following illustrations: "The Muses," "Dressing the Bride," "Fanny Davenport as Cleopatra," "Faith, Hope, and Charity." Price, 25 cents.

Sappho.

BY JESSIE NORTON.

A historical play for 7 girls, treating of Sappho, the poetess, who gathered round her brilliant women. Affords opportunity for pantomimic work expressing various emotions. Six fine illustrations. Price, 25 cents.

A Romance of the Ganges.

POEM BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Arranged for an entertainment by
Ella H. Denig.

Fourteen illustrations of seven young ladies. Price, 25 cents.

Pantomime of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

BY MYRA POLLARD.

Seventeen Poses Photographed and Grouped in an original and artistic Design. Words and Music given. Printed in colored ink on heavy enameled paper 17x25 inches, suitable for framing. An ornament for any Home, Studio, Sunday-school Room, Hall, etc. Carefully wrapped in a paste-board tube. Price, 50 cents.

Scarf Fantastics.

BY ELIZABETH A. MIDDLETON.

A twenty minutes' æsthetic drill for nine young ladies. Twelve full-page illustrations. Price, 25 cents.

Pantomimes, or Wordless Poems.

BY MARY TUCKER MAGILL.

36 Full-page, Half-tone Illustrations of Expectation, Listening, Looking, He Comes, Affection, The Vow, Anger, Sorrow, Joy, Fear, Religious Devotion, Parting, Seven Times One, "Where are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" Rory O'More.

Minutely described Pantomimes of Seven Times One, Queen Katharine's Vision, Ginevra, "Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" Seven Times Three, Goldenhair and the Bears, Scene from "The Winter's Tale," Rory O'More.

Pantomimic Exercises with Music of Expectation, Affection, Anger or Hatred, Sorrow, Joy, Fear, Religious Devotion, the Farewell. Price, \$1.25.

The Lotos-Eaters.

POEM BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Arranged for an entertainment by
Myra Pollard.

Fifteen illustrations of three young ladies; original cover and border designs and landscapes. Printed in three colors. Price, 50 cents.

* * Any of the above sent post-paid on receipt of price * *

EDGAR S. WERNER, Publisher, 43 East 19th St., New York.



In her hand this dainty nurse
The symbolism bears,
Of Purity and Excellence
And Cleanliness - 'tis PEARS'

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1899.

Chautauqua Convention of Elocutionists. A Critique on the Eighth Annual Meeting. <i>By the Editor</i>	497
Chautauqua Convention Notes	511
The Visualizing of Stuttering. <i>By Edgar S. Werner</i>	514
The Influence of Fashion on the Art of Music. <i>By Sir John Stainer</i>	518
Life and the Stage. <i>By Marguerite Merington</i>	525
The Educational Value of Training in Public Speaking. <i>By Prof. Thomas C. Trueblood</i>	528

RECITATION AND DECLAMATION:

I. Deaths of St. Peter and St. Paul, <i>by Henryk Sienkiewicz</i> ; II. Sambo's Prayer, <i>by S. W. Foss</i> ; III. Dewey's Coming Home, <i>by Jane Hecker</i> ; IV. A Sonata, <i>by Agnes Warner McClelland</i> ; V. In Apple-Time, <i>by Ernest Neal Lyon</i> ; VI. The Boy's Revenge, <i>by Eden E. Rexford</i> ; VII. The Ragpicker, <i>by Henry Frank</i> ; VIII. The Mystified Quaker; IX. After Vacation, <i>by Kate L. Brown</i> ; X. John Brown, <i>by Charles Simons</i> ; XI. The Mourning Veil, <i>by J. L. Harbour</i> ; XII. The Rainstorm, <i>by Katharine Eggleston Junkermann</i> ; XIII. The Land of Pretty Soon, <i>by Ella Wheeler Wilcox</i> ; Encores: (1) Suppose <i>by William S. Lord</i> , (2) The Echo, (3) By the Fire, (4) The Sharpshooter <i>by Minna Irving</i> , (5) Her Gentle Hint; Criticisms of the April, May and June Recitations, <i>by Mollie Tracy Weston, Evelyn Currier, and Jennie Mannheimer</i>	537-553
--	---------

A Suggestive Kipling Program. <i>By Clara F. Randall</i>	553
--	-----

ENTERTAINMENTS:

I. A Picnic in the Woods, <i>by Stanley Schell</i> ; II. A Spanish Romance, <i>by Margaret Wood</i> ; III. The Kitchen; IV. Larry Kisses the Right Way, <i>by Jennie E. T. Dowe</i>	554-557
---	---------

Three Evenings with Oliver Wendell Holmes. <i>By Stanley Schell</i>	558-572
---	---------

CURRENT THOUGHT:

The Care of Children's Voices, <i>by Lucy K. Cole</i> ; Physical-Growth Periods and Appropriate Exercises, <i>by William O. Krohn</i> ; The Unmusical Czar; Women as Dramatists, <i>by Alice Ives</i> ; The Modern Orchestra: Its Use and Abuse, <i>by William J. Holding</i> ; The Sounds of the Vowels; Advice to a Stutterer; The Original "Last Hope," <i>by William L. Hawes</i> ; Expression Distinguished from Grimace, <i>by Rev. William R. Alger</i> ; The Radiophone; Bernhardt's Hamlet; Reading Aloud in the Public Schools, <i>by S. H. Clark</i> ; How to Enjoy Music, <i>by H. S. Saroni</i> ; Education vs. Athletics	573-582
--	---------

The Music Teachers' National Association	583
Officers of the National Association of Elocutionists	585
Various Voices	585
READERS AND SINGERS	586

ILLUSTRATIONS:

Empress Josephine. <i>By M. Prud'hon</i> . Original in the Louvre	Front Cover
Portraits of Alexander Melville Bell, Henry M. Soper, Thomas C. Trueblood, William T. Ross, John R. Scott, Francis T. Russell, Cora M. Wheeler, Edward P. Perry, Mrs. Ida M. Riley, Mrs. Elizabeth Mansfield Irving, S. H. Clark, F. F. Mackay, Charles Simons, Alexander Meville Bell and the Editor of WERNER'S MAGAZINE, Mrs. Alice White De Vol, Mrs. Emily M. Bishop, Prof. E. M. Booth, Gertrude McMillan, Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker	496-510
The N. A. E. Convention in Session at Higgins Hall	498
The Board of Directors Present at Chautauqua	502
Going on the Boat-Ride Excursion	504
The Women Readers at the Convention	505
Convention Members from Various Sections	506
An Expressive N. A. E. Back	507
Hotel Athenæum; The Gavel Presented to the N. A. E. by the New York Teachers of Oratory	509

M. Helena Zachos,

INTELLECTUAL & EMOTIONAL
TRAINING IN EXPRESSION. . .

Special care taken to develop original talent under the laws of Dramatic Art.
Address, Care Friends' Seminary, East 16th Street, New York City.

Please mention WERNER'S MAGAZINE when you write to Advertisers

Beacon Lights of History



**Busy Man's
Recreative
Reading**

**Fascinating
as a Novel**

**Easy to
Remember**

**True and
Impartial**

"On account of its attractiveness of style it is read as eagerly as a work of fiction, and at the same time is absolutely authentic as to historical data."—REV. F. W. GUNBAULUS, D. D., Chicago.

"I have read 'The Beacon Lights of History' with intense interest."—N. D. HILLIS, D. D., Plymouth Ch., Brooklyn.

"I would have Lord's 'Beacon Lights' if I had to do without my dinner."—Bishop JOHN P. NEWMAN.

Subjects of the volumes, specimen pages, and critical opinions furnished on application.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT
47 East Tenth Street, New York

WHY THE LARGEST?

Forty-five years of constant and healthful progress has put the

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

of Boston, Mass., at the top (both in size and standing) of musical institutions in America. Comprehensive in plan, moderate in price, thorough in practice and famous for results.

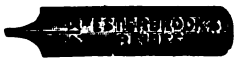
Geo. W. Chadwick,
Musical Director

Frank W. Hale,
General Manager

SEND FOR AN ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

ESTERBROOK'S RELIEF PEN

No. 314.



Ease in Writing Unsurpassed

20 other varieties
of stub pens. .

150 styles fine, medium
and blunt points. . .

ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR THEM.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.

26 John St., New York. Works, Camden, N. J.

1884.

1899.

The AMERICAN ACADEMY OF THE DRAMATIC ARTS

AND

EMPIRE THEATRE DRAMATIC SCHOOL
Franklin H. Sargent, President.

For 15 years a practical Training School for the Stage. In connection with

CHARLES FROHMAN'S NEW YORK THEATRES
and Traveling Companies.

Open all the year. Evening Classes begin October 1.
Apply to

E. P. STEPHENSON, Room 145,
Carnegie Hall, New York City.

The National Dramatic Conservatory

(Berkeley Lyceum)

23 West 44th Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Open The Year Round.

MR. F. F. MACKAY, Director,
assisted by a corps of competent teachers.

This is a practical training school, where are taught Reading, Recitation, Oratory and Acting. *Students prepared thoroughly for the stage.* Special attention to Voice-Culture. Classes in Dramatic Literature, Physical Training and Dancing. Private lessons at all times. Actors coached in special parts.

REGULAR FALL TERM

Will Commence On or About October 4th

Send for prospectus.

WERNER'S MAGAZINE.

EDGAR S. WERNER
FWLER MERRITT.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT \$2.00 A YEAR. SINGLE NUMBERS, 25 cents.
Postage to countries other than the United States and Canada, 48 cents additional.

If any subscriber does not receive his paper by the 15th of the month, he may write to us and we will send a copy of that issue free; but after that date we shall not supply back numbers unless paid for them.

Unless otherwise ordered, new subscriptions will be dated back either to September or to March—when the volumes begin,—and back numbers will be sent.

Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions. Subscribers will please remit with order. Names are not entered until the full amount is received.

Believing that the majority of our subscribers wish the paper regularly, our rule is to continue the Magazine until an order to discontinue is received and all arrearages are paid.

Manuscript should be received by the first of the month, to insure insertion in the succeeding month's number.

Articles on live and practical topics, and good, new recitations, are desired. Contributors will please put their names to their articles, and send sufficient postage for their return, if found unavailable. The Editor will be pleased to hear from those who contemplate writing special articles, or poems and stories that have vocal or elocutionary themes.

Voluntary contributions, for which compensation is desired, must be marked with the price expected.



THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF PHRENOLOGY

President, Mrs Charlotte Fowler Wells; incorporated 1866; opens its next session on September 5th of this year. For prospectus send (free on application) to the Secretary, care of

FWLER & WELLS CO., 37 East 21st St., New York

In Ten Lessons I impart perfect control of the vocal apparatus for....

...Purity in Singing

No mystery—
 simply an intelligent use of nature. Voices tried free.

MRS. D. L. DOWD'S VOCAL STUDIO

9 East 14th Street New York City

Miss
Minnie
Swayze,

**TEACHER,
 READER
 AND
 LECTURER**

Miss Swayze, formerly Teacher of Elocution in Vassar College - -

GIVES INSTRUCTION IN

**Elocution,
 Voice-Culture,
 Dramatic Recitation,
 and the Delsarte System of
 Expression,**

AND REMEDIES

Defects of Speech.

Special classes for the Instruction of Teachers and the Study of Shakespeare.

Address, HOTEL ALBERT, 43 East 11th Street, between Broadway and 5th Avenue, New York City.

MRS. HARRIET WEBB...

**Shakespearian Reader and
 Teacher of Elocution and Dramatic Art.**

Engagements made for Public and Private Readings. For circulars, terms, etc., address

MRS. HARRIET WEBB,

40 West 65th St., N. Y.

LEMUEL B. C. JOSEPHS

**Reader, Lecturer, and Teacher of
 Elocution and Acting, Aesthetics,
 and English Literature.**

210 East 10th Street, New York.

**PLAYWRIGHT
 and
 PLAY
 PRODUCER.**



**INSTRUCTOR
 in
 DRAMATIC
 ELOCUTION**

**Successful Specialty—
 ACTING MONOLOGUES**

Written to Order.

Plays and Operas Produced.

"Livingston Russell's Monologues are novel in construction, representing all types of character and introduce a story-plot with a natural and effective development. They are full of intense interest, now humorous and now dramatic—in short, they are complete and clever little plays, alike suitable for the drawing-room and the stage."—*Troy Observer.*

Address: **AMERICAN DRAMATISTS' CLUB, 1440 Broadway, New York City.**

Please mention WERNER'S MAGAZINE when you write to advertisers.

and DRAMATIC ART.

A New and Natural Method. Particular attention given to "Coaching" in all styles of Platform and Stage Expression.

Columbia School of Oratory and Physical Culture FOR MEN AND WOMEN

MARY A. BLOOD, A.M. }
IDA MOREY RILEY } Principals

TENTH YEAR OPENS SEPTEMBER 12, 1899.

"I consider the Columbia School of Oratory, under the inspiring leadership of Miss Mary A. Blood, a school of the highest sort for the production of fine character, the illustration of the sound principles of public speech, and the development of the ministry of true elocution and interpretation."

FRANK W. GUNSAULUS, D.D., President of Armour Institute, Chicago.

"It is clear to me that genuine literary training is made the basis of the course of oratory in the Columbia School."

RICHARD G. MOULTON, Ph.D., Professor of Literature in English in the University of Chicago.

Send for illustrated catalogue and list of positions occupied by C. S. O. graduates.

PSYCHOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT OF EXPRESSION

*Four Volumes
Suggestive Introductions*

A compilation of selections for the study of Expression, arranged by
Mary A. Blood, A. M., and Ida Morey Riley.

Volume Four is Made Up Entirely Of Short Oratorical Selections.

The Best Drill Book for Classes in Public Speaking Ever Published

4 Volumes, Cloth, post-paid, \$3.00 1 Volume, post-paid, 75 cts.

Address **Columbia School of Oratory**
Steinway Hall, 17 Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF ORATORY,

ROBERT McLEAN CUMNOCK, A. M., Director.

Twelve Instructors, Total Attendance Last Year, 636.

**3 DEPARTMENTS
OF WORK:**

* **ELOCUTION, ENGLISH, PHYSICAL CULTURE.** *

The only School of Oratory in America that has a building specially designed for its work, and used exclusively by its pupils.

Each pupil receives two private lessons per week during the entire course.

Scholarships yielding one hundred and fifty dollars yearly will be furnished to needy and meritorious students.

For catalogue and further information apply to

R. L. CUMNOCK,

Evanston, Ills.

**Professional Cards • Directory.**

BANKS, EMMA DUNNING, Medal Pupl of the National School of Oratory. All branches of Education. Bobolink Tones, Baby Orics. Permanent address. 14 Liberty St., Bridgeport, Conn.

BRINKERHOFF, MME. CLARA, Voice-production and art of singing. New studio: 47 West 42nd Street (bet. 5th and 6th Aves.), New York.

CRANE, MISS J. E., Teacher of Vocal Culture, Pupils Prepared for Church and Concert Singing. A Special Course for Teachers of Music in the Public Schools. Apply to Crane Normal Institute of Music, Potsdam, N. Y.

DEHL, MRS. ANNA RANDALL, Reader, Teacher, Author of Educational Books. 251 Fifth Ave., New York.

GARRIGUE, MISS ALICE, Vocal Instruction. The Strathmore, 324 St., and Broadway, New York.

IRVING, ELIZABETH MANSFIELD, Public Reader and Teacher of Elocution and Oratory. 1625 Grand Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

MILNE, MISS SAIDEE VERE, Elocutionist, Teacher of Reading, Vocal Culture, Physical Culture and Dramatic Art. Mondays and Thursdays. Studio, 305 Carnegie Hall, 56th Street and Seventh Avenue. Residence, 181 West 78d Street, New York.

PARKER, GEORGE J., Tenor Soloist; Concert and Oratorio. Rooms 5 and 6, 556 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

POTÉ, AURILIA COLCORD, Reading, Dramatic Art, Vocal and Physical Grace Culture. Pupl of Prof. Robt. R. Raymond and Steele Mackaye. Studios: 651-3 Carnegie Hall, New York.

SMITHDEAL, J. D., Music written for Recitations, Songs, Plays and Operettas. Songs published. Correspondence invited. Address 107 W. 29th St., New York.

SUTTON, MARY HAVILAND, Dramatic Reader and Impersonator, and Teacher of Elocution and Physical Culture. 130 West 42d Street, New York City.

Emerson College of Oratory.

Largest School of Elocution and Oratory in America.

Has a thorough and systematic course of study, including a complete system of Physical Culture, Voice-Culture, Oratory, and the principles of the Philosophy of Expression. Scientific and practical work in every department. Chartered by the State. Address for illustrated Catalogue, CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON, President, Corner Tremont and Berkeley Sts., Boston.

Picture Recitals. "Hugh Wynne," "Que Vadis," "These Entertainments consist in the condensation of noted books, and the Recitals are illustrated by hundreds of Stereopticon pictures. Our talent is strictly first-class, and may be sent to any part of the United States or Canada.

For terms and full particulars, address
FRANCES E. PEIRCE, PRINCIPAL.

Mt. Vernon Institute of Elocution and Languages,
1326 Spr. Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Kansas City School of Oratory.

Four Departments, viz: ELOCUTION AND ORATORY,
PHYSICAL CULTURE, LANGUAGE,
AND LITERATURE.

Course of instruction, two years. Special private pupils received at any time. Catalogues furnished on application.

PRESTON K. DILLENBECK,
1012 & 1014 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

Please mention WERNER'S MAGAZINE when you write to advertisers.

**Lip-Reading Taught to the Deaf
Impediments in Speech**

Corrected..... Children or Adults

Summer Courses for Students of Colleges, High Schools, etc.

DAVID GREENE
1129 Broadway (Madison Square), New York

**THE SCHOOL of
ACCOMPANYING**

251 Fifth Avenue, cor. 28th St., New York

The only school of the kind in the U. S.
The art of accompanying taught in a course of 20 lessons. School open all the year round. Vocal teachers and singers furnished with professional accompanists.
ISABEL McCALL, Director.

**EDMUND J. MYER,
VOCAL INSTRUCTION,**

SUMMER TERM (Special Course) at Point
Chautauque, N. Y., on the Lake
Address, 32 E. 23rd Street, New York.

GEORGE M. GREENE,

VOICE-CULTURE

-AND-
ARTISTIC SINGING.

ORATORIO,
CHURCH,
CONCERT,
OPERA.

Method based on the principles of the Italian School, insuring Purity, Resonance, Flexibility, and Power.
Circular mailed on application.

417 West 23d Street, NEW YORK.

**The New York
School of Expression**

The only institution of its kind in New York that combines the practical training of the Teacher with the artistic finish of the public Reader....

PRINCIPALS:

.. GENEVIEVE STEBBINS ..
F. TOWNSEND SOUTHWICK

Vocal and Physical Training
Oratory, Literary Interpretation and Dramatic Art

Artistic Platform Coaching a Specialty

8 HOURS CLASS-WORK DAILY. DIPLOMAS
FOR EACH DEPARTMENT OF STUDY.

The Fall Term Opens Wednesday, Oct. 18th

AT 10 A. M.

THE ANNUAL BULLETIN for '99-1900 is now ready, containing full information, together with reports from pupils, press notices and other records of their work. Mailed free on application.

NORMAN ASTLEY, Business Manager
318 West 57th Street

N. B.—Mr. Southwick will return from Europe in September. In the meantime, letters of a strictly private nature may be addressed "Care of Brown, Shipley & Co., London, Eng.," until Sept. 1st. To avoid delay and possible miscarriage, all enquiries regarding the school or courses of study, in any department, should be addressed to Genevieve Stebbins, or the business manager.

SCHOOL OF OF EXPRESSION

Copley Square, Boston

**THE ONLY ENDOWED SCHOOL of ELOCUTION, ORATORY and
DRAMATIC ART IN THE UNITED STATES**

**TWO
SUMMER
SESSIONS** { **MONTEAGLE
TENNESSEE
JULY 1-28**

**BOSTON.....
MASSACHUSETTS
AUGUST 1-26**

Full Corps of Teachers

Strong Courses

Practical Training

Special Advantages for Clergymen and Teachers

Send for Annual Catalogue or Summer Circulars.

S. S. CURRY, Ph.D.

PRESIDENT

Imparts Energy

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

The most agreeable and effective remedy for relieving Languor and Exhaustion, so common in the spring and summer months. Its nutrient and tonic effects give tone and vigor to the entire system.

Taken before retiring it quiets the nerves and induces refreshing sleep.

For sale by Druggists.

The Voice of the People

Whenever raised, and for whatever purpose, must always command the fullest attention and respect. This is the voice that for over fifty years has consistently sounded the praise of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

—a medicine of which the People have long known the remedial value in bilious and liver disorders, sick headache, sour stomach, falling appetite, languor, and want of tone caused by depressed conditions of the nervous system. In all such cases the benefit to be derived from a judicious use of Beecham's Pills is practically known all over the world. Annual sale over 6,000,000 boxes. This has been achieved without the publication of testimonials, the fact-being that

BEECHAM'S PILLS RECOMMEND THEMSELVES
in boxes, 10 cents and 25 cents each.

ZOOLAK

Is the new trade name for Dr. Dadirrian's original Fermented Milk Food, known as Matzoon.

To avoid imitations and substitutes offered by unscrupulous dealers under the name Matzoon, in place of Dr. Dadirrian's Genuine Fermented Milk Food, in ordering and purchasing, it is necessary to specify by the new trade name, **ZOOLAK**.

"Zoolak" is used

BY THE WELL

as a refreshing beverage

BY THE ILL

as an easily-digested food

It has a remarkably quieting influence upon **Sick Headache and an Irritable Nervous System**
one glass at bedtime producing **RESTFUL SLEEP**

It is **THE** food in all forms of fevers, kidney troubles, nervous exhaustion, dyspepsia, etc. **ZOOLAK** is also a very refreshing and nourishing beverage, served by the glass at Soda Fountains. One glass makes a moderate lunch in haste.

OFFICES: 73 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK
3830 LANGLEY AVE., CHICAGO

M. G. DADIRRIAN, M. D.

The Highlands of Ontario

SCENERY
SPORT
HEALTH AND
PLEASURE

MUSKOKA LAKES DISTRICT
LAKE OF BAYS DISTRICT
MAGNETAWAN RIVER REGION

AMONG THE 30,000 ISLANDS
of GEORGIAN BAY.

REACHED ONLY BY THE

**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**



Near STANTLEY HOUSE
Lake Umbagog



HAY STACK BAY
LAKE OF BAYS.



When the country
shows Fall
SCHEM RIVER



On the
MAGNETAWAN
RIVER

CHAS. M. HAYS,
General Manager,
MONTREAL.

GEO. B. REEVE,
General Traffic Manager,
MONTREAL.

W. E. DAVIS,
Genl. Pass & Ticket Agt.,
MONTREAL.

GEO. T. BELL,
Asst. Genl. Pass & Ticket Agt.,
MONTREAL.

E. H. HUGHES,
Asst. Genl. Pass & Ticket Agt.,
CHICAGO.

List of Publications
Issued by GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
SYSTEM.

"MUSKOKA LAKES, HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO."
"LAKE OF BAYS, HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO."
"AMONG THE 30,000 ISLANDS OF GEORGIAN BAY."
"HAY FEVER" "A HIGHLAND HOLIDAY."
"ACROSS NIAGARA'S GORGE" "SPECKLED BEAUTIES."
"FISHING AND HUNTING" ETC.

Any of the above sent free upon application to the undersigned. Requests from U.S. should be addressed to E. H. HUGHES, Asst. Genl. Pass & Ticket Agt. RIALTO BUILDING, CHICAGO, and those from CANADA to W. E. DAVIS, Genl. Pass & Ticket Agt. MONTREAL.



A MODEL MARBLE HAND.
JOEL T. HART, Sculptor.

MOTHER'S MILK

Is best for any baby, but after that comes Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for young infants. Thousands of letters are received telling of its successful use. Book "Babies" sent free. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

"The Colorado Road"



ENTIRELY NEW EQUIPMENT



New and Palatial | *Sleeping Cars*
Cafe Cars
Chair Cars

Additional trains between Denver and Colorado Springs.

Change in departure of trains and shortening of time.

Meals served à la carte at all hours in the café cars.

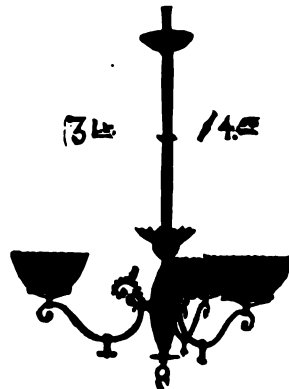
The popular line between Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo.

Our track is smooth as oil.

T. E. FISHER,

Gas and Electric Chandeliers

Sold to Consumers Only at Factory Prices



Send for Cuts and Circulars, stating if for Gas or Electric.

PROVIDENCE CHANDELIER CO.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

**"IT RUNS
WITH THE
SUN"**

**ONE
DOLLAR**



**THE
INGERSOLL
DOLLAR
WATCH**

**FULLY
GUARANTEED**

IT once cost 25 cents to send a letter. About this time the cheapest watch was \$25.00. Now the letter is 2 cents and the

WATCH IS A DOLLAR

Wonderful, isn't it? What did it? Your letter is more promptly delivered, and the watch is better made, and the cause is constant, cumulative, and combined effort of mechanical genius, business energy, and capital.

WE MAKE A MILLION WATCHES A YEAR

at a dollar each. No one ever made more than a few hundred of the \$25.00 kind.

THE INGERSOLL DOLLAR WATCH

is guaranteed (see cut) with the broadest guarantee ever given with a watch. It has patent lever escapement; 240 beats to minute; hardened and polished lantern pinions; patent keyless winding and setting arrangement; runs 30 hours with but four turns of winder; hour, minute, and second hand; 18 size; strong case with snap front and hinged back. Nickel or Gilt.

Mailed postpaid to any address for \$1.

Send for Souvenir Booklet "The Man Behind the Gun."



**ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.,
DEPT. N-67 CORTLAND ST. N.Y. CITY.**

HAY'S HAIR HEALTH
 WARRANTED TO RENEW YOUTHFUL COLOR and life to GRAY HAIR. Covers BALD spots. Stops dandruff, hair falling, scalp diseases. Don't stain skin. Absolutely harmless. Perfect satisfaction. Best HAIR GROWER DRESSING. Be sure to use DR. HAY'S HAIR HEALTH. Refuse all substitutes. Large bottles 50c. at druggists.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED
 by Peck's Invisible Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold FREE by F. Hincocx, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs.

HOW TO BECOME STRONG

Health Attained; Ill Health Prevented

A Book of 64 pages on the Physiology, Anatomy and Pathology of the Anus and Rectum; together with a description of Rectal and Anal Diseases—their Diagnosis and Treatment without Surgery. Fourth and enlarged edition, with over 100 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

Price 25c., post-paid

Address the author:

DR. JAMISON
 43 West 45th St., New York City

For a help toward punctuality use the Prentiss Calendar Clock. It is the only key-wound clock capable of maintaining a constant rate for many weeks at a time. It always automatically shows the correct date. Prentiss Tile Clocks are handy clocks for travelers, as they stand alone, or can be fastened to a wall. Price, \$1.50. The Prentiss Frying-Pan Clock is a real fry-pan made into a clock. Price, \$3.35. Send for catalogue No. 7607.



The PRENTISS CLOCK IMPROVEM'T CO.
 DEPT. 45, 49 DEY ST., NEW YORK CITY.

\$5.97



NOT A PENNY Before You See It.

14-carat, gold filled, double hunting case watch, with your Monogram engraved, American stem-winder and setter, jeweled escapement, sent C.O. D., \$5.97, with privilege of examination before paying; if not satisfied, order express agent to return it; state your correct address and the nearest express office, also initials; mention ladies' or gents' size wanted. Address

EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. B, 253 Broadway, New York.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 50 years; no other has; and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L.A. Sayre, said to a lady of the *hauton* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin Preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 87 Great Jones St., N. Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada, and Europe.

Also found in N. Y. City at R. H. Macy's, Wanamaker's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of Base Imitations. \$1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of anyone selling the same.

IDEAL STEAM COOKERS

LEAD THE WORLD



and are recognized everywhere as the best. Housekeepers and cooking experts say its many advantages over all others are unquestioned.

Cooks a whole meal on one burner of any stove. Reduces fuel bills 50 per cent. Meats and poultry, no matter how tough, are made tender and palatable. No steam in the house. No offensive odors. Burning impossible. Whistle blows when Cooker needs more water. The Ideal is also a perfect MILK STERILIZER.

A Dinner Set Free.

To further introduce the IDEAL COOKER into thousands of homes we offer many elegant premiums, among them a handsome 112 Piece Decorated English Dinner Set, absolutely free. Write today for particulars of this wonderful offer. Agents wanted.

TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 41, Toledo, O.



A BACK RESTER and PIANO CHAIRS

For Office Men . . .
 Stenographers, Book-keepers

DAVIS' ADJUSTABLE SPRING BACK CHAIRS
 ...with McCloud improvements for 1899
 SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS



Give most delicious comfort to many backs. Back of chair can be raised or lowered to give support just where needed. Can work three times as long without fatigue. Made in Solid Oak, Walnut or Cherry. Sold direct to consumers. Write for prices. Our catalogue explains fully—send for it.

DAVIS CHAIR CO., MARYSVILLE, OHIO

Please mention WERNER'S MAGAZINE when you write to advertisers.

Trash or treasure? If you wish to know, send your ms. story, essay, history, poem, to the New York Bureau of Revision for skilled correction or for a letter of faithful criticism. Such work, said George William Curtis, is "done as it should be by The Easy Chair's friend and fellow-laborer in letters, TITUS M. COAN, A. B., A. M. Dr. Coan sees books through the press, suggests titles, and negotiates between author and publisher. Send for circular W, to N. Y. Bureau of Revision, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



"POSITIVE" CORN CURE

Absolutely Painless.
No cutting necessary.
No Grease; No Acid.
Something entirely new.
Your money back if not satisfied. By mail 25 cts.
Agents wanted.

Medicated Rubber Co., 25 Riblet Blk. Cleveland, O.

Mrs. M. Werner's Employment Bureau
NO. 40 THIRD AVENUE

Between 9th & 10th Sts., New York.
Office Hours: 9 to 5.

Male and Female Servants

Only well-recommended servants furnished for city and country.
Reliable and prompt attention given to all orders.

POSITION WANTED.

A young lady who is a graduate of a School of Oratory and has had five years' experience in teaching and public reading wishes a position as teacher of Elocution and Physical Culture in a milder climate than present location.

Address, READER,
7,333 Jackson Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

**An Old Nurse
For Children**

**Mrs. Winslow's
Soothing Syrup,**

**For Children . . .
. . . Teething,**

Should always be used for Children while Teething. It Soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pain, Cures Wind Colic and is the Best Remedy for Diarrhoea.



Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

Allan Line
Montreal to Liverpool

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY
... ESTABLISHED 1854 ...
New York to Glasgow

Calling at Londonderry to Land Mails and Passengers

Bavarian, 10,000 Tons, Twin-Screw
Tunisian, 10,000 Tons, Twin-Screw
Sicilian, 8,000 Tons
Corinthian, 8,000 Tons
Parisian, 5,500 Tons

Rates of Passage:

CABIN, \$50 to \$80, Single.

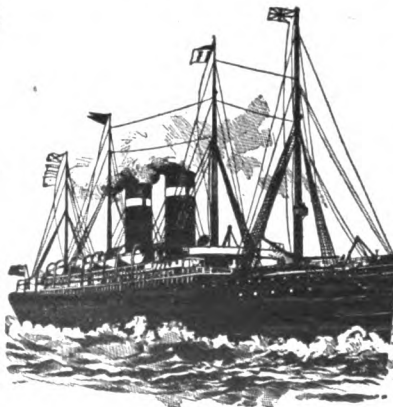
Five per cent. reduction for return tickets.

SECOND CABIN, - \$35.00

RETURN, - - - 66.50

Steamers sail weekly from Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool during the season of navigation, and from Portland, St. John and Halifax during winter.

The St. Lawrence route is 1,000 miles less ocean sailing than from New York. Three days' sailing on smooth water.



Californian, 4,244 Tons
Mongolian, 4,888 Tons
Numidian, 4,888 Tons
Nebraska, 4,000 Tons
Laurentian, 4,522 Tons

Rates of Passage:

CABIN, - - \$47.50 to \$60.00

SECOND CABIN, - - - 30.00

Five per cent. reduction for return tickets of both services.

The steamers are fitted with every improvement for the comfort of the passengers, in all cases, including bilge keels, making the vessels steady in all weather, electric light, midship saloons, spacious promenade decks, music rooms, smoking rooms, etc. Special attention has been paid to the ventilation and sanitary arrangements. An experienced surgeon is carried on all passenger steamers.

For Dates of Sailing and Further Information apply to _____

AUSTIN BALDWIN & CO., 53 Broadway, New York,
THOS. COOK & SON, 261 Broadway, New York,

ALLAN & CO., 174 Jackson St., Chicago,
or H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal.

She Was Too Fat

ADA ST. CLAIR, the actress, played leading-lady parts from 1890 to 1896, when she became so stout that she had to leave the stage. She tried many medical remedies and nostrums without avail. The more anti-fat remedies she swallowed the fatter she became, and in July, 1896, she weighed 205 pounds. One day she found a perfect cure, and in two months thereafter she appeared in a high-class young-girl part, weighing just 128 pounds, and the reduction in flesh was without the least injury to her health or purse. What she did, how she did it, and what she used, and how the same treatment has cured many men and women since, I shall tell you, confidentially, in a letter, for the small fee of one dollar. There is no other charge hereafter. I shall not sell you any medicine. You can buy what I prescribe, from your own druggist. The cure depends more on what you do and how you do it. No violent exercise, no starvation diet, or anything of that sort. You can follow instructions unknown to your friends, and during a month (or two months, just as you please) you will get rid of from one to two pounds of useless fat every day. If you think such a result worth One Dollar to you, send that amount (in a \$1 bill or stamps) to me. Address Mrs. Louise Lafarge, Station E, Duffy Building, New York. If you find this treatment not based on common sense, and find it doesn't work, I'll send your \$1 back.

POSITION WANTED.

A young lady of superior training in elocution and physical culture, and successful experience in teaching both branches, desires a position as teacher of same. Is qualified to teach literature, if preferred. Good references. Address, MISS ADA LEE SESSIONS, Macon, Miss.

DIXON'S GRAPHITE IN STICK OR PASTE



Lubricates a bicycle chain as no other lubricant can. Sample size of above, sent free of charge. JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Trade Mark Registered.

DIABETES FLOUR

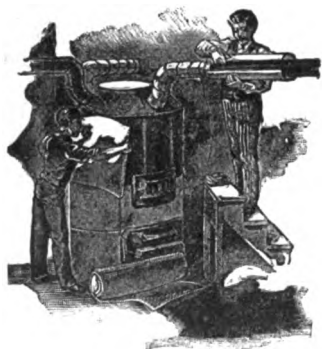
Result of years of endeavor to produce a Safe and Palatable Bread Flour for Diabetics. Testimony to its value, both from this country and abroad, is remarkable and convincing.

UNRIVALED ANYWHERE.
PAMPHLET AND SAMPLE FREE. Write to Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N. Y., U. S. A.

Trade Mark Registered.

GLUTEN GRITS

Our latest, unique Sanitary Food; needed and welcomed by all who seek the BEST BREAKFAST and DRESSER CEREAL. Mainly free from starch. Unrivaled anywhere. Book and Sample free. Ask Dealers, or write to Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N. Y., U. S. A.



ASBESTOS

ASBESTOS ROLL FIRE-FELT,

For Covering Heater and Furnace Pipes.
Saves Coal, Prevents Radiation, is Fire Proof.

Asbestos Fire-Place Curtain Blowers.
Asbestos Stove Polishers and Stove Mats.
Asbestos Iron Holders and Iron Hests.
Asbestos Baking Paper, etc.

Complete Catalogue on request.

Chicago.
Philadelphia.
Boston.

H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO., Columbus.
100 WILLIAM STREET, Pittsburg.
NEW YORK. Detroit.



\$5.95 DIAMOND STUDDED CASE
Solid 14K Gold Plated Case 3 Parisian Diamonds, and Rubies. American movement Jeweled & accurately regulated stem wind & set. Warranted for 20 years.
Sent C. O. D. \$5.95 with privilege of examination. Do not take from the express office if you think this watch is not equal in appearance to a \$50 watch. Mention nearest express office, Ladies' or Gent's. Agents and salesmen coin big money. Address
EAGLE WATCH CO., 253 Broadway, New York.

**WE
PAY
POST-
AGE**

All you have guessed about life-insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Typewriter Bargains:

All standard \$100 Typewriters sold by us (under full guarantee) at \$35 to \$50, little used. Shipped, allowing examination and trial. Send postal for handsome colored Fin-de-Siecle Descriptive Price-List of the Standard Machines. All makes exchanged and rented on liberal terms. Desks, one-half cost. Colored Price-List of the AMERICAN STANDARD PITMAN SHORT-HAND BOOKS (arranged for self-instruction) sent on application.

Consolidated Typewriter Exchange,

NEW YORK. 241 BROADWAY.
TELEPHONE: 5389 CORTLANDT.



Artistic HomeDecorations

We can show you effects NEVER before thought of, and at moderate prices too.

Why have your house decorated and painted by inferior workmen, when you can have it done by skilled workmen—by Artists—for the same price.

If you intend Decorating, if only one room, call or send to see what we are doing, and for whom.

TAPESTRY PAINTINGS.

2,000 tapestry paintings to choose from. 83 artists employed, including gold medalists of the Paris Salon. Send 25 cents for compendium of 140 studies.

WALL-PAPERS.

New styles just in—from 10 cents per roll up. An amazing and bewitching lot of beautiful patterns. Parlor, Music-room, Library, Dining-room and Hall specialties. Antique metallic, French, pressed silk, and lida effects in special colors to match all kinds of woodwork, carpets and draperies. At all hazards see our fine French, pressed and parlor papers with draperies to match. If you will pay express or freight will send you sample books of papers and draperies.

DECORATIONS.

Color schemes—designs and estimates submitted free. Artists sent to all parts of the world to do every sort of decorating and painting. We are educating the country in color harmony. Relief, stained glass, wall-paper, carpets, furniture, draperies, etc. Pupils taught.

DECORATIVE ADVICE.

Upon receipt of \$1, Mr. Douthitt will answer any question on interior decorations—color harmony and harmony of form, harmony of wall coverings, carpets, curtains, tiles, furniture, gas fixtures, etc.

MANUAL OF ART-DECORATIONS.

The art-book of the century. 200 royal quarto pages, filled with full-page colored illustrations of modern home interiors and tapestry studies. Price, \$2.00.

If you want to be up in decoration, send \$2 for this book; worth \$50.

SCHOOL.

Six 3-hour tapestry painting lessons, in studio, \$5. Complete written instructions by mail, \$1. Tapestry paintings rented; full-size drawings, paints, brushes, etc., supplied. Nowhere, Paris not excepted, are such advantages offered pupils. New catalogue of 125 studies, 25 cents.

Send \$1 for complete instructions in tapestry painting and compendium of 140 studies.

TAPESTRY MATERIALS.

We manufacture tapestry materials superior to foreign goods and half the price. Book of samples, 10c.

Send \$1.50 for 2 yards No. 6, 50-in. goods, just for a trial order; worth \$3.

All kinds of draperies to match all sorts of Wall-papers, from 10c. per yard up.

THIS IS OUR GREAT SPECIALTY.

GOBLIN PRINTED BURLAPS.

Over 100 new styles for wall coverings, at 25 cents per yard, 36 inches wide, thus costing the same as wall-paper at \$1 per roll. 240 kinds of Japanese lida leather papers, at \$2 per roll.

GOBLIN ART-DRAPERY.

Grecian, Russian, Venetian, Brazilian, Roman, Rococo, Dresden, Festoon, College Stripe, Marie Antoinette, Indian, Calcutta, Bombay, Delft, Soudan.

In order that we may introduce this line of New Art-Goods, we will send one yard each of 50 different kinds of our most choice Patterns for \$7.50.

JOHN F. DOUTHITT, 286 Fifth Avenue,
AMERICAN TAPESTRY DECORATIVE CO. Near 30th St. New York.



THIS IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE
DEIMEL LINEN MESH UNDERWEAR

THE enthusiasm which the DEIMEL LINEN-MESH UNDERWEAR is arousing among its wearers and the sincerity with which they speak of it among their friends is very gratifying.

Just fancy the delight and luxury of a porous Linen Underwear—crisp, cool, cleanly—and strange, but true, keeping the body warm when warmth is wanted, and cool when the temperature is in the nineties—a positive delight for the skin. It is such great relief after wearing sticky wool or clammy cotton, that a trial is all that is necessary to gain for it a most enthusiastic friend and advocate.

A little booklet on its healthfulness and comfort can be had by addressing



**The Deimel
Linen-Mesh
Company**

491 Broadway, New York

WAKE UP! WAKE UP!! WAKE UP!!!

Do you know that there is such a thing as the Yankee Health Vibrator in existence? Do you know what it is doing for those who use it? Do you know that if you are suffering from any chronic disease whatsoever it can not fail to benefit and will most likely effect a cure? Do you know that you can attain the litheness, buoyancy and elasticity of body hitherto only achieved after a prolonged course of athletic training, by the use of the Yankee Health Vibrator for a few minutes every day? Do you know that superfluous fat can't remain with Yankee Vibrator users, that useless flesh with them is soon reduced to sound healthy muscle? Do you know that for about the cost of one hour's treatment by a masseur you may become the owner of the Yankee Health Vibrator and have free massage treatment ever after? Do you know that those who use it like it, and apart from the real benefits derived, would continue using it for the sake of the pleasure obtained. We know all these things and more, too, and will be happy to prove them to you for the following considerations:

1.—24 ball Vibrator \$1.00.
1.—30 ball Vibrator \$1.50; either size fitted with two elastic rubber buffers and centre handle, 25 cents extra. Mailed on receipt of price, and if not found as represented your money will be refunded. E. E. Monge, buyer for A. Spalding & Bros., 125-130 Nassau Street, New York City, writes: "Since using your Yankee Vibrator I have always felt that if you could only induce a trial you would be kept quite busy filling orders. Nothing I have ever used in that line has given such complete satisfaction." Circulars free. Send stamp for copy of "Universal Character Delineator and Matrimonial Counselor," a Chart containing priceless information about yourself and all your friends, topics for conversation, advice, food for merriment, etc.

UTILITAS M'FG CO.,

Dept. H. 7 West 14th St., New York.

CATARRH

BLANCHARD'S

**Hard Rubber Pocket Inhaler
Antiseptic Catarrh Powder**

and Blanchard's Catarrh Jelly is an Excellent Treatment.

Endorsed by Physicians and Recommended by Editors of Leading Periodicals.

Cures Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Headache, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Hay Fever, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Irritation of the Air Passage. It is also of great value in Croup and Inflammation of the Larynx.

Price of Complete Outfit, Post-paid, \$1.00

NEW WHATCOM, WASH., Jan. 23, 1899.
Having used your Inhaler and Catarrh Cure, I think it is helping me more than anything I ever took before. I have persuaded two of my friends to let me send for them, too. This place out here is the worst I ever saw for Catarrh. The climate is so damp and there are only a few people who do not have some form of Catarrh. Thanking you once more, I remain,
MISS A. WALLACE.

Every box contains a guarantee to be as represented, to cure Catarrh, or money refunded to purchaser.

Get two of your friends to order with you, remit us \$2.00, and we will mail you an inhaler FREE.

The M. A. Blanchard M'fg Co.,
P. O. Box 849. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

When writing mention WERNER'S MAGAZINE.

An advertisement for Sapolio. The top half features the word "SAPOLIO" in large, white, serif capital letters against a dark background. Below it, on the left, is a black and white illustration of a woman's face, looking slightly to the right. She has dark, curly hair and is wearing a high-collared dress with a large bow. To her right is a large, round, wooden tub or bucket. The text "DOUBLES THE JOY IN" is written in white, serif capital letters to the right of the tub. At the bottom of the illustration, the word "HOUSE-WORK" is written in large, white, serif capital letters. A small "© INNEG" logo is visible in the bottom right corner of the illustration area.

The Fine Art of Poetry

By FLORENCE P. HOLDEN

A Series of Articles that Appeared in Nine
Numbers of WERNER'S MAGAZINE
from September, 1897, to May, 1898

Copiously Illustrated

CRITICAL AND ELABORATE ANALYSES OF

Alfred Tennyson's "THE LADY OF SHALOTT,"
Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "THE BLESSED DAMOZEL,"
Robert Browning's "MY LAST DUCHESS,"
Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "LADY GERALDINE'S COURTSHIP,"
George Elliot's "HOW LIZA LOVED THE KING,"
Sidney Lanier's "THE MARSHES OF GLYNN-SUNRISE,"
James Russell Lowell's "THE COURTIN',"
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's "NUREMBERG,"
John Greenleaf Whittier's "TELLING THE BEES,"
Edward Rowland Sill's "THE THRUSH,"
Austin Dobson's "SECRETS OF THE HEART."

These analyses mark a departure in the study of literature and are of the greatest value for schools and for private study.

Any number sent for 25 cents, or all nine numbers will be sent for \$1.50, post-paid.

Largest
MUSIC STORE
in America

Largest
FACTORIES
in the World

Everything
at Manufacturers'
Prices

Send for Catalogue

C. G. CONN
34 East 14th St.
New York City

THE WONDER



ICE-CREAM
10 CENTS QUART

Delicious Ice-Cream or Custard can be prepared in a few minutes by using **BURNHAM'S CREAM CUSTARD**—only Milk to be added. A 10-cent package makes two quarts of Ice-Cream.

If not yet in the stock of your grocer, send us his name and 10 cents, and we will send you a package. Every package contains instructions how to obtain **FREE**, our Beautiful Souvenir of the Spanish-American War, and recipes for delicious custards.

E. S. BURNHAM CO.
69 Gansevoort St., New York

FORMICE

Will make ice in any climate in apparatus which we furnish complete for \$25.
Will furnish cold drinking water from apparatus we furnish complete for \$15.
Will cool the head, and is being largely used by physicians for fevers, sun-strokes, etc.; complete for indefinite use, \$1. In the form of a headband as per illustration.

Formice **Formice**
is a
Substitute
for Ice
in a Score
of Ways.



Formice **Formice**
Furnished
Extra in
Any
Quantity.

Will not compete with the ice-factory on a large scale, but is intended for home use.

FORMICE

FORMICE is a harmless, odorless, chemical compound which can be used over and over again, making the cost practically nothing.

WOOSTER, LEMROW & REPP

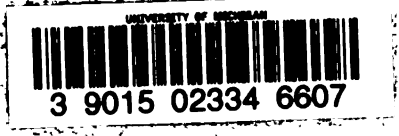
Circular on application.

No. 136 Liberty Street, New York City





GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF MICH.
JUL 24 1900



ONE DAY
CIRC

