



He at my gate-He all time "howdy do?" My face is black Ez de chimbly back-But he wish dat his wuz, too'

Campaign Lyric.

En "How you gwine ter vote? Er a wuckin' man. En "I wish you'd wear my coat

He at my gate-En he hang roun' whar I is. My face is black Ex de chimbly back, But he say dat it don't smut his En "How you gwine ter vote?" En "Heah's deshan" Er a frien'ly man, En my hat, en shoes, en coat!"

MAKERS OF LITERATURE George E. Woodberry's Critical Essays of Arnold, Darwin, Brown-

ing, Byron, Shelley and Others. No critical essays published in recent

times should appeal more strongly to the reader than those contained in "Makers of Literature," by George Edward Woodberry (The Macmillan Company, New York). He deals with familiar themes-Matthew Arnold, Landor, Charles Lamb, Darwin, Byron, Browning, Shelley-but he is not conventional. The scholarly and academic slowness of the essays, the intellectual and analytic qualities of the author, and his reserved and conservative style, are revealed in the following extracts from this delightful book:

In Tennyson, Keats and Shelley there was Greek influence, but in them the result was modern. In Arnold, the antiquity remains; remains in mood, just as in Landor it remains in form. The Greek twilight broods over all his poetry. It is pagan in philosophic spirit; not Attic, but of a later and stolcal time, with the very virtues of patience, endurance, suffering, not in their Christian types, but as they now seem to a post-Christian imagination looking back to the imperial past. There is difference, it is true, in Arnold's expression of the mood; he is as little Sophoclean as he is Homeric, as little Lucretian as he is Vergillan. The temperament is not the same, not a survival of a revival of the antique, but original and living. And yet the mood of the verse is felt at once to be a reincarnation of the deathless spirit of Helias that in other ages also had made beautiful and solemn for a time the shadowed places of the Christian world. If one dose not realize this, he must miss the secret of the tranquillity, the chill, the grave austerity as well as the philosophical resignation which was essential to the verse. . . .

Pride of the Intellect.

Hence, as one looks at his more philosophical and lyrical poems—the profounder part of his work-and endeavors to determine their character and sources alike, it is plain to see that, in the old phrase, "the pride of the intellect" lifts its lonely column over the desolation of every page. The man of the academy is here as in the prose, after all. He reveals himself in the literary motive, the bookish atmosphere of the verse, in its vocabulary, its elegance of structure, its precise phrase and lie curious allusions (involving footnotes), and, in fact, throughout all its form and structure. So self-conscious is it that it becomes frankly prosale at inconvenient times, and is more often on the level of eloquent and graceful rhetoric than of po-etry. It is frequently liquid and melo-dious, but there is no burst of native song in it anywhere; it is the work of a poet, nevertheless; for there are it is touched with reality; it is the mir-ror of a phase of life in our times, and not in our times only, but whenever the intellect seeks expression for its sense of the limitation of its own career, and its sadness in a world which it cannot

A word should be added concerning the personality of Arnold which is revealed in his familiar letters—a collection that has singularly noble memory of private life. Few who did not know Arnold could have been prepared for the revelation of a na-ture so true, so amiable, so dutiful. In every relation of private life he is shown to have been a man of exceptional con-stancy and plainness. The letters are mainly home letters: but a few friend-ships also yield up their hoard, and thus the circle of private life is made complete. Every one must take delight in the mental association with Arnold in the scenes of his existence thus daily exposed, and in his family affections. A natur warm to its own, kindly to all, cheerful fond of sport and fun, and always fee from pure fountains, and with it a charac founded upon the rock, so humb! serviceable, so continuing in power and grace, must wake in all the res

Endenra Arnold's Memory.

He did his duty as naturally as if it re quired neither resolve nor effort, not thought of any kind for the morrow, and he never failed, seemingly, in act or word of sympathy, in little or great things; and when to this one adds the clear ether of the intellectual life where he habitually moved in his own life apart, and the huletters bring may be appreciated. That gift is the man himself; but set in the atmosphere of home, with conship and fath erhood, eisters and brothers, with the be reavement of years fully accomplished, and those of babyhood and boyhood—a sweet and wholesome English home, with all the cloud and sunshine of the English world drifting over its roof-tree, and the soil of England beneath its stones, and English duties for the breath of its being To add such a home to the household rights of English literature is perhaps something from which Arnold would have shrunk, but it endears his memory

hardly amounting to more than an unap-plied enthusiasm for liberty, heroism and other great watchwords of social er than individual life. These illuminate his work, but they do not give it consistency. It is crystalline in struc-ture, beautiful, ordered, perfect in form, when taken part by part, but conglom erate as a whole; it is a handful of jew els, many of which are singly of the most transparent and glowing light, but unrelated one to another—placed in juxtapo-sition but not set; and in the crystalline mass is imbedded grosser matter, and mingled with the jewels are stones of dull

fine thoughts, more wise apotherms in any discursive author's work in the literature, but they do not tell on mind. They bloom like flowers in their gardens, but they crown no achieve-ment. At the end, no cause is advanced, no goal is won. This incoherence and inno goal is wen. This incoherence and in-efficiency proceed from the absence of any definite scheme of life, any compacted system of thought, any central principles, nay strong, pervading and ordering per-sonality. . . . Its work has the serenity. eness that characterize high art. but it lacks an intimate relation with the

ebeauty, as painting does, but that beauty remains a sensation and does not pass into thought.

Denotes Landor's Failure. This absence of any vital relation between his art and life, tween his objects and ideas, denotes his failure. There are so many poets whose works contain as perfect beauty, and in addition truth and passion; so many who, instead of mirroring beauty, make it the voice of life—who, instead of responding in melodious thought to the wandering winds of reverie, strike their lyres in the strophe and antistrophe of continuous song—that the world is content to let Landor go by. The guests at the famous late dinner party to which he looked forward will, indeed, be very few, and they will be men of leisure.

The form which Lamb chose for himself, the familiar essay as it has been developed in England, was as well fitted to him as his natural voice. He had begun as a poet, but he lacked the condensation, the directness and singleness of inicilectual aim, the power of control, which are essential to the poet; he was an observer of the world without, a rambler in all things, and tended inevitably to that dissipation of the eye among the multiinstead of mirroring beauty, make it the

in all things, and tended inevitably to that dissipation of the eye among the multitude of men and things which ends in
prose; even as a humorist, he loses himself in his impressions and becomes reportorial. . He is himself his best character and best drawn. He was extraordinarily self-conscious, and the pages
yield little that he did not mean to be
told. One must go to the silent part of
his biography to obtain that sobering correction of his whimsies and failings, that
knowledge of his manliness in meeting the cnowledge of his manliness in meeting the ities of his situation, that sense of honesty, industry and generosity, which is kept out of his books. The side that meet men show to the world he concealed, and he showed that which is commonly kept secret. He had been a poet in youth, and he never lost the habit of wearing his heart upon his sleeve. He was never, as a poet, to get beyond sentiment, which, in a romantic age, is but a little way; and a romantic age, is but a little way; and in degenerating into prose, as he thought it, he gave no other sign of poetir endowment than this of sentiment, which he could not surrender; but to what a length could not surrender; but to what a length he carried it without exceeding the bounds of true feeling! Sentiment, like humor, needs a delicate craft; but he, though not so penetrating, was as sure of hand as Burna. . . And possibly, more than all (yet excepting the pure charm of potent), their sentiment linearing on from etry), their centiment lingering on from days of chivalry and the allegorical in lit-erature, fed a fundamental need of the emotional in nature in such a life as Lamb's perforce was. He became an im-itator of antiquated style, a mannerist

does not penetrate to the thought. Darwin.

after his favorites, given to artifice and fantasy as a literary method, and yet he remained himself. The disease of language

The blank page in this charming biography is the page of spiritual life. There is nothing written there. The entire abence of an element which enters common ly in all men's lives in some degree is a circumetance as significant as it is astonishing. Never was a man more alive to what is visible and tangible, or in any way matter of sensation; on the sides of his nature where an appeal could be made, never was a man more responsive; but there were parts in which he was blind and dull. Just as the boy falled to be interested in many things, the man falled, too; and he disregarded what did not interest him with the same ease at 69 as at 20. What did interest him was the immediate present, and he dealt with it admirably, both in the intellectual and the moral world, but what was remote was as if it were not. matter of sensation; on the sides of his

One advantage Byron had with for-eign nations that with his own counts as a defect. He had no form, no art, no finish; and the poet who failed in things can be read in our day only kind of sufferance, and with continual friction with what has come to be our mas-tering literary taste for perfection in the manner. It has been said that he consequently bore translation better than he otherwise would. His quality is power, not charm, the mood end the situation and the thought are the elements which count in his poetry, while the words are at the best eloquent or witty, but not "the living garment of light." . . What is there left? Some stirring passages of adventure some eloquent descriptions of National Control of the statement of the state there left? Some stirring passages of ac-venture, some eloquent descriptions of Na-ture, some personal lyrics of true poetical feeling, dramas which, it is to be hoped, have finally dammed the "unities," and one great poem of the modern spirit, Don Juan. And what remains of that melodramatic Byron of women's fancies? His character has come out plain, and we are really amazed at it—proud, sensual, selfish, and, it may be added, mean. Ignoble he was in many ways, but for all that the energy of his passions, his vitality, his masterly egotism and the splendid force of his genius, made his a commanding name, and stamped him upon the succeeding European time. He cannot be neglected by history, but men certainly appear to pass him by

Browning

Interest centers entirely in his poetry, for his career has been without notable incident, and is told when it is said he has lived the life of a scholar and man of letters in England and Italy amid the social culture of his time. For the world, his career is the succeesion of books he has put forth, and this is as he would have it; publicity beyond this he did not seek, but refused with violence and acrimony.

This is pure optimism; and in accordance with it, he preaches his gospel, which is that each soul should grow to its utmost in power and in love, and in the face of difficulties—of mysteries in experience or thought—should repose with entire Interest centers entirely in his poetry,

ence or thought—should repose with entire trust on the doctrine that God has ordered beneficiently, and that we who live life beneficiently, and that we who live should wait with patience, even in the wreck of our own or others' lives, for the disclosure hereafter which shall reconcile to our eyes and hearts the jar with justice and goodness of all that has gone before. This is a system simple enough and complete enough to live by, if it be truly accepted. It is probable, however, that Browning wins less by these doctrines, which are old and commonplace, than by the vigor with which he dogmaitzes upon them; the certainty with which speaks of such high matters; the fervo he speaks of such high matters: the fervot and, sometimes, the eloquence with which touching upon the deepest and most sacred chord of the heart's desire, he strikes out the notes of courage, of hope and vision, and of the foretasted tr'umph. The energy of his own faith carries others along with it: the manliness of his own soul infects others with its cheer and its delight in the struggles for spiritual life on earth; but all this the more because he is learned in the wiedom of the rabbis, is conversant with modern life and knowledge in all its range, is sifted with intellectual genius, and yet displays a faith the more robust range. is gifted with intellectual genu-and yet displays a faith the more robus because it is not cloistered, the more cred because it is not professional.

Dreary Wastes.

It is when the question is raised upon the permanent value of his work that the opportunity for wide divergence arises That there are dreary wastes in it canno be gainsaid. Much is now unreadable that was excused in a contemporary much never was readable at all, and of th remainder, how much will the next age in its turn, cast aside? Its serious claim in its turn, cast aside? Its serious claim to our attention on ethical, religious or intellectual grounds may be admitted, without pledging the 20th century, which will have its own special phases of thought, and thinkers to illustrate them. Browning must live as the other immortals do, by the poetry in him. It is true he has enlarged the field of poetry by annexing the experience that belongs to the artist and the musician, and has made some of his finest and most original poems out of his finest and most original poems out of such motives, and his wide knowledge

has served him in other ways, though it has stiffened many a page with pedantry and antiquarianism. It is true that there is a grotesque quality in some of his work but h's humor in this kind is really a prefense; no one laughs at it; it aroused only an amazed wonder, like the stone masks of some medieval church. In all he derived from learning and scholarship he derived from learning and scholarship there is the alloy of mortality; in all his moralizings and special pleading and super-fine reasoning there enters the chance that the world may lose interest in his treatment of the subject; in all, except where he sings from the heart itself or netures life directly or without comment

simple truths. If these have more hold in society now than when he died, and if his influence has contributed its share, however blended with the large forces of civilization, he has in this sense given law to the world and equaled the height of the loftlest conception of the poet's significance in the spiritual life of man.

Thackeray in Punch

M. H. Spielmann, the compiler of "Thackeray's Unidentified Contributions to Punch," is editor of the London Magazine of Art, and is generally considered an authority on Thackeray. His book in-cludes between 20 and 40 drawings taken from Punch, and is necessarily a most valuable edition to the literature which there is the alloy of mortality; in all his moralizings and special pleading and superfine reasoning there enters the chance that the world may lose interest in his grown up around the great novelist and his works. Mr. Spleimann had access the work of many the sings from the heart itself or pictures life directly or without comment many of the briefest, there is some opportunity for time to breed decay. The faith he preached was the poetical complement of Carlyle's prose, and proceeded from much the same grounds and by the same steps; believe in God and act like a man—that was the substance of it.

It was not his lot to be strong as the thinker, the moralist with the "accomplishment of verse," the scholar interested to rebuild the past of experience, the teacher with an explicit dogma to enforce in an intellectual form with examples from life, the anatomist of human passions, instincts and impulses in all their

JOHN RUSKIN.

Last of the Seers, and rarest, and most gracious, Are the eyes dim that saw so subtly true? Or is their vision vaster and more spacious, Piercing to truths and beauties strange and new? Master of speech, doth silence now surround thee, Are the lips mute that spoke so full and clear? Or have the suave-voiced Sages, greeting, crowned thee Their laurelled peer?

Who shall declare? This know we, and this only, His vibrant voice we shall not hear again Soaring like mighty music, sad and lonely, High o'er our vulgar broils and babblings vain-Silent in pulseless peace the poet slumbers Who spoke such lovely things as few have sung, And taught to move, in amplest, loftiest numbers, Our English tongue.

Beauty's high priest, he saw his Goddess lurking Where common eyes passed ignorantly by; · He traced her touch in Nature's tiniest working, In Art proclaimed her sole supremacy; In Life he longed to see her worship-regnant, Thoughts fair and free and manners fine and fit; He plead her cause in paradoxes pregnant And exquisite.

Mourn by his bier whate'er earth holds of fairest-Birds of the air-he loved your burnished wings, Flowers of the field, the humblest and the rarest, Shells of the sea-he read your murmurings; Streams, lakes, and moorlands, Down, and Fell, and Grampian, "The Springs of Wandle," and "The Banks of Tay," Mourn, for your faithful friend and fearless champion Hath passed away.

Weep, Venice, for your lost, your life-long lover, From Chioggia to Torcello's lone lagoon-Let clouds your radiant Alpine rampart cover And mists of mourning veil your jeweled noon. What brightest luster of the name Venetian Hath not his magic made more lustrous yet? Answer, Carpaccio, Giambellini, Titian And Tintoret!

Last of the Seers, thy doctrine and thy presage Were too austere to fascinate the throng; Our wiser sons shall read and say, "His message Was beautifully right and nobly wrong." On rushing wings the Future comes to meet thee, Till-who can say?-in larger, calmer years, A lovelier England may make haste to greet thee

First of her Seers.

-Westminster Gazette.

gamut, the commentator on his age; he was weak as the artist, and indulged, often unnecessarily and by choice, in the repulsive form—in the awkward, the obscure, the ugly. He belongs with Johnson, with Dryden, with the heirs of the masculine intellect, the men of power not unvisited by grace, but in whom mind is predominant. Upon the work of such poets the health age of their mental time hesitates, conscious of their mental greatness, but also of their imperfect art, heterogeneous matter; at last the

Shelley.

One hundred years have passed since Shelley was born, and two generahave been buried since his were laid by the Roman It is reasonable to ask whether he had any share in this prophetic power, brooding on things to come, which is the mystical endowment of poetic whether he anticipated time in those far thoughts forecasting hope, which he declared to be the substance of poetic intuition: whether he be one of those who, in his own phrase, rule our spirits from their urns, with power still vital in the chaotic thought and striving of man-kind. . . Shelley was a moralist, but he used the poet's methods. He declared the great commands and he denounced wrong with anathemas, but he also gave a voice to the lament of the soul, to its aspirations and its ineradicable, if mistaken, faith in the results of time; and the fluence of expression, such poignancy of sympathy, such a thrill of prophetic tri-umph, are absorbed in the spirit which poured them forth—in its indignation at injustice, its hopefulness of progress, its complete conviction of the rightedusness of its cause. He has this kindling power in men's hearts. They may not believe in the perfectibility of man under the condi-tions of mortal life, but they do believe in his greater perfection; and Shelley's

is a watchword and the development of the individual everywhere in liberty, intelli-gence and virtue is a cherished hope, must be thankful that Shelley lived; that the substance of his work is so vital, and his influence, inspiring, as it is, beyond that of any of our poets in these days, was, and is, so completely on the side of the century's advance. His words are sung by marching thousands in the streets of London. No poet of our time has touched the cause of progress in the living breath and heart-throb of men so close are the choicer spirits of mankind, and bring, with revolutionary violence or deal ways meeting the spirits of mankind, and bring, with revolutionary violence or deal manufactors. ideal imagination, the things to come. They hate the things he hated: like him, they love, above all things, justice; they ware the passions of his faith in mankind. Thue, were his own life as dark as Shakespeare's, and had he left unwritars those personal lyries which some whom 'en those personal lyrics which some who
conceive the poet's art less nobly would
xalt above his grander poems, he would
tand pre-eminent and almost solitary for is service to the struggling world, for what he did as a quickener of men's hearts by his passions for supreme and

on major and minor events that passed in his day-opinions, in short, which help t to the biographer for the full understand-ing of his character, as the books he wrote or the letters wherein his own self is some or times set down, and sometimes, maybe, concealed. This essay, then, lays claim to a certain personal interest, and to possess something of the charm, it is hoped, ngs to a genuine literary discova line or two, mere epigrams, to a long

Memoirs of Alexander I and the

Court of Russia. An important contribution to historical literature is promised from the press of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, who will shortly publish a translation of the "Historical Memoirs of the Emperor Alexander I and the Court of Russia," by Madame La Comtesse de Choiseul-Gouffier, nee Comtesse de Tisenhaus. The translation, by Mary Berenice Patterson, is made from a copy of the original work now in the possession of an antiquarian in Thun Switzerland-this being one of the two copies of the book known to be in existence. The other copy is in the British Museum. The author of this vol-ume was an intimate friend of Alexander and an ardent supporter of his foreign and domestic policy. When Napoleon entered Russia she was presented to him; and her pages contain a Heelike and characteristic picture of the "Little Corporal."

The 26th edition of "Richard Carvei" is announced. It is now in its 24th thousand announced. It is now in its 340th thou-

Miss Minna Caroline Smith's novel,
"Mary Paget," has just gone into its second edition. This is the story of the
Bermudas of the Elizabeth's day which

Bermudas of the Elizabeth's day which has been gaining some attention from Shakespeare's lovers on account of its connection with the scene of "The Tempest" and of the appearance of Shakespeare as a character in the story.

Literature is generally thought to be quite apart from politics, but John S. Wise, the author of "The End of an Era." an extremely interesting inside view of the men and the events of the Confederacy, has discovered otherwise. The author of the book served throughout the Civil War in the Confederate Army, and enjoys the friendship of Mrs. Jefferson enjoys the friendship of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, as he does that of all the survivors of that era who were actively concerned in the struggle. But he is a Republican,

in the struggle. But he is a Republican, and, among a certain element in the South, his book has aroused a most strenuous and even bitter opposition.

If we may believe J. A. Hobson, in his book, "The War in South Africa," it is easy to understand the distrust in which the Boers have held the "outlanders," while behaving in a friendly, manly way to British soldiers when not fighting them. Mr. Hobson gives facts and figures for his contention that there are 15,000 Jows in Johannesburg-for the most part Russians and Germans—who have become naturalized British subjects by short residences in England. He says that practically all the great financial, mining, liquor and



should be prized? Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear, Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the

weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear; The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we mu-

ARTIST RULES THE MAN

Paderewski's Stage Light-Covent Garden Senson-Relative Ages of Living Planists-Other News.

Those who studied Paderewski's face through the lorgnette while he was at the plane Wednesday night-not an easy thing in that low-toned, mystic light-must have been impressed with its delicate sensitiveness and quick response to emotion. It is a mobile, restless face. Not for a moment is it quiet while his hands ar on the keyboard. The swift and subtle changes that pass over it appear to be quite involuntary. In no other way does he show any inclination toward mannerisms.

"A deaf person might easily read in his face the thought expressed by the music." Portland woman was heard to say in street-car conversation the morning after the concert. The reason he makes a practice of turning the light down so low, may be part of hiss general plan of "posing." which he has been accused, but I am inclined to think it is a means of protecting himself from the arrows of hu-morously inclined critics. Philip Hale says that if Paderewski were to play behind a screen his popularity would prob-ably vanish. On the contrary, I believe that if he were to play regularly in a blaze of unfriendly light, exposing to the vulgar stare of the multitude the wrinkled brow, the quivering chin, the the and one sympathetic changes that chase one another across his face—if this were done, I believe he would become a target for ridicule, instead of a glorified being to be adored—a sort of new creation, midway between God and man.

"No, I am not laughing at him. I think he shows his rare good taste and common sense in nothing more than in this arrangement of low-burning stage lights. It places him at once in an atmosphere of mystery. And, what is much more im-portant, removes from him every trace of self-consciousness and constraint, such as sensitive fiber, if placed in an ugly glare of light. It leaves him absolutely free to follow the dictates of his nature in giving spontaneous, physical expression to his feelings while he plays. "What I most admire and wonder at in

Paderewski is the domination of the artist over the man. This is really a great triumph, probably much greater than we plain, every-day people realize, for the emotional temperament will always be an unsolved riddle to the lymphatic tempera-ment. He evidently has a painfully sensitive and excitable organization, yet he has absolute control over it. I've been wondering if he shows the same selfontrol when he is alone with his wife. "Take for example his playing Beethoven sonata. There is a daring power, almost fury, to that allegro con brio, and Paderewski brought this out superbly, yet you felt a certain master fulness of will behind it all. It was al ways 'thus far and no farther.' You felt this subordination of nature to art in every number on the programme except the last one, the Hungarian rhapsody. There all was changed. Thunder and lightning were unloosed. It was a lurid glimpse of majesty and tiger-like passion battling together, with passion winning in the end. Now Paderewski was most of all the artist in thus throwing art to the winds at exactly the right moment. He would never have descended to that cheap trick of kicking the pedals to make a more thundering noise in the Beethoven number. But it was not so much out of acthere was a queer twinkle in her eye. "Liszt was such a volcanic genius! No doubt there are laws that govern even volcanoes, but we haven't discovered

The announcement has just been made that the season of grand opera in London will be opened at Convent Garden on May 14 with a performance of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," in which Mme. Melba will make her re-entree. Maurice Grau will be assisted in the management of the opera season there by the Earl de Grey and Henry V. Higgins. The subscription is larger than that of the season of 1839. At the head of the list of patrons stand names of the Prince and Princess of

Wales. "Romeo and Juliet" is to be followed by all the familiar operas as well as "La Bo-heme" and "La Tosca." Two cycles of Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen" will be given—the first commencing on Tuesday, June 5, and the second on Monday, June 5. All these performances will cted by Felix Motl, Jean de Reszke may appear in some of the "ring" operas.

The list of artists is a long one and includes Mmes. Melba. Ternina, Eames,
Suzanne Adams, Gadski, Susan Strong,
Schumann-Heink, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Messrs. Kraus of Bayreuth and Berlin, Plancon von Rooy, Scotti, and many others.

Some one with a penchant for statistics has engaged in the pleasant task of collecting data regarding the ages of celebrated living planists. Figures usually make dry reading, but in view of the genial personal interest that Portland people feel in the career of several of these artists the list is given herewith. The statistician evidently considers it is useless on such an occasion.

"De Pachmann, born in 1848, is now about De Pachmann, born in 1888, is now about 52," says the critic. "Emil Leibling, born in 1851, is now about 49; Joseffy, born in 1852, is now 48; Sherwood, born in 1854, is 45; Hyllested, born in 1848, is 52; Fried-

in 1883, is now just past 60; Sauer and Rosenthal, born in 1882, are 28; Siloti, born in 1883, is 37; D'Albert, born in 1884, is now 26; Busoni, born in 1896, is 34; Godowsky, born in 1870, is 30; Hambourg, born in 1879, is now 21. It will be noticed that the four planists generally believed to possess the greatest technique. Rosenthal, D'Albert, Busoni and Godowsky, are all between 30 and 40, Busoni and Godowsky, continues the critic (who is no less a person than the critic (who is critic (who is no less a person than Mathewa, editor of 'Music'), "being the youngest as well as the greater play-ers, though with this dictum many will disagree. The still living Saint-Saens belongs to an earlier generation. He was born in 1825, and is therefore now 65. Among women pianists, Sophle Menter, born in 1848, is the oldest, viz. 52; Madame Carreno, born in 1853, is now 47; Madame Rive-King, born in 1857, is now 42, and Madame Bloomfield-Zeisler, born in 1858, is now 34. She belongs with the men who

Performances of "Carmen" at the Met-ropolitan Opera-House, New York, when Madame Caive is the heroine, are never monotonous, and so the audience needs no such unexpected incident as took place no such unexpected includent as took place. In act 3 the other night, to give variety to the presentation, says a New York exchange. The incident, or accident, was the fainting of Madame Calve just as she was separating Don Jose (Mr. Salignac) and Escamillo (Mr. Scotti), as they were in the midst of their duel with daggers. The soprano ran too violently against Mr. Scottl's arm and fell to the floor, while the curtain was rung down and the music

are now between 30 and 40. The older

players may be regarded as having com-pleted their style and tastes.

It was announced that Madame Calve had fainted and that the performance would be resumed in a few minutes. The plucky singer soon reappeared and the opera was taken up where it had been left off, and completed without further hindrance. Madame Calve was in high spirits throughout the first half of the performance, and her buoyancy seemed scarcely diminished after her mishap.

Theresa Carreno has been in Paris, playing with the Colonne Orchestra and giv-ing two piano recitals at the Salle Erard last week, writes Gustin Wright in The Concert-Goer. She may well feel proud of her entree in the French capital, for never in the memory of the oldest and best informed musicians has a woman had such a reception in Paris. As M. Kleber said to me: "Even Rubinstein was not received with more enthusiasm." Het concert of last Saturday was a veritable triumph, for she was recalled at the end of the programme six times, and gave two extra numbers to satisfy the audience, a thing unheard of among the cold French audiences.

recent song-recital given at Car-At a recent song-recital given at Car-negie Hall. New York, Mme. Sembrich sang in eix languages—Italian, French, German, English. Polish and Russian— and this feat alone would be considered paramount as an achievement with almost any other singer. The fact that it was only a detail in Mme. Sembrich's singing affords sufficient evidence of its all-round

A cablegram to the New York Herald Tuesday announces that Rudolph Aron-son, the New York manager, has engaged M. Jean de Reszke to "lead" a new grand opera by Max Vogrich, entitled "Der Bud-dah." Whether we are to understand that M. Jean is to sing the leading tenor role or sit in the director's chair is not made clear. It is well known that Mr. Aronson has for some time had a contract with Vogrich to produce his new opera, but the practical certainty that the Polish tenor will be with Mr. Grau's company next season makes one hesitate to accept the Aronson rumor. Perhaps the foxy manager is attracting attention to his project by the use of M. Jean's magic

The Oratorio Society, of New York, un-der the direction of Mr. Frank Damrosch, gave at its Carnegie Hall concert on April Bach's B minor mass nearly in its en-tirety. This was a notable event in the annals of New York musical history, for this mass is generally regarded by au-thorities as one of Bach's greatest works. It is said that it has never before been given in this country in anything like its entirety. To master it is a task of the greatest difficulty for any chorus. Mr. Damrosch obtained two obol d'amore, obsolete instruments that Bach employed in his orchestra, and put two obodists at work learning how to play them, in order that Bach's orchestral effects might be as nearly as possible reproduced.

Heinrich have given two recitals this week with another booked for tonight, said a Boston critic a few days ago. Our old-time favorite showed that he has low one of his cunning, even if his voice has a few gray hairs on it. Julia Heinrich a worthy daughter of the genial Max.

Ellen Beach Yaw's Top Note.

Ellen Beach Yaw's "top note" has excited vast interest all over the world and there are few vocalists who claim to surpass it. When this California girl made her first appetrance in New York, it caused endless discussion in clubs and drawing-rooms, and club men were fond of attributing her great range of voice to her abnormal length of throat.

One day at a well-known club a throat specialist was present who had examined Miss. Yaw's larynx. He said her vocat chords were the finest he had ever seen or heard of, and were capable of 27 full notes. A scientist explained this extra-ordinary altitude by stating that the unisual length of neck allowed for it, and that Miss Yaw's something-with-a-long-name—which means the true vocal chordmade 2048 vibrations per second. This in-formation was all very delightful, but it did not settle the mooted questionwhether Miss Yaw's top note highest on record. At length a happy hought struck one man. He consulted the Encyclopedia Britannica and found that the greatest vocal compass in history is that once possessed by an 18th century soprano, Lucrezia Ajugari, whose range was from A below the staff to D in altis-A Miss Bertha Bird, of Melbourne, Ausralia, who is well known as a vocalist in has an even greater range than Miss Yaw. She has a phenomenal voice, so the local papers state, which ranges the five C's, and she not only sings F altissimo but several beyond.

Cantata at St. Helen's Hall.

Smart's cantata, "King Rene's Daughter." will be given Tuesday evening of this week, at St. Helen's Hall, by the choral class, under the direction of Mrs. Walter Reed.

Postponed One Week. Owing to unforeseen circumstances, the ymphony concert will be given on the he 19th, as announced.

Musical Club Notes.

The committee having charge of the concert to be given at the First Presbyerian Church, April 15, have decided not to insue tickets, but to open the church to the public free of charge, as has been ione in previous years. The object is to reach many whose circumstances make good music one of the unattainable luxuwho can afford to pay high prices fo their own maical gratification will not for who are rarely given an opportunity of this kind. oCntributions towards this re-cital will be gladly received by Miss chairman of the concert commit There will be no students' recital

At the last business meeting it was voted to enlarge the student membership by admitting the pupils of associate as well as of active club members. Each

this season.

They Say He Pounds Brutally, Even Kicks the Pednis, and Cannot Play Fugues.

Paderewski is the subject of a racy editorial in the March number of "Music," the Chicago monthly edited by W. S. B. Mathews. "Music" for a long time past has been conspicuously laudof a certain other planist, atory Mr. Godowsky, of Chicago, and possibly this may in part explain the extreme severity of the strictures made against the popular idel. But strange to say Philip Hale, the well-known music critic of Boston, supports Mr. Mathews in his opinion. "I notice all along the line this year a certain acerbity in the criticism, much more than upon the former appearance of this artist," begins Mr. Mathews, quite mildly. "I think it is not difficult to point out the reason: Mr. Paderewski's playing is not commensurate with his popular estimation as the first of living planists, his prices, and his tacit assumptions. Moreover, musicians go farther, and bewail the fact that in recognition of his rank Mr. Paderewski should not play the pest he possibly can, and devote himself to

poetry upon the plane, instead of exploit-ing his ephemeral popularity for the sake of getting money.

"The source of dissatisfaction in Mr. Paderewski's work lies first of all in his programmes, which are stale and conven-tional to a degree; and second, in the manner in which he plays them, which is wanting in most of the higher qualities of

"It is the fashion to credit
Mr. Paderewski with having great
technique. Possibly he has it,
but his playing does not show it.
First he avoids difficult works; then the
more difficult ones that he does play are imperfect from a technical standpoint. He gets through them, but we do not hear under his fingers that unfailing distinctness and clearness of detail, whether the en-semble be loud or soft, which is one of the rerogatives of really great technique. The most that can be truthfully eald in his fa-vor is that his technique, when he is in practice, is up to the demands of the con-

wentional repertory of planists.

"The most serious difficulty with his art, however, is the lack of what we might call molecular expression in everything he plays. He shows the natural influence of continued practice upon monophonic music exclusively, and upon the most melodious and simple at that. Whenever he has a melody (and recognizes the fact) he sings it as sentimentally as an Italian woman. This naturally appeals to the public; but musicians know that there is in music a higher good, which this sentimental ab-sorption in cantilena frequently misses. When he is busy with cantilena he entirely forgets the remainder of the structure. All suggestions of inner voices, all harmonic nuances, even the rhythm, are forgotten. In this particular respect Mr. Paderewski's playing is one of the worst possible of bad examples for young stu-dents. It stops short with the Song Without Words' period of Mendelssohn and the Nocturne of Chopin.

"Even in polyphonic playing this defi-ciency of molecular life still prevails. The subject of the fugue is brought out, forced out, shouted at one; the supporting voices are like the New England children, 'to be seen and not heard.' They are put to bed early—and they stay there. Mr. Padbed early—and they stay there. Mr. Pad-erewski plays a fugue very badly indeed. He has talent enough, if he could disabuse himself of his devotion to cantilena, to play fugue well, really charmingly; with the come and go of inner voices, the living, pulsating conversation of a true poly-phony. But he does not.

"Aside from this deplorable poverty in nolecular nuance, Mr. Paderewski has positive faults; or, rather, one great fault, which vitlates his whole art. He pounds the plane most brutally. He adds to the pounding the animal trait of kick-ing the pedal, in order to add the noise of the whole frame of dampers falling upon the wires to the over-forced tone-volume; he put in a middle note or two in his sforzando octaves in the base work for the gallery-and for a very had gallery at that.

"And what are we to say about his repertory? Does Mr. Paderewski mean to tell us that there are no effective bril-liant pieces for plano since those offensive and benal vulgarities the List Hungar ian Rhapsodies? Why should these phe-nomenally threadbare pieces, which have even lost their value for pedagogic pur poses, be thrust upon us at this late day? Consider how barren they are: how little illustrate the worst side of a planist who was himself. like Mr. Paderewski, a bit of poseur (I mean no disrespect by belittling Mr. Paderewski's art in this respect, for it is great) and who by uniformly illustrated the best side of piano-playing.

Philip Hale's Opinion.

"The most cruel treatment of the Paderewski peculiarities that has fallen under my notice is that of Mr. Philip Hale, in the Musical Record. He begins by attributing Paderewski's success to person-ality. He is unkind enough to give currency to the old Paris canard which attributed Paderewski's hirsute nocturnal curl papers, and, after recogniging his strange personal magnetism, he

goes on:
"The personal quality of Mr. Pade rewski would have carried him far if he had chosen some more peaceful calling, as diplomacy, the army, law, medicine, the priesthood; or if he had sold soap on street corners.

Would the effect of his performance be as great if he should play behind a

screen?
"'How cunningly contrived is his mise The dim hall, the stage light en-scene! arranged to fall on the planist's lucrative hair, the purpose to accentuate the an-drogynal mystery that sits in the low chair, the delay of 29 minutes to heat curiosity and excitement to the hollingoint of hysteria! O Barnumism-refined

Barnumism-but Barnumism!
"The day may come when a still more skillfully managed planist will play in a thrown from the gallery on the hypnotist. He may close the concert with a planis-simo, and then sink through the stage, with the piano, while he kisses his hand gracefully to the ladies. Or with a fortis-simo he may ascend with the plano, as in the apotheosis in a pantomime, I wonder why even now Mr. Paderewski

does not prefer to appear on the stage by the aid of a vampire trap. "It would be eminently unjust to deny the attractive qualities of Mr. Paderewski as a planist when he is at his best. His polished and dazzling technique, his exquisite tone, his singing of the phrase, his clearness in contrapuntal passages these attainments have justly given him

When Ethel Sings.

When Ethel eings, the faithful dog Runs howling to the cellar door, And piteously whines and begs
That he shall not be tortured more The family cat seclusion seeks Far underneath the guest-room bed. The poor canary 'neath his wing Forlornly hides his little head.

When Ethel sings, the namers by Upon the sidewalk stop and look Thinking perhaps the hired man is roughly murdering the cook neighbors shut their windows tight. And join in saying bitter things; he whole community, in fact, Is deeply stirred when Ethel sings.