

In the Library.

mmemorial peace ds a swift surcease, knits her "ravelled sleeve" dreams that poets weave. Here the vince that Virgil trained Hang with clusters purple-valued; Here the flex starts to view Murmuring songs that Horace knew;

And that famed Banduslan font, Bubbles over with the glee Of a lift to Leinge.

Here, from his Arcadian wood, Pan, half seen, half understood, Pipes his wild bewitching strain Till the Dryads dance again.

Charlemagne comes hunting here, Roland, too, and Olivier;— Hark! the music of that horn "On Pontarabia's echoes borne."

Old-world phantoms, dearer far Let the glittering riot pass, Hie manet felicitus. —John Paul Booock, in November Critic.

THE COSMIC PHILOSOPHY

Prof. John Fiske's Theory of the Prolonged Intancy of Mankind-Other Late Publications.

Professor John Piske, whose historical and philosophical writings are noteworthy contributions to the world's thought, has long been prominent among the Ameri-can advocates of evolution and the Spen-cerian philosophy. Thirty years ago he ceram philosophy, 'Init'y years ago he arrived at the discovery of the causes of the prolonged infancy of mankind, and the part played by it in determining human development. In "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," which has met cordial welcome wherever disciples of Darwin, Gosthe and Spencer are to be found, Professor Philosophy and provide storage. femor Fiske not only fully absorbs Spencer's views, but rearranges and con-denses them and amplifies them, expe-cially as to the part taken by the prolongation of human infancy in originat-

ing social evolution.

The chief difficulty which most person find in accepting the doctrine of evolution as applied to the origin of the hu-man race is that of realizing in imagina-tion the kinship between the higher and lower forms of intelligence and emotion. Critics ask how it is possible to imagine that a race possessed of a godflos intel-lect a keen neatheric sense and a lofty soul should ever have descended from a race of mere brutes. Again they ask how can a race endowed with great capacity for progress be genetically akin to those lower races of which even the highest show no advance from one gene ration to another. Introducing these con , not so much to confirm the the descent of man from an ape-like unimal as to illustrate the true

oint of view which the evolution of umanity should be regarded, Professor

mined by social conditions. The all-important contrast, therefore, is not between man and other primates, extinct and coatemporary, but between civilized man and primitive man. The lowest contemporary man, whose social organ-lastics has never reached any higher form than that of the simplest tribal community, exhibits but scarny traces of the god-like intellect, the refined taxtes, or the lofty soul which we are accustomed to ascribe to humanity in general as its distinctive attributes. Humanity, zoologically considered, axists today, to which these attributes cannot be ascribed withest a considerable strain upon the accepted meanings of our words. Zoologically, the Australian belongs to the genus home, and is therefore neares to us than to the gorilla or gibbon; psychologically, he is in meany respects further removed from us than from these man-like ages. No one will deap that the intellectual progress implied in counting up to five or six though equally important, is immeasurably inferior in quantity to the subsequent progress implied in the solution of dynamical problems by means of integral calculus—an achievement to which the average exhibits but scenty traces of the god-like intel synamical problems by means of integral cal-colus—an achievement to which the average modern engineer is competent. But in going back to the primeval man, we must descend to a lower grade of intelligence than that which is occupied by the Australian. We must traverse the immensely long period during which the average human skull was enlarging from a capacity of 55 inches, like that of the highest apes, to a capacity of 70 inches, like these post-glarial European skulls, of which the one found at Neanderthal is a specimen-end which are shout on a per with the skulls of the Australians. And when we have resched the beginning of this period—possibly in the Miosene spech—we may fairly represent to our-selves the individuals of the human genus as azimals differing in little save a more marked sociality from the dryopitheous and other exselves the individuals of the human genus as animals differing in little save a more marked sociality from the dryopitheous and other extinct half-human ages. We may represent primitive man as an animal in whom, physical and psychical changes having hitherto proceeded part passus intelligence had at length arrived at a point where variations in it would sooner be selected on by natural selection than variations in physical structure. When among primates persessed of such an intelligence, the family groups temporarily formed ameng all mammals began to become permanent, then we must may that there began the carser of humanity as distinguished from astimality. For countiess ages our ancestors probably were still but slightly distinguished from other primates, and that their increasing intelligence, their use of weapons, and their habits of combination, rendered them more than a makeh for much larger and stronger animals. In the later Pilocane times these primitive men may have come to bear soons resemblances to the invect contemporary savages. Human remains and relice of the still later placetal period supply clear groof of such arcsemblance, yet the absence of any hopeoversent in weappones and implements for many ages longer longer. period supply clear proof of such a resemblance; yet the absence of any briproveness; in weap-pone and implements for many ages longer shows that as yet there was but little capability of progress. Of the career of mankind during the 8000 years which would awarf to have selapsed since the sex of the cave hear and woulty rhindevers, we possess many vostigess. But everything indicates the most extreme barbarriam, howhere does there appear as barbariam; nowhere does there appear a trains of anything like even the rudest civiliantion, until we reach that comparatively recent
spoch antecedent to the dawn of history, but
accessible to philotogy. The partial restoration
of the Aryan mother-tongue enables us to go
back perhaps a done or fifteen centuries beyond the are of Homer and the Vedas, and
catch a few silteness of the prehistoric Aryans
—an agricultural rose completely tribul to coganisation, but acquainted with the use of metalk, and showing marks of an intelligence decidesity aboves that of high contemporary barbarlans like the Easters. At the same time the
deciphering of hierographics an Expitian montiments receasis to us the existence in the Valley of the Nile of an nile and insmobile civilingtion, until we reach that comparatively recent
good antecedent to the dawn of history, but
accessible to philotogy. The partial restoration
of the Aryan mother-tongue enables us to go
back perhaps a done or fifteen, centuries beprescolous talent which he soon detected in ber and "cid his best." as ahe
confessed, to "spoil her" by printing, as and Prussia, and believed that in the
court of Berlin he would never have
has own expenses, 50 copies of her end
in four books, on the "Buttle of Maratheor," which was completed at the ripe
age of 181 Mrs. Browning was almost
entirely self-clucated. The history of her
mental development during the first 20
years of her life, says Miss Preston,
"may be summed up in a very fow words:
Astonishing avidity and aptitude for
learning, conniverous reading, and no restheor." Sona, New York.)

John Oliver Hobbes' new book, "Roblearning distributions in the sequel to "The School
for Saints!" It takes its title from the
sight of it. Of the beginnings of civilination

ground for regarding her poetic gentus

at the III defined as at which we first cauch
the first provide the first provide and prolearning conniverous reading, and no resular training whatsoever. There is no
ground for regarding her poetic gentus

at the III defined as at w race of anything like even the rudest civilian

on the Nile, and also, indeed, on the Eu-phrates, and of the stages by which the Arr-ans arrived at the intellectual pre-eminence to which their resovered language bears witness, we know absolutely nothing. But even if we were to allow 20,000 years for these proceed-ings—an interval nearly seven times as long as that which secarates the Momente area from Ings—an interval nearly seven times as long as that which separates the Homorio age from our own time—we should obtain but a brief period compared with the countiess ages of unnitigated harbarism which preceded it. The progress of mankind is like a geometrical progression. For a good while the repeated deubling produces quite unnitrusive results; but as we begin to reach the large numbers the increase suddenly becomes astentishing. Since the beginning of recorded history we have been moving among the large numbers, and each decade now witnesses a greater amount of psychical achievement than could have been witnessed in thousands of years among pregiscial men. Such a result is what the doc witnessed in thousands of years among pre-glacial men. Such a result is what the doc-trine of evolution teaches us to untilcipate; and it thoroughly confirms our statement that, in point of intelligence and capacity for progress, the real contrast is not between all mankind and other primates, but between civilized and preference are

primeyal men. If we take the thousands of centuries during which the human race has cov-ered both the Eastern and Western Hemlspheres, and compare with them the en-tire duration of recorded human history, we shall have set before us a profitable subject of reflection. "Since the pariod," anys Professor Fisks, "during which man says Professor Fisks, "during which man has possessed sufficient intelligence to leave a traditionary record of himself is but an infinitesimal fraction of the period during which he has existed upon the earth, it is but fair to conclude that, during those long ages of which none but a geologic record of his existence remains, he was slowly acquiring that superior intelligence which now so widely distinguishes him from all other animals. Throughout an enormous period of mais. Throughout an enormous period of time, his brain-structure and its corre-lated intellectual and emotional functions must have been constantly modified both by natural selection and by direct adaptaen, while his outward physical appearance has undergene few modifications ance has undergene few modifications, and of these the most striking would seem to be directly or indirectly sequent upon the cerebral changes. (Heughton, Miffith & Co., Boston.)

MRS. BROWNING'S POETRY. Definitive Edition Added to the Cam-

bridge Poet's Series. The high standard of the Cambridge poots is maintained in the definitive edition of the poems of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, just published. The text followed is that of the latest comprehensive English edition, and as Mrs. Browning sought to give more than ordinary weight to certain words and phreses, her Italicising and capitalization have been followed. The appendix includes the more important of her earlier work, that which important of her earlier work, that which may properly be classed as juvenilita, but which is invaluable as showing the early bent of her intellect and illustrating the development to the high standards of later years. The plan of the volume is that followed in all the Cambridge editions. The headnotes to individual poems and groups of poems are restricted for the most part to blographical and bibliographical detail. In the pages and illustrantical detail. Finke anys:

The chief differences between sivilized man and the other members of the order to which he belongs are psychological differences, and the immense series of psychical changes to which they are due has all along been determined by the characteristics of Mrs. Browning's poetry and of those qualities of mind which especially distinguish her.

as an inheritance either from her formidable father, or from the weak and shadowy mother, who died soon after giving birth to her eighth son; and in trying to trace the geneals of her signal endowment, we find ourselves driven back upon fanciful speculations concerning the large general influx of "intellectual day," which appears to have visited our planet in the first of the century now and lng. More persons predestined to great eminence in their various lines were born between 1930 and 1810 than in all the next six or seven decades." (Houghton, Millin & Co., Boston.)

Recollections of Napoleon L. "Memories of Counters Potocka," is an

unusually vivacious and attractive volume in which the Countess, a member of the Polish royal family and an enthusiastic patriot, gives her reminiscences of people and events. Apart from her pic-ture of Napoleon and of many other faus historical characters, this journal reveals a naive but charming personality, Gallic in its clever quickness and percep-tion, yet withal that of a nature always pure and womanly in spite of the times and surroundings. One gets to feel very intimate with the author after reading her frank tale of how, after the usual marriage de convenance, she tried to arouse her husband's interest and plque him into showing more affection by writ-ing a love letter to herself and dropping it where he must find it. Many portraits, views and freshviles make an illustrative series of pictures. The recollections of the Countess go back to 1294 and the days of the Polish revolution. She devetes much space to her recollections of Bons-parte, whom she met at Warsaw during his Russian compaign. Of course, the Poles were in sympathy with him, and many of the Countess relatives held high positions in the French Army. Of her first meeting with Napoleon she says: "So many portraits exist of this aston-lahing man, his history has been so much written about, all the stories told by the children of his old soldiers will live so long, that the generations to come will know him almost as well as ourselves. But what will be difficult to grasp is how deep and unexpected the impression was which those felt who saw hifn for the first time. As for me, I experienced a sort of stupor, a mute sur-prise, like that which selses one at the aspect of any prodigy. It seemed to me that he wore an aureoic. The only thought I could form when I had re-covered from this first shock was that such a being could not possibly die; that such a mighty organization, such a stupenduous genius could never perish. I inwardly awarded him double immorta-(Doubleday & McClure Co., New

Napoleon at His Height.

"Napoleon III at the Height of His Power" is the fifth volume of Imhert de-Saint-Amand's series devoted to the Court of the Second Empire. It is a strikingly strong and clear outline of the subject. The events following the war-with Austria for the liberation of Italy are described. The Emperor was satis-fied with the events of 1800. "Pursuing the current of the commonliture subsense."

LASHED BY LIVID LIGHTNING.

MILLIONAIRE AERONAUTS CAUGHT IN A TEMPEST.

The child's play. Now that the multi-millionaires of the United States are toporting, as has been reported, the new airships that have propen successful in France and Germany, it is easy to anticipate the contequences. Picture men awept in the swiri of a mething cyclone through countiess acres of lightning-lashed space, with the deadly fluid all about them out of their reckening and cut of from the smallest glimpes of a human habitation by the roll-

ing blackness of Cimmerian clouds!

Twentieth century sperts may make the most dangerous pastimes of the nineteenth seem

the current of his cosmopolitan schemes and humanitarian polloy, he dramsed of a moral and material solidarity between all nations, a sort of European federation, and fancied himself called to realize-A short biographical sketch of Mrs. thanks to the principle of nationalities-Browning, by Harriet Waters Preston, the visions of the Mamorial from Saint serves as an introduction. Mrs. Brown-Helena. To his mind, the private intering began writing verse when she was ests of France came second to the gen-

gram and philosophy do not hinder or excitude romantic incident. A novel which starts with the problem of a high-minded here and hereins unconsciously committing bigamy, and which keeps its stage moving with Princes, Dukes, Lords, Ladies, statesmen and bishops, can hardly be open to that charge. Disraell was a strong salt of humor in "The School for Saints," and in "Rebert Orange" he is much mere dominant. The characters are of individual and original type. (Frederick A. Stokes Cd., New York.)

Interest in Rooseveli's Works.
Governor Rooseveli's election to the Vice-Presidency will undoubtedly awaken new interest in his literary productions, which with the exception of the monograph, "Oliver Cromwell," are issued in a new edition with a biographical and critical memoir by General Francis V. Greene. Governor Rooseveli's most notable work in, of course, "The Winning of the West," a picturesque and comprehensive narrative of the sarly history of the sreat states of the Middle West and Southwest. The Gevernor's success as historian, economist, soldier, hunter, author and Governor gives hope that in him the Vice-Presidency will be rescued from its wonted oblivion. (G. F. Putnam's Sons, New York.) Interest in Rooseveli's Works.

BOOK NOTES.

Miss Lilian Whiting Not a Member Miss Lilian Whiting Not a Member of the Bablst Sect.

In a recent issue of the New York World, in an article on "Bablsts," a new Oriental sect, the statement was made that Miss Lilian Whiting, the author of "The World Beautiful," is a believer in "Bablsm," and one of the latest to return from Syrin. As the publishers of Miss Whiting's books. Little, Brown & Co. Boston, state that this assertion is absolutely unfounded, Miss Whiting had never even heard the name of "Bablam" until her return from Paris and she has

never even neard the name of habitan until her return from Paris, and she has never been to Egypt or Syria, but divided last Winter between Rome and Florence. She was born and bred in the Episcopal Communion, to whose faith she is unfalteringly-allied.
"Tom's Boy," by the author of "Miss Tamesy's Mission." A story of love, suparation and reunion with the income of

a large estate to make the second heney-moon happier than the first. (Little, Brown & Ca. Beston.) George Bird Grinnell is a popular writer

of frontier stories for boys. "Jack Among the Indians" depicts the life of a white boy among the Indians in the days when herds of buffalo roumed the Western plains and Indians lived by hunting them. It is a healthy story of courage, darim and adventure. (Frederick A. Stokes Co. New York.) W. A. Fraser's text on Arthur Heming's

illustrations have made "Mogseva and Chiers of the Boundaries" a book of im-aginative interest. Each knows the Ca-nadian wilderness with the thoroughness of long familiarity, and together they have vividly postrayed the world of the trackless Northern forests. Carcajou, the Wolverine; Mosswa, the Moose; Muskwa, the Bear; Black Fox, the King, and the various other fur-bearing animals are the dramatic personae of a story which de-picts animal life from the inside. (Charles Scribner & Sons, New York.)

A faccinating story for children, giving a great deal of valuable information about Indian ways and customs is "A riet A. Cheever. From India the children make the long voyage to England, and thence to America. The wond-rful sights of the great Indian city of Bombay are described in a vivid and simple manneh. The volume is prettily illustrated by H. C. Ireland.-(Latle, Brown

In "A Private Chivalry," Francis Lynde opens with a picture of a Colorado min-ing camp, from which the reader is taken to Denver. The chivairous hero, who is working out his own salvation in spite of enemies and temptations, becomes involved in a mystery which holds the interest of the reader.—(D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Co. New York.)
"With Malice Toward None." by Olive
Beatrice Muir. A gloomy tale of unrequited love. The heroine had "beautiful

teeth, but her hair was a perfect glory a rich bronze." (Rand, McNally & Co. Chicago.)
"Scouting for Washington," by John Preston True. An historical story of the Revolution. It is full of spirit and dash.—(Listle, Brown & Co., Boston.)

"A Furnuce of Earth," by Hallie Erminis Rives. A stupid study of the emotions of a morbid young weman, who decided not to marry her betrothed because the spiritual feeling the water.

cause the spiritual feeling she enter-tained for him was insufficient.—(Came-lot Co., New York.)
"The Soft Side," by Henry Jame . A

Company, New York)

"The Duke of Stockbridge," by Edward Bellamy. A romance of Shay's rebel on. The adventure and romance of the officer in the Continental Army, who led this revolt, and who loved a belle in Western Massachusetts, form the theme of the novel. Bellamy wrote this before "Looking Backward."—(Silver, Burdett & Co., New York)

"The Heart of the Ancient Wood." by Charles G. D. Roberts. A romance of

Charles G. D. Roberts. A romance of the alliance of peace between a pioneer's daughter in the depths of the ancient wood and the wild beasts that felt spell and he wild became her friends.—(Si ver. Burdett & Co. New York.)
"The First Capture," by Harry Castleman. A story of the Battle of Lexington.—(Saalsfield Publishing Company,

Alcron. O.) THE MAGAZINES.

Geneva Editor's Warning Aguinst an International Policy.

Marc Debrit, editor of the Geneva Jour nal, writes in the International Monthly, for November, upon the various con-gresses hold by European nations under the pretext of setting aright the wrongs brought about by conquest. He treats of the famous Congress of Vieina, and of later conventions. Evidently the writer considers the appeal to a Congress of Nations the last resort for weak or op-pressed people, for the Judges are the strong, and decide questions solely from seif interest. He warms the world against

an international police.

The feature in the current number of The Critic is easily the first installment The Critic is easily the first metaliment of "The Forest Schoolmaster," a scrial novel by Pater Rosegger, which should, through its rare simplicity and the freshness of its appeal, readily win a corner in the resder's affection. At the outset, certainly, the story is redolent with nature both inanimate and human.

The November North American Review come with a matterly article by Capitain

opens with a masterly article by Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., on "Asiatic Condi-A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., on "Assauce condi-tions and international Policies," in which he endeavors to show what the United States must do to maintain its influence in the councils of the nations under the new conditions created by the Eastern

Robert Donald, the editor of the Municipal Journal, of London, contributes to the Review of Raviews for November an article on "Trusts in England," describing the modus spersadt of effecting industrial combinations there, and giving specific instances of many such combina-tions formed within the past two years. Notable articles to appear in Scribner's Magazine in 1801 are: "The Regular Army," General Francis V. Greene; "Russia of Today," Henry Norman; "Stage Reminiscences," by Mrs. Anne H. Gilbert; new

y Iscences," by Mrs. Anne H. Gilbert; new articles on "The Workers," Walter A. Wyckoff, and stories and contributions by J. M. Barrie, Theodore Roosevelt, Richard Harding Davis; T. B. Aldrich; William Allen White, Ernest Seton-Thompson and others.

The Thankegiving number of the Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, contains "The Leaders in American Diplomacy," by John W. Foster; "The Onward March of American Trade," by Frank A. Vanderlip, and a number of other articles and a pientiful supply of fiction.

The feast of style and reason, Together met to open up The operatio season.

All hall the front of howling swells (And those who wish to class so) Bowed down to Melha's trable and De Rezake's mighty bases.

-Wallace Irwin in San Francisco Ekaminer.

GRAU IN SAN FRANCISCO

Opened to a Brilliant but Cold Audience-Rouse Two-Thirds Full for Wagner.

The most fashionable audience that was ever drawn to an auditorium in San Francisco assembled at Morosco's Grand Opera-House last Monday night to greet Opera-House last Monday night to great anywhere.

The Grau company. It was a \$15,000 house, and an audience of some 3000 people, who behaved as though Grau opera were an every night affair in San Francisco and most wonderful singer we know anything

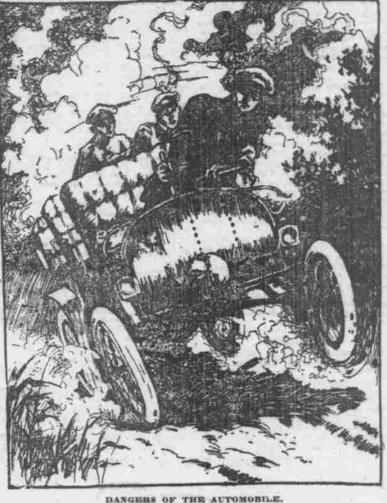
acterisation, not Melha as her admirre-among whom I count myself not the least would care to remember her. Saless, the tenor, started Romeo in a white, anaemic voice, but warmed up rousingly as the night grow. He pipes a note that is as clear as a rumpet, despite the nasal influence of the Parislan school, and he exists well as worst singura acthe nasal influence of the Parislan school, and he acts as well as most singers act, in the stuffed, padded fashirn. The grod actor is not made in the tenor's image. For Edouard de Resske there is nothing but superlative praise. He is an artist from sole to bonnet, with a voice so rich and warm as to shame a celle. What there is in the role of Friar Laurent he voices and figures with impecable identity. There are dignity and splendid sympathy in his work.

Gressest in Late Tiskes.

Greatest in Late Times.

San Francisco Chronicie. Very few people, perhaps, know that the cast of "Romeo et Juliet" last night was in the matter of principals the greatwas in the matter of principals the great-est the opera has had in late times. If not, taken as a whole, the greatest it has ever had. When Mr. Grau plays in New York or London he does not put Edouard de Resake and Plancon together in the hill, and as a fact, if anybody wants to hear a greater group of wolces together in that opera, he must have them spe-cially created, for they cannot be found envelopers.

"CANNONBALLING" A CURVE.



Talk about the "Chicago Limited" and "Empire State Express"! They are "not in it" with automobiling, as practiced by some of the multi-millionaires of the East. The railway trains in question go faster than the autos. It is true, but they glide over straight, way trains in question go faster than the autos. It is true, but they gives over straight, well-laid and ballasted steel tracks, while the automobiliers, so to speak, go at breakneck pace over all sorts and conditions of roads, getting a fair stretch here and a rocky course there; bumping over his boulders, skirting deep ditches, darting around so-called curves that look more like arute angles, and dashing pelimell among numerous other vehicles on drives aircady crowded beyond the danger point. Several persons have aircady been injured by the autos, and aircady a cry has gone up over the reckiesment of the mililonaire drivers and owners of the volicies. Automobiling may get become a nulsance and a public menace.

Melba, Saleza, Edouard de Resake and of, and in getting there she has performed

I cannot fathom. The singers were there in a great measure, and yet she is there, in a cast that would make London or one of the most delightful interpreters New York envious; the orchestra under volume of short stories, containing some the baton of Mancinsili was besutifully of the best work Mr. James has done. All the stories are good.—(The Macmilian torium was filled to a comfortable overflowing; and the wantonly costumed ushers made fewer mistakes than ever before-but there was a chill in the atmosphere that never entirely thawed. There was applause, to be sure, but it was of the dignified, perfunctory sort, devoid of shout and boot thunder.

The women did not promenade between acts and there was a hush in the talk of the men who crowded the fover, For a big opening it was the quietest in my experience. There was nothing like the spell and thrill and glitter of the old Patti nights; nor was there an approach to the last time, or the time before, that Melba sang here with a company in-finitely inferior to the present one. It seemed to be a house afraid of itself,

that sought safety in silence; and the spirit of the audience went over the lights and affected the singers. Soprano in the Limelight.

In the first place, "Romeo and Juliet is not an opera to strike sparks. It gives the soprano a glorious opportunity to bathe in the limelight, and it gives the tenor about as much chance as William Shakespeare gave Romeo in the original drama. That is all. The rest have few endeavors that really matter in the way of individual glorification. De Reazke as the friar, and Piancon as Capulat could

the friar, and Piancon as Capulat could not help but be good, but their performances were only promises of what they will do when their talents and temperaments are given bigger vent.

I went to the show with a bookful of adjectives and a head ready to dix with excitement, but I came away from it as apathetic as the rest of the crowd. The only feature that I can absolutely rave and gush about is the orchestra. and gush about is the orchestra. We have heard surpassing bands, but not better than this. Mancinelli plays it as a master handles the keys of an

Meiba, Saisza, Edouard de Resase and beild de of the greatest and most difficult music. She is not a very passionate singer, but Gounod's Juliet is somewhat more sprituelle than Shakespeare's Juliet, and that silver voice is what it is written for. Mme, Meiba is just at the height of her charm and she promises to hold it for

many years yet.

Grau, the impressrie of the opera company, came out of his box smilling and affable. "It was a magnificent audience, and the singing was worthy the assemblage," said he. "Romeo and Juliet' has not been sung better anywhere. I am

L. Du Pont Lyle in the Call: The scen-ery was sufficient, though decidedly below a Parision standard, as Mr. Grau must

Rook very well.

The programme furnished the audience was a thing of loathing and abomination. It was with difficulty one could discover the printed cast buried as it was under the advertisements of o'l heaters, whereas and complexion tonics. When people pay

such an infliction as this. The Second Night.

The Chronicle: Grau finds it easier to pay out a fat fortune in salaries every night of the season than to account for such situations as the one he faced last night at the Grand Opera-House. Not one of the singers in his company is so praised, and particularly in this city, as Mme. Gadski, and yet she sang last even ing to something like two-thirds of a house. Society decided that the second night must, in the line of tradition, be an "off" one and so it was in the matter of box office receipts, but not in an artistic sense. The enthusiasem and the appreciation was out of all proportion to the audience and the first-nighters would not have begrudged twice \$1 a seat for some of the electric atmosphere that made "Tannhauser" a joy from the mo-ment Walter Damrosch raised his baton until the curtain went down on the last Van Dyck is said to be the greatest

we have heard surpassing bands, but not better than this. Mancinelli plays it as a master handles the keys of an organ. His bandsmen are absolutely plustic under his beat. The orchestra was the under his beat. The orchestra was there, always; but it was your subconscience rather than your consciences that noted its presence. Never have I heard a big orchestra so perfectly subservient and subsidiary to the bric interest of the music drama as this one. It caught to the last note that wonderful blend of passion and religious formality that characterizes Gounod's score. It was never excessive, obtrustive, and never wagting.

Exquisite Vecal Machine.

And now for the singing. Melba was the Jullet, and well—as cold as her audilence. Melba can do better than this. So "La Boheme" with a tenderness to make an audience weep. But she was cold inst night for all her delicate phrasing and birdle tone. Melba is not a great acries by natural temperament; she has a woice of great volume, and it is rare to find such volume with such dear, aweet tone and gensine quality. Her volume with such dear, aweet tone and gensine quality was missing. The most passionad attendance in the balcony scene. Not that Julier's and frequently she has the over-consolously she has

Juliet," under Mancinelli, but last night. In the grip of Damrosch and in a score that save full vent to tonal coloring and absolute framatic expression, it was simply overwhelming. Until you hear a Wagner opers from Damrosch you have no notion of what one reality means, how defeats, sensitive and human the so-called complexities may be made out to be. Mr. Damrosch's recent heart-to-heart talks on the operas were clever and so-tertaining, but not entirely necessary. He explains better with the haton.

The climax in "Tannhauser" was reached in the close of the second act. The suptet and ensemble wrung shouts of admiration from the most sedate auditor in the house. Men got out into the alses to give their appiause bigger swing, and finally, when the curtain had gone up half a dozen times and Damrosch appeared with the singers on the stage, there was a noise that could have been heard in the Potrero. So thrilling was the entire conduct of this great scene that many strange things happened. A neighbor of mine reached out over the wide aisle and clasped hands with a stranger. stranger.

Damrosch, a dignified director with-out a fake in his repertory, threw down his leader's stick when the last note of the set had been sounded, and appleaded with both hands.

SWEDISH VOCAL QUARTET. Informal Afternoon of Song Last

Thursday. The Swedish Quartet, which has been delighting audiences at the Metropolitan this past week, gave a very pleasant and informal parlor recital at 406 First street, last Thursday afternoon, Count Wachtmeister and Mr. John MacKenzle being the hosts. The songs were mainly Swed-ish. The famous song on a drunkard's funeral, composed by Bellman, who now takes rank with the greatest of Swedish mposers, was sung. This is an earle thing, full of brilliant wit as to the words. which ill consort with the marvelous beauty of the melody. A new song by Grieg was also most interesting to those present, since it represents the great Norwegian composer in one of his "off moods," being full of bolsterous humes. It is a musical parody on the Serenade, a cat on the roof in a stormy night being the leading performer. Other Scandinavian songs that were

given enabled the listeners to study the difference between Swedish and Ner-wegian humor, the former being characterized by spontaneous, sparkling galety, while the latter had always an under-tone of constraint and sadness. The Swellah and Finnish national airs were sung, and also a very beautiful quariet composed by Count Wachtmeister, full composed by Count Wachimeister, full of charming melody and difficult chromatic modulations. It is a billaby, the words, which were also written by him, describing Nature and her merry crew falling under the sway of the gnome of sleep at the approach of Winter's cold. Another very beautiful song composed by Count Wachimeister here in Portland was sung by Miss Marie Velguth, who was in delighted voice and rendered it in most delightful voice, and rendered it in most esptivating fashion. Mrs. Sterling also contributed a gong that was much enjoyed

by those present.

Various solo numbers were sung by the Swedish singers, one of whom, Miss Stephanie Heden, was, a short time ago, one of the best-known sopranos at the grand opera in Stockholm. While there she had to undergo an operation upon her throat, which resulted in a complete change of voice from soprane to contraite. The four singers are highly cultured mu-sicians, with voices that bland delightrichns, with voices that offend daught-fully, possessing rare clarity and awest-ness of tone, that is characteristic of most Swedish voices. Miss Elen Syden is first soprano. Miss Amelia Heden first ond soprano. Miss Amelia Heden first contraito, and her sister, Miss Stephanis Heden, second contraito. They inquired for Madame Jennie Norelli with much in-terest, she having been one of their num-her a few years ago.

Local Musical Mention. Those who remember Miss Gladys Jones

as one of the most prominent contraites of this city a few years since, will be giad to hear her again at the First Presbyterian Church on Sunday evening. She is now Mrs. Thomas, and is here on a visit with her husband from Duiuth,

music at the Woman's Club next Friday afternoon, which is in charge of Miss Susie Gambell, will include a so-prane solo by Miss Bila Hoberg, and Hawkerd, "My Little Love" sure by the contraito, Miss Berta Grimes.

Among the Portland music-lovers who

will enjoy the Grau opera season in San Francisco, are Mr. and Mrs. Richard Koehier, Miss Ottille Schuecking, Miss Pittock, Mrs. R. E. Moody and sister, Mrs Pontius Mrs F. H. Hopkins and mother Mrs. Woodward, Mrs. W. L. Mac-Ewan, Mrs. Sargent, Mrs. P. F. Morey, Miss Eastham and Mrs. Amadee Smith.

Is Art Brutalising?

As an instance of the brutalising in-fluence of art, Tolstol relates how he fluence of art, Tolstol relates how he once attended an operatic rehearsal and heard the conductor in trying to get a passage played correctly call the performers asses, fools, idlots, and swins. And he adds: "This nasty folly (the opera) is prepared not with kindly merrimont, but with anger and brutal crusity," Well, well! And yet the author of the "Krautzer Sonata" is said to be "passionately fond of music," and especially signately fond of music," and especially



lung surface barely knows the contact of oxygen. He's the kind of man, who, when a cough attacks him, goes galloping down the road toward consumption. Many such a man toward consumption. Many such a man has found strength and healing for week lungs and tissues lacerated by coughing and drained by hemorrhages, in the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The healing power of this medi-cine in pulmonary diseases seems little short of marvelous at times, so extreme are the conditions which it cures. The "Discovery" contains no sloohol, and no narcotics.

mo narcotics.

"When I stained in take your 'Golden Medical Dissovery,' writes Mr. A. P. Novetny, of Mcw York, M. Y., Bon 147. A. P. Novetny, of Mcw York, M. Y., Bon 147. I had a regular consumptive cough, of which I was afraid, and everybody cautioned ine and warned me cocerning it. I was lesing weight repidly, was very pale and had no appetite, whanever. Mow my condition is changed spairaly, I do not cough at all, have gained eight pounds in weight, have recovered my healthy color, and my appetite is enormous. I can recommend your medicine to surrybody who may be in need of the same, as it is a mre cure."

Dr. Piercre's Poliets comm constitution.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets care constipation