

In Ithaca, the seat of Cornell, a like lively interest has been shown in Mrs. Fiske's appearance, and the young men of these institutions have been as persistent in their efforts to get posters of Mrs. Fiske as souvenirs as were the young women in the other towns. Mrs. Fiske's engagement in Rochester is noted for several reasons. There she was booked in a vaudeville theater, the prices of which for her engagement were raised to correspond with those of a first-class house. On the first day of the sale for the engagement, in spite of a snow storm, a crowd of people awaited the opening of the box office, and the first day's "take" amounted to over \$2000.

Julia Marlowe Is Stubborn.
Variety was given to the last week of the rehearsals of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," by a difference of opinion which arose between Miss Marlowe and the author of the novel, as to how realistic should be the reading of the lines of the heroine, Mary Tudor. In knighthood's flowering time, it is recorded, oaths were heard as often from the lips of women as men. So Mr. Major did not give amiss when he allowed the heroine to assign her enemies the realm of perdition. Paul Kester, the dramatist, imitated the author, and the scene was written with pointed brevity. Miss Marlowe refused to speak the line, and thereupon Mr. Major read his contract to her. It called for the speaking of the lines as written. As Miss Marlowe is not an actress on salary, but a star, she could not refuse to play the part after the example set by Miss Evelyn Millard. But she was stubborn. In rehearsals she has mumbled over the line, but has gone through the pretense of speaking it. If she does not swear in public Mr. Major has the recourse of the law, if he cares for that. Paul Kester thought the matter would be smoothed over.

That Unlucky Sword Thrust.
Unless E. H. Sothorn unexpectedly improves in health there is small chance of his opening his Chicago engagement New Year's week, as he is scheduled to do. Ugly rumors to the effect that the leg itself is threatened were about last week, and it is admitted that a small bone was taken from the foot a few days ago. The injury, it will be recalled, was due to a sword thrust in the duel scene between Hamlet and Laertes in one of the early New York performances of "Hamlet." Blood poisoning set in two weeks later, after the actor had begun his tour outside of New York. It would seem as if Washington is Mr. Sothorn's hoodoo town. At least, there is some fatal influence in the place for him, for it was there he closed his season last year, as well as this, on account of illness, and strangely enough it was there that John McCullough, many years ago, when Eddie Sothorn was doing a spear part, notified the young aspirant for the honors of the death of his famous father.

Olga Netherole's Bad Luck.
Olga Netherole's summer residence, at East Cliff, near Elgin, Scotland, was almost made a total wreck two weeks ago through a storm, which did a great deal of damage in that part. Miss Netherole's library, which is stocked with valuable books and manuscripts, was unfortunately the most damaged, many of the volumes being completely destroyed.

More Than \$2000 A Night.
To equal her recent profits in Paris Mme. Bernhardt must have tremendous business in American cities. The receipts of the 23rd performance of "L'Alphonse" in France amounted to \$48,425, an average of more than \$2000 every performance. Rostand has always received in royalties more than \$20,000 for "L'Alphonse" alone.

Best New York Record.
"Arizona" will reach its 100th performance at the Herald Square Theater, New York, on December 4. It is the only play of the season in New York that has thus far achieved that record so early in the year. Miss Annie Russell, in "The Royal Family," is a close second.

Booked Five Years Ahead.
The commercial value of a successful rural play, once thoroughly established in popular favor, is evident from the fact that "Way Down East" is already booked for the season of 1901-1902, and in some of the principal cities a definite time is reserved for it five years ahead.

"WELSH RABBIT" IS RIGHT

But Improper Use of "Rabbit" is Almost Universal.

It is high time that all lovers of English should unite in common protest against that barbarous collection of words, "Welsh rabbit," says a writer in the New York Herald. Every now and then in the past some good man has raised his voice in a plea for the right phrase, "Welsh rabbit," and has then disappeared. Such staccato protests have proved unavailing. The word rabbit has now inundated itself upon 50 per cent of all the menus in New York. The smaller hotels caught the habit of the greener ones. The French and German hostesses imitated their American contemporaries. Nor is this the worst. Owners of chopouses and restaurants flaunt the offensive word on their glittering menus in the very faces of the public at large. Now, why is this? Not a dictionary of today sanctions the use of "rabbit," though in a temporary aberration of judgment Worcester and Webster once did. Perhaps hotel men are too busy to consult dictionaries. Then let them heed the indirect reproach they are continuously receiving from their customers. I have been in many, many places where the menus announce "rabbit." I have never heard any one order anything else than a rabbit. Nay, the very waiter who repeats the order to the cook says "Welsh rabbit."

This is, indeed, one of the most curious of all philological facts—that by which some amateur etymologist of the past forced the wrongful substitution of "rabbit" for "rabbit" upon the world. It has ever been a common habit with the etymologist of this breed when the meaning of a word does not seem obvious to him to remedy the difficulty by a slight change that makes it seem superficially reasonable. Coming across the term "Welsh rabbit" he gazed through solemn spectacles at this mare's nest, and decided that a bit of toasted cheese could not by any stretch of the imagination be considered a game animal, though it might well be a "yeze bit," so he jumped at the conclusion that time and the corruptions which time effects must have done their evil work upon this word. Hence he decided to restore it to its original beauty and significance. Hence "Welsh rabbit."

Now this is all wrong. "Welsh rabbit" is a genuine bit of slang, belonging to a large class of similar terms, describing in mock heroic language the favorite dish or special product of a particular district. Here are a few examples that are absolutely analogous: In London a sheep's head stewed with onions is called a "Fleish Lane duck." Potatoes are "Irish apricots," and "Munster plums." A herring is called in different localities of England a "Digby chicken," a "Norfolk capon," a "Dunbar wether," or a "Grosbeak ham." In France it is humorous to call a herring a "poulet de carente" (Lenten fowl).

In our own country, in New England, codfish is frequently known as "Cape Cod turkey." Similar examples abound in the language of every country. Yet, in the face of these analogies, the amateur etymologist refuses to accept the common-sense explanation that the name "Welsh rabbit" is simply a humorous recognition of the fish's fondness for toasted cheese.

Music
The Soul's Expression.
With stammering lips and insufficient sound I strive and struggle to deliver right
That music of my nature day and night
With dream and thought and feeling unbound,
And half answering all the senses round.
With octaves of a mystic depth and height,
Which step out grandly to the infinite
From the dark edges of the sensual ground.
This song of soul I struggle to outpour
Thro' portals of the sense, sublime and whole;
And utter all myself into the air.
But if I did it—as the thunder roll
Breaks its own cloud, my flesh would perish there
Before that dread apocalypse of soul.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

A SENSATIONAL FAILURE

St. Louis Loses Prestige Because of Its Recent Flasco, the Big Musical Festival.

Gossip and criticism are rife concerning the sensational failure of the ambitious St. Louis musical festival, planned for two weeks, which closed prematurely at the third concert with the orchestra unpaid. Two days before, worthless checks for over \$2000 were issued by the managers of the festival, who had no funds in the bank, says Homer Moore, of St. Louis, in the Musical Courier. The men who gave the festival claimed to have a guarantee of \$15,000, which, however, was never investigated. It is just one of those slipshod things that crop up frequently in music. Nordica—sensible business woman that she is—who had left the Grauf forever long enough to make a flying trip to St. Louis for the opening concert, foresaw the crash that was coming, and refused to sing until the \$1000 due her was paid. Charlotte Maconda, who had scored a great hit at the second concert, followed her example. This precipitated matters, and on the third night the orchestra declined to play; the small audience waited nearly an hour, and then was sent home. No one is surprised that the men who started the project in St. Louis were successful in securing engagements without preliminary deposits or guarantees, for this is no unusual way of doing business in the music world, where reform is sadly needed. These men were wholly unknown, unfamiliar with music, and with the public, yet they could put forth the scheme of a festival, and secure artists without any substantial financial basis. From an artistic standpoint, to be sure, the concerts were highly enjoyable. Both the large chorus and the orchestra did strong work. Nordica and Maconda aroused great enthusiasm, and the festival band was perhaps the best St. Louis has had in years. The financial failure of the festival is likely to have a disastrous effect on the future of music in that city. Undoubtedly, says the Concert-Goer, the civic pride of a number of citizens was flattered by the project of a festival of such scope as has rarely been undertaken. But the result must have been apparent from the outset to those who looked at the matter without prejudice and with full knowledge of the facts.

Disaster Invited.
Disaster was invited by the very character of the project no less than by the lack of management evident in its carrying out. There must be rare attraction indeed in a musical banquet to draw people out night after night steadily for nearly two weeks. Indeed, it is safe to say that music alone cannot accomplish this. The aid is required of some extraneous interest, or, failing this, there must be a public large enough to insure practically a new audience for nearly every performance. But every one knows how small is the public, in a city like St. Louis, which is attracted by concerts of the character of these. The total number of people who can be reckoned on for such occasions is not many times greater than the number which must have attended each concert to insure success.

The first impulse of musicians who were engaged for appearances and went there only to meet the crash will be to say hard things of the St. Louis public. But the people are not without defense. Such an offering of continuous music for two weeks partakes more of the nature of a debauch than of a feast. Few people can listen to and assimilate so much in so short time. A festival of three or four days' duration, with two concerts a day, is quite enough to try any listener's power of endurance. Indeed, the whole idea of the music festival is a vicious one; it is at best a makeshift, and its perpetuation as an institution may not be to the interest of the healthiest growth of music.

Nevertheless, the flasco will be a setback to the cause of good music in St. Louis. Managers will probably become unduly cautious for time, and musicians will be chary of risking the loss of a fee in a town which has such a record. The amiable and well-meaning men who instituted this festival have by their carelessness or their ignorance, struck a blow at the musical interests of the city, from which it may not entirely recover for years. The responsibility of managers to the public is too loosely defined. Public sentiment should demand some sort of guarantee from those who serve its musical interests, and then should hold them more strictly accountable.

San Francisco Redeems Itself.

Large and appreciative audiences are now the rule in San Francisco for the Grau Opera Company. The cycle of "The Nibelungen Ring," which opened last Monday night, forming the climax of the season, is receiving the unstinted enthusiasm it merits, since this is the first production of the "Ring" in San Francisco. The opera season is now completely out of the doldrums, and unless all signs fall Maurice Grau will go out of the city with well filled sails. Grau will not have occasion to lose the faith which brought him across the continent with 60 out of the 100 singers of all ranks available for grand opera. Of "The Rheingold," the introductory opera of the "Ring," the San Francisco Chronicle says: "Between the singers and the orchestra 'The Rheingold' cast a spell on the house, which never broke, and will never entirely pass away from the minds of those who were there." Van Dyck's Loge— one of the most masterly performances we have seen on the stage. We had heard him in "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin," but no one would have suspected that the dignified and stately tenor could be so light and easy in what is the only comedy of "The Rheingold." And Blapham as Alberich held his audience with an intensity that has rarely been equaled, acting and singing with such dramatic spirit that he stood out with Van Dyck from all the others. But very graceful, expressive and charming was Susan Stron's unaffected performance of Fricka, while no more attractive figure than Miss Maryll made in Friska, the goddess of love, could be asked for. She was thorough in the spirit of Wagner's writing of the character, for Friska is not Venus nor a simply beautiful vision of love; she represents the strong, pure, lasting love that is not suggestive merely of passion. A gem of the evening was the warning of Friska, sung by Mme. Schumann-Heink.

To Abolish the Male Alto.

Still echoes of the Birmingham Festival come to us from England. It is now said that one of its results will be the abolition of the male alto. Although he is one of God's creatures and not, like the mule or male soprano, man's invention, he will have to go, says the London Mercury, because of the fact that his voice, which is a relic of the past, has been so severely taxed the good nature and the breeding of the Duchess, who is one of the great leaders of the English world, and who, as Grand Mistress of the Robes to the Queen, is chief of the feminine portion of the royal household.

Astor Discharges a Lord.

London—William Waldorf Astor has discharged Lord Frederick Hamilton from the editorship of his Pall Mall magazine, because of the fact that he is a professional literary man. Lord Frederick may be said to owe the loss of his \$10,000-a-year editorship to the action of his sister, the Duchess of Buccleugh, in declining to remain any longer the social sponsor of the ex-American multi-millionaire. Mr. Astor, by his ill-concealed and by his arrogant, had already severely taxed the good nature and the breeding of the Duchess, who is one of the great leaders of the English world, and who, as Grand Mistress of the Robes to the Queen, is chief of the feminine portion of the royal household.

Sir Henry Irving.

The star of Sir Henry Irving is still in the ascendant. It shines with an effulgence and a brilliance that characterize no other in the same sphere. It is as vividly bright today as it was 20 years ago. Its vitality is amazing, but easily understood by the world lightened by its steady, purposeful gleam. It means much, and it has meant much for many years—this steady, constant star of Art. Its moment of ascendancy marked a new era in the heaven of histrionics; henceforth the king star shone alone, and the other creations of the theatrical sky did homage. Sir Henry Irving has transformed the stage, the meaning of the stage, the scope of the stage, and the attitude of the English world to it. He, by the suggestive strength of his doings in many spheres, by his belief in the majesty of his art, and by his sisters

It was a weird face in the light, and that great voice rang out with mystic power. There was never a time when applause could get in, or there would have been plenty of it. But the scene at the end has rarely been witnessed before. The whole house remained called out the artists, and finally, with everybody standing, Damrosch was brought out in the midst of them, and received with a great burst of enthusiasm.

Alvin Schroeder of the Kneisels.

No violoncellist in recent years has gained a stronger hold upon the appreciation and esteem of the Boston and New York public than Alvin Schroeder, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Kneisel Quartet. He has no many warm admirers in Portland, who remember with loving interest his work here with the Kneisels, under the auspices of the Musical Club. These friends will be interested in learning that on November 24, in Boston, Mr. Schroeder celebrated the 25th anniversary of his first public appearance. His celebration took the form of a concert, in which only "cello music was heard." Mr. Schroeder was assisted by J. Keller, J. Adamowaki and Carl Barth, and by Wilhelm Geisicks, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who played the accompaniment. The programme included a suite by Bach, the first movement of a Romberg concerto, some pieces for four violoncellos, several short solos and a fantasia by Servalas. Mr. Schroeder, when only 20 years old, took his place as first cellist of the Leipzig Orchestra, in Berlin. This was in 1875. Previous to this however, he had played viola for six years in a string quartet organized from members of his family, taking his father's place when 11 years old. The earliest instrument studied by the young musician, however, was the piano. At the age of 7 his father taught him the piano, while his brother Herman gave him violin lessons. The 'cello was a later acquisition. Mr. Schroeder is a German, having been born at Neuhaldensleben, near Magdeburg, in 1855. After his Berlin experience he joined the Gewandhaus Orchestra, at Leipzig, and taught there 11 years. He has made concert tours with success in Russia, Holland, Belgium and the chief European cities. About nine years ago he joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra as first cellist, becoming at the same time a member of the Kneisel Quartet.

Sieveling in America.
Martinus Sieveling, the Dutch pianist, arrived in New York much shaken up by the rough passage, which left him unable to combat for two days. He has quite recovered his wonted health and spirits now, and is as eager as ever for the hard work in his new city. His violin playing was fairly amazed at the tremendous progress he has made since he was last here, says the Concert-Goer. Sieveling spent the Summer at Ischi with Leschetzky, continuing the work on which for the past two years he has concentrated all his attention. His voluntary retirement from the concert stage, and the life of seclusion and hard work which he has led, reminds one of the similar episode in Tschaikowsky's career. He has completely revolutionized his style, and it may be expected that a very different Sieveling will greet us this year from the young, untrained player we used to know. Sieveling will introduce to American audiences much important new music. Besides some arrangements of his own of Bach, which are of a high order, he has in his repertory two concertos which are practically unknown to this side of the water. One of these is the Rachmaninoff work in France, and which he declares is very fine. The other is the much talked of Stenhammer concerto, which Tullmeyer played here once. It is in three parts, and is scored for full orchestra, including tuba. Sieveling has also made an arrangement of "Siegfried's Death and Funeral March," full of genuine orchestral effects, which he will introduce in places where the work can seldom be heard by the orchestra.

Miss Wood Back at Boston.

Miss Anna Miller Wood, who is well known to Portland musicians, returned from California the first week in November, and is already hard at work with pupils at her apartment, 165 Huntington avenue, Boston, where she will be joined by her mother later in the year. The Alameda Argus of recent date had the following to say about Miss Wood's work in California: "Miss Anna Miller Wood left on Thursday for Boston, on Saturday Miss Wood sang five songs very finely at a studio musicale in Alameda. On Sunday she sang solos and in concerted numbers in an elaborate service at the San Francisco First Unitarian Church. On Tuesday evening she gave a concert in Sacramento before a very large audience. The critics of the Record-Union was very enthusiastic in his praise of her singing. Indeed, one who has heard a great part of the work Miss Wood has done in the last several years said that she never sang before with such feeling and power as at the Sacramento concert. Miss Wood goes East followed by loving wishes from a great circle of friends. Here is a nature which endears itself, and no favor seems too great to be granted to her friends. No one could have done more with her heaven-sent talent than she has done in so doing; and her personal as well as her artistic influence is extending day by day."

Is New York Jealous?

New York seems to be jealous of San Francisco, if one may judge from the following paragraph in the Musical Courier, which hardly seems justified in view of the lavish expenditures Grau has incurred for his Western trip: "The Grau Opera Company will do a very profitable business on the Pacific Coast, and may continue similarly financially successful in the cities of the West. The artistic charges are enormous, and high prices must be charged, but as the performances are liberally—at least on the Coast. It is not expected that a traveling company should give operas with proper scenery and mise-en-scene and with trained chorus and orchestra, but here in New York Mr. Grau should finally give artistic productions. "He should also cease to farm out his singers to concerts on the 50 per cent basis. That is good business, but it is not fair to the singers, or to the public."

Petschniloff Will Return.

Alexandre Petschniloff, the young Russian violinist, is to return to America this season under the management of M. L. Finkham, if present plans are perfected. Since Petschniloff was one of the most conspicuous figures in the last concert season of America, our readers do not need to be reminded of his artistic status. No violinist since Ysaye made so many important appearances in this country as did Petschniloff during his first season with us. His marked popularity seems to warrant his return this season.

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