Christmas as Vienna Youngsters Enjoy It

There Is a Big Red Devil That Goes After All Children Who Have Been Naughty

Richard Strauss, Idolized by Viennese as Greatest Composer, Yet Scorned by Others

BY ALMA A. RODGERS.

THE small boy of Austria celebrates his Christmas with much the same sort of Santa Claus as the patron saint of the young American, with the additional feature of a red devil. This devil, who is called a Krampus, and who seems to be a forerunner to clear the way for the good saint, visits all bad little boys on the eve of December 6, the feast-day of Saint Nickolo.

Now, all little boys, irrespective of country, are bad, so the Krampus gets busy early. He was on his rounds in Vienna as soon as he had time to throw a long, red gown over his working clothes and cover up the day's grime with a grinning false face. For his presence being required in so many places at once, the Krampus is compelled to employ aids, who, however, are so perfectly representative of their chief that no urchin with a guilty conscience—the normal condition of the small boy—can possibly detect the difference. To grown-ups the work-hardened hand that closes over the silver coins you must not fail to proffer as a peace-offering, explains. Does not age always explain, and find therein its bitterest penalty?

The devil carries a chain which clanks terribly as he approaches, and under his arm a bundle of switches. When he called at our house he was accompanied by an "angel" robed in white, with long white hair aureoling a white mask with a wonderful smile—angels smile, whereas devils—grin—and very pink cheeks. The heavy shoes protruding from the embroidery ruffle of the angel's petticoat proclaimed the visit he had made to his mother's wardrobe to fix up for his lark.

For a week or more before Saint Nickolo's feast, the shop windows are full of little red devils with tails and horns and lineaments of so fearsome an aspect that they must certainly strike terror into the hearts of the trusting little ones who crowd the pane. Nevertheless, so great is the fascination of the terrible, it is the ambition of each child to possess the toy, and I have seen more than one chubby-faced youngster trotting along with a little devil gripped proudly in one hand—and his mother's in the other.

On Saint Nickolo's Eve we went down on the street to look for the Krampus, because, having been very good and worked faithfully, and being strangers, and Americans at that, we feared he might not think it polite to call. There was a slight buzz of the unusual in the air. Eager groups of children whispered together and then darted off. One little boy was excitedly declaring something to his companions. We stopped to hear. He had seen the Krampus—it was true—in his mother's kitchen—not ten minutes before—she gave him money and he didn't use the switch—and he clanked his chain—there, can't you hear it coming?

The children were fled. We continued to walk up and down peering into courts and turning corners in the hope of satisfying curiosity. But we got not a glimpse of him until he appeared at our "wohnung" by special permission of the housebesorger, who is old and disillusioned and fonder of her bottle than the sports of Saint Nickolo's Eve.

Abundance of Holidays.

I believe every form of monarchy has always recognized the necessity of furnishing amusement to the people. The inference is obvious. In Austria are so many feast days and holy days that I wonder how anybody but the church officials can keep track of them. Not long ago there was a holiday when everybody went to the cemeteries and said prayers for the dead, accompanying them with floral offerings.

The Christmas celebration includes three days—24th, 25th, 26th—the 25th being the chief day, and the eve the proper time for the Christmas tree. The Christmas tree is much used, and the holiday markets everywhere in the city are full of them. In the yard of the Karolinen Kirche near our dwelling there must have been at least 1000 little fir trees offered for sale. On one side of the church, which is a very ordinary one, is always a vegetable market, where the peasant women sell the produce until 10 o'clock in the morning. When, two weeks previous to Christmas, all the rest of the churchyard was occupied by the Christmas trees, it did not seem possible that they could be sold. But on the day before Christmas not one remained. The prices ranged from a krone (20 cents) for a tree two or three feet in height, to 12 of 15 kronen for a fine large one, fitted into pieces of wood to keep it upright.

Like Oregon Fir.

That churchyard was a very delightful place to linger in while the firs lasted. We always contrived to pass daily and inhale the delicious balsamy odors that reminded us of the firs of Oregon. There was a holiday stir, too, that drew many people. The peasant men and women busied themselves selling, and fitting crosspieces into the tree stems, standing them upright as soon as fitted, so that by day the place looked like a miniature forest. At night the trees were bunched in large heaps, with the additional protection of an encircling rope and an unsleeping watchman. Coming home from the Wagner Ring at nearly 1 A. M. we would find him moving about, or sitting by the red coals of his gypsy fire, in the latter instance a mere silhouette, against the dull glowing.

The stream of concerts and musical performances of every kind flows on without any appearance of diminution, though I am told that after January begins dancing will take place in the diversions of the Viennese. The fashionable season for opera and kindred attractions must therefore be near its close, but the Philharmonic concerts go on, and the opera is a fixture, and perhaps the only difference to the public will be that of less difficulty in securing seats.

Popular Concerts.

The weekly Thursday afternoon concerts at the coffee-house in the Volksgarten are good almost beyond belief. The orchestra of forty or so is not equal to the Philharmonic, but if one cannot always have cream, there are times when milk is very acceptable. It costs one krone to get in here, and another one before you get out, for you must order a melange, an ice or a beer, and there are fees for checking wraps. The programme for December 12 will give an idea of what may be heard. It reads.

POPULARES ORCHESTER KONCERT
im K. K. Volksgarten
(Dirigent Gustav Gutheil)
PROGRAMM.

P. Cornelius .....
Ouverture zur Oper: Der Barbier von Bagdad
L. van Beethoven. Sechste Sinfonie (Pastorale) (in five movements)
F. Smetana.....Aus Bohmens Hain und Flur (Sinfonische Dichtung)
L. van Beethoven .....Wiener Tanze
R. Wagner .....
Ouverture zur Oper: Der Fliegende Hollander

I think I have said before that this place is always crowded with a very elegant company of people. It has the best coffee-house music in Wien. The atmosphere, too, is not so bad as in other places, for though smoking goes on, there are revolving ventilators in the ceiling that give circulation of pure air from the outside.

Poor Imitation of Japanese.

"Madam Butterfly" is still running at the Hofoper, but it must be said that the presentation falls much below the Hofoper status. It is lavishly and beautifully staged, as everything in the imperial playhouse is, the voices are as usual, the gowns are very elegant, and the orchestra is, as always, close to perfection.

But it is not truly Japanese. I must say the Savage company gave a more artistic performance last year in Portland than the Madam Butterfly we saw here. The Cho Cho San was incomparably better than Fraulein Forstl's rendering of this difficult and charming role. Madam Samowsky (I'm not sure of the spelling) was a true butterfly in her conception of the spirit of the part. That is exactly where the Viennese artist failed. Though she has a beautiful voice which she uses to advantage in Occidental roles, she seemed to have very little idea of anything Japanese. Her best work was in the love scene with Pinkerton and with her child, two situations that strike the universal chords of the heart.

The Japanese manner with the entire company was so stilted as to be at times almost ludicrous. They did not walk Japanese, wear their kimonos Japanese, or in fact have real kimonos. These were the creation of an art dressmaker (the court artist, a man) whose determination to "improve" upon the real Japanese garment resulted in a sort of a modified housegown, lacking utterly the long graceful lines of the kimono.

The last scene is somewhat modified, perhaps on the side of art, for instead of committing hara-kiri in the presence of her child, Cho Cho-San here sends the baby out to play and dies alone. Not even Pinkerton appears, though his voice is heard calling to her.

Mrs. Pinkerton, who may be remembered in Portland as a modern woman with a voice, here is actually comical. She wears a costume of 50 years ago, and says never a word, just looks in on things once or twice, and then trips away in her balloon hoops, as thin and prim as any New England spinster of Mary Wilkins' creation.

Strauss Idolized and Scorned.

We heard Dr. Richard Strauss conduct one of the Philharmonic concerts recently. The Strauss name seems to be idolized by the Viense, past and present. The author of Salome and many other works, who is no relation to the composer of the Blue Danube waltzes, was received with such rapture that he certainly can be termed an idol of today. The people shouted and threw their hats in the air and compelled him to return and bow his tall personage again and again, and then again. His conducting has been very popular for years in Germany and Austria. Francis Richter considers him the greatest conductor he has heard in Europe, with Herr Schuch, of Dresden, a close second. Dr. Strauss' manner is quiet yet very vital. His instruments melt into one voice, with a smoothness and brilliance of nuances than only a master conductor can command.

Numbers by Spohr, Wagner, Debussy and Strauss constituted the programme. The Strauss composition, which bears the title of Symphonia Domestica, was performed for the first time by the Philharmonic Orchestra, though not its initial presentation. Some of it was beautiful, but other parts were painfully Strauss-esque to ears not educated to the long succession of frightful dissonances he makes and calls music. I am assured by those who know that it is music, too, but as for me there were times when I felt he had let loose all the discords in Pandora's box.

However, Strauss must be a great man, for people hold exactly opposite opinions of him. I have heard him characterized by musicians as the greatest of living composers, a king of music, the creator of a new era. On the other hand the devotees of the classic smile with scorn when his name is mentioned, for it is synonymous with the breaking of rules and the disregard of tradition. The judgment of another generation will probably be required to settle his status with the world—maybe several. But there is no doubt about his being popular in his own time and with his own people.

Winter Weather.

While on Christmas topics I forgot to mention the weather. It is worth while, too, because on Christmas day it was exactly like that of Oregon. The sun shone brightly, and the air was as mild as early Spring. Then it turned cold, tried to snow and ended in rain, which in turn has been succeeded by skies so gloomy that on the day of this writing (December 28) we had to turn on the light at noonday in order that Francis Richter's teacher could see the notes of his music.

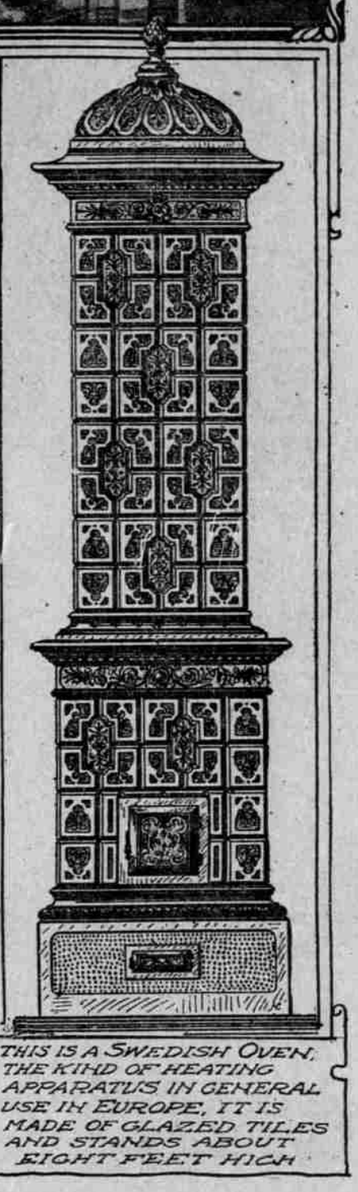
Last year at this time the ground was deep in snow. At least two Oregonians are thankful for each day that the mercury veers away from the freezing point. Our best efforts fail to keep us comfortable even in mild weather with the wretched heating apparatus these people use. It is almost incredible, but it is true, that well-to-do people do not have fire. The house-inspector and his wife called one cold evening when we were huddled around the oven. In the course of the conversation he expressed his astonishment that we had a fire, and remarked that they had made fire but twice this Winter. When I told him with fine sarcasm that this was not really a fire, we were only trying to have one, he seized the poker, raked up the handful of coals reposing in the tiny firebox, declared the oven would be red hot in three minutes, and at the expiration of that time in all seriousness requested me to put my hand on it to prove it. Knowing from past experience that the experiment could be made with perfect safety, I did so. The tiles were about lukewarm, and at a distance of three feet no radiation of heat could be felt. But even so much is luxury, according to the European standard.

THE KRAMPUS ON SAINT NIKOLO'S EVE. HE IS CARRYING OFF A NAUGHTY CHILD IN THE BASKET

THE CONCERTS IN THE COFFEE HOUSE OF THE VOLKSGARTEN ARE THE BEST OF THE KIND IN VIENNA

DR. RICHARD STRAUSS, A FAVORITE CONDUCTOR AND COMPOSER.

THE KRAMPUS AND SAINT NICKOLO.



THIS IS A SWEDISH OVEN, THE KIND OF HEATING APPARATUS IN GENERAL USE IN EUROPE. IT IS MADE OF GLAZED TILES AND STANDS ABOUT EIGHT FEET HIGH

"BOXES OF WHISTLES" IN CHURCHES

A GOVERNMENT bulletin on the manufacture of musical instruments, just out, shows that the largest and most expensive and most perfect of all instruments for the production of harmony, the pipe organ, is peculiarly a product of Massachusetts.

The continued supremacy of the Bay State in this department of instrument making, which, of course, particularly concerns the churches of every American city, is right in line with the traditions of American musical history. Pipe organs were introduced for the first time in North America at Boston, and, as was the way in colonial times, vigorously opposed, since there was still large debate among the Puritans as to whether music was of God or of the devil. The running fight that lasted for a century or more in communities of New England and the Middle States as to whether the church organ might or might not be properly used in worship seemed somehow to be based on such misconception as that of the worthy mechanic who complained to a Scotch clergyman: "I have no objection to the organ, but I understand whenever the organ is brought in there is to be an attack made on the doctrine of the atonement." As late as 1762 a subject for public discussion at Harvard College commencement was, "Does Music Promote Salvation?" and although the matter was decided in the affirmative the decision was not reached without much bitterness of spirit.

Despite—or perhaps because of—intensity of the feelings engendered by such arguments the leadership in the manufacture of pipe organs seems to have been preserved by the New England capital from early days down to 1905, when, according to the census bulletin just cited, 137 pipe organs were constructed in Massachusetts. The aggregate value of these was $520,887, representing about 25 per cent of the value of all made in the United States and by far the largest percentage of high-priced organs, since two other states, Illinois and Ohio, made as many pipe organs but of a far smaller average value. The church and concert organs that come out of Massachusetts workshops averaged about $3800 each, while the average for the whole country was only $2200.

Behind the making of these pipe organs there is a long line of trade traditions dating from the first American church organ built in Boston in 1745 by Edward Bromfield, Jr. This man, only an amateur at the business, planned an instrument of 1200 pipes, but, dying at the early age of 23, he left the work only partially completed. Professional organ building in this country began at Boston in 1752 in the shop of Thomas Johnstone.

To guide the efforts of the earliest American organ builders good models were already at hand. Pipe organs—"boxes of whustles," as the Scotch called them—were brought to these shores long before they were made here. At Portsmouth, N. H., is still played the oldest church organ in the United States, one that was imported from England in 1708 by Thomas Brattle, a noted citizen of Boston and one of the founders of the Brattle-Street Church. It was left at his death in 1713 to the church bearing his name the condition that if this Puritan body did not accept it the instrument was to go to King's chapel, representing the Church of England in New England.

Brattle street politely but firmly refused it, and the organ was installed in Boston's Episcopal Church, later to be sold to a chapel of the same denomination at Newburyport, and finally to be set up in St. John's Chapel at Portsmouth, where during the peace conference it pealed forth its notes of "peace and good will to men." It is only a little organ, of course, as compared with the big ones of today—an affair eight feet two inches high, five feet wide and two feet seven inches deep—but it was well made originally and it has had good care. It is probably more often examined by curious sightseers than any other musical instrument in the United States, for everybody who goes to Portsmouth wants to see the first specimen brought to this country of the glorious instrument which Abt Vogler invented.

Another very famous pipe organ from abroad was installed in New England at a much later date, and at a time when American manufacturers were doing creditable work, though not yet equal to that of the Germans and the French. About midway in the Civil War Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose interest in music was very keen, wrote an enthusiastic and often quoted description of the first big concert organ to be set up in this country, one which was made for Boston's new Music Hall by a famous German firm.

That installation in 1863 was the beginning of American interest in the pipe organ as used for other than church purposes. Since then large concert organs have been put up in New York, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and many other American centers of musical activity. The original one in Boston had an eventful history. Through the later years of the Civil War and those succeeding it was frequently used. Many of the most famous of American musicians of the '70s delighted to play on it, though it had its defects. When, however, in the early '80s the symphony concerts began to crowd Music Hall, the organ was found to take up too much room. In 1884 it was sold to William Grover, who presented it to the New England Conservatory of Music, then occupying its historical quarters in Franklin Square, where Lillian Nordica and many other famous musicians received their training. The conservatory management found that the largest of American concert organs was more or less of a white elephant. They had no hall big enough for it, and as there were some technical objections to its mechanism, no good reason appeared for building a hall specially to shelter it. Finally the metal and lumber in the big organ, which was in reality as far ahead of its time as was the Great Eastern among the steamships, were sold to local instrument-makers and reappeared doubtless in smaller and more usable instruments.

The New England conservatory undoubtedly benefited by not attempting to keep the famous instrument, for when, a few years later, a removal took place to the admirably equipped conservatory building on Huntington avenue, one of Boston's merchant princes, Eben D. Jordan, equipped for the uses of the school and the visiting musicians who find in Jordan hall the finest American concert hall, one of the largest and most complete pipe organs ever put together. This instrument, built in Boston and provided with every possible facility for musical expression, stands at the modern end of the long line of pipe organs that have been constructed in America since Bromfield's imitation of an English pipe organ first scandalized the more rigid Puritans. It was built in the intelligent technical way in which the census bulletin, just out, states that "almost every pipe organ is practically built to order to accord with the architecture or acoustic qualities of the room or auditorium in which it is designed to be placed." The same institution of musical education has altogether 14 pipe organs in daily use by pupils and teachers. This is more than double the number of organs contained under any other single roof in the world.

In spite of crsiy complaints that "the service of God is most grievously abused by the piping of organs, ringing of bells and singing and trowlling of chants from one side of the choir to the other, with the squealing of chanting choir boys and such like abominations which are an offense to the Lord," much of our earlier American music was written for the pipe organ. John Knowles Paine, a professor for many years at Harvard, began as an organ virtuso, as did Horatio Parker, now professor of music at Yale, and one of the most famous of American composers. Dudley Buck, whose fame and popularity were certainly national in the days when men wore Dundreary whiskers, was one who delighted in the opportunity afforded by the big blow pipes in Music hall.

Little Jim Jones read his composition in school. It was so very poor that teacher declared she would have to write a note to Jim's mother about it. "Go ahead an' writer to 'er, ef you wants to. I doan care. Mother wrote it herself."

TO KEEP YOUR GOOD LOOKS, SLEEP

A WISE woman who knows all the secrets of the professional beauty has turned her attention away from the complexion and the color of the hair and is making a study of sleep.

"Sleep is the most important aid to beauty in the world," she says, "and I regard the beauty nap as an absolute essential to a woman's good looks.

"Lack of sleep will make a woman old and yellow, while plenty of sleep will make her young and gay. Most women think it is enough to sleep at night, but the beauty sleep taken during the day is immensely important.

"The woman who sleeps sufficiently will have hair that keeps its natural color; her eyes will sparkle and her skin will be clear, her step will be elastic and her voice will keep its pretty, even tone. Every one knows how quickly a woman's voice loses its youth. That is on account of the lack of beauty sleep.

"Faces can keep young if their owner will keep rested. I have a beautiful patient who makes a study of looking rested. She always steals a beauty sleep before dinner.

"A very luxurious patient of mine is in the habit of giving her face a beauty bath. She uses champagne and milk and she daubs her face with a little sponge saturated in the mixture. Then she takes a short nap, and when she awakes she is as bright as a button.

"It isn't necessary to spend a great deal of money for the facial bath. A dash of diluted cologne would do almost as well as champagne and milk, and there are nice lotions of violets and spirits of cologne that answer the same purpose and can be made at home.

"The beauty nap is a thing that must be cultivated. Getting up too early kills the bright eyes of many a woman. It is a good thing to lie in bed as long as you can.

"Falling asleep is easy if you know its science. Counting sheep as they jump over a wall will not put you to sleep, but cool air will speedily make one sleepy.

"Open the windows so that a gentle breeze strikes your face, cover yourself up warmly, sniff a little perfume and you will drop asleep. After you have formed the habit you will not need the perfume.

"A New Jersey beauty has an open-air sleeping parlor where she takes her daily nap, Winter and Summer. It is on the sheltered side of the house. In this quiet, cool spot the beauty sleeps.

"She has a Japanese bed, all matting and rugs, and over this in Winter there is an abundant feather bed, with another feather bed for a coverlid. The result is a delightful beauty nap at a minute's notice.

"The pillow nap is something new. It is specially noted as a complexion nap.

"The essentials are pillows, dozens of them, all heaped upon the couch in such a way as to rest the nerves. The pillows are filled with various compounds.

"One of my patients has three little rose-leaf pillows which she places under her head. She calls them ear pillows. They are just about the size of the hand.

"She has also three square pillows filled with pine needles, loosely packed, and she has several clover-top and lavender pillows. These are shaken up daily and placed in a warm spot to coax them to send out their fragrance.

"I tell my patients to heat their pillows. A hot pillow is a great comfort. The hop pillow, which is covered with a red flannel cover, can be heated very hot and used at the back or the feet, wherever the tired ache may be.

"Rose pillows should be kept cool; their odor comes out best when they are cool and slightly moist.

"Green is the soothing color for the beauty nap. I advise my patients to have a green room.

"It does one's looks no good to sleep cold. The pretty woman who lies down with cold feet and who drops into troubled sleep still shivering will not benefit by her sleep.

"She must have a pair of warm slippers, lined with down, and her coverlid must be warm.

"The odor of pinks sends many a woman to sleep; and when a patient cannot afford to buy fresh pinks daily for a head rest I advise her to make a spice pillow, which answers the purpose quite as well. It is almost a soporific; it lulls one to sleep instantly.

"The important thing about restoring one's beauty by sleep is that the body shall rest thoroughly. The woman who sleeps with her hair in papers is not resting; her scalp will be tired. The woman who does her hair up tightly before going to bed, who braids it closely or in any way tires the scalp will wake up with wrinkles in her face.

"The mind is a very important factor of the beauty nap. Don't worry if you want to sleep sweetly.

"Don't go to sleep thinking ugly thoughts. Only the sweetest and most agreeable fancies should engage the mind in the five minutes before one drifts away to dreamland. The woman who cries herself to sleep will wake up with gray hairs and deep lines in her brow.

"In the great retreats where women go to become young they make the patient exercise before going to bed. Bodily exercise of the most vigorous nature is part of the programme.

"An American woman who went to a German cure expecting to be petted and pampered as when at home received a rude shock. Insomnia had been her complaint from girlhood. Hearing of the cure she went to Germany to take it.

"For breakfast this pampered child of luxury had a cup of coffee, some cold ham and brown bread.

"'I cannot eat a mouthful,' she complained.

"'So much the better,' said the directress. 'The coffee was only a substitute, mostly burnt wheat; and as for the breakfast, you are better off without eating.'

"Her exercise was quite unconventional. On raw days she was set to washing the inner side of the windows, and on warm days she was told to sweep the garden walks.

"'It nearly killed me,' said she in recounting the tale to an indignant audience afterward.

"'But did you recover from your insomnia?' asked some one.

"'Recover!' said the woman with a laugh. 'I never thought of it once after I got there, I was so mad and so tired.'"