"Steadfast and generous, they greet us still,
Thro' every fortune with unchanging looks,
Unasked no counsel give, are silent folk:
The careless-minded lightly call them books!"
- S. Weir Mitchell -

MARGARET HORTON POTTER
AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN LADDER"

"The Lure of the Mask," by Harold McGrath. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Clever and remarkable for its rapid change of scene. Mr. McGrath is nothing if not audacious. He makes John Hilliard, a rich bachelor of 33 years of age, fall in love with an unknown woman in New York City, because, in a fog, she sang near him an air from "La Fille de Madame Angot." He searches for her and she invites him to dine with her. A mask covers her face—and so mystery begins. It appears that she is La Signorine, the possessor of "the most beautiful voice in the world," and the prima donna of an opera company.

The scene shifts to Venice, Monte Carlo, Florence—this picture being given of Monte Carlo's gambling attractions:

The fascination of Monte Carlo is not to be described; it must be seen. Vice shall be attractive, says the Mother of Satan. At Monte Carlo it is more than attractive; it is compelling. A subtle hypnotism prevails. One scarce realizes that this lovely spot is at the same time the basest. What passions have stormed this cliff! What rage and despair have beaten their hands against these bastions of pleasure! How few who plunge into this maelstrom of chance ever rise again! The lure of gold, there is nothing stronger save death. Fool and rogue, saint and sinner, here they meet and mingle and change. To those who give Monte Carlo but a trifling glance, toss a coin or two on the tables, and leave by the morrow's train, it has no real significance; it is simply one of the sights of Europe.

The faces one sees in the Hall of Roulette! Here and there one which will haunt the onlooker through the rest of his days. Packed about the long tables are young faces flushed with hope or gray with despair; middle-aged faces which express excitement or indifference; old faces, scarred and lined and seamed, where avarice, selfishness, cruelty, dishonesty cross and recross till human semblance is literally blotted out. Light-o'-loves, gay and careless; hideous old crones, who watch the unwary and steal the unwary's bets; the old women in black, who figure and figure imaginary winnings and never risk anything but their nerves. And there are beautiful women, beautifully gowned, beautifully gemmed, some of them good, some of them indifferent, and some of them bad. Invariably one finds oneself speculating on the history of this woman or that; the more gems, the more history. Here the half-world of Europe finds its kingdom and rules it madly. The fortunes these women have poured into this whirligig of chance will never be computed. And there is the gentlemanly blackleg, the ticket-of-leave man, and outcasts and thieves; but all of them are well dressed and, for the time being, well behaved.

This is not very elevating, but it passes in a novel of this sort. Hilliard is led on by a will-o'-the-wisp. La Signorine turns out to be a married woman, unhappily married, of course. I immediately began to bet—mentally—that the said husband would soon come to a violent death. And it's so—in the next chapter. Wedding bells in the distance.

The Servant in the House. By Charles Rann Kennedy. Illustrated. Price, $1.25. Harper & Brothers, New York City.

I know a modern industrial city where, on Sundays, you see the trolley cars, packed with humanity, tearing from the congested boarding-house, furnished-room district, as if the very devil were after them—tearing aw-a-y to church?

No. Ball game.

And then again, as the gentle dusk falls, these same trolley cars tear off from the same congested district, and bear papa, mama and the children,—to church? Eh?

No. Sunday theater. In the city referred to are ornate houses of worship with costly pipe organs; expensive choirs; preachers selected for their profound scholarship and eloquence; devout deacons; dim religious light, and yet the pews are occupied by just a sprinkling of people — mostly well-dressed people. Near by are theaters of the ten, twent' and thirt' cent kind, where three performances are given of an evening, and they are jammed with eager patrons who look toward the stage as if they expected a healing message to save their souls. A mob waits outside for the next performance.

It is a puzzling reality: Churches where no admission is asked almost empty, and Sunday theaters where you pay your way at so much a head, jammed to suffocation! What is it that the churches don't give but which theaters seem to supply?

That's the question which Mr. Kennedy answers in this remarkable miracle-play of his "The Servant in the House." Mr. Kennedy is an English socialist who has drawn inspiration from Ibsen, and for all that I know,—Bernard Shaw himself. His book is daring to a degree, because in the character of Manson, an Indian butler, is thinly portrayed Jesus Christ.

"The Servant in the House" is such a remarkable production that it awes. It is better than "Everyman" and suggests the daring originality of the "Pilgrim's Progress". It should make as lasting a success as "Ben Hur"—but it has not the latter's attraction as an indoor circus where maddened horses race to victory before the eyes of a howling audience. It is rather patterned after the shrewd knowledge of human nature and essence of lofty sublimity shown by the writer of one of the gospels—St. John. It strangely grips the heart strings, and leaves the thoughtful reader as if he had just been under the spell of a great orator. The man or woman who reads this play for amusement is warned away. They must bow the knee as pilgrims, or be cast into outer darkness.

It is a pleasure to know that the play is a big success in New York City, where it may be stamped as one of the big productions of the theatrical year, as presented by the Henry Miller associate players. It is a play of the present day, in five acts, setting forth the eventful happenings of one morning in early Spring, the place being the English country vicarage of Rev. William Smythe. The latter's wife is known as Auntie, whose besetting passion it has been to make a social success of her husband, a noted pulpit orator. She worshipped him to the point of idolatry, and the person who won second place in her affections was Mary, niece of her husband. Mary's father was a "common person, a working man." Mary did not know who her father was. The vicar's wife also worshipped-afar-off her brother, James Ponsonby Makeshyfte, D. D., the Most Reverend the Lord Bishop of Lancashire, who is painted as commercially wise, rich from the proceeds of a questionable financial deal, and a hypocrite and liar.

The vicar was expecting the arrival of a new butler, an Indian named Manson, who had been recommended to him by a friend in Brindisi. Mrs. Smythe was expecting a visit from her brother, that precious rascal the Lord Bishop of Lancashire. Manson arrives first, dressed in his native Eastern costume, and impresses nearly all who come into contact with him as a gentleman of peace, one who really loves his fellow men, and with eyes so penetrating that they seem to pierce their way into your soul. His face "is one of awful sweetness, dignity and strength. There is a calm of a great mastery about him, suited to his habit as a servant." His employer, the vicar, suddenly arrives in the breakfast room where Manson is about to arrange the morning meal, and as he breaks the bread which he is to use in the celebration of Holy Communion, he hints that he would like to know Manson's religion.

"I can soon remedy that, sir" says Manson. "My religion is very simple: I love God and all my brothers."

"That is not always so easy, Manson," says the Vicar. "But it is my creed too."

Mary comes on the stage, a slim young girl in her teens, the picture of rosy sweetness and health, and from her talk it appears that the family is also waiting the arrival of Uncle Joshua, the Bishop of Benares, brother to the Vicar. The Bishop of Benares bears a reputation for sanctity. Manson admits to Mary that he knows the Bishop, but says that "some people, chiefly his clergy, blackguard him abominably. Wicked? On no. Only blind; perhaps also a little deaf. Between the two they manage to make his work very difficult." Mary has heard of this Bishop—and that his followers are reckoned by millions. The common people.

Mary says that the parish church building where her Uncle William preaches requires restoration, that fairs and bazaars have been held to raise the necessary money but in vain, and that in her opinion the strange smell that seems to proceed from her uncle's study is due to a bad drain. A strange smell is also in the church building, and it gets to be so offensive that worshippers stay away.

The Vicar returns from his celebration, moody because not one worshipper had been present. He and his wife have a troubled talk in which he says that he is a liar in God's sight, chiefly because he has sent away his brother Robert, Mary's father. Robert, in the interval, has sunk low, has become a drunkard, blasphemer and Socialist. The vicar speaks of the Bishop of Lancanshire as "A gaitered snob; a bishop of stocks and shares, a bishop of the counting-house; a bishop of Mammon; the devil's own bishop."

Just as Mrs. Smythe leaves the room, Robert Smith arrives, Mary's father, wearing a navvy's costume and the knees tied with a string. To Manson Robert remarks:

There's a lot o' brothers knockin' abaht as people don't know on, eh what? See what I mean? . . . Didn't me an' my brother Joshua pinch an' slave the skin orf our bones to send that spotted swine to school? Didn't we 'elp 'im out with 'is books an' 'is mortar-boards an' 'is bits of clothes to try an' mek 'im look respectable? That's wot we did, till 'e got 'is lousy scholyships, an' run away to get spliced with that—pup of a blood'ound—— . . . If I'm bitter, 'cos made me bitter? You cawn't be very sweet and perlite on eighteen bob a week—when yer get it. I've eddicated myself since them—I'm not the gory fool I was—and they know it. They cawn't come playin' the 'anky with us, same as they used to. It's 'Nice Mister workingman this; nice workingman that; will yer be so 'ighly hobliging as to 'and over your dear little voting paper; you poor, sweet, muddy-nosed idiot, as cawn't spot your natural enemy when yer see 'im. Fifteen years ago an' my like 'adn't got a religion. By Gawd, we 'ave one now. Like to 'ear wot it is? Socialism. Funny, ain't it?

"I don't think so," says Manson. "It's mine, too."

The Bishop of Lancashire arrives, gaiters, ear trumpet and all. The playwright very kindly adds: "Throughout the play, the audience will understand where the bishop does, and where he does not, hear by his use or non-use of the ear trumpet. Perhaps the reader will be good enough to imagine these occasions for himself." It seems that the bishop had called to propose the starting of a financial flim-flam game by which funds could be secured to restore the "sick" church building, but his eyesight is so wretched that he mistakes Manson for the Bishop of Benares. On being asked to tell of his famous church in India, Manson, the bishop, says:

You must understand, this is no dead pile of stones and unmeaning timber. It is a living thing. . . . The pillars of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes; the sweet human flesh of men and women is molded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable: the faces of little children laugh out from every cornerstone; the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and up in the heights and spaces there are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of the world. It is yet building—building and built upon. . . . Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness; sometimes in blinding light; now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish; now to the tune of a great laughter and heroic shoutings like the cry of thunder. Sometimes, in the silence of the night-time, one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work up in the dome—the comrades that have climbed ahead.

Left to themselves, the Bishop of Lancashire proposes to Manson to raise funds for the restoration of the church through the channel of "The Society for the Promotion and Preservation of Emoluments for the Higher Clergy," and suggests that the subscription lists be started with the name of the Bishop of Benares. He—of Lancashire—also suggests a private "divvy" by which they could divide the "swag." Manson gets permission from his employer to be master of the house for one hour, and one of his first official acts is to tell the Lord Bishop of Lancashire to go.

"You are a scoundrel, sir," says he of Lancashire. "A cheat, an imposter. And if I could have my way with you I would have you publicly whipped; I would visit you with the utmost rigor of the law; I would nail you up, sir, for an example."

"I have encountered similar hostility before, my lord, from gentlemen very like your lordship." Manson reminds him. Exit the Bishop of Lancashire.

Manson works a moral reformation in the vicar's family. There is a pathetic scene in which one of his new converts—Robert Smith—has an interview with his daughter Mary, but Robert is a practical "drainman," and instead of wasting his time in sickly sentimentality, he follows up the drain under the house, and church, fights the rats that bar his progress, and finds that the strange smell under the sacred edifice comes from a graveyard located under it. Typhoid lurks under that—the cesspool—but the two brothers, William, the priest, and Robert, the drain man, resolve to clean it out—together.

As Manson lays the cloth for a meal, it is noticed that the guests are in a communal position, and Manson steps forward as the Bishop of Benares, the reincarnated Jesus Christ.

Vicar: "In God's name, who are you?"
Manson: "In God's name—your brother."

"A Little Land and a Living." by Bolton Hall $1. Arcadia Press, New York City.

Bolton Hall is the famous author of "Three Acres and Liberty." a book that has created and is creating nearly as much discussion and stirirng thought as Henry George's "Progress and Poverty."

In the present book of 287 pages, Mr. Hall further preaches his gospel of intensified farming and shows that the one human cry of American people ought to be "back to the land." He proves that the crowded conditions of our large cities and especially our reeking tenement problem—aggravated by the harassing conditions of industrialism—are slowly but surely driving the people back to serfdom. He says, "do it now," with a few acres near some town where there is a market.

Don't herd in a large city, to increase land values for monopolists. Try first in a garden where you can give it your spare time, without losing your present position. Then try your luck on a small area with market gardening, and live off your land.

In a state like Oregon, where there is still land a-plenty, the conjested condition pictured by Mr. Hall is not, of course, present. But his book should quicken public conscience, here. I hope that all young people will try to read what the says and let his words sink deeply into their memories. They will not always have strength to work as hard in city life as they do now.

For the days that are to come: Get a small ranch. Let it wait for you."

"The Captain's Wife," by John Lloyd, $1.50. Mitchell Kennerley, New York City.

An enjoyable story of military life around Fort Cochise, in Arizona, at the time when Geronimo and his Apaches were on the warpath.

Nina Wentworth secretly marries Captain Livingston, and just then the husband and wife are attacked and wounded by Indians. The husband is unconscious for weeks, and he ultimately finds his wife posing as the bride of Lieutenant Hecker. It seems that her illness had blotted out her memory, up to the time of the attack by the Indians.

What was Captain Livingston to do? Here is the puzzle of the story, but Mr. Lloyd is not daring enough to work it to a sane conclusion, especially as Mrs. Nina Livingston-Hecker "doesn't believe in divorce and considers marriage a sacrament." The reader will naturally expect that Mr. Lloyd will want to have his novel have a happy ending. Besides, Lieutenant Hecker is a brute. It is then safe to assume that Hecker will meet with a violent death. Correct.

And Mrs. Wenoworth-Hecker is stricken with a new illness, in which her memory is so far restored to her that she remembers marrying Wentworth. The Hecker episode is therefore a blank—a very convenient arrangement.

Roosevelt and the Republic. By John W. Bennett. Price, $1.50. Broadway Publishing Company, New York City.

Written in a spirit of fierce criticism directed at President Roosevelt. Mr. Bennett does not mince words—he strikes straight from the shoulder. It seems that he doesn't trust the President and in 421 pages he tells why. His book is not a biography, but a series of word pictures showing evidences of Mr. Roosevelt's influence upon this republic. It is stated that America has an hysterical element, that official hysterics appeal to us, that Mr. Roosevelt touches a responsive chord; and that he has put himself in control of voiceless discontent. All Mr. Roosevelt's adverse criticism of eminent Americans—Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Van Buren, Jackson, etc.—is paraded, and no opportunity is lost to present him in a most unfavorable light before the people. But—they know him too well to change their good opinion at this late day.

What the White Race May Learn From the Indian. By George Wharton James. Illustrated. Price, $1.50. Forbes & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. James, of Santa Clara, Cal., has been among the Indians for 25 years and as he is a recognized authority as to their manners of living and customs, his conclusions must be treated with respect and his advice followed as far as practicable. He recognizes that there are bad Indians just as there are bad white men, but he has selected the good out of the heap and holds it forth so that all may see and hear. His remarks largely relate to health, and he recommends the Indians' habit of deep breathing, breathing through the nose, living and sleeping out of doors, habits of "early to bed early to rise," exercise, mud baths, self restraint and mental poise. The book is finely illustrated, and will surely serve a good mission.

Jack Spurlock, Prodigal. By George Horace Larimer. Illustrated. Price, $1.50. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City.

Mr. Lorimer, editor of a prosperous weekly, is coming to be more and more esteemed as a gifted, up-to-date writer of smart stories that really entertain and have smiles in them. It is not possible to evolve a grouch reading them, be the patient in ever so dissatisfied a mood.

Jack Spurlock is the son of Jonas Spurlock, the president of Consolidated Groceries, owner of a railroad and tons of money, and also a member of the "system." New and old-rich folks are sprinkled over the story. The one great joke in it is that Mr. Spurlock, senior, thinks that his son, Jack, is a joke and a fool. Well, Jack fools him, and in the end wins Anita. He thinks that she is "the" loveliest girl in New York.

The Last Egyptian. Illustrations by Francis P. Wightman. Edward Stern & Co., Philadelphia.

The book cover of this really interesting novel of modern Egypt catches the eye and favorably impresses one to read what the anonymous author has to say. The picture referred to is a yellow desert scene, palm trees in the distance, with a camel and Arab driver in gaudy trappings—all in color. The other pictures shown inside are also in color and much better than usual. But the story? It quivers with intrigue, plot, counter-plot, buried treasure, love and revenge.

The Princess Hatatcha, now an old, wrinkled woman and the descendant of a long line of Egyptian Kings—among them Ahtka-Ra—is dying, and to her grandson, Prince Kara, she commits a revenge-quest. Long ago, Lord Roane, an Englishman had robbed her of her good name, and she orders Kara to seek revenge among this Lord's descendants. She also tells Kara of the secret treasure-house of Ahtka-Ra, located in a certain tomb. Kara finds this treasure and starts on a spendthrift, sensual career that causes all Egypt to talk. He nearly enmeshes Aneth, granddaughter of Lord Roane, but his tide of revenge fails to reach flood tide, and after incident heaped upon incident, he meets with a strange death.

An out-of-the-ordinary adventure story.

Gleam o' Dawn, by Arthur Goodrich. Illustrated. Price, $1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

Remarkable for its fine nature pictures of life in the open. Mr. Goodrich has evolved a human-interest story of woodland life in which French-Canadian patois, two Indians, a long-lost father and Nini—an unconscious poet—make up compelling interest.

J. M. QUENTIN.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

Mrs. Elinor Glyn, author of "Three Weeks" was recently hob-nobbing in a mining camp in Nevada, looking for "color" for a new novel. It was rumored that she will call it "Four Weeks."

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Edward Childs Carpenter is at work upon a new novel, "The Gateway of Dreams," which, however, will not be completed in time for issue this Fall," as he has got a "rush order" to write a production for a New York theater magnate.

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Two important books on the way are the first part of Dr. Fred Morrow Fling's three-volume "Mirabeau and the French Revolution" and the eighth, and next to the last volume of "The Writings of James Madison," edited by Galliard Hunt.

* * *

Kate Sanborn's unique volume on "Old-Time Wall Papers" has been included in a list of books specially recommended for libraries in Great Britain. As this recommendation comes from the Library Association of London, and as few American books receive this honor, Miss Sanborn should feel repaid for the arduous labors she expended on the volume.

* * *

Baltimore, Md., is taking on literary airs, due to the fact that the names of so many of her sons and daughters are appearing as authors in current magazines. Among them are: William Hervey Woods, Miss Ellen Duvall, Leo Crane, Mrs. Harriet Lummis Smith, Edward Lucas White, Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese, Littel McClurg, Dr. Fabian Franklin, Rev. Oliver Huckel, and Mrs. Lucy Meacham Thurston.

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Winslow Homer has the place of honor in the June issue of the International Studio. An appreciative article is contributed by Leila Mechin, who agrees with the contention that Mr. Homer is the "greatest living distinctly American painter," and declares that the artist, "indifferent to sales, to praise and blame alike" still goes on his way "with fixed purpose." The paper is copiously illustrated.

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The new short story by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, which will be brought out this Fall, is being illustrated by Guernsey Moore and J. J. Gould, the former doing the decorative work and the latter the full-page illustrations. It is a story of colonial times, bearing the name "A Venture in 1777," and the aim of the artists in their work is to carry out the Revolutionary atmosphere and general setting of the tale.

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Next Fall will be issued a volume of fiction by Elizabeth Freemantle, under the title of "The One—and I." It is described as a story of the Canadian Northwest, written in sprightly, diary style, with a vein of quiet humor running throughout. One of the readers, who read the story in manuscript form, says there is a smile upon almost every page, and declares that not since the appearance of "The Lady of the Decoration" has anything quite so clever seen the light.

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In "The Golden Ladder" Margaret Horton Potter has written a story remarkable for its sustained interest, subtle analysis, and vivid picture of a man who primarily thought gold the all in all, but afterward was made to see his error. A brighter side of life is shown in a portraiture of French exiles who live for each other and high ideals, content when they earn a modest "nest egg," making them independent of all the financial ills Wall street gamblers might deign to send them per any sudden telegraph flash.

* * *

Fierce discussion is being aroused among literary folk by the appearance of Dr. George M. Gould's book on Lafcadio Hearn. It has brought bitter letters from those representing the Hearn cult in New York, several of which letters have appeared in various daily papers. To some of these Dr. Gould has replied, always in a dignified manner, stating his position and his point of view, yet newspaper articles denouncing the book and the author continue to appear. A threat has been made to bring suit for libel in the name of Hearns' widow, and final developments are awaited with interest.

* * *

Neil Munro, the Scottish novelist, who is also a Glasgow editor, has been accorded the degree of LL.D. by Glasgow University. Mr. Munro is best known in this country as the author of the novel "Bud," the story of a modern and lively American child suddenly descending upon a staid Scotch village. A rather uncommon experience has befallen "Bud," which was a Harper publication of several months ago—that of becoming more popular each month than it was the month before. On the other side of the water this same book is known as "The Daft Days." "The most distinguished Scottish representative of the Celtic revival," the university authorities called Mr. Munro in making the presentation.

* * *

An opportunity for a controversy over the life and public services of Jefferson Davis was afforded by a resolution recently introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Carlin, of Virginia. The resolution directed the Secretary of War, if not incompatible with the public interests, to inform the House by what authority the name of Jefferson was erased from the stone tablet on Cabin John Bridge; also that the House be informed as to what steps, if any, have been taken toward restoring to the stone the name of Davis as Secretary of War. The Cabin John Bridge is said to be the largest single span masonry bridge in the world. It was built during Jefferson Davis' administration as Secretary of War. His name was removed from the bridge soon after the opening of hostilities between the North and the South. Professor W. E. Dodd considers the incident of sufficient importance to discuss in his life of Davis, recently issued in the "American Crisis Series of Biographies."

* * *

A dispatch from St. Cloud, Minn., says that Professor William H. Sheran, head of the English department in St. Paul Seminary, paid a brief visit to St. John's University, Collegeville, where he discovered a copy of the Latin diary kept by Columbus. Only two other copies of the original are extant; one in the British Museum, the other in the archives of Madrid. The copy in the library of St. John's University was secured by Rev. Alexius Hoffmann, O. S. B., while searching for rare manuscripts some years ago in Spain. Professor Sheran has received a check for $25,000 from a wealthy Knight of Columbus on condition that he complete the life of Columbus in heroic verse within eight years. A part of this task is already accomplished, and the Latin manuscript, together with other valuable material in St. John's library, will furnish the historical basis for the completion of the epic poem. Professor Sheran and a member of the Benedictine order will spend several Summer vacations in Southern Europe, gathering all available matter relating to the hero, the expense of this trip to be defrayed from the magnificent gift. The name of the donor, for the present, is withheld.

FRANCIS RICHTER'S TEACHER IN COMPOSITION

HERR PROFESSOR JOSEF LABOR, HIMSELF BLIND SINCE CHILDHOOD, AND HIS GIFTED OREGON PUPIL

HERR PROFESSOR JOSEF LABOR
FRANCIS RICHTER'S TEACHER IN COMPOSITION

BY ALMA A. ROGERS.

WHEN you stand in the presence of a truly noble man or woman the subconscious wires of telepathy at once set to work to inform you of that fact. The person may not necessarily be world-renowned, for the soul-processes of intelligence are unerring as the magnetic needle to its pole, and fame unfortunately is not always inseparable from lofty character. But when both greatness and nobility are found united in one person it becomes a privilege to enter the circle of acquaintance. If such person chance to be an educator, blessed are the young people who come within the range of his influence.

Such a man is Josef Labor, Francis Richter's teacher in harmony. He bears the various titles with which the world honors those who achieve greatness, but after all the plain name is best. I have often thought that of all the many influences which are here molding Francis Richter's destiny there is no one so important or so far-reaching as the work that Herr Labor is doing. And it is done so quietly and unobtrusively that it might be underestimated did one not remember that the forces of real growth are always silent.

Herr Labor is himself as simple and unassuming as a child and the outflowing sympathy of his nature makes him instantly approachable. He is not given to those violent and irrational outbreaks that sometimes mar the character of artists and leaves one to wish to remember only their art. There is a spiritual power in this man that makes such weakness impossible. His is a soul poised in a high key, a soul that has suffered much, overcome much, and risen to still higher altitudes, to whom life has a purpose and opportunity is sacred.

* * *

I believe it was Horace Mann who said that association with a great man is the highest education. Those, therefore, who believe in the finer issues of life can readily understand why I rate so high the influence of Herr Labor upon his pupils.

In the case of Francis Richter the relation between teacher and pupil is particularly sympathetic, for the Herr Professor is also blind, having lost his sight at an early age through illness. Certainly it must be an inspiration to the boy, to have constantly before him the example and encouragement of the man who has done his work in spite of handicap. Herr Labor will leave a name behind him, just how great it would be foolish for me to attempt to say, but great enough to live to posterity, certainly. When we first came to Vienna we heard him spoken of as the successor of Brahms, and the same remark has been heard at other times The Viennese honor him. His appearance before an audience is the occasion of an ovation. I was witness to one of these scenes last Winter when he played the new organ in the grand music saal of the Conservatorium before a great audience, representative of the best in Vienna. There is no question but Professor Labor is the leading organist of this city.

* * *

Besides the organ, Herr Labor teaches piano, and composition in all its branches. Francis Richter began harmony last Fall, and rejoiced to put the period to this course just a few days since. He rejoiced because the period helped him to realize that he was making progress. He is a very anxious youth for results. Sometimes I tell him the story of the child who planted a seed in the garden, and a few days therafter pulled it up to see how much it had grown. The desire for visible results is a healthy sign, I take it, when as in Mr. Richter's case it is an incentive to effort.

After harmony come counterpoint, canon and fugue. When the study of these branches shall have been completed, the young composer will be fully equipped for his life work. Much of the work in composition is already familiar to Mr. Richter from his early studies. Herr Labor's course in composition ordinarily embraces three years, but if the signs for a third year look too ominious, we shall try to double the work and make it in two.

When we called on Professor Labor last Summer to make arrangements, he immediately said that Mr. Richter must learn the Braille. This is the system for the blind, and includes both reading and musical notation. So the lessons in Braille have gone hand in hand with the harmony, a portion of each hour being devoted to the teacher reading and correcting the exercises previously prepared in Braille by the pupil, and giving him others to work out for the next lesson. While this has delayed the harmony course a little, it has literally opened up a new world to the blind boy. To have a language in which he can write down his ideas, and having written, can reread them—this last most of all—is almost like the gift of sight. It is certainly next to sight.

Herr Labor's birth date is recorded in the music books as June 29, 1842, which makes him 66 years of age. He doesn't look it by at least 16 years. Indeed, the statement was so incredible that I had to ask him to verify it. Then I recalled the ancient truth that it is the soul that keeps people young. Even in the body the soul is not entirely bound by the limitations of matter. The inner light in Herr Labor is as a flame that has transfused the body. His face is marked by many nervous lines, but they are not the lines of gloom or despondency. On the contrary, he is a decided wit. His humor is so abundant and sparkling that it makes him a delightful conversationalist.

It goes without saying that Herr Labor is a cultured man, learned in the languages and sciences besides music. He speaks excellent English, and knows our literature very well. He has great facility in the Braille, in which he has read much, as well as having had literature read to him. His music-room is lined with bookcases containing the bulky volumes of the Braille system, so placed and numbered that he can find them in a moment. He still studies music in the Braille, and at Francis Richter's last lesson was engaged in learning Chopin's Fantasie in F minor.

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In person Herr Labor is below medium height, with delicate hands and feet and a fine head. His movements are very quick and nervous, and he has a way of rubbing the fingers of his right hand against the palm of his left, he held close to his face when he is pleased, that all of his pupils will remember. In dress he is immaculately neat. During lessons he invariably stands, his body moving in a sort of rhythm, or leaning for a moment on the piano at which his pupil is seated. But the most characteristic thing about Herr Labor is the way in which he holds his head. His face is always uplifted, as if he were listening to celestial voices. The contrast with the usual attitude of sightless people, which droops as if earthbound, is most striking. It is so when he teaches or talks, and to see him at a concert is really beautiful. You feel that he is hearing much that is sealed to ordinary ears. I shall never forget the first time he heard Francis Richter's friend, Marcel de Bouzon, sing. Knowing his generous disposition, we had asked him to hear the young man's voice. At the first rich, vibrating tones he left his usual place by the piano, walked swiftly to the window and stood there with face uplifted, while tears dropped unnoticed down his cheek.

Because I have thought that the friends of Francis Richter would be interested in the personality of his teacher, I have given this little intimate sketch of a great man as he appears to us. The chief events of his public life are recorded in the biographies of the musical encyclopedias. Here it is stated that he made his public appearance in Vienna in 1862 as a pianist, having been educated at the Conservatorium. He is not, however, a Viennese, though this city has been his home for many years. His native place is Horowitz, Bohemia.

Conversation with Herr Labor on literary topics discloses his preference for Longfellow among the American poets, and his acquaintance with Tennyson, Keats and Shelley among the English. Shakespeare, of course—he is too universal to require inclusion.

His criticism of Tennyson as lacking in humor led Herr Labor to enunciate what he considers the highest principle in art: contrast. He calls it also humor, which does not necessarily mean to laugh, but the flow of light and shade rather. "In Memoriam" is too uniformly sad and thereby violates the essential artistic principle of contrast.

Dante he characterizes as the man who concentrated within himself all the wisdom of his time. Of the Divine Comedy, he considers the Hell the most wonderful, though as he remarked, it is not to be taken literally—God would not be God were there such a place. It is the sweep of the imagination of Dante, joined to the depths of his understanding, that make it colossal art.

In running commentaries such as I have indicated, Herr Labor showed such familiarity with the great names of the world's literature that I knew not which to marvel at most—the gifts, the patience, or the industry of the man. He seems to be a person who is never idle. Often in Francis Richter's lessons he has impressed upon his pupil the need of perseverance. "At first there is the bitterness," he said to him recently, referring to the onerous task of deciphering music in the Braille, "but with a little labor, that is soon over. My whole effort is to make you as independent as though you had sight." Then came that hearty slap on the shoulder that is a tonic to nerves and has many times sent the young man away with joy in his heart. Francis Richter's friends may well give thanks that he has found such a teacher as Herr Labor.

* * *

The versatility of Francis Richter's mind is something to wonder at. If he had not been great in music, he would have distinguished himself in some other line. He is one of the cleverest wits I ever heard; on another side he is philosophical far beyond his 20 years, and every sentiment is transfused with poetic feeling. In looking over old papers the other day, I found these lines, which it seems he wrote before coming to Europe in honor of a family of friends whom he symbolizes in the verses. The parents are the flowers, the children the buds. While the poem shows the modeling of a boyish hand, it has a touch that makes it of interest:

Veritas.

One sunny day as out I went,
To seek for pleasure, joy and merriment,
With gentle step and heart so light and gay,
Amidst the foliage I found my way.

The road was solid for it was quite new,
The sun was hot, the sky was clear and blue,
The meadow larks and various other birds
Sang joyously their song,
And for a moment I could scarce find words,
To tell what my thoughts were
Amidst this musical throng.

Then gently as the gentlest could demand,
I felt along the leaves with my right hand,
When suddenly among the brushy bowers,
My hand fell softly upon three small flowers.

No daintier petals had I felt than these,
A more substantial center never known,
No calyx with such fine and tender leaves
Has met my hands or ere to me was shown.

And thus I felt along the flowery way
Discovering synonyms of this same type;
A second branch had flowers only two,
And one small bud was coming, 'twas quite new.
The third was quite the same, only between
Two flowers yet a smaller bud was seen.

And now I paused a moment to admire,
The flowers which may one inspire,
And as I stood there they brought forth to me,
A picture of truth and benignity.

I knew not what their name might be and thus,
I gave to them their name of Veritas

So unlike the foliage last mentioned,
Is our own foliage in the path of life,
A flower blooms with almost perfect calmness,
While we must bloom through sorrow, work and strife.

Who comforts us as we are thus progressing,
And helps us with things so hard to mend,
Who is it that deserves our God's great blessing?
It is a faithful, true and honest friend.

I'm proud to say I have not only one,
But three and more just like these flowers sprung,
And like the flower I named Veritas,
They'll be to me for "amo amicus."

Vienna, May 19.

Books Added to Library

The library has added to its circulating books a department of musical scores, songs, oratorios, piano music, etc., etc. The first installment is now ready for the use of the public. Another list will be published shortly and the department will be added to from time to time, until it is representative of all the best music that we have. This will be of particular interest to music teachers and music students.

CANTATAS.

Dvorak.—The specter's bride, a dramatic cantata written by K. J. Erben; the pianoforte accompaniment arranged by Heinrich von Kaan; the English version by J. Troutbeck. n. d.

Mendelssohn.—Bartholdy. First Walpurgis night; German poem by Goethe, the English version by George Allman. n. d.

OPERAS.

Balfe.—Bohemian girl; an opera in three acts; the libretto by Alfred Bunn. 1902.

Bizet.—Carmen, an opera in four acts; words by H. Meilhac and L. Halevy; English version by T. Baker. 1895.

Chaikovski.—Eugene Onegin; lyric scenes in three acts; after the Russian of Pushkin; English version by H. G. Chapman. 1907.

Donizetti.—L'Elisir d'amore, comic opera in two acts; with Italian and English words, the latter by C. L. Kennedy. n. d.

Donizetti.—La figlia del reggimento, opera in two acts; with Italian and English words. n. d.

Donizetti.—Lucia di Lammermoor, opera in three acts; Italian libretto and English version by Natalia Macfarren. 1898.

Flotow.—Martha; or, the fair at Richmond; a comic romantic opera in four acts; libretto by W. Friedrich, the English version by Natalia Macfarren. 1902.

Gounod.—Faust, a lyric drama in five acts; libretto by J. Barbier and M. Carre; vocal score by Leo Delibes; English version by H. T. Chorley. 1902.

Gounod.—Romeo and Juliet; an opera in five acts; words by J. Barbier and M. Carre; the English version by Theo. Baker. 1897.

Humperdinck.—Hansel and Gretel, a fairy opera in three acts by Adelheid Wette; tr. by Constance Bache. 1895.

Mascagni.—Cavalleria rusticana, melodrama in one act; English version by Nathan Hale; vocal and piano score by L. Mugnone. 1891.

Sullivan.—Iolanthe; or, the peer and the peri; written by W. S. Gilbert. 1882.

Sullivan.—The Mikado; or, the town of Titipu; arrangement for pianoforte by G. L. Tracy; words by W. S. Gilbert. 1885.

Sullivan.—The pirates of Penzance; or, the slave of duty; written by W. S. Gilbert. 1880.

Sullivan.—Princess Ida; or, Castle adamant; words by W. S. Gilbert. 1884.

Sullivan.—Trial by jury; a dramatic cantata by W. S. Gilbert. n. d.

Verdi.—Aida, opera in four acts; libretto by A. Ghislanzoni; the English version by Mrs. G. G. Laurence. 1897.

Verdi.—Ernani, a tragic opera in four acts; tr. into English by Natalia Macfarren. n. d.

Verdi.—Rigoletto, opera in three acts; libretto by F. M. Piave; the English version by Natalia Macfarren. 1902.

Verdi.—Il trovatore, opera in four acts; libretto by S. Cammarano; English version by Natalia Macfarren. 1898.

Wagner.—The Flying Dutchman; a romantic opera in three acts; the English version by J. Troutbeck and Theo. Baker. 1897.

Wagner.—Tannhauser; and the tournament of song at Wartburg; romantic opera in three acts; tr. into English by Natalia Macfarren. n. d.

ORATORIOS.

Bach.—Passion of our Lord, according to S. Matthew; English translation by Troutbeck; vocal score by H. W. Nicholl. 1894.

Beethoven.—Mount of Olives; oratorio; the words from the German by John Oxenford. n. d.

Brahms.—Requiem; vocal score. n. d.

Handel.—Israel in Egypt, a sacred oratorio; vocal score and pianoforte accompaniment arranged by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. 1900.

Handel.—Judas Maccabaeus, an oratorio; the pianoforte accompaniment arranged by J. H. West. n. d.

Handel.—Samson; an oratorio in vocal score. n. d.

Haydn.—Creation; ed. by Vincent Novello. n. d.

Haydn.—The seasons, an oratorio; after the poem by James Thompson. n. d.

Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.—Elijah; an oratorio in vocal score; the English version by W. Bartholomew. n. d.

Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.—St. Paul, in vocal score. n. d.

Rossini.—Moses in Egypt; tr. and adapted by G. S. Parker. n. d.

Stainer.—The crucifixion; words written by J. Sparrow-Simpson. n. d.

PIANO COMPOSITIONS.

Chaminade.—Album of 17 pieces for pianoforte. 1899.

Grieg.—Forty-five pieces for pianoforte. 1902.

Rubinstein.—Kamennoi-ostrow; op. 10. 1882

Rubinstein.—Selected pieces for pianoforte. 1896.

SONGS.

Brahms.—Eighteen songs; English translation by Theo. Baker. 1902.

Chaminade.—Song-albums, 2 v. n. d.

Foster.—Twenty songs; ed. by N. C. Page. 1906.

Krehbiel, ed.—Songs from the operas for soprano. 1907.

Rubinstein.—Song album. 2 v. n. d.

Waite, comp.—College songs; a collection of the most popular songs of the colleges of America. 1906.