

IN THE LEAD OF OPPORTUNITY

BY KATHARINE MAYNARD



DAVID WAS SEEING THINGS

THE COMMON PROBLEM.
DAVID awoke himself comfortably before the fire to enjoy his evening paper. With much reluctance he brought out the first-of-the-month bills and laid them upon the table. It needed some finagling to make things come out right.

"I hate to disturb you, David dear," I began, apologetically, "but when this is the only time I see you to talk to—"

"In the morning," he questioned, without taking his eyes from the editorial he was reading:

"In the morning you swallow a cup of hot coffee and bolt for a car," I explained.

"Sunday?" he suggested.

"When you want to sleep and compose your mind for the next week's work."

"Well," he laughed, throwing down his paper, "let's have at 'em, then. What's the trouble?"

"I had taken plenty of time to go to the dentist, and we must have more wood—and oh! I did so hope we could go to hear Kubelik this time."

"Well, I don't see any Kubelik or New concert either in this symposium." He ran his fingers through his hair, reflectively.

"You take your birthday present and go and hear him, anyway."

"I hadn't the heart, just then, to tell him that the birthday present had already gone to pay for Midgert's winter coat. A man doesn't have to know everything."

We returned to the figures in a chastened mood. "Could we few with cents meat?" he threw this out as a feeler. "It's mostly liver and soup meat as it is," I explained. I had expected better things of that month's planning. It had taken plenty of time to convert the cheap cuts into something resembling good living. "I've tried it with vegetables and nuts, and it doesn't come out very differently. The fact of the matter is, everything costs too much."

Heat Problem Great.
"We might perhaps find a cheaper house—"

"But I was ready for that suggestion. I had been looking in that direction too."

"There's a duck of a bungalow out on the Beverly line. It has just enough room for us, if Victor and Tad share their bedroom, and it's \$5 a month cheaper than this."

David began to look hopeful. "It's the built-to-rent kind," I continued. "I looked up the builders who did the work and investigated their style. Single floors, unadorned walls, skimpy paint, no laundry trays and no furnace. It would take twice as much fuel to keep even moderately warm and we should have to pay for heat every time we shut our doors out."

"The question of how to fit the most modest kind of comfort to the monthly salary was left hanging in the air that evening. But it was the haunting, all-day-long thought of us both for many a day thereafter. It came to the point where it had to be met, squarely, about a month later. I felt David knew I had news for him as soon as he opened the door that evening, and I caught him looking at me over his dinner with a kind of foreboding expression.

When Midgert had been cuddled and kissed before the fire and tucked into bed and the boys had gone to their room we had our quiet half-hour together when we sat hand in hand and exchanged confidences. I had to begin it, "Mr. Mac Dunn, the landlord, sent word through his agent today that the rent will be advanced \$2."

David took it quietly. He had expected the firm's advance in this district is getting too valuable. Then it was his turn to break his tidings.

"Marley, the manager, has been dismissed. The firm has taken in a new man, one of these up-to-date reorgan-

izers. The whole office force is to be readjusted, and some of us will have to go."

"I tried to look at the matter hopefully. Perhaps your salary will be increased," I suggested. "You've been with them so long."

"I'm afraid not, Gordon has been with them three years longer than I have, and he got his walking papers today."

I gasped. This was, indeed, coming face to face with doom. "What would you say," David suggested, "to giving up the whole desperate struggle and getting out into the country where we could get hold of something that would belong to us?"

He felt the rashness of the suggestion and waited tensely for my answer. "David, dear, it's just what I've been wishing for, but—"

Open Air Is Dream.
"That's it," he supplied. "We don't know a thing about farming nor how to go about it. Yet I remember that when I was a boy people didn't have such an anxious time. There was a chance to enjoy life as one went along; a sort of sanity and peace about living that we seem to be missing, try as we may. They kept a couple of chickens, a few geese, and a pig, and their orchards gave them plenty of fruit the year 'round—and it was out in the open air. It had breadth and freedom about it. There wasn't that perpetual straddle about trying to make things come out even—this sense of futility—"

"Getting and spending we lay waste our powers," he supplied. "I lay waste our powers—"

"That's just it," he smiled appreciatively. "The whole thing is getting to be a farce—with the luxury carried the thought with him as he went off to his work again the next day, and it shone with me, a dim, chimerical vision of something sweet and unattainable, as I attended to the day's duties and planned my customary and inevitable economies."

Land Lure Is felt.
David brought home an armful of country life literature from the library and we spent evenings trying to find out how to go about making a living from the soil. We had no definite plan of reading, but plunged at once in medias res.

"I questioned, as I endeavored to understand an important-looking bulletin, "is a silo?"

"It's a sort of tank or storage vat or something," David replied, wisely. "Oh," I replied, "and you feed cows from it?"

"That's the idea, I believe."

"But, David, it has to be very inconvenient for the cows to have to climb up on the barn roof—"

"No," he replied vaguely. "It does seem so."

David was reading attentively an article on the rearing of calves. It contained much information about carbohydrates and protein. He read aloud with earnestness. "Cottonseed meal and rich, well-matured corn silage constitute an excellent ration—"

"But, David, I interrupted. "We can't grow cotton in Oregon; it's too far north."

"That's so," assented David. "It is curious when one's mind begins to take to information along any line how opportunities offer to enlarge one's mental grasp."

Farm Want Is Obsession.
As it was said in the days of Rome's glory, all roads lead to Rome, so now it seemed to us that all subjects led to country life—farming, out-of-door pursuits, the lure of the land.

David brought home more literature. It blazoned these words for all the world to see: "Oregon, the Land of Opportunity." We turned to the press; it was all of the big things to be done in the West—not Iowa or Wisconsin, but real West—their own Pacific slope. Even the conservative Eastern magazines came out with articles telling of the amazing growth of the Far West.

It blazoned these words for all the world to see: "Oregon, the Land of Opportunity." We turned to the press; it was all of the big things to be done in the West—not Iowa or Wisconsin, but real West—their own Pacific slope. Even the conservative Eastern magazines came out with articles telling of the amazing growth of the Far West.

It blazoned these words for all the world to see: "Oregon, the Land of Opportunity." We turned to the press; it was all of the big things to be done in the West—not Iowa or Wisconsin, but real West—their own Pacific slope. Even the conservative Eastern magazines came out with articles telling of the amazing growth of the Far West.

It blazoned these words for all the world to see: "Oregon, the Land of Opportunity." We turned to the press; it was all of the big things to be done in the West—not Iowa or Wisconsin, but real West—their own Pacific slope. Even the conservative Eastern magazines came out with articles telling of the amazing growth of the Far West.

It blazoned these words for all the world to see: "Oregon, the Land of Opportunity." We turned to the press; it was all of the big things to be done in the West—not Iowa or Wisconsin, but real West—their own Pacific slope. Even the conservative Eastern magazines came out with articles telling of the amazing growth of the Far West.

It blazoned these words for all the world to see: "Oregon, the Land of Opportunity." We turned to the press; it was all of the big things to be done in the West—not Iowa or Wisconsin, but real West—their own Pacific slope. Even the conservative Eastern magazines came out with articles telling of the amazing growth of the Far West.

It blazoned these words for all the world to see: "Oregon, the Land of Opportunity." We turned to the press; it was all of the big things to be done in the West—not Iowa or Wisconsin, but real West—their own Pacific slope. Even the conservative Eastern magazines came out with articles telling of the amazing growth of the Far West.

It blazoned these words for all the world to see: "Oregon, the Land of Opportunity." We turned to the press; it was all of the big things to be done in the West—not Iowa or Wisconsin, but real West—their own Pacific slope. Even the conservative Eastern magazines came out with articles telling of the amazing growth of the Far West.

It blazoned these words for all the world to see: "Oregon, the Land of Opportunity." We turned to the press; it was all of the big things to be done in the West—not Iowa or Wisconsin, but real West—their own Pacific slope. Even the conservative Eastern magazines came out with articles telling of the amazing growth of the Far West.

It blazoned these words for all the world to see: "Oregon, the Land of Opportunity." We turned to the press; it was all of the big things to be done in the West—not Iowa or Wisconsin, but real West—their own Pacific slope. Even the conservative Eastern magazines came out with articles telling of the amazing growth of the Far West.

It blazoned these words for all the world to see: "Oregon, the Land of Opportunity." We turned to the press; it was all of the big things to be done in the West—not Iowa or Wisconsin, but real West—their own Pacific slope. Even the conservative Eastern magazines came out with articles telling of the amazing growth of the Far West.

It blazoned these words for all the world to see: "Oregon, the Land of Opportunity." We turned to the press; it was all of the big things to be done in the West—not Iowa or Wisconsin, but real West—their own Pacific slope. Even the conservative Eastern magazines came out with articles telling of the amazing growth of the Far West.

It blazoned these words for all the world to see: "Oregon, the Land of Opportunity." We turned to the press; it was all of the big things to be done in the West—not Iowa or Wisconsin, but real West—their own Pacific slope. Even the conservative Eastern magazines came out with articles telling of the amazing growth of the Far West.

can mortgage the lot for enough to build the house—and there you are." And gently, but decisively, David had an inkling that the real estate man had brought him back to town. For it really was a most inaccessible suburb, and the building restrictions and street assessments were both extremely high. We discussed advertising our wants and framed a few after this manner: "Wanted—A piece of land where a man with energy and no capital can swing an acre and grow potatoes."

But David was afraid it might attract the attention of the authorities of the state insane asylum, so we gave up that idea.

Anything Acceptable.
David's ardor for his own piece of Oregon land, no matter what difficulties the clearing might present had by this time mounted so high that he saw possibilities in every suggestion; if I had urged a mortgage grown to an acre, instead, but the difficulty there was the lack of school facilities for the children. Anything else, from an abandoned timber claim to a three-acre tract, seemed to be within the limits of our slender means. David promptly applied for a day's leave of absence from the office and by leaving early in the morning he went out into the woods and inspect it.

It probably would have made no difference what sort of place it was. David's mind was so full of the possibilities of mind that tantalizes a small boy when there is some grinding penalty to be expiated at school and the world, new and ever exciting, within his distance and cloud shadows, waits to be explored. I wondered all day Sunday whether he would even ask the practical questions that suggested themselves to me: Was there water—was the land light or heavy clay—how near would there be a school—what crops could we raise?

Bargain Is Inevitable.
For I knew he would take it. The mere prospect of owning a piece of the world—real ground with real trees on it—ground that could be dug—ground that would grow potatoes—would, I knew, so captivate him that a bargain was inevitable. In the moment David had made with old Uncle Terry, the owner—a queer old Irishman who had formerly owned most of the country round about our little home.

He had persuaded the old man to let him work out part of the purchase price by doing odd jobs that the old man could do. David was to trim his orchard, build fences and so on, at the common wage in the country. It was a bargain, he had persuaded the old man to take his payments in yearly installments of \$100 each.

Worldly Possessions Few.
We counted all our worldly wealth and found we could just compass the first one. Where the next was to come from was a matter of debate. Predictions ranged all the way from that of our untimely death by starvation to that of Harder, who saw David rolling into town ready to, joyfully, tossing out half savings for the rest of the men to scramble for.

Office Associates Frenzied.
There was Bretherton, pale, anemic, silk-hosed and soft-fingered, who ventured the opinion that David was "naughty, you know—clean daffy to want to quit the beastly office to go to kill himself working"—and there was Moore, who only wished: "Gee, but I'd like to join you in that game; great sport, old fellow, to be your own boss and to be able to live out doors!"

If only his wife would consent to live on a farm he'd have done that same thing years ago—by the way, I'd like to miss a bridge party or something.

But when the time came for David to leave, there was some very one-eyed fellow, the fraternal God-speed, that between men says so little and means so much.

And then David, outfitted himself with the simplest and simplest of utensils and went off to begin his self-appointed tasks and the children and I were left in that incomplete state that such decision of the head of the family entails.

Repertoire.
Berton Repeats in the Popular Magazine. Says a hand sawyer: "I put to the skipper of the bark: 'I ain't anything, you but, to take you a hand saw.'"

Ye're a fuzzy-headed gerrilla that is always a-come to the fore, but ye wouldn't be an' you otha be a-runnin' of a store fer sellin' in junk."

Ye're a cobbler that is cross-eyed, and yer brain is buckwheat cakes. An' I guess the way you got here—someone 'washed you in the Lake!'

If they sold you fer a nickel it would be an overcharge. Says the skipper of the tugboat to the skipper of the bark:

Says the skipper of the coal barge to the captain of the tug: "There's a coal barge waitin' fer yer special kind of bur: 'I ain't got a thing again' you—'cept the kind of clothes you wear.'"

As a human y're a failure, but you'd make I would get a job as wild man if I had yer saws. Says the skipper of the coal barge to the captain of the tug:

Then the captain of the tugboat climbed upon the coal barge, took the coal barge by his brawny neck. An' they shouted, an' they swore. An' it looked—the way they acted—they were out for blood an' gore.

Says the captain of the tugboat: "Well, it's good to meet you here." Says the skipper of the coal barge: "Same to you, Bill. Here a beer!"

An' the tugboat and coal barge—arm in arm—the two ships goes below. Fer 'twas just to show affection that they cussed each other.

ENGLISH BARONESS DENIES THAT AMERICAN WOMEN BEST FENCERS

British Champion Declares She Is Willing to Meet Any Woman Here, if Judges Are Present—New York Girl at Biarritz Scoffs at Prudish European Critics of Bathing Costume.



MISS ELLEN M. STONE.



COUNTESS DE SUZANNET.



MISS J. LAUREL.



BARONESS DE MEYER.



DOROTHY WAJLDER.



MRS. Wm. A. MANNING.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—(Special.)
The Baroness de Meyer, the champion woman fencer of England, denies that she was beaten with the fella by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Jr., and Miss Adelaide Baylis. When the Baroness came to America two weeks ago she lamented the fact that she could find no woman clever enough to fence with her in this country. Two days ago, according to the stories, she was defeated by Mrs. Fish and Miss Baylis at the Fencers' Club. She says that the meeting was informal and that there was no referee present and furthermore she does not believe that either of the women had any advantage over her. She says she is quite willing to meet any woman fencer that America can produce, but she insists upon having qualified and cosmopolitan judges present.

Miss Dorothy Taylor is the New York society girl who created such a lot of interest at Biarritz because she went in bathing without the conventional skirt. Miss Taylor called her critics prudish silly people with naughty

words. She is a great swimmer and at Biarritz she often covered the three miles around the Rock of the Virgin, a feat few men have been able to accomplish. She has come out in favor of the Grizzly Bear dance and says the attack on this dance is just another instance of American prudishness.

A new American Countess was formerly Mary Constance Knewer and she first married Henry Coleman Drayton, of the Astor family. She got a divorce from him four years ago and now has married Count Jean Louis Suzannet. The Countess was one of the two daughters of Benjamin Knewer, a wealthy New Yorker. Their second cousin, Virginia French, married Count Louis de Suzannet, of Paris, and they had two sons. One of these, whose first name was Alan, married Margaret Knewer, and the other has just married her sister Mary. The Knewer girls have an income of \$20,000 a year each.

Ellen Stone is returning to Turkey as a missionary. Ten years ago while she was a missionary in Bulgaria she was held for ransom, to the disgust of

the State Department, which was obliged to go to her rescue. The Government at Washington was distinctly hopeful that Miss Stone had had enough and that she would retire from the public eye. She is a perfectly good old lady, but no benefit she may have brought the heathen would offset the trouble she made at Washington.

Miss Jane Laurel, an actress, has announced her engagement to Robert Jordan, a Boston millionaire. They are to be married this month and will sail for Egypt to pass several months there. Miss Laurel will quit the stage. She began her professional career with Mr. Sothern, playing small parts. Afterwards she appeared with William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes." She was two seasons with John Drew.

Society is greatly worked up over the reported marriage of the William A. Mannings. Mrs. Manning, who is the beautiful Louise Leavitt Kobbe, has left her husband and is living with her mother. The Mannings were married in 1908. He is the son of Davis Manning, president of the Kings County Bar Association.

GERALDINE FARRAR HIGHLY PRAISED FOR WORK IN "LE DONNE CURIOSE"

Italian Composer, Wolf-Ferrari, Arrives in New York Day Following Opera's Presentation at Metropolitan. Toscanini Carries Off Honors—Stage Settings Are Venetian Scenes of Rare Beauty.

BY EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.
NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—(Special.)
There were two all important features at the Metropolitan this week, the first was Monday afternoon.

Mme. Matzenauer replaced Mme. Fremstad in the role of Kundry, which she had never sung until this time, and the first performance in this country of "Le Donne Curiose" by Wolf-Ferrari, the Italian composer, who arrived Thursday in time to read the lavish press notices which the work enlisted after its presentation the night before.

The principal roles were sung by Gossine Farrar, Rita Forna, Bella Alten and Jeanne Mauborg, Scotti, Didur, Jadlowker, Pini-Corsi and De Segurulo.

Miss Farrar represented a young girl of tender years, and there could be none more captivating, more beautiful or more winsome than she and she deserves the utmost credit for letting her part in the ensemble as she did, as her part is hardly more significant than the other roles and she did not commit the usual prima donna sin of commanding the center of the stage.

Mme. Alten has found a role almost as sprightly as her Gretel and she achieves most effective results. Her master mind and hand could lend artistic distinction to any picture, and his style and polish are of the utmost value to a comedy of manners as this may be termed.

Toscanini Is Star.
Upon Toscanini, however, fell the honors of the evening, because the performance had all the finish of one of years in the repertoire and all that he bears upon the artistic delivery of a work which would suffer unacceptably from any less finished performance.

The stage was one series of beautiful pictures, which reached a climax in the night scene in Venice with gondolas on the canal, the calls of the boatmen from the familiar boat song which Liszt used in his "Venezia e Napoli" as played by one single instrument out of the great orchestra.

Wolf-Ferrari has twice disproved the old saying that one cannot make something out of nothing. He did it in the charming little opera, "The Secret of Suzannet," given at the Metropolitan last season by Mr. Dippel and his forces, and he did it again in "Le Donne Curiose." "The Inquisitive Women" might open up suggestions of all sorts of half-raising episodes, but these curious women only wanted to know what went on at the club behind the ominous sign "No Women Need Apply." The scene was laid in

Venice around the middle of the eighteenth century.

The usual mediums of extorting secrets from men stern, as in regard to the building and hysteria, the latter, as a matter of course, being the "open sesame" to the situation, but not of the married pairs. These hysterics were precipitated by the young girl, and such an exquisite young girl was Geraldine Farrar, upon the young man who was so desperately in love with her that keeping a secret from her was not to be considered within the power of mere man. So deliciously coercive were Rosaura's methods, that it was easy to understand how Miss Farrar has her own way under every condition, especially aided and abetted upon this occasion by her maid Colomba, charmingly portrayed by Mme. Alten.

Methods Are Ruesome.
How women who wanted to achieve a purpose could bungle things in such an inconceivable manner is not to be understood in this day and date of skilled specialists in the fine art of setting some one else, until frenzied with the determination to force an entrance, they descended in a body of four upon a poor wandering clown courting Colomba, and who with one additional inducement of unlimited financial consideration lets them into the anteroom. Here in breathless anticipation of seeing their husbands at sweetheart's losing fabulous fortunes at cards, or finding the "philosopher's stone" or making fearful discoveries in alchemy they tumble one over each other to get through the opening of the door until they fall into the room headfirst without ceremony and discover to their horror, no doubt, that the poor, inoffensive men are only enjoying an innocent dinner among themselves, who instead of waging war upon the intruders make them welcome and they celebrate by dancing a delightful minuet.

So much for the book, in which there is some light humor for those who catch it, and Pini-Corsi, always one of the most unctuous of amusing artists, adds much by his contribution of the Venetian dialect in his own delivery of the center of the club and leading the steward of the club and leading spirit.

But the music is another matter, and must be taken in all seriousness. This is also the second time that one has wondered in connection with Wolf-Ferrari whether he is the composer who

will make the first step back to Mozartian principles, as most of the music is entirely of this description.

Staging Is Brilliant.
In the performance of "Parisfal," one of the most beautiful that Alfred Hertz has given in the way of orchestral support and general finish of detail, chief interest lay in the Kundry of Mme. Matzenauer, who joined Edith Walker and Kundry-Lynn, both contraltos, who have sung this role successfully. She sang with superb brilliancy, taking the high tones with ease, and only from the psychological side as her interpretation opened to question.

"Parisfal" cannot be separated from its symbolism and from this viewpoint Kundry of the first act is a mischievous spirit, excited and almost sodden, the medium of the Evil One (Klingsor), who operates through her. Her first and only sign of personal consciousness is at the close of the first act when she staggers from the stage as a heavy sleep falls upon her. In the second act she brings every conceivable allurement upon the "Guileless Fool," who is to redeem Amfortas from his suffering and Kundry from her sin, and although she appears as the temptress there is no suggestion of personal desire and nothing of feminine wit except to effect the fall of Parisfal as an evil force in the garb of woman bringing every power to awaken Parisfal from his simplicity.

Mme. Matzenauer made her Kundry of the first act a woman, accentuated by a dash of red used as personal adornment and it was duly inharmonious. This woman suggested sex, not savagery purely and simply, and in the second act Mme. Matzenauer became a woman fighting for her own desire, and when she was baffled, hers was the disappointment of the woman, not the rage of the evil spirit.

In the third act Kundry has but two words, "Dienen! Dienen!" She desires nothing but to serve, she is merely the spirit of woman, an obedient, obedient, obedient, and wicked, and at the close of the great scene as the dove of peace descends in the glory of light, Kundry is discovered at the base of the altar, her face to the ground, a great Mary Magdalen.

In this act where all but two words is dependent upon the suggestion of a state of mind, Mme. Matzenauer brings to bear the power of the theater, and she achieves splendid and telling effects of pantomime, rich in dramatic feeling and intelligent in conception, but they are of the theater and not of the spirit in which this role must be felt to make the entire symbolism of "Parisfal" consistent.