

PESSIMIST AIRS HIS OPINIONS ON MUSIC

Thinks Some Little Time Might Profitably Be Devoted to Afternoon Symphonies—Baton More Dangerous Than the Gloves—Overindulges in Black Coffee.

By J. E. S.

THEY meet occasionally at dinner—quite by chance—and discuss various things from President Eliot's views on early marriage to the seven remaining dramas of Sophocles, with all the fine egotism of youth.

To youth the mysteries of life are still in truth mysteries and are to be talked of boldly and objectively. It is only to age that they appear shorn of their divinity and stand forth as the actual. And as the actual they lose their charm as topics of conversation.

But the shabby little dining room is especially conducive to idle chatter. It is reached by an out-of-the-way walk and pops up suddenly when you least expect to discover it. The steps are rickety—they bend as you go up or down them as though long exposure to Oregon's rains had weakened their will beyond hope of redemption, but the door stands hospitably open and you grope your way through the narrow little-old-fashioned halls until your hand finds a door knob and you half fall into the lighted room. It is a miracle of a room and combines the excellent quality of being immaculately clean with the comfortable appearance of being mildly dirty.

Many cafes are painfully radiant—their windows and silver shine like the face of a child that has been called in from play and mercilessly tubbed and scrubbed. The tableware is lamentably tinny, it is true, and the dishes are of the concrete variety, but the soup is aromatic with vegetables and seasoning, while the fish is served with a sauce the secret of which the proprietress brought with her from Gascony. The daughter of the house is neat and quick as are most French peasant girls, and when you have drained your pint of harmless California claret there is a grate fire burning on these cold spring evenings and you can sit and drink black coffee and smoke and dream into the noisy flames.

The arrival of the demi tasse was, as usual, the signal for the pessimist to deliver himself of his grouch.

"I've been waiting for years," said he, "to discover whether or not the business man, Mr. Ordinary Business Man, takes any real interest in good music, or good literature, or any of the fine arts. I've about decided that he doesn't. And that is not troubling me half so much as the reason why he doesn't. It must be that, as Bernard Shaw says, he concentrates his efforts toward the accumulation of as much money as possible, with the idea that his comfort demands that he be rich. He sees, possibly quite correctly, that he cannot waste his time on the secondary things of life. Assuming that his standard is correct and that what he terms the secondary things are in truth such, he quite naturally looks upon those who devote much time to the pursuit of them as fools or idle dreamers. It is against this stupid attitude which they assume that I protest.

"A few weeks ago the Portland Symphony society gave its first concert. The theatre was filled with women who were evidently representative of the leading families of the town. They were well dressed and intelligent appearing women. They apparently enjoyed the excellent work of the orchestra, not alone because they thought it was proper to do so, but because of the intrinsic value of the performance.

"But where were the men? I looked around the parquet and saw here and there a few piano salesmen and anaemic persons in male attire. The business men, the intelligent men, if you will, of the city, where were they? I confess I don't know. I saw two as I left the theatre. They were talking over the performance earnestly and had apparently enjoyed it. When I hurried to overtake them and learn who they were I saw that they were not Americans at all, but Germans. They were men of apparently more than average intelligence, but they were Germans. It helped to confirm in my mind the statement we hear so frequently that we are not a music-loving people and that what taste we have for music is artificial. It is not found in Americans *au naturel*."

"But New York spent \$4,000,000 for opera alone last year," interposed the oldest and presumably most sensible member of the party. "Surely that is expensive artificiality."

"Just my point exactly," said the pessimist. "New Yorkers are not raw Americans by any manner of means. They are subjected to a thousand modifying treatments every time they stick their heads out of doors. They have forgotten what it is to be Americans in our sense of the term. And this affectation of music is merely one phase of their artificial life."

"But how about the Chicago Symphonies last week? Surely they were well attended by men who could not in any way be called anaemic."

"Yes," continued the pessimist, "and how did they act? They had evidently been roped in to see the performances and were bored to death. They vented their feelings on the rest of the audience by behaving in as noisy and boorish a fashion as possible."

"Again you're wrong," chimed in the sensible one. "I attended most of the concerts myself and noted particularly how the various people in the house took the music, which to tell the truth, was much of it poorly played. The men may have been bored—in fact many of them composed themselves to sleep as long as the intervals between the Wagnerian selections would let them, but they did not keep their eyes from enjoying the concerts."

FAIR HERALD WINS NOTICE

Hackenschmidt's Press Agent Gives Lovely Account of Beauty of Employer.

Chicago, April 18.—The sporting editor was roughly humped over a bum press agent cigar.

"Here's another press agent what wants to see you outside," said the copy boy.

"Tell him to go to the dickens. If it's the duck that gave me this cigar, show him in, but if it is any one else tell him to skidoo."

"Is this the sporting editor?" inquired a very feminine voice.

"Ob—eh—hum, yeassum," eagerly said the sporting editor, scenting a romance and dropping his cigar, likewise his grouch.

"What can I do for you, madam?"

"I am representing Mr. Hackenschmidt, the world's champion wrestler," conceded the charming damsel with a grande dame manner.

"I have here a little truthful news about Mr. Hackenschmidt which may be of value as well as of interest to your readers scattered over this large country," she proclaimed, carefully adjusting a stray lock of hair which had just emerged from the marcel undulation waves.

"I should be delighted to publish anything you may have my dear young woman," replied the regenerated S. E.

The following, written on pink paper heavily scented with something worth about 25 cents an ounce, was handed out. This is what she wrote:

sell into wondering awe at his Herculean strength. Could Atlas' shoulders have been more superb than these? No, cried the ladies. Could the winged grace of Mercury equal the agility and virility of this? No, cried the ladies, and so on from pose to pose amidst the "ohs" and "ahs" of delighted femininity. Mr. Hackenschmidt bowed himself onto a platform a Russian lion and bowed himself out of the building the lion of Philadelphia.

Delightful for Lion. "Mr. Hackenschmidt takes great delight in exhibitions of this sort, illustrating as it does, the classical development of the body. His development is not the ordinary conception of a well-trained set of muscles, but his whole body and every action is a physical expression of an unusually well trained mind. In Boston, where the art of physical culture is carried to its highest degree, and there are nearly 100 training schools where physical culture is taught as an art, instead of a pastime, Hackenschmidt caused a sensation. Physicians, well-known club women, and teachers of physical culture proclaimed him the most superbly developed man ever seen in that section. The combination of skill, strength and agility astonished the thousand people who witnessed his exhibition. He picked up a German weighing him 250 pounds, and lifting him from the floor, threw him about the ring with the most apparent ease."

VESPERS A FAILURE. University of Michigan Students Wouldn't Attend Services.

There has been a debate at the University of Michigan over the advisability of resuming vesper service. President Angell gave this opinion about the beginning of them:

"The audience were made up chiefly of the ladies from the town, who came to hear the music. Even the members of the students' Christian association took no more interest than the rest."

"If 1,000 students were to come regularly it would be worth while to resume the services, but I don't think this would be the case. The idea was all right, but nobody ever went."

Where Happiness Lies. Why will men weep and rail at Fate, Whom they'er call contrary For happiness can still be found, In Webster's dictionary.

F. B. D., Detroit.

CARUSO SIGNED A SHYLOCK CONTRACT

Tenor Bound Himself to Pay 25 Per Cent for 1,825 Performances.

Naples, April 18.—The prospective return of Caruso causes a leading musical critic to tell a story of a "Shylock contract," which the tenor unwittingly entered into with his old singing master.

The latter, Bergine by name, did not hold a high opinion of Caruso's voice, and used to say that Enrico would never earn more than 400 francs per month (\$80). As Caruso had no means to pay his master, the latter took him on a "percentage,"—the tenor was to pay him 25 per cent of his earnings during the first five years of his stage career.

The master drew up a contract upon which Caruso signed, and which he presented to his impresario one day, and the Naples theatrical man, who knows Bergine, said: "Let me look at your contract."

When the contract was examined it was found that Bergine had secured Caruso's signature to a promise of paying him 25 per cent of his earnings for "five years of singing." That is for five times 365 performances.

According to this paper then, Bergine has a mortgage on me for life," exclaimed Caruso. "I am a ruined man."

"Since Bergine bunked you, you needn't pay him a cent," said the impresario. And Caruso stopped payment from that hour on.

Bergine went to law, and the judge decided that the contract couldn't hold. In the end Bergine accepted 8,000 francs in settlement.

Where Happiness Lies. Why will men weep and rail at Fate, Whom they'er call contrary For happiness can still be found, In Webster's dictionary.

F. B. D., Detroit.

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PRINCE OF WALES SETS NEW FASHION

Womanless Dinners Are Given for Twenty-four Persons by Royal Host.

London, April 17.—The Prince of Wales is setting a new fashion in stag dinners and the idea is not finding favor with the women folk, who consider themselves neglected by the arrangement. But the prince is not at all worried at the attitude of the women, and he has no difficulty in finding guests ready to enjoy the privilege of a seat at his mahogany.

The idea is a 24-cover male dinner. The prince sits in the center and the conversation is general and comparatively unbounded. The catering is extremely well done. The menus are not so brief as those at King Edward's dinners, but they are shorter than those of the ordinary banquet. There is plenty of champagne of a brand the prince is particularly fond of, and he generally follows this with claret.

After dinner the guests break up into groups and pass into the womanless drawing room, where they regale each other with stories and the prince proves his claim to be regarded as an animated anecdotalist. About 11 o'clock whiskeys and sodas are handed round, and then the function closes and the guests disappear.

DRUNKS, SICK MEN, TO BE LED GENTLY HOME

Harrisburg's Medical Mayor Tells Police to Aid All Ailing Jags.

Harrisburg, Pa., April 18.—On the theory that merely getting drunk is not a crime, the new mayor of Harrisburg, Dr. Ezra S. Meals, announced today that "drunks" will be sent home instead of being locked up.

"Drunkness," said he, "is a disease. The man who is intoxicated but not disorderly we shall send to his home, or require the saloonkeeper at whose place he got the liquor to take care of him until he is fit to be sent home."

"Habitual drunks, who make nuisances of themselves, will of course be locked up until they are sober, and then

PANTAGES

Fourth and Stark Sts. Week of April 20

THE BEST IN VAUDEVILLE. J. A. JOHNSON, Resident Mgr.

WEEK ENDING SUNDAY: DON FULANO, "The Black Beauty" of Vaudeville; THE O'BRIEN TROUPE, WALDRON BROTHERS, TOM MAHONEY, WINNIFRED STEWART, JEAN WILSON, THE BIOGRAPH.

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NEW MOTION PICTURES.
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DIRECTION H. K. EVENSON.

Matinees daily at 2:30, 7:30 and 9 p. m. Nights at 7:30 and 9 o'clock.
Prices: Uptown, 15c; downtown, 10c; boxes, 50c. Any seat at week-day matinees 15c.

LYRIC THEATRE

Corner Seventh and Alder. Both Phones—A-1026; Main 4685.

Week Commencing Monday, April 20

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BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 26,
The Armstrong Musical Comedy Co.
will open an indefinite engagement at the Star, their opening production to be "A SCOTH HIGHBALL"
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