--Part Two--

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PARK COMMISSION'S BICYCLE PATH.

Some Opposition to Its Proposed Route Along Fall Creek.

The Park Commissioners are preparing to take the first steps for the condemnation of property for park purposes. The first effort will be made to secure property for a good driveway and chain of parks along Fall creek. The plans as drawn at present show a wide driveway on the north side of the creek and a bicycle runway on the south side. The runway is to be one hundred feet wide and begin at Capitol avenue and extend along the bank of the creek until it strikes Sutherland avenue, which is the street leading northeast from the north end of College avenue. There it will follow Sutherland avenue and the Millersville pike to the bridge at the east side of the fair grounds, where it will cross the creek and be merged into the driveway, which will extend to Hammond's Park.

This plan is meeting the objection of many wheelmen on account of the fact that it will be a bicycle runway in name only and not in fact. It is true that the part of Capitol avenue to Sutherland avenue will not be used much by other vehicles, for it is not a natural route for any but those bent on pleasure, and they would prefer the other side; but it is also true that the portion of it from College avenue to the fair grounds bridge is a route that is the natural inlet to the city for a large territory and is used constantly by wagons carrying heavy loads. This would ruin the runway for bicycle purposes. It has been suggested to engineer Powers, of the Park Commission, that it would be the best course to place the bicycle runway on the north side of the present outlined route, making it a regular cinder path about thirty feet wide and close it to other vehicles. At the Twenty-second-street bridge it would have to cross Fall creek and continue on the south side of the north driveway next to the creek, and would make very few crossings for vehicles necessary.

This would give a path that would connect directly with the Wheelway League's path, which will follow the north bank of Fall creek from Millersville to Hammond's Park. It is not expected that anything more than making provision for obtaining the necessary property will be done by the Park Commissioners this year, but if their plans should be changed a little it would give the Wheelway League an opportunity to make their plans in accordance, so the whole would make a complete circuit for riders.

PROTEST AGAINST WET STREETS.

A Path Should Be Left Dry for the Wheelmen.

A local wheelman has sent the following to the Journal:

"While our city fathers are making laws to control wheelmen, it seems to me it would be a good idea to make some in favor of the cyclist. For instance, the pavements of the city are kept wet and sloppy all the time, and would it not be a good idea to leave a dry path on both sides of paved streets for wheelmen? A man starts up town with his wheel clean and shoes polished, and by the time he reaches his place of business his wheel, shoes and trousers are a mass of mud.

"Now, before passing a law saying wheelmen cannot ride on the sidewalk where the streets are unpaved, would it not be fair and right to have at least a path arranged, to be kept dry and smooth on all unpaved streets, for the wheelmen? Then I am sure no true cyclist would object to staying in the street. As it is now, unpaved streets are kept so wet and muddy that it is impossible for a wheelman to ride on them. As we have to pay a license fee, I think some provision should be made for us."

This suggestion is in line with the system of street sprinkling now in use in St. Louis. The sprinklers leave a space about four feet wide on each side of all streets, which is never wet. This was fought for a long time by many of the St. Louis people, but after it was adopted and people learned that a dry spot was equal to a barrier in keeping the wheels out of the middle of the streets there was no more objection.

And Once She Railed at Clubs.

Chicago Post.

She sighed deeply as she picked up her engagement book and began idly turning over the leaves.

"I'm utterly worn out," she said, "and tomorrow afternoon our cinch club meets, too."

"Better resign," he returned.

"Oh, I couldn't do that if I want to be in the swim," she protested. "Besides, I enjoy the cinch club more than I do the whist club, and if I felt that I could resign from anything I would leave that—or—or the Shakspeare Club. I do get awfully tired of Shakspeare sometimes."

"I should think you would," he answered.

"The physical culture club wearies me at times, too," she added. "I think it calls for a little too much exertion from one who has so much else to do, but it's all the rage now. Then there's the cooking club and the literary club, and the political science club and the bicycle club, and the dress reform club, and the dancing club, and the two charity associations, and the gymnasium class and the debating club, and the sewing society. I'm beginning to think there are too many."

"On the contrary," he replied thoughtfully, "I think you need one more, and I would suggest a hickory club."

She didn't speak to him for half a day, but it is a matter of record that she resigned from several clubs.

VOICE OF THE PULPIT

TRUE MEN OF THE WORLD, AND PRINCIPLES THEY BELIEVE IN.

Characteristics of Genuine Men—Sermon by Rev. E. D. Towle, Pastor Second Church, Salem, Mass.

They that use this world, as not abusing it.—I Cor. vii, 31.

At the present moment, says Matthew Arnold, two things about the Christian religion must be clear to anybody with eyes in his head. One is that men cannot do without it, and the other that they cannot do with it as it is.

If you accent every word in a sentence you spoil its meaning. With lurid lightnings and echoing thunders the church has proclaimed its message, whereas a little child can lead any one to paradise if he can be led at all. Unless an man says, I will arise and go to my father, because I am ashamed of my present way of living, he might as well sit still with the swine. If human beings cannot be persuaded to accept the higher life because it is the only manly thing to do, they can never be persuaded. From out the bewildering array of artificial motives is issuing one simple motive, that of manliness.

I shall not use the old terms worldly and unworldly in any hard and fast manner, classifying certain actions as always bad and others as always good.

Worldly is too good a word to cast away permanently. Rather let us remove the stain from it. We ought to love with all our powers this visible creation. But he who sees most in this visible creation will have the most questions to ask about the invisible. He who has an honest appreciation of the flavor of fruit will want to know something about the tree on which it grew.

Worldliness, in its usual sense, is a trying to live in fragments, in sections. The earthworm can do this successfully, but not man. He must be alive his full length, or his days are numbered.

A religious life is a full life. A worldly life is a partial life. The senses of sight and hearing were given to help us find our way to heaven. The monk who will not look upon a rose, the hermit who stops his ears and puts out his eyes, are the partial men, the really worldly men. It was once the custom among Polish nobles to select their burial robes years before they should be needed. Frequently the worldliest chose monastic robes to be buried in. Had they manfully kept on their costliest raiment their chances of admission into the next world would have been better.

Be true men of the world.

That such keep reason uppermost is their most distinguishing characteristic. A man of culture has been defined as one who is acquainted with the best that has ever been thought or felt. A man of the world in the ordinary use of that phrase is not acquainted with the past. The present engrosses him. What can he see with his own eyes, hear with his own ears, touch with his own hands. The thought of the past or present is not what interests him, but the feeling of the present. Not what others have thought, but what can I feel. He is apt to conclude that the senses can teach him everything. Thus, at the outset he is in danger of entering upon a partial life. The fascinating, "bewildering, assailing life" of the senses is upon him. So far as he is a man of culture he will be able to stand firm.

I do not like to see this new ideal—to be a man of the world—usurping the place of the ideals that once controlled American life. It is a petty ideal. The Puritan ideals were breadth itself compared with it. The youth imagines that by loafing around a hotel, hanging about the theater, frequenting saloons, he is becoming one who knows life, and in less than five years you shall see this gilded youth set himself up as a man of the world. Has he education? Is he acquainted with the achievements of the centuries that are gone?

I once knew a character totally opposite. Brought up in a village, the Bible was almost the only book he ever saw. This man, who could barely read, was saving his pennies with the one ambition of going to Palestine. He knew nothing here; he thought he should know everything there.

But these striplings do not know enough even to look away to Palestine, or to any other country or time. They think they have already absorbed the universe like a caramel. Simply to have shaken hands with a gambler is hardly equivalent to a matriculation into the university of all science and experience. When the names of a Gladstone, of a Robert Browning are mentioned how almost pathetic these deluded boys seem. Gladstone, Browning, men of the world, the world of history, of science, of poetry, of religion, as well as of the senses—such see life whole, not in parts.

The past is theirs. The present is theirs. All that books can teach is theirs. All that polite society knows they know better. Not making pleasure their only pursuit, they yet reap richer harvests of it than they who seek naught else. Theirs is not the mistake which has been characterized as an attempt to pare from life only the thin peeling of happiness wholly separated from duty.

Carlyle scornfully said that America meant roast turkey every day for everybody. Well, this is the mistake hampered nations have ever made. They have imagined that the thrill of a nerve was the direct road to heaven. It was better for Rome when habits were so simple that the Carthaginian ambassadors jested that the city had but one set of silver service, for wherever they dined they encountered the same. The day came soon enough when Caesar was compelled to make sumptuary laws restricting the extravagance of the table.

Another characteristic of genuine men of the world is their reliance upon principle more than expedients.

Sham men of the world are actuated by the spirit which asks, first, as Dean Stanley put it, "Is it safe?" and, secondly, "Is it true?" Policy, prudence, shrewdness are their mottoes. The direct way is not considered the best way between individuals or nations. Diplomatist means a double-faced man, one who accepts Talleyrand's statement that words are to conceal thought, not to express it. It is commonly held that they are the real men of the world who best understand men's weaknesses. There is some exposed place in his armor. I will find it. I will look up his record. All are alike.

Motives that are second best are often considered good enough for politics, trade and all similar walks of daily life. To put it into a nutshell: If it is a piece of beef or a bottle of wine, a horse, a coat, the man of the world wants the best. Where it is a matter of motive he is humbly content with the second best.

Never were truer words spoken than that by seeking solely one's private happiness a person makes shipwreck of life. Inevitably he ends in thinking that hypocrisy is necessary to living, and so he deliberately adopts a part to play. He dwells in a realm of appearances. Knowing how little root his own rules of living have, he concludes that all are like himself.

A loss of faith in human nature is the sure outcome; skepticism as to there being any such thing as disinterested love; skepticism as to the real value of the finer feelings.

It is for something infinitely more than expediency that the cross of Christ stands. The principle of devotion to right it illustrates is the saving salt of the universe. Without it planets and suns would molder and decay.

Would we be true men of the world? Then must we let the soul speak. We call it knowledge of the world when we place ourselves in any position any man ever occupied; when we live in every man's consciousness, and know exactly how he has felt, what thrills he has experienced. Like tasters of tea, we become professional world tasters. We know the world, we think, but perhaps we need an introduction to ourselves. We dwell in everybody else's consciousness until we become strangers to our own inner life. It is like having a palace in Europe, a cottage by the sea, a retreat in the mountains, but never occupying the old home.

Imitate a Gladstone. Acquire all wisdom, all embellishments. Learn everything that can be learned. Be granite, polished granite. Be men of the world. But this you cannot be unless you recognize the world within, the larger world, the eternal world.

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THE BOY ON THE FARM.

Content at First with Plowing and Mowing, He at Last Grows Weary.

He has reached the mature age of fourteen, and instead of attending school this season he must make a hand on the farm. It is one of the most joyful epochs of his life, and in his memory will ever stand next to the proud day upon which he donned his first pair of trousers.

Poor boy! As we look down upon him and back at him we wonder why every mark of coming manhood and each new burden of increasing age, which at last shall bring only trouble and tears, should be greeted with smiles; why each step away from paradise should seem so pleasant. But it is nature's way. The recompense keeps pace with the loss—nay, goes well in advance of it—till the folly of wisdom is reached.

As soon as the delightful decree has been pronounced our boy steals out to the barn and secretly practices holding the plow handles, which come almost to his arm pits. The implement is jerked and turned about manfully while he urges his imaginary horses forward, swearing a little under his breath and expectorating between his teeth, after the manner of the hired hand. This rehearsal is repeated daily until spring at length arrives and plow-time is at hand. And what a glorious spring it is! Almost as far back as he can remember heretofore he has been compelled to start to school just as flowers and birds' nests were beginning to be seductively interesting. But this season he is free. Each morning he is the first one astir about the place, and there is an overflowing, liquid delight in his whistle that makes the brown thrush pause and listen.

The eventful day comes and he follows his plow into a "new ground," thick with stumps, where his mettle is to be tested. It is severe and exasperating work, and he retires at night, footsore and weary, yet by no means disheartened or even disillusioned. When he grows older plowing will become drudgery, but he is young and full of life now, and so close to nature's vibrant heart that the gladness of the springtime enters into his own spirit and exhilarates him, even as it sets aflow the sap of the maple and thrills the breast of every bird. There is a wondrous, unforgetable charm for him in these first brief days of plowtime. The subtle odor of opening flowers and fresh foliage mingles with the mellow aroma of the upturned soil and the spicy incense of burning stumps and logs. Every cool breeze which comes from the adjacent woods brings a multitude of merry songs and chirpings, while the eye is greeted upon every hand by those delicate, velvety tints of green, of yellow, red and blue, which belong only to the springtime. Every sense is appealed to in a special way, and more than all that subconscious sixth sense which the boy possesses in a marked degree is stimulated, permeating him with an indescribable spirit of buoyancy and well being. So, for the time he likes his work and is in love with the whole world. But this delectable state of contentment cannot outlast the season.

When the full-blown summer comes it finds our farmer boy growing tired and restless. Inwardly he almost wishes he could retire to his comfortable place at school for awhile. The sun is relentlessly hot, and the birds have gone so deep into the forest that their sleepy twittering is but barely audible. All the more dainty, modest flowers have shed their petals and succumbed to a host of coarse weeds, while lurking thorns and brambles vex his bare feet. In the space of six weeks the corn has climbed up to his shoulders, and through the long, lonely afternoons, as he follows the plow back and forth across the field monotonously, like a huge shuttle slowly weaving a vast woof of green and black, his courage and industry falter sadly. There is little rest to be found within the confines of the corn field. As often as he halts his team and mounts the fence to enjoy a "breathing spell" a swarm of flies and mosquitoes hover round him, while a choir of tiny gnats take turns at singing a shrill falsetto in his ears. The rainy day now comes to be his one great hope and consolation, and he keeps an ever watchful eye upon the weather. A cloud no bigger than his hand is greeted with satisfaction, and the rumble of distant thunder is as music to him. And, when a shower comes slanting across the landscape, with what astonishing alacrity does he unhitch his horses and gallop to the barn! There is no comfort in after life to be compared with that which is his as he lolls in the mow and listens to the clatter of the rain on the clapboard roof and the restful munching of the horses eating hay below.

"This here's a reg'lar old sockdolager!" says the hired hand, approvingly.

"It'll make it too wet to plow, won't it?" asks the boy anxiously.

"Well, I should reckon," is the satisfying response. "Doubt if we don't plow no more this week."

The boy's eyes shine gleefully at this, and he involuntarily brings forth a tangle of fish lines from his pocket. But just at this moment the rain, after a cruelly reassuring dash, suddenly ceases. The boy hastens out. He scratches into the earth with his toes and finds dust at the depth of an inch. The gleaming rainbow in the east is anything but a symbol of hope to him. The western sky is clearing and the hot sun pours its rays upon the humid earth with redoubled intensity.

"Hurry back to the field," calls his father. "This shower'll start the weeds ag'in."

At such a time the corn field presents all the essentials of a Turkish bath. As our boy walks between the rows of corn every blade of every stalk empties a stream of warm water down his back, while the moist ground exhales a palpable and penetrating steam. "But into each life some rain must fall," and, happily, the showers are not always of such brief duration.

Sometimes it rains almost constantly for days. Then is our farmer boy thoroughly rejuvenated once more. He does not dread getting wet when in pursuit of pleasure. In fact, he seems to revel and luxuriate in the rain, and, with trousers rolled high above his knees, dabbles up and down the creek like a young Ichthyosaurus.

Thus passes the farmer boy's first season of labor. Succeeding summers are very much the same to him, except that they seem to grow hotter and fewer in rainy days each year. Low down on the eastern horizon there always hovers a dusky cloud of smoke which marks the position of the distant city. As time goes by this metropolitan spectre acquires a fascination for our boy. Day after day he gazes at it dreamily as it drifts along, and every new and fantastic shape it assumes seems to beckon to him across the fields. An indefinable, restless longing overcomes him, and out of the immaterial smoke his fancy builds strange and wonderful air castles. The simple country life has no longer any charm for him. The ridiculous little world into which he was born is too narrow to live in, and he secretly wonders how his father and his neighbors have borne such a barren existence. A firm resolve fixes itself in his breast. He will go to the city. He expects his parents to be shocked and grieved when he declares himself to them. But in this, as in many things, our boy is mistaken.

"I've been a-thinkin' fur some time you'd never make a farmer," says his father dryly, and "I was sure my boy would become a scholar or something," his mother declares. If either of them regrets his sober decision it is not apparent.

Perhaps, in their hearts, they have both nursed a fond ambition for him, and are pleased alike at his course. For is it not the very path that has led most often to the White House? From farmer boy to President—is not the way well trodden and plain?

E. O. LAUGHLIN.

DOMESTIC LEGISLATION.

The opponents of woman suffrage often refer to legislation as if it dealt only with vast schemes of war, commerce and finance. They talk as if no topic of less magnitude than "bimetallism," the "gold standard," "free trade" or "protective tariff" were ever broached in assembly chambers. In truth, questions relating to finance, commerce and war engage but a fractional part of the time of our legislators, and high-sounding phrases should not be allowed to disguise the meaning, to the home, of even these subjects.

All legislatures spend much time in regulating tax rates and making laws relating to descent, guardians, marriage, divorce, wills, public schools, public libraries, public amusements, benevolent institutions, reform schools, tramps, criminal children, orphans, deserted and dependent infants, insane, feeble-minded and pauper women, minors, adulterated foods, city sanitation and public morals. Are women less directly concerned than men in any of these subjects? A continually increasing number of women hold property, and, therefore, have occasion to pay taxes and make wills. Half the pupils in the public schools are girls and many more than half the teachers are women. Girls as numerously as boys, women more numerously than men, patronize public libraries. In larger number than men, women serve the public as entertainers. The women who are actively engaged in studying the conditions of the poor and unfortunate and in organizing systematic effort to ameliorate these conditions are to the men thus engaged as ten to one. All legislation affecting childhood, all institutions for the criminal and poor, must interest women as directly as men. Who, if not women, are concerned in all legislation about food and sanitation? The vast amount of legislation on these subjects is a confession by the government that its final cause is the home, and it reveals the extent to which legislation lends itself to securing public conditions which will best conserve the interests of private life.

As one further result of this aspect of legislation, the function of women in the State is becoming apparent. The lesson of centuries has not been lost upon women. They have been taught that they are the guardians of home interests. If this be true, is it not logically certain in a State whose object is to serve and conserve the home that the guardians of the home are the proper critics, judges and directors of the State, at least in so far as the State deals with domestic questions? Women to-day are crippled in the performance of purely domestic duties by their exclusion from direct participation in legislation—crippled exactly as miners, weavers, machinists, farmers, lumbermen and merchants of the male sex would be were these classes disfranchised.

MAY WRIGHT SEWALL.

ONE MORNING.

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven:
The hillsides dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing:
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!"

In Thomas Hardy's story of "Tess" there is an incomparable description of a "thyme-scented, bird-singing morning in May." The blue of the sky, the ripple of the shallow water over the pebbles, the clearness and the lightness of the air, make this untutored heroine impulsively chant, "Bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him forever." She hears voices in every breeze; she detects joy in the notes of the birds; her spirits rise; she is thrilled, stimulated, animated by the life about her. As you read, you fairly see the green things growing, and feel the warm ground pulsing beneath your feet. You see the meadow, speckled with white-coated, with red and dun cattle. You feel the warmth of the sun, the magic of the day.

On such a morning as Hardy describes a certain person entered an Indianapolis street car, northward bound, and rode to the end of the line. There were no other passengers excepting a happy-faced boy who alternately whistled half under breath, and hummed lively tunes as he patted his feet on the floor and looked intently out of the window. It was very early and as the car flew along it seemed as if the air grew more and more still and peaceful, and when the little station was reached there was no one to be seen anywhere about. A freshly-plowed field with its varying soft brown tints stretched along the left side of the track. On the right, a few old apple trees were beginning to unfold their bolssoms. Beyond, a line of forest trees showed the first feathery hint of green, and somewhere, not far away, sounded the melodious song of a Baltimore oriole, while very near a robin was calling to his mate. "Will you not get off the car and come out and listen to the birds?" was said to the conductor. He stepped slowly to the platform and out into the grass, followed by the motorman, who looked slightly puzzled. As they stood a minute in the sun, a meadow lark arose almost at their feet, giving out a series of quick, blithesome notes as it soared away.

"Is it not glorious—all of it—the sky, the air, the song?"

The conductor took off his hat and looked around smilingly.

"It makes a fellow feel glad he is alive," he said.

MAY W. DONNAN.

Morton's Crop Reports.

Philadelphia Press.

Secretary J. Sterling Morton is sending out a statement telling the world how much he is saving by various economies in the Agricultural Department. It is a pity that he does not send out an estimate of the amount lost to producers and consumers by the inaccurate statistics of his department. Government crop reports once commanded respect. They command none under Secretary Morton.

COMING MUSIC SEASON

INDICATIONS OF A LARGE ATTENDANCE FROM OVER THE STATE.

Something About Brema and MacDowell, Two of the Prominent New Artists Engaged.

The directors of the May music festival regard the prospects for the financial success of this year's series of entertainments as unusually good. Of the artistic success, they have no doubts whatever. Each succeeding year these festivals become more expensive, as they are planned and carried out on a more elaborate scale. It is creditable to the musical people of the city and State, however, that the patronage grows with the magnitude of the festival. This year's engagements of so many famous and high-priced artists will make the festival much more expensive than ever before, but to offset this the indications are that the patronage will be greater.

In the first few years of their existence very few people other than those who live in Indianapolis attended the festivals. Last year there was a considerable attendance from out of town, and this year it promises to be even greater. Although only the preliminary announcements have been made yet and those only in the city papers, the secretary of the association is daily receiving letters from different towns in the State, asking for copies of the festival book, the prices of seats, etc. The president of a ladies' musical society at Fort Wayne has written that nearly all the members of the society will come down if satisfactory railroad arrangements can be made. A Muncie musical society will do the same.

The managers of the festival have been successful in securing lower railroad rates this year than ever before. An arrangement was consummated last week by which all the railroads will give a half-fare rate from all Indiana points during festival week, when there will be Masonic and other gatherings here. In previous years one and one-third of the single fare was the best that could be secured for the round trip.

With such an array of artists as Nordica, Brema, Klafsky, Berthold, Campanari, Stein, Blauvelt, Bloodgood, Heinrichs, MacDowell and the rest, the Indianapolis festival will be much favored. Nearly all these singers are well known here, but some of them have not been heard in Indianapolis.

MISS BREMA'S CAREER.

Chief among these is Miss Marie Brema, whose career as a singer is somewhat different from that of the average artist, yet it contains two elements common to the records of all who have achieved distinction—the possession of a voice, and an innate inclination to use it. In a few short years Miss Brema has succeeded in reaching a position of prominence in the operatic world such as many others have had to strive half a lifetime to attain. This success must be attributed to energetic work and to much natural ability. On the concert stage Miss Brema has taken a high rank, which is mainly due to the distinct individuality of her style.

Marie Brema was born in Liverpool. Her mother was an American, a native of Richmond, Va., and her father was a German. She received her education in Germany, chiefly at the famous old Rhine city of Bonn. Her German education has shown conspicuous results in her devotion to the music drama and the lyrics of the fatherland. From her earliest childhood Miss Brema has had a singing voice and in her young days her vocal efforts gave delight to friends and acquaintances. When she was only twelve years old she was asked to sing at one of the entertainments at her school, and, complying with the request, she amazed her schoolmistress by a passionate delivery of Schumann's "Ich grolle nicht," a song which a child of her age could not possibly comprehend.

When her school days were ended Miss Brema returned to Liverpool, where she sang frequently at amateur concerts and charity entertainments. The realization now came to her that she knew but little about the art of singing, and she was consumed by a burning desire to become an artist. She went, therefore, to London and began seriously to study singing under George Henschel. These first lessons in singing were taken in November, 1890, and she made such rapid progress that she was engaged to appear early in the ensuing year, and, accordingly, made her debut at one of the Monday Popular Concerts, in February, 1891.

Her dramatic inclinations were so strong at this time that they imperatively sought some outlet. She gave a private recitation to Henry Aurthur Jones, the well-known English dramatist. He at once promised her an appearance and the support of his company in the strongest part she might desire to attempt. She decided to act Adrienne Lecouvreur, and in June, 1891, appeared at Oxford with great success in this part, which has been associated with the names of the most famous emotional actresses. In November, of the same year, she made a tour through the English provinces.

Miss Brema now determined to combine her vocal and dramatic abilities on the lyric stage, and, accordingly, she made her operatic debut in London, in the fall of 1891, as Orfeo in Gluck's opera. So great was her success that she had to repeat the performances eight times in two weeks. She continued to sing in opera in England during the two following seasons. In the autumn of 1893, while visiting Munich, she sang Ortrud in "Lohengrin" for Levi, the famous Wagner conductor, and he advised her to go at once to Beyreuth and sing for Frau Cosima Wagner. In November she went to the home of Wagnerism and was heard by the widow of the great composer, who at once engaged her to sing Kundry in "Parsifal," and Ortrud in "Lohengrin," at the festival of the following summer. She remained in Bayreuth for a considerable time, studying here Wagnerian roles with Frau Wagner and her assistant, Herr Kniese.

In June, 1894, Miss Brema went to Beyreuth to sing in the festival, where her work was one of the greatest features of the festival. Mr. Walter Damrosch, who was then in search of singers for his German opera company, offered her an engagement to sing in New York. She accepted the offer, and accordingly made her American debut at the Metropolitan Opera House, on Feb. 25, 1895, as Brunhilde in "Die Walkure," and achieved a pronounced success. The fame of her achievement in this role spread so quickly that she was offered the same part at Covent Garden, in the season of 1895. Messrs. Abbey & Grau, who were arranging to give German opera this season, at once secured Miss Brema, and she made her reappearance in New York on Nov. 27, singing Brangaene in the memorable performance of "Tristan and Isolde," in which the De Reszke brothers and Mme. Nordica first sang in America in German. Since then she has had a series of ovations with the Abbey company.

Composer MacDowell.

One of the new artists to appear at this year's festival, and one who has never before appeared in Indianapolis is Mr. E. A. MacDowell, who will play some of his own compositions for the piano. MacDowell is better known as a composer than a pianist, although he is really a great artist in the latter capacity. Among well-informed people he is regarded as the greatest composer of instrumental music in America, some of