USEFUL MEMORIALS.

Lighthouses in Lieu of Bronze Statues or Stone Monuments.

In view of the many terrible shipping disasters that are taking place, as usual at this time of the year, along the storm-beaten coasts of America and of Europe, especially of the British Isles and of France, it may be timely to put forward a recommendation that memorials to famous citizens should take the form, not of statues that are altogether abominable from an artistic point of view, nor yet of meaningless granite shafts, purposeless columns or arches that are invariably out of keeping with their surroundings, but should find expression in lighthouses. Several have been constructed on the most dangerous portions of the French coasts of Normandy and of Brittany as memorials to famous soldiers whose names they bear, names that are blessed on many a stormy night by sailors at sea and by their anxious relatives on land.

One of the most notable of these lighthouses is that at Penmarch, on the coast of Finistere, and which is known as the Eckmuhl lighthouse. It owes its existence to the enlightened generosity of the late Marquise de Blocqueville, who, at her death, bequeathed to the French government a sum of $80,000 for the construction of the lighthouse. She was the only daughter and heiress of one of the first Napoleon's finest generals, Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmuhl, and Duke of Auerstadt, and was of the opinion that there could be no better monument to her illustrious father than one which would save the lives of sailors at sea. The lighthouse has an electric beacon, projecting rays over the sea to a distance of sixty miles, and likewise contains a very powerful foghorn, worked by compressed air.

The marquise was one of the beauties of the court of King Louis Philippe, and likewise a conspicuous figure in Parisian society throughout the Second Empire and until her death. She was one of the few great ladies of Paris who remained in the French capital during the Commune of 1871, and when some of the insurgents came to her mansion to plunder it she pointed to her father's portrait, calling their attention to the fact that he was not merely a hero of the empire, but likewise of the French people. The men were moved by her behavior, and after she had given them food and money they went away, taking steps, however, to preserve her from any further molestation as long as the commune lasted. When it came to a close she not only concealed one or two of the chiefs from the federal authorities, but likewise allowed them a pension until their death.

PRINCESS BARRED FROM FUNERAL.

As might have been expected, the obsequies of King Leopold's only brother, the Count of Flanders, furnished another public demonstration of the painful and disgraceful scandals which divide the members of the reigning house of Belgium, and which they cannot apparently bring themselves to conceal from popular view, even in the presence of death. For Countess Lonjay, the ex-Crown Princess of Austria, telegraphed, not alone to her aunt, the widowed Countess of Flanders, but likewise to the Brussels newspapers, intimating that her absence from the funeral of her uncle was due to her father, the King, who had intimated to her that under no circumstances would he allow her to take part in the obsequies, and that even her presence incognito, that is to say, not as a royal princess, but as a private citizen, would be prevented by the police.

Fortunately, Stephanie decided not to make any attempt to put in an appearance at the funeral. Otherwise the widowed Queen of Saxony, and the other royal and imperial representatives of nearly every reigning house in Europe, assembled in the ancient Church of St. Gudule, at Brussels, might have been treated to the same disgraceful spectacle as that which marred the magnificent ceremony of the coronation of King George IV of England, when his consort, Queen Caroline, was turned away by the police from the entrance of Westminster Abbey and forcibly prevented from entering that sacred edifice.

It is easy to understand why Stephanie should have been anxious to attend her uncle's funeral, for he had always displayed a certain amount of sympathy for her in her many troubles, and on the occasion of her memorable attempt to attend the funeral of her mother, Queen Henriette, when she was ordered away from the bier, she paid a long call afterward at the palace of the Count of Flanders, where she was received with much kindness by her uncle and aunt, the former escorting her at the close of the call to her carriage in the street, where a crowd had assembled, and in its presence he embraced her affectionately, kissing her on both cheeks as she took her seat in the vehicle.

The palace of the Count of Flanders, it may be added, is built right on the public street, onto which all its windows open, and as the Count was phenomenally deaf, and like most men thus afflicted invariably spoke in the most stentorian tones, the passersby in the street could not help hearing through the open windows of the dining room and of the library the expression of his very pronounced views on the subject of the family differences of the royal house of Belgium.

In order to show how entirely stone deaf he was, it need merely be mentioned that not even the noisy strains of the Brabançonne, when played by a full military band of music, ever reached his ear, and it required a nudge on the part of his faithful aide-de-camp in order to intimate to him that the national anthem was being played, and that the doffing of the hat, or if in military uniform the standing at the salute, was necessary.

It is understood that his son, Prince Albert, will now be proclaimed Crown Prince. But he will not assume his father's title of Count of Flanders. That is a dignity which is reserved for the second son of the reigning sovereign, and it will probably be conferred, after Prince Albert's accession to the throne, upon little Prince Charles, the younger of his two boys.

QUEEN MAUD'S NEW GRAND MISTRESS.

Queen Maud of Norway has made a particularly wise choice of a Grand Mistress for her household at Christiania, for she has selected for that important office, which carries with it the direction of the entire feminine portion of the court, the Baroness Wedel-Jarlsberg, whose husband has lately been acting as Norwegian Envoy to the Court of Copenhagen, where he conducted all the negotiations in connection with the offer of the Norwegian throne to Prince Charles of Denmark. Previous to that, Baron Wedel-Jarlsberg had been the First Gentleman of the Chamber at the Court of Christiania, having, of course, no duties of any kind to perform, excepting when King Oscar, or his son, the Crown Prince of Sweden, were in residence at Christiania.

The Wedel-Jarlsberg family is of German origin, a branch of the noble German house of Wedel, and its title of baron is an old German one, which dates back several hundred years. But the branch of the Wedel-Jarlsberg family to which Queen Maud's Grand Mistress of the Robes belongs, has been settled for more than a hundred years in Norway, and may therefore be regarded as entirely Norwegian. The baroness herself is a German lady, of noble birth, and was a Miss von Wagner, of Aix-la-Chapelle, prior to her marriage some twenty-two years ago.

"CORONET FOR A WHIP."

Among the peerages conferred by the King in connection with the going out of office of the Balfour administration one of the most popular undoubtedly is that conferred upon Sir William Walrond, whose principal title to fame is the wonderful success which he achieved as the government whip in the House of Commons, and whose family has been settled in Devonshire ever since the reign of King John, the Walronds ranking in antiquity of lineage with the Bulteels, the Northcotes, the Carews, the Acklands, the Courtneys and other old county families of Devon. Perhaps the most striking illustration of the length of the ancestry of the Walronds is the fact that they have been in possession of the Bradfield estate, in Devonshire, without interruption for close upon eight hundred years. The mansion at Bradfield is a grand old place, which has been repeatedly restored and brought up to date in point of comfort and modern luxury without any interference with picturesqueness or its archæological merits. The feature of the house is beyond all question the great hall, with its vaulted oak roof, its splendid napkin panelling and its huge open fireplace. At its further end is the minstrel gallery, and just off this gallery is the state bedroom, which has sheltered the slumbers of many an oldtime King and Queen of England.

Sir William Walrond is a man of about fifty-six, graduated from Eton into the Grenadier Guards, but left the army in the early 70's, on his marriage to Miss Pitman, the heiress of Dunchideock, another very ancient Devonshire estate, in order to devote himself to a political career. During the greater part of the time since then he has been the whip of the Conservative party—that is to say, the member of his party whose duty it is to "whip" the members of his party into line and to secure their presence in the House of Commons whenever any important division is taking place or vote is being cast. If his party is in power, it is to him that falls the duty of always seeing that there are a sufficient number of its followers within reach to assure a working majority. Inasmuch as in England members of Parliament receive no pay for their legislative services, are men of wealth, with a very pronounced idea as to their own importance, it may readily be imagined that they are not easily amenable to discipline, and it is only by the exercise of the utmost tact and of the most unfailing geniality, mingled with firmness, that the whip is able to keep the rank and file in line and up to the mark.

OWNER OF "HONEYMOON HALL" A PEER.

With regard to William Henry Grenfell's peerage I have so often portrayed this typical Englishman in these letters that it is unnecessary to say more than that the hospitable master of Taplow Court, one of the most beautiful places on the Thames, frequently visited by the late Queen Victoria and by King Edward and Queen Alexandra, has twice swum across the Niagara, has stroked an eight oar across the channel from Dover to Calais, has played on the Harrow cricket eleven, has represented the University of Oxford in a three mile race rowed against Cambridge in 1877, has spent several winters in the Rockies in pursuit of big game, was for several years the punting champion of the Thames, rowed in the Oxford eight against Cambridge in the annual interuniversity boat race, and went through two of the Soudan campaigns as war correspondent for "The London Daily News," owing to his inability to secure permission to accompany the troops in any other capacity. He is a perfect Providence to young married couples and is so fond of lending his place, Taplow Court, for honeymoons that it has won for itself the well deserved nickname of "Honeymoon Hall." His uncle, the late Pascoe Grenfell, governor of the Bank of England, was one of the London partners of ex-Vice-President Levi P. Morton, of New-York.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

DIVORCE CONFERENCE TO MEET.

Various Denominations Unite to Promote Uniform Procedure in All States.

The Interstate Conference on Marriage and Divorce will hold an all-day session at the Church Mission House to-day. The Rt. Rev. William C. Doane, Bishop of Albany, is the chairman. Addresses are to be made by ministers of several denominations, including the Protest Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Reformed, Presbyterian, Reformed Presbyterian, Lutheran, Baptist and Cumberland Presbyterian.

At the close of the meeting the conference will make another public statement of its attitude on the divorce question. It has already issued a plea to the public asking aid in bringing about unity of legal procedure in the several States, with a view to checking hasty divorce and preventing any possibility of fraudulent divorces being granted. Various developments since the last meeting of the body will be discussed.

Bishop Greer is hopeful as to the outcome of the action of the conference.

"Our body," he said last evening, "is, of course, only a committee of ministers of several denominations interested in this vital question, but, among ourselves, we hope to reach an agreement and make fixed rules that will, we hope, prevent some of the evils of divorce. We hope also to arouse a strong public sentiment against it."

BRITISH PRINCE TO VISIT CANADA.

Ottawa, Dec. 12.—The Colonial Office received a cable dispatch to-day saying that Prince Arthur of Connaught, who is in Japan, will visit Canada on his return trip to England.

WHAT IS GOING ON TO-DAY.

Insurance inquiry, City Hall.

Electrical exhibition, Madison Square Garden.

Interstate Conference on Marriage and Divorce.

Parents' meeting at Public School No. 10, school building, St. Nicholas-ave. and 117th-st., 3:30 p. m.

Bazaar, benefit for the Neighborhood Social and Industrial Club, the Kenesaw, 103d-st. and Amsterdam-ave., afternoon.

Annual dinner New-York Southern Society, Waldorf, 6:30 p. m.

City Club dinner for Herman A. Metz, Controller-elect, clubhouse, evening.

Meeting of the executive committee of the Board of Education, 4 p. m.

Teachers College lecture by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, on "Certain Needs of the Young Child Not Adequately Met in the Grades," 4 p. m.

Washington Heights Taxpayers' Association meeting, Odd Fellows Hall, 156th-st. and Amsterdam-ave., 8 p. m.

Farmers' Club and Horticultural Section of the American Institute monthly meeting, No. 19 West 44th-st., 8 p. m.

Central Republican Club meeting, 127th-st. and Lenox-ave., 8 p. m.

Free day at the Museums of Art and Natural History and the Zoological Park.

Free lectures at the Board of Education, 8 p. m.—High School of Commerce, 66th-st., west of Broadway, Miss Mari Ruef Hofer, "Child Life in Song—Stevenson, Sherman, Field"; Public School No. 84, No. 430 West 50th-st., near 10th-ave., General James G. Wilson, "Recollections of Lincoln and Grant"; Public School No. 171, 103d-st., between 5th and Madison aves., Dr. Edwin C. Broome, "The Violin and Its Makers"; Board of Education, Park-ave. and 59th-st., James Quay Howard, "Library of Congress" (illustrated); Cooper Institute, 8th-st. and 3d-ave., Frank A. Vanderlip, "The Economic Importance of Trade Schools"; East Side House Settlement, 76th-st. and East River, Dr. Francis A. Scratchley, "Transportation of the Injured; Bandaging and Hints of Great Value in Care of the Sick"; St. Bartholomew's Lyceum Hall, No. 205 East 42d-st., Mrs. M. Claire Finney, "Complex Carbohydrates, 11" (illustrated); Young Men's Christian Association, No. 5 West 125th-st., Professor A. Frederick Collins, "Wireless Telephony, Wireless Telegraphy and Color Photography"; Young Men's Hebrew Association, 92d-st. and Lexington-ave., Miss Mary A. Worstell, "The Yosemite" (illustrated); Young Men's Institute, No. 222 Bowery, Professor Timothy H. Roberts, "From Log Cabin to White House" (illustrated).

PROMINENT ARRIVALS AT THE HOTELS

ALBEMARLE—A. T. Bowles, United States Naval Construction Corps, Boston. CAMBRIDGE—Baron Speck von Sternberg, German Ambassador to the United States, Washington. GILSEY—John Kenyon, Burton, England. HOTEL ASTOR—Ex-Governor F. R. Goodings, Idaho. HOLLAND—H. T. Walcot, London. WOLCOTT—Lady Howard, The Hague.

THE WEATHER REPORT.

Official Record and Forecast.—Washington, Dec. 12.—The southwest disturbance is central to-night over Southern Texas, and the rain area has extended into the lower Mississippi Valley and Oklahoma. There were also light local snows from the lake region eastward through New-England and in the extreme Northwest; elsewhere the weather was fair.

Pressure is high in the Northwest and temperatures have fallen decidedly in the Missouri and upper Mississippi valleys and the Northwest States. Over the remaining districts they have changed but little. There will be rain Wednesday in Kentucky, Tennessee and the South, and rain Thursday in the South Atlantic and south portion of the Middle Atlantic States. There will be rain or snow Wednesday in New-York and New-England, continuing Thursday, except in North New-England, and snow Wednesday and Thursday in the lower lake region. There will be snow Wednesday in the north and east upper lake region, continuing Thursday in the latter district. It will be colder Wednesday in the upper lake region, the Ohio and lower Mississippi valleys and East Tennessee, and warmer in the Northwest. It will be colder Thursday in the Atlantic and East Gulf States, and warmer in the upper Mississippi Valley.

The winds along the New-England Coast will be fresh and variable; on the middle Atlantic Coast, fresh southwest, becoming west and northwest; on the South Atlantic Coast, light to fresh south to east, probably increasing by Thursday on the East Gulf Coast, northeast to east, probably increasing Wednesday night; on the West Gulf Coast, fresh and shifting, becoming north.

Steamers departing Wednesday for European ports will have fresh, variable winds, with snow north of the forty-second parallel.

Special forecast: Storm warnings are displayed at the mouth of the Columbia River, on the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

Cold wave warnings have been issued for North Arizona, and frost warnings for interior California.

Forecast for Special Localities.—For Virginia, increasing cloudiness to-day, rain at night and Thursday; colder Thursday; light to fresh south winds, becoming north by Thursday.

For Delaware and New-Jersey, partly cloudy to-day; Thursday rain or snow and colder; light to fresh south winds, becoming north by Thursday.

For Eastern Pennsylvania, partly cloudy to-day; Thursday rain or snow and colder; fresh southwest winds, shifting to north.

For Eastern New-York, partly cloudy to cloudy to-day; rain or snow and colder in the interior; Thursday rain or snow and colder; fresh southwest winds, shifting to north.

For New-England, snow in north, rain or snow in south portion to-day; Thursday partly cloudy, probably snow in south portion; fresh winds, mostly north.

For District of Columbia and Maryland, fair to-day; Thursday rain or snow and colder; light to fresh south winds, becoming northerly by Thursday.

For Western Pennsylvania, partly cloudy to-day, probably snow near Lake Erie; Thursday snow flurries and colder; fresh west to northwest winds.

For Western New-York, snow to-day; Thursday partly cloudy; snow in north portion; fresh west to northwest winds.

Local Official Record.—The following official record from the Weather Bureau shows the changes in the temperature for the last twenty-four hours in comparison with the corresponding date of last year:

	1904.	1905.		1904.	1905.
3 a. m.	24	37	6 p. m.	30	47
6 a. m.	26	38	9 p. m.	28	46
9 a. m.	32	42	11 p. m.	28	45
12 m.	34	46	12 p. m.	27	—
4 p. m.	35	49			

Highest temperature yesterday, 50 degrees; lowest, 26; average, 43; average for corresponding date last twenty-year, 29; average for corresponding date last twenty-five years, 37.

Local Forecast.—Partly cloudy to cloudy to-day; Thursday rain or snow and colder, fresh southwesterly winds shifting to north.

THE DRAMA.

MME. BERNHARDT AT THE LYRIC.

"Camille."

Mme. Bernhardt's impersonation of Camille, which was shown at the Lyric Theatre last night, in presence of a large and sympathetic assemblage, possesses the commendable attributes of delicate feeling and polished style, and these merits make it endurable. The theme, however, has become exceedingly tedious. It recurs with the monotonous and persistent regularity of taxes, and it appears to be invested with the inevitable certainty of death. For some inscrutable reason many female performers have seemed desirous to declare the benevolent doctrine (not denied by anybody), that, in an exceptional case, a feminine character may be, intrinsically, so fine, that its virtue cannot be destroyed, even by the sacrifice of chastity. That is the drift of the everlasting Dumas drama, and such is the thought again enforced by Mme. Bernhardt.

It is not a specially impressive thought, nor is a discussion of it particularly desirable. Some persons, indeed, believe that all subjects are suitable for the stage, and that because animal propensities are operant in human nature an exposition of the physical mania commonly called "love" is just as desirable as anything else that can be shown in a work of art. To such persons the amatory dramas that are presented by Mme. Bernhardt, in illustration of the erring sister (who has got to glory by being "ruined"), are entirely agreeable, and so is the acting with which she illumines the dreary waste of those pestiferous plays. Other observers exist who believe that the purpose of art is the ministration of beauty, and consequently the diffusion of goodness and happiness, and that the first law of art is selection: and for this audience there is no dexterity of acting and no felicity of scenic presentment that can commend to approbation the drama of morbid sexuality, tainted didacticism, and sentimental vice. The Camille type of woman, as embodied by Mme. Bernhardt, is less reprehensible than the Sapho, Fedora, Tosca type (in which this actress excels), but it is not lovely, and Mme. Bernhardt, with all her force of character and weight of professional experience (and these attributes, on this occasion, were reinforced and solidified by obvious and formidable maturity, both mental and physical), does not make it either sympathetic or impressive. The best performance of this part ever seen here was that given by Mme. Modjeska—who can act a lover so as truly to express love. The temperament of Mme. Bernhardt, on the contrary, is so hard and her style so metallic that she never imparts even the least conviction of tenderness. She shines in violent transitions of emotion, and she is an admirable executant in passages of vehement volubility. Her collapse, in closing the second act of "The Sorceress," and her defiance of the Inquisition, in that drama, afford conspicuous illustration of her supreme achievement. Nothing in her performance of Camille is commensurate with that impetuous blast of rage and tumult of invective,—though the fine touches of elaborate artifice are exceedingly numerous and of a superlatively finished texture, much like old lace.

Much has been written, and in many countries and various tongues, to extol the powers of the eminent French actress, and it is certain that she has made a distinctive mark on the age. The fact, nevertheless, remains, that her plays are usually pernicious in quality, and that her influence has not been good. The complex and ingenious mechanism of her acting,—the felicity of pose, the amplitude of gesture, the facial play, the velvet tone, the clear articulation, the whirlwind of shrill and piercing speech,—is admirable; but this is not material, in a rational endeavor to ascertain the nature of the public benefit that has proceeded from her acting. Expert faculty is important to the actor and pleasant to the spectator; but the benefit, if found anywhere, must be found in the message that the expert faculty conveys. The thing represented is vastly more important to an audience than the manner of representation. The meaning of the play,—the result that is to remain in the memory and influence the conduct of life,—is more significant to the public than an actor's dexterity in imparting it. Mme. Bernhardt's views of the duty of an actor to the stage and to society have not, apparently, been modified by any irksome sense of restraint; within her peculiar field and in her peculiar way, she is a puissant dramatic force; she has done well, things that should not have been done at all; and her success has been ample. But it has been the success of proficiency and display, singularity and caprice, more than that of artistic beauty (the treasure of thought, imagination, and feeling), which is communicable from one mind to another, and which survives in the abiding welfare of the soul. Some actors (no one who ever saw them, for example, will ever forget Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Booth, John Gilbert, Joseph Jefferson, or Henry Irving), touch the heart, illumine the imagination, and cast a magical glamour on the world,—so that their images linger in the memory, from age to age, and are cherished with a kind of worship. Happy,—or, if not happy, at least glorious,—are the creatures of genius who possess that power of enchantment,—their splendor surviving long after they have vanished into silence and night. The homage that flows toward them is spontaneous, and admiration finds it easy to celebrate their names. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is not of that hallowed company. Her tribute is from the head. It is useless to ask it from the heart.

W. W.

FARCE AT THE MANHATTAN.

Mr. Ditrichstein's new farce, "Before and After," which was acted last night at the Manhattan Theatre, and which seemed to amuse a numerous and highly demonstrative assemblage, is a rough and coarse fabric of slop-dash, helter-skelter, reckless colloquy, replete with slang and not devoid of incidents that, while not intrinsically funny, are comically absurd.

This author appears to be one of the many writers who mistake absurdity for humor and vulgarians for humorously eccentric characters. There is a difference. Particular specification of the trivial details of the farce would waste much space, while serving no useful purpose. There are two doctors in it, one of whom has invented a stimulant for mirth, and this, being privily administered to the other, impels him to kiss a female patient and so incur the resentment of a bellicose husband. Entanglements ensue and a dozen persons are implicated in a web of frolic and cross-purpose. It is to be deplored that an actor should introduce into his play, and thus disparage his own profession, vulgar types of theatrical charlatanism. One of them elegantly exclaims: "We've got that old guy cinched." This may be taken as a fair sample of the style. The burden of the farce is sustained by Mr. Fritz Williams, whose vivacity never flags. The performance appeared to be successful, for there was much laughter.

WEDDINGS.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Leroy Emmet, of New-Rochelle, to Nicholas Biddle, formerly of Philadelphia, took place yesterday afternoon at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Martin J. Keogh, in Pelham Road, New-Rochelle. Miss Emmet is a member of the Irish family made famous by the execution of Robert Emmet. She appeared with Clara Bloodgood in "The Girl with the Green Eyes" and in "Fritz in Tammany Hall." The bridegroom is a member of the Harvard Club.

Miss Martha Aldrich, daughter of ex-Congressman Frank Aldrich, and Willard Y. Miller were quietly married yesterday in the Church of the Transfiguration. There was a breakfast at the Holland House. Mr. and Mrs. Miller will live in Chicago.

MRS. F. B. HARRISON'S WILL FILED.

The will of Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison, who was killed in an automobile accident on Long Island on November 25, was filed for probate yesterday. Mr. Harrison and Henry G. Scott are named as executors. After bequests to friends and a sister and brother, two-thirds of the residue of the personal estate is divided equally between the two children of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison—Virginia and Barbara. The remainder goes to Mr. Harrison absolutely.

R. D. BALLANTINE'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of Robert D. Ballantine, who committed suicide at his mother's home in Newark, last Saturday, was held privately in Newark, yesterday afternoon. The burial was in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, in the family plot. The ceremony was simple. It was conducted by the Revd Dr. James I. Vance, the pastor of the North Reformed Church.

MRS. THOMAS'S SISTER ASKS DIVORCE.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 12.—Mr. and Mrs. R. Worth Otter, two of the most prominent persons socially in Louisville, have separated, and divorce proceedings have been begun by Mrs. Otter. The ground of the complaint is incompatibility, based on Mr. Otter's fondness for other society than that of his wife. Mrs. Otter is a sister of Mrs. E. R. Thomas, of New-York.

MUSIC.

CONCERT OF THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

M. d'Indy's Visit.

Two of M. Vincent d'Indy's compositions in the chamber music department were performed at the second concert of the Kneisel Quartet, in Mendelssohn Hall last night. In one of them the composer took part, thus bringing his missionary labors in behalf of the young school of French composers to an end. On Thursday he will sail for home, carrying with him, no doubt, pleasant recollections of courtesies received and artistic friendships formed, as well, probably, as a mixed impression as to what an amiable effort at propagandism has accomplished. Novelties as such have no attractive power in New-York, as opera directors and the managers of oratorio, orchestral and chamber music organizations can testify. The vast majority of music lovers believe with Selden that old things are best. In the case of good music familiarity breeds admiration and affection; the people love the symphonies and operas and quartets best which they know best. It is no reflection upon their taste or judgment that even the best new music is received with hesitation, and sometimes even with protest. Good music will make its way and hold its place in popular appreciation and it may almost be set down as a truism that the better it is the longer it will wait for general recognition. The enterprise which brought M. d'Indy to our shores was an amiable one, and has been carried out with dignity and grace. It was made plain by the attendance at the two concerts of the Boston Orchestra last week and the Kneisel Qurtet last night that the music of M. d'Indy and his coterie of French composers did not arouse any appreciable curiosity. This may have been due, in part at least, to the circumstances that some of it had been heard and had not met with approval. So far as M. d'Indy's compositions are concerned the first effort to habilitate them here was made by Mr. Seidl when at a concert in Steinway Hall on December 1, 1888, he brought forward the "Wallenstein" symphony, or rather orchestral trilogy. Its harsh harmonies and rude noises startled and dumfounded them. So far as this writer can remember, it was never repeated. "Istar," which figured on last Saturday's scheme of the Boston Orchestra, received its first performance on February 23, 1899, under Mr. Gericke, who seems to have done all that could be considered his duty by M. d'Indy at least. On November 7, 1903, he produced "La Forêt enchantée," and on January 12 of this year the symphony in B flat which had a repetition last Thursday. The pianoforte quartet in A minor, in the performance of which the composer participated last night, was heard at one of the Kneisel concerts in Mendelssohn Hall on February 26, 1902, with Mme. Helen Hopekirk playing the pianoforte part. This sums up the list of M. d'Indy's compositions which have been heard publicly in New-York.

The quartet for strings in E major, which opened the concert last night, was a novelty, and he would not have a difficult contention to uphold who should say that the last two of its movements, with all its earmarks of the ultra modern style, are the finest music that the composer has yet given us. It is a singular composition. The principal theme in each of its four movements is a variant of four notes, and these notes (the first, second, fourth and third of the major scale, thus ordered), have done service, we dare say, a thousand times. Mozart used them as a motive in one of his boyhood compositions, and again in the finals of his last symphony—the so-called "Jupiter." But never have they been treated in so extraordinary a manner as in this quartet, never given such great variety of expression, twisted into so many rhythmical shapes, surrounded with such a multitude of harmonies. The work is polyphonic from beginning to end; in scarcely a measure do the four instruments pursue a homophonic course. The treatment of the four voices is quite as extraordinary; each proceeds on its course with absolute independence, shifting their relative positions continually, bass and middle voices soaring over the head of the first, first diving into the depths while the others soar over it, then emerging and climbing to the highest altitudes possible on the instrument. For two movements puzzled wonder and startled interest are the only emotions aroused. In the slow movement, however, a strange beauty rises like incense from the interweaving voices, which grows in intensity until the listeners are carried off into a new world of æsthetic pleasure. The finale is full of animation, but also of charm. Yet when all was over the strongest impression left was that of admiration at the performance of Mr. Kneisel and his associates. It was little short of miraculous in its precision, its purity of intonation, its elasticity, its multicoloredness. As compared with the quartet, the pianoforte work which followed sounded like the creation of a schoolboy gifted with large powers of reflection and a mastery of musical mathematics. Singularly reticent and uninteresting is the pianoforte voice, and M. d'Indy made no effort to change this characteristic in his playing of the voice. It was all as dry as the Desert of Sahara. M. d'Indy was warmly greeted on his entrance—evidently as a mark of appreciation of the beauties in the string quartet—and twice recalled after the pianoforte quartet. And then there came sunshine unalloyed. The Kneisels played Haydn's Quartet in D major, op. 64, No. 5. A smile innumerous spread over the faces of the audience, and when the last chord was sounded there came an outburst of applause which made that which had been bestowed upon the earlier music sound infantile.

H. E. K.

OBITUARY.

TOM CROMWELL LAWRENCE.

Tom Cromwell Lawrence, an artist and illustrator, who had studios at No. 70 5th-ave., Manhattan, died from pneumonia at the home of W. W. Hallock, his father-in-law, on Monday, where he was taken sick on Thanksgiving Day. His home was at No. 412 East 18th-st., Flatbush. Mr. Lawrence was born in Leicester, England, thirty-eight years ago, and had lived in this country only four years. He leaves a wife, Helen Davies Hallock.

CHARLES HOOPER TRASK.

Charles Hooper Trask, formerly a merchant at No. 74 Wall-st., died at his home in Lincoln, Mass., on Monday. Mr. Trask was a member of the New-England and the American Geographical societies.

HENRY HOLMES.

San Francisco, Dec. 12.—Henry Holmes, formerly a well known English musician and for the last seventeen years a resident of San Francisco, died at his home, in this city, on Saturday last. He was born in London, in 1839, and came to this city in 1888, after attaining a distinguished reputation as a violinist in the capital cities of the Old World. At the opening of the Royal College of Music, in London, he was appointed professor of the violin, and did much work in composition, his contributions to music including many symphonies, cantatas and solos, as well as quartets and quintets for stringed instruments.

NOTES OF THE STAGE.

Katherine Grey Now Arnold Daly's Leading Woman—Hippodrome Opens To-night.

When Arnold Daly's company appears at the Grand Opera House next week in Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" the organization will have a different Gloria. Miss Katherine Grey now plays the part. Another addition to the Daly company is Miss Isabelle Urquhart, who is now the Mrs. Clandon.

William A. Brady has engaged Miss Charlotte Walker to play the part of Dora Leland in the Brady-Grismer production of "As Ye Sow," which is to open an engagement at the Garden Theatre on Christmas Day. By special arrangement with Henry W. Savage the prices at the Garden Theatre for this engagement will be reduced to the $1 50 scale. Miss Walker takes the place of Helen MacGregor, who died two weeks ago, the part of Dora Leland having been played by her understudy in the mean time.

"A Society Circus" will be shown at the Hippodrome to-night. The final dress rehearsal took place last night. The Hippodrome managers express the hope that the audience will be seated by 8 o'clock, when the curtain rises. There are two acts and five scenes in "A Society Circus," culminating in an aquatic tableau described as "the most beautiful spectacle ever staged." The new ballet, "The Song of the Flowers," is even more ambitious than its predecessor, and the music of the show, by Mr. Klein, is expected to please.

MRS. FISKE AT HARVARD

Actress Delivers an Address on Ethics of the Drama.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 12.—Under the auspices of the Harvard Ethical Society Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, the actress, delivered an address on "The Theatre" in Saunders's Theatre late this afternoon. The auditorium was crowded with Harvard and Radcliffe students. Charles T. Copeland, lecturer on English literature at Harvard, introduced Mrs. Fiske. She spoke in part as follows:

It seems superfluous to set out to find an excuse for the theatre. There are few instincts in the human animal more definite or more clearly marked than the dramatic instinct. We can imagine the drama in the Garden of Eden that related to the fatal apple; we can see the tragedy that was enacted between Cain and Abel. Watching the play of children, we see that drama, simulation and impersonation are as natural in man as the breath of life.

An institution that has grown from human impulse must be related closely to every ethical idea. We know that for almost three thousand years the play, in one form or another, has been a factor in educating and delighting the world. Ever since man has been able to give voice to his impulses in song, or to limn on flat surfaces his ideas, or to make images of his conceptions—ever since melody, drawing or painting, sculpture and living language have been known—drama, embodying them all, has been an inspiration to the world. What could have taken the place of the theatre if it never had existed?

To any one of English speech, fond of the theatre, the English stage offers enough of romance woven with hardship and ill happening, with ethical lessons to be deduced from its nobilities and its shortcomings, to fill many a volume. The greater ethics of Shakespeare have survived many a school of philosophy, and the lessons that he has pictured with colors that glow undimmed promise to survive. To-day we live in a practical age, and the spirit of the time is prone to question and to analyze. From great general principles the drama is coming down to specific incidents in life, and there are rising masters of the craft who can make the details of existence, even the homely or sinister details, suggestive and instructive. From grand reaches and highly colored and heroic figures we have been brought to the basis of everyday problems. Some problems may seem petty, in that they are immersed in the commonplace. Yet the best types of the modern drama promise nothing of reform in some of the features of life that have developed miseries.

EFFECT OF PLAYS ON AUDIENCES.

I doubt if I have any convictions whatever on the subject as to whether plays may have an effect for good or bad, except as they may represent good art or bad art. I suppose any work of art that brings with it a spiritual uplifting, or that stirs the æsthetic nature, or that inspires something desirable in the mind is a work of art to be esteemed of value. In their various functions and by their various appeals these things may be accomplished by a painting, a book, a symphony or a play. Often the stage falls into the crime of the false appeal.

I do not know that the stage now is nobler or more intellectual than it was at any time. Perhaps in some ways these days are better, while in other ways those days were better. That the drama as a whole (excluding, of course, the masterpieces, of which the older time shows the greater number) may be better now I think quite probable. As to the masterpieces, we of course must eliminate Shakespeare's from any comparative analysis; and outside of Shakespeare the good old plays and the good new plays are so different in almost all things that we necessarily would have to enter upon a long series of dissertations to differentiate them clearly. Respectively, perhaps, they represent the romanticism, the sentimentality and the artificiality, withal, of the older time, as against the practicality, the greater seriousness in all literary treatment of the better class with reference to the ethics of life and the liberalism of thought of to-day.

Nowadays, the presentation of our plays is as nearly perfect in detail as the skill of the painter and the costumer and the knowledge of scholars in various relative fields and the endless drilling of the stage director can make it. And we have improved in the acting of plays that reveal modern life. We are beginning to be true, and in being true we are beginning to find a world of beauty hidden heretofore, a glorious new world opened to us by the new dramas of Ibsen and his followers and disciples. We are learning the beauty of the natural and the perfectly true.

AIMS OF PRODUCERS.

Returning to the subject of the modern realization of plays, it may be well to give what would seem to be the artistic aim of a producer. That aim, of course, is a perfect harmony—a perfect ensemble. There has grown up in the theatre a thing that is much relied upon by the commercial manager—the "star" play. The "star" play is a deliberate attempt to exploit a single personality. It debases the talent of the dramatist and subordinates all other personalities to the one purpose. It is an atrocious prostitution of dramatic art. The "star-made" play can have no consistency as a work of art, because it subverts all the various elements in dramatic story, distorts all scenes and minimizes all related personal interests, with a view to projecting a single player. Good art requires that the play should have a diversified human interest, a natural sequence of events, and that in its performance above all else there should be harmony. As to the acting, in short, the result should be one on a par with the performance of a well balanced orchestra. Do you not often in the theatre see a play in which one or two parts may be well acted, while all the other parts are poorly or indifferently acted? There can be no illusion in such a stage picture. What would the lovers of melody think if, while listening to an orchestra, they should hear two or three instruments playing in harmony and the others all off the key? The great dramatists have never deliberately written what may be called "star" plays. No "star" plays can be found in Ibsen, or, heretical as the statement may seem, in Shakespeare. In some of the plays of these authors certain characters predominate, and are naturally more conspicuous than others. Yet there is evidently no attempt to make characters unduly conspicuous at the expense of others quite as vital to the works as a whole.

The question is often asked: "Does the stage, as a vocation, tend to endanger the character of the actor?" In one way it does endanger character, in the very nature of things. The peculiarity of the actor's profession, the fact that his name is constantly in the newspapers, and that he is given more publicity than other artists, is apt to engender egotism and an exaggerated idea of the nature of his achievements. That is the one great danger to the character of the actor. He is in danger of forgetting that his art as an actor is but one phase of the man—the artist. He is apt to forget that, while "all the world's a stage," it does not by any means follow that the stage is all the world. He is apt to confine his thoughts too closely to his achievements in the theatre, forgetting that the artist must know all of human nature and that his life must be completed and rounded out with an all comprehending sympathy and understanding.

WHAT ACTORS HAVE TO CONTEND WITH.

The actor has to contend with misfortunes that are not realized fully by the public. Business methods and the public combine to wear out the artist and make it impossible for him always to deliver the best that is in him. The art of the actor could rise to greater heights were conditions different—were they even as they are in many European countries, where it is not expected that the player shall appear as regularly as night comes round. The strain during a theatrical season is too great to permit of a uniform display of the best that is in the artist. The actor should have his intervals of rest and recuperation—intervals in which he may newly cerebrate his work and come fresh and full of inspiration to his public—like artists in other fields. The painter who has achieved reputation may drop his brush when he needs rest and pick it up again when he feels able to do himself justice. A writer whose merit has been recognized has the same privilege, which means much to his public as well as to himself. But the actor must present himself upon the stage, to the audience that will expect his best, night after night, until often the weariness of it all and the dull monotony of it stifle the possibility of creditable effort. Thus, we become uncertain in our performances, playing well upon one occasion and poorly upon another. The actor's halcyon days will come when we have fewer performances. The actor, of course, should be independent of his audience, but often he is not, and the playgoer frequently has much to do in the making or the marring of a performance. There are playgoers who are a joy and inspiration to the actor and others that depress and repel him.

It would be well if every one would evolve his or her personal ideal of the theatre, as to what a play should be in all its aspects and in all that concerns its interpretation, and try to measure up experience in the actual theatre in accord with that ideal. We should demand in a play good literature, good dramatic construction, strong and diversified characterization, and in the acting insist upon the symmetries that have been held to be necessary to the works of all good art. In short, treat the theatre as you do other matters of art, and tolerate nothing that we