AS TO CRITICISM.

NAILING A FALSEHOOD.

The critical remarks that were made in The Tribune of October 22, relative to Mme. Bertha Kalich's performance of Sappho, at the Lyric Theatre, have been publicly designated by Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, the manager of that actress, as "gratuitous brutality," and he has stated that "Mme. Kalich can readily afford to be included in *the like condemnation*" (meaning gratuitously brutal condemnation), "which he" (meaning the dramatic critic of The Tribune) "has bestowed upon such artists as Eleonora Duse, Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Forest, and Salvini."

The custom of attributing to the dramatic representative of The Tribune opinions, expressions, and beliefs, never entertained nor promulgated by him has been carried very far,—in fact to the extreme limit of misrepresentation,—in the effort to impugn his veracity and discredit his professional judgment. Truth, however, remains truth. Libels of the kind indicated are generally, though not always, provided by scribblers for the blackguard section of the press or by recent graduates from school, who,—as one of them stated to a respected critic associated with the New York press,—wish to attract attention "by attacking somebody who is conspicuous." Such vaporings about "injustice" and "gratuitous brutality" are, therefore, customarily dismissed with silent contempt. When, however, a theatrical manager and newspaper editor of Mr. Fiske's prominence chooses to reiterate them, in an effort to advertise one of his performers, it becomes material that silence should be discarded though contempt remain. Readers of The Tribune, probably, will not only be interested in the nailing of a falsehood, but will also find the historical record instructive.

Mme. Kalich, in so far as she has disclosed her professional abilities here, is about as worthy of artistic association with Duse, Bernhardt, Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Forrest, and Salvini, as Mr. Fiske is, in point of wisdom, with Solomon or Socrates; and an attempt to associate Mme. Kalich with those actors, and to represent the group as having been treated with injustice and "brutality," is distinctly silly as well as disingenuous. To charge the present writer with brutal condemnation of Forrest, Salvini, Mounet-Sully, Coquelin, Bernhardt and Duse is to manifest either dense ignorance or deliberate malice, and talk both nonsense and falsehood.

The one English speaking actor mentioned by Mr. Fiske as an object of this writer's defamation is Forrest.

What does Mr. Fiske know either about Edwin Forrest or about my criticisms of that great actor? Forrest died in 1872. He had retired from the stage,—on which he had lingered for some time after the decline of his powers had begun,—in 1871. At that time Mr. Fiske was a child, ten years old. He never saw Forrest. Apparently he has never intelligently read anything about him. He certainly has never read, at least with attention or comprehension, any writings of mine on that subject.

Edwin Forrest had great faults, both as a man and an actor. They were known to me and they were explicitly specified by me, in my "Short Life of Edwin Forrest" and in critical reviews of his acting. But so were his merits. Forrest had tremendous power and wonderful ability. Governed, controlled, rightly directed, had he been a highly intellectual man he would have been one of the greatest actors that have ever lived. He was not highly intellectual: he was physical, and he was often coarse. The radical defect of his acting was excessive realism. But every admirable thing that he did was recognized and extolled by this writer, as well during Forrest's lifetime as after his death. For example:

FORREST.

" . . . It is to the credit of Forrest that he remembered his early friend and manager, William Jones, as a benefactor, and manifested toward him, in after years, a practical and commendable gratitude, giving to him shelter and bounty when these were greatly needed. . . . Natures kindred with his own admired him, followed him, reverenced him, as the finest type of artist. . . . To his natural admirers, he was great in his way, and his way was the greatest of ways. . . . Forrest was continually the theme of fruitless controversy,—of dispute that cannot, in nature, come to an end or even to a compromise.

"It has often been said of Forrest that he was a melodramatic actor. He was not; he was a *tragedian*. His Othello, his Virginius, and in later years his Lear were the sufficient proof of this. . . . Forrest was remarkable for his iron repose, his perfect precision of method, his immense physical force and his capacity for leonine banter. . . . Strength and definiteness are always comprehensible and generally admirable. Forrest was the union of both. . . . He had imagination,—though it was seldom informed by fine intelligence and never by spirituality,—and he had passion and tenderness. . . . Even in Spartacus, though the method was melodramatic, there was a noble assumption of tender and manly attributes, which dwarfed the physical ebullitions. . . . "

In one of the recent articles of the present writer about Forrest ("Munsey's," June, 1906), the following remarks occur:

" . . . He could at all times be seen, heard and understood. He struck with a sledgehammer. Not even nerves of gutta percha could remain unshaken by his blow. . . . The bellow that he emitted when, as Richelieu, he threatened to launch the ecclesiastical curse, almost made the theatre walls tremble. The snarling yell of ferocity that burst from him when, as Aylmere (Jack Cade), he recognized and sprang upon Lord Say, in the forest, fairly frightened his hearers. His utterance of Lear's delirious prayer to Nature was like a thunderstorm. Often he produced amazingly consolatory effects—affording ample gratification to the overstrained feelings of his audience, desirous, as in stormy passages of 'King Lear' and 'Othello,' the forum scene of 'Virginius,' the statue scene of 'Brutus,' and the scaffold scene of 'Damon and Pythias,' that something tempestuous and terrific should be said and done. There are times when it is a comfort to see somebody that can let himself go. Forrest could. His style, accordingly, had its positive, ample, undeniable merits; but neither he nor his apostles were ever satisfied with acknowledgment of those merits at their actual, definite worth. . . . Devoted friendship he did obtain, . . . and that of James Oakes, of Boston, a man of singularly gentle nature, still affectionately remembered by silver-haired veterans of Boston. . . . McCullough, who knew Forrest well, said that the stern actor's affection for Oakes was so deep that whenever they were to meet, after a period of absence, he insisted that their meeting should be private, as he could not bear that his emotions should be seen by stranger eyes. The rugged old chieftain was capable of deep feeling. Nobody ever doubted that. It should be remembered also that in his professional life, when he had obtained authority, Forrest was a patron of dramatic composition, and that he never produced a tainted or hurtful play. The edifying discovery, indeed, had not, in his time, been made, that the province of the theatre is to analyze physical disease, to reveal the skeleton in the closet, to supervise domestic morals, and to wash dirty linen in public. . . . "

As to the foreign actors about whom Mr. Fiske displays such touching solicitude, it should be plainly stated and clearly understood that there is neither desire nor intention to deviate from the critical attitude toward them that has been occupied by this writer. His conviction is that the Anglo-Saxon method of acting, at its best, is superior to the method of Continental Europe, at its best. One reason for that conviction is that the latter method is prosaic, photographic, seldom illumined by spirituality, and, with but little exception, never illumined by imagination. On the other hand, the Anglo-Saxon nature is deeper than the Latin nature, and the Anglo-Saxon method, at its best, is controlled by imagination and spirituality; and often it is embellished with quite as much of significant and brilliantly expressive detail as that of any actor of the Latin race. No foreign actor, who has ever appeared on our stage, has excelled either Henry Irving, Richard Mansfield or John Hare in the facile art of minute detail.

The subjects that some of the foreign performers, especially Mme. Duse and Mme. Bernhardt, have chosen to present here, though they may meet with the approval of Mr. Fiske, are, nevertheless, distinctly vile: and both those actors have exhibited, many times, an ideal of womanhood sufficient to inspire disgust for the whole human race,—a race that is, and always must be, dependent, for all that is good and lovely in life, on the nobility of woman. If the writer of these words could have been materially helpful in sweeping from the stage some of those horrors,—such, for example, as "The Wife of Claude",—by the critical use of "brutality," that "brutality" would have been provided with a promptitude and vigor that might have startled even many persons besides Mr. Fiske. Let there be no mistake about that. "Brutality" of criticism, however, could not have accomplished that object: it might, indeed, have defeated its purpose. At any rate, it has never been employed here.

The least important of the foreigners mentioned by Mr. Fiske is Mme. Duse. Upon that actress's occasional moon-eyed peregrinations to the back drop and her delivery into unknown space of half-articulate, sometimes wholly inaudible speeches, this observer has no admiration to bestow, and he has sometimes made a little sport of that singular method and its still more singular results. The art of acting is the art of *expression*, not the art of *repression*. The "brutality" that has been bestowed upon Mme. Duse is exemplified by the following citations of what he has written:

DUSE.

"The time has long been past when any foreigner could 'astonish the natives' in this capital. Yet the advent here of Mme. Duse is a gain, for the reason that Mme. Duse, within her limitations, is an actress of signal ability—genuine, original and attractive. . . . Her stature is impressive. Her features are large. The lower part of her face is heavy and denotes self-poise and resolute concentration. The eyes are dark and fine, with an expression that passes swiftly from serious sweetness to lowering gloom. The lips and chin are eloquent of tremulous emotion, quite irrespective of the spoken word. The brow is low and expressive of refinement and gentleness. The dark, abundant hair shades and softens a countenance which otherwise would be sombre and pathetic without relief. In demeanor Mme. Duse combines grace of natural movement with elemental repose. As an actress she is representative of what is called the emotional school. . . . Her most extraordinary characteristic is her mobility of feature, and her best gift is her voice. . . ."—Tribune, January 24, 1893. Mme. Duse's first appearance here.

" . . . Mme. Duse's professional expertness has been generally recognized, and it is nowhere denied. The Italian has shown herself to be of inordinate sensibility, emotional force, alluring charm, and 'natural'—too 'natural'—method. . . . Personal charm Mme. Duse exerts, even in the rank and verbose dramas of Mr. D'Annunzio. . . . Mme. Duse, mature in aspect and massive in person seems rather heavy for such a part as Francesca, but, of course, she comprehends it perfectly well, and she is easily able to express its voluptuous emotion, its reckless abandonment, its vacillation between duty and love, its mournful ecstasies, its consternation in the moment of discovery, and its anguish in the final catastrophe. . . . Francesca loves but also she suffers; and it is in suffering that Mme. Duse exults and excels. . . . Mme. Duse, within her limitations, is an actress of distinctive talent; not so good an actress now as she was when she first appeared here, because heavier, more elderly, and much more sophisticated; but still puissant and expert to denote the abandonment of passion and the desolation of grief. The impressions made by her acting ten years ago have not been wholly justified; but now, as then, it can be said that she is an actress of intense temperament, in whom feeling oversways intellect and impulse is more potential than thought. Her best gift is her voice, and,—as was said long ago, in this place,—if her clear, rich, variable and sympathetic tones can be trusted, she possesses that most precious qualification for true success in acting, a good heart. That way it is pleasant to think of her now, and—wishing her a better judgment than to act in Mr. D'Annunzio's tainted dramatic rubbish,—that way it will be pleasant to hold her in remembrance. . . ."—Tribune notices, season 1902-'03, November and January.

The time has not come, and it never will come, when this writer can commend to his readers that particular class of drama in which, for the most part, it has pleased Mme. Bernhardt to exert her abilities: but those abilities, in themselves, have never been denied or disparaged by him, however much he may have satirized or condemned her misuse of them. It was the poet Lowell who said that he would not go to the theatre to see Mme. Bernhardt act in certain plays, because he did not want his mind dragged in the gutter. That is the whole gist of the contention:

BERNHARDT.

" . . . No actress better understands the mechanism of acting. No actress possesses a wider command of the resources of dramatic expression. No actress could more readily conquer expert approbation. . . . (Nov. 27, 1900.) . . .

" . . . (La Tosca.) The expression of those blandishments, sufferings and revenges is easily at Sarah Bernhardt's command. . . . In the agonizing and terrible moments that immediately follow Florio's act of righteous slaughter, Sarah Bernhardt,—now, as often before,—has shown the authentic and tremendous intensity of emotion and the authentic and irresistible power to create and sustain a breathless suspense. To see her in this dramatic situation is to see her at her best. The public, however, gains nothing from exhibitions of that order. . . ."—Tribune, Dec. 18, 1900.

" . . . In delivering Zoraya's denunciation of the ecclesiastical tribunal Mme. Bernhardt was at the zenith of immitigable fury, fiery eloquence and incisive articulation. . . . Mme. Bernhardt, with all her force of character and weight of professional experience (and those attributes, on this occasion, were reinforced by obvious and formidable maturity of both mental and physical), does not make it (Camille) either sympathetic or impressive. . . . Mme. Bernhardt as Fedora again appears at her best; for the Russian spy is a woman of formidable character, resolute mind, inveterate will and fierce temper, and her employment in the drama is that of revenge. Those conditions consort well with the style of this actress. . . . The part (Phèdre) enlists Mme. Bernhardt's best powers; and persons desirous to obtain an abiding remembrance of the eminent French actress, since they cannot see her as Donna Sol, cannot do better than to see her as Phèdre. . . . Mme. Bernhardt's acting at all points of this frightful fabric (La Tosca) is magnificent,—for it creates a perfect illusion; and this would not ensue unless the several situations were made to seem actual, by exact simulation of feeling, and unless the personality of the heroine were made to seem actual by consummate art. . . . It is art expended on a low theme, but it is perfect art of its kind."—Tribune, various issues, December 12-23, 1905.

It is essential to remind the reader that in citing these recognitions of the ability of Sarah Bernhardt there is not the slightest desire to unsay one word of the condemnation of the misuse to which she has, for the most part, been pleased to put her great talents. The citations are made for the purpose of proving that every recognition of the powers and achievement of the actress has been given in this place.

COQUELIN.

The writer of these words has not been able to perceive the alleged *great* superiority of M. Coquelin, in serious characters (some of which, however, he plays well), but has invariably united in the chorus of commendation of him, as a low comedian—as the born representative of Mascarille and kindred parts.

"Had he (Burton) so acted it, he would have been latently comical in M. Coquelin's manner. . . . That hint may serve to clarify description of M. Coquelin's art. A subtle drollery seemed just beneath the surface. . . . The affectation of contrition, at the end of act third, was indeed a fine stroke of nature, made with exquisite art. . . . ("The Eaglet") . . . Flambeau is an easy part for any experienced actor, and an especially easy one for him. . . . Courage, tenderness, humor, blunt honesty, simple truth and heroism blend in such a character, and endear it to the sympathetic heart. M. Coquelin entered fully into the spirit of the part and made it the most natural and affecting figure in the drama.

Coquelin. . . . "Coquelin's excellence as an actor was long ago clearly defined, and it has been abundantly recognized. His professional reputation rests upon forty years of labor and achievement, and, at threescore, his fame is established. . . . Technically speaking, Coquelin is a low comedian, and in that field he is pre-eminent. His presentations of eccentric and serio-comic character are perfect and admirable. . . ."—Nov. 27, 1900.

MOUNET-SULLY.

" . . . Mounet-Sully wisely chose for his first American appearance a character not of tragedy, but of romantic drama ("Hernani"). . . . It was performed on this occasion, with competent ability in the chief parts, and generally in a lovely spirit. Mr. Mounet-Sully at once charmed his audience by his picturesque appearance, and he gave a most fluent and flexible embodiment of one of the most romantic lovers that have graced the stage. He is easily a master of the art of expression. His countenance denotes rare sensibility; he moves with grace; his demeanor is impetuous and demonstrative; and his rich voice utters the emotions of an ardent spirit in the language of perfect music. More than any French actor of recent years he showed himself to possess the fine and winning quality of personal distinction . . . passion never became effusive nor heroism absurd. He was interesting even in the tedious tomb-scene. . . . He is a superb listener, and he fills the scene with expert by-play—always helpful to the total effect and never immoderate. His best qualities are delicacy of touch and refinement of feeling. . . . (Ædipus) " . . . as dramatic art his Ædipus was sometimes superb. . . . He does more, perhaps, than anybody now upon the stage could do, toward making Ædipus intelligible to a theatrical audience. . . . His delivery of the text was very musical, and he pleased the audience by many picturesque attitudes, and sometimes thrilled it. . . . (The Cid) " . . . The Cid is precisely in Mounet-Sully's artistic vein—picturesque, passionate, impetuous, abounding in opportunities for sonorous declamation and for the denotement of strong passions in violent conflict. He was a noble figure to the eye, and, in particular, his expression of love was marked by that beautiful delicacy commingling awe and reverence with passionate devotion which is the signet of truth. . . ."—Tribune, various articles, March-April, 1894.

SALVINI.

As Sullivan:

" . . . The acting was so superlatively good as to lift an humble theme into prominent importance. . . . Salvini's manly grace of bearing and (in this character) the ever changing cadences of his glorious voice would alone have made his personation of Sullivan a memorable delight; but above all grace of manner, and aside from all excellence of natural endowment, there was a deep comprehension of the refinement of the character, the exaltation of its accustomed state, and the harrowing cruelty of the experience that makes it pathetic, and all this was conveyed with such spontaneous and adequate mastery of natural art as can only be described as superb. . . . "—Tribune, Oct. 22, 1873.

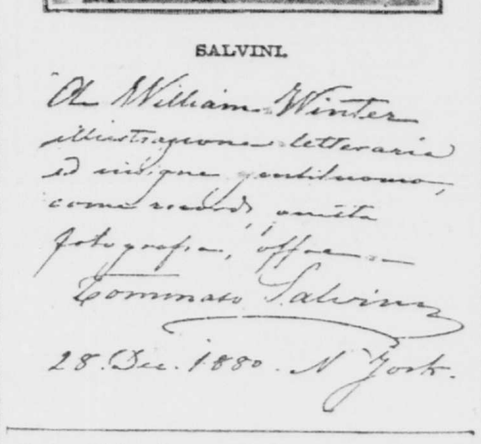
" . . . Signor Salvini cannot act *Othello*, one reason being that Othello, as drawn by Shakespeare, does not exist in the Italian language, and Othello, therefore, is not known to the Italian actor. His presentation of what he *understands to be* Othello is magnificent acting. . . ." " . . . Estimation of it was long ago stated, in terms of unqualified admiration for the acting of Signor Salvini, if not with acceptance of the Moor that he presents. . . . Signor Salvini has not gained in delicacy; but he has not lost in power. His presence is still colossal, his voice magnificent, his countenance supremely eloquent, his gesticulation natural, broad and splendid, his movement stately and supple, his passion electric, and his simulation of barbaric humanity both truthful and terrible; and he is the same practised and consummate mechanist as of old. . . . "—Tribune, Oct. 27, 1882.

" . . . The colossal powers of Salvini, however, have carried everything before them, and his greatness as an exponent of *acting* has not been denied by anybody. . . . In Saul, Ingomar, Conrad, Niger, Paolo, and Samson he has done great things and established a brilliant and permanent fame. . . ." " . . . Othello, it appears to be thought, is Salvini's best representation. Certainly, it is an embodiment of colossal force. . . . In the *expression* of *his* ideal . . . Salvini exerts great powers with tremendous intensity and startling effect. The ideal itself, however, has always been radically defective—for Othello, as Shakespeare has drawn him, is neither sensual in his love nor ferocious in his final act of slaughter, and Salvini is both of these. The extraordinary brilliancy and potency of the performance nevertheless remain, and these attributes make it victorious with most persons. . . ."

"His greatest impersonation, however, is not Othello, but Saul. . . . Salvini was grander and finer in King Saul than in any other embodiment that he presented. He seized the idea wholly, and he executed it with affluent power. He brought to the part every attribute necessary to its grandeur of form and its sympathy of spirit. His towering physique presented, with impressive accuracy, the Hebrew monarch, chosen of God, who was 'lifted a head and shoulders above the people.' His tremulous sensibility, his knowledge of suffering, his skill in depicting it, his great resources of voice, his vigor and fineness of action, his exceptional commingling of largeness and gentleness—all these attributes combined in that performance to give magnificent reality to one of the most sublime conceptions in literature. By his personation of Saul Salvini added a new and immortal figure to the stage pantheon of kings and heroes. . . . It was a colossal monument of human suffering that the actor presented, and no one could look upon it without being awed and chastened. . . ."

The critical commentary thus cited may seem to Mr. Fiske to be "gratuitous brutality." Prolonged contemplation of some of "the art and ideals" for which he has recently expressed admiration would naturally lead to mental stigmatism. The frequent perusal of some of the plays of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Sudermann and Pinero might easily damage anybody's reasoning faculties. That other persons will share Mr. Fiske's views of "brutality" is not probable. That Signor Salvini, for one, did not share them, the following inscription on a portrait of himself, given by him to the undersigned, would seem to prove:

SALVINI.



In regard to misrepresentation an old editor was accustomed to say: "It is better to *prove* a man a liar than to *call* him one." It remains to suggest that since Mr. Fiske has made the interesting discovery that the influence of this writer is "rapidly declining," and since his friend F. N. Young, of the ancient and honorable Providence Journal (who is understood to be the rural authority on "strong meat," and who, obviously, suffers continual torture about The Tribune's dramatic articles), is convinced that there is "a sad deadening of the faculties" in the writer of them, those afflicted persons should take comfort; should conosole themselves with the joyous reflection that the "prejudiced old man" cannot last much longer; should more particularly attend to their own business,—producing such plays and writing such articles as they like and approve,—and cease to worry about a writer whom they consider moribund if not actually extinct. W. W.

AIGULET FOR NAVAL AID.

Washington, Nov. 2.—The glittering and useless aigulet, or double looped heavy gold cord terminating in conventional heavily gilded acorn-shaped pieces of metal, is now to adorn the breast of the naval aid to the President. The navy has long envied the army the possession of this decoration, but heretofore it has not been used, because it might so easily catch in any protruding object on shipboard. To-day, however, an addition to the naval uniform regulations was promulgated authorizing the President's aids to wear the aigulet on the right side. Aids to admirals, chiefs of staff and naval attachés are also authorized to wear aigulets, but only on the left side, and, moreover, they may be worn only in port.

PROMINENT ARRIVALS AT THE HOTELS

ASTOR HOUSE—M. Werner, U. S. N. BUCKINGHAM—Grover Cleveland, Princeton, N. J. GRAND—Norman Dreher, Stroudsburg, Penn.; J. P. Carson, North Carolina; S. H. Lamond, Philadelphia; M. Chaffee, Binghamton. HOFFMAN—Hamilton Baxter, Washington. MANHATTAN—C. D. Daly, U. S. A. NEW AMSTERDAM—Captain William Swift, U. S. N. ST. REGIS—J. W. Riddle, St. Petersburg, Russia. WALDORF-ASTORIA—J. R. McGinley, Pittsburg.

THE WEATHER REPORT.

Official Record and Forecast.—Washington, Nov. 2.—The storm central Friday night over the western lake region now overspreads the middle Atlantic states and the lower lake region and the St. Lawrence Valley. In all of this territory, including the Ohio Valley and the south Atlantic states, general rain is falling. In the middle Atlantic states and the Ohio Valley the rains have been heavy. A second disturbance is moving eastward north of the Dakotas, but as yet it has not shown much strength.

The lake region depression will move off to sea over New England in the next twenty-four hours, causing strong southwest, shifting to northwest, winds along the middle Atlantic and New England coasts, attended by rain.

Rain will probably continue also during Sunday in the lower lake region; elsewhere generally fair weather is indicated for Sunday and Monday, although not much change in temperature.

Storm warnings are displayed on the Atlantic coast from Savannah to Eastport.

The winds along the New England and middle Atlantic coast will be brisk to high southwest, becoming northwest; along the south Atlantic coast, fresh northwest; along the east Gulf coast, light to fresh northwest; along the west Gulf coast, light and variable; on the lower lakes, high northwest; on the upper lakes, fresh to brisk northwest, diminishing.

Forecast for Special Localities.—For New England and Eastern New York, rain and somewhat cooler to-day; fair Monday; brisk to high southwest winds, shifting to northwest.

For Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, rain to-day, followed by fair in the afternoon; fair Monday; brisk northwest winds, diminishing.

For the District of Columbia, Maryland and Virginia, partly cloudy and slightly cooler to-day; fair Monday; fresh northwest winds.

For Western Pennsylvania, partly cloudy to-day, with rain along Lake Erie; fair Monday, without much change in temperature; brisk northwest winds.

For Western New York, rain and cooler to-day; partly cloudy Monday; brisk 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:

	1906.	1907.		1906.	1907.
3 a. m.	35	48	6 p. m.	55	58
6 a. m.	36	49	9 p. m.	49	58
9 a. m.	43	52	11 p. m.	46	57
12 m.	53	59	12 p. m.	45	—
4 p. m.	59	59			

Highest temperature yesterday, 60 degrees; lowest, 48; average, 54; average for corresponding date last year, 47; average for corresponding date last thirty-three years, 49.

Local Forecast.—Rain to-day, somewhat colder; Monday fair; brisk to high southwest, shifting to northwest, winds.

MAINE'S THREE FOOTED BEAR.

From The Kennebec Journal.

Vanceboro's big three footed bear, which has survived so many battles, is dead, killed by "Jed" Johnson and "Bob" Crooker. They set a dead fall and the bear was caught napping. Bruin was one of the largest ever seen in that vicinity and was very old. One foot was missing, having evidently been taken off in a trap, but so well healed that old hunters say that the accident must have happened years ago. The bear had been seen in many places within a fifty-mile radius, Musquash Lake, in Topsfield; Lambert Lake and the Orient Horseback being his famous stamping grounds. He had been fired at scores of times, but always escaped. Half a dozen scars of bullets were found in his hide, and one ear had a clean hole through it.

MUSIC.

MR. PADEREWSKI'S RECITAL.

The same extraordinary scenes that have attended Mr. Paderewski's recitals of pianoforte music for years were repeated at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The audience was one that filled all the chairs on the main floor and in the galleries, and, had the law (which is obeyed in concert rooms and blinked at in theatres and opera houses) permitted, a hundred or more would have heard the music standing in the rear of the seats. Also, had not Mr. Paderewski's wishes in the matter been considered, there would have been a stage full of listeners besides. Then there was the familiar, unnecessary but unobjectionable (because restful) dim, religious light on the stage; also the enthusiasm, rising like ocean's tide as the recital wore on, and also growing more and more enthusiastic with the subsidence of real musical value in the programme. At the last came the old rush toward the stage of a multitude who knew not how to distinguish between artistic appreciation and silly adoration and help along one of the cheapest devices ever adopted by managers to give the semblance of success to mediocre performers. When it began at Mr. Paderewski's recitals, years ago, it was spontaneous and unaffected. It was doubtless so yesterday; but it has been so abused by managers who fill halls by a process analogous to that practised by the ancient Grecian politicians (who sent a chalked line through the streets to compel attendance in the agora under penalty for disobedience) that every lover of good music and decent behavior must long for its discontinuance. Ought it to be necessary after these many years to tell the patrons of concerts in Carnegie Hall that the farther one sits from the stage the better the music sounds? But the old comedy was enacted yesterday and a beautifully balanced programme spoiled by the addition of half a dozen pieces—the Liszt transcription of the Spinning Chorus from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice," a Chopin waltz and so on until the expiring sigh of delight floated off on the wings of Mr. Paderewski's own minuet.

Only two of the pieces in Mr. Paderewski's programme had held place in his earlier schemes; they were Liszt's transcription of two of Schubert's waltzes, entitled "Soirée de Vienne" (No. 6 in A major), and the same wizard's instrumental translations of Schubert's song "The Erlking." New and unfamiliar were the concert-giver's variations and fugue of an original theme, Op. 23, and Mr. Stojowski's "Chant d'Amour," though both had been heard at one of the recitals which Mr. Stojowski, a friend and pupil of Mr. Paderewski, gave in Mendelssohn Hall last season. Familiar to Beethoven students, though strange to the programmes of virtuosi, was Beethoven's Sonata (quasi fantasia) in E flat, Op. 27, No. 1; and familiar to all lovers of Chopin, in their letter, if not in their spirit as bodied forth by Mr. Paderewski in his performance, were Chopin's Nocturne in F sharp, Op. 15, the Etudes in A flat and G flat from Op. 10 and the Scherzo in B flat minor ("major" on the house bill), Op. 31. Besides these Mr. Paderewski played Liszt's transcription of Schubert's ravishing vocal barcarolle "Auf dem Wasser zu singen" and the thirteenth of the Hungarian rhapsodies.

The season has only opened and we are in a whirl of pianoforte concerts. Mr. Hofmann has disclosed to us the cool, calculating virtuoso, whose horizon seemed (at his first recital) to be bounded by the printed page and the instrument upon which he played. Mr. Hambourg has bethumped and bethwacked the pianoforte, and with its steely sinews has seamed the faces of Beethoven and Brahms with bloody stripes. Now comes Mr. Paderewski. Who shall inquire with new curiosity how he played? He has been heard again and again; yet there is no loss of interest in his playing, for here it is not the virtuoso, not the instrument, nor alone the composer's music that exerts the charm. It is the marvellous and indescribable blending of all the elements implied in the words—the perfection of technical execution which must, nowadays, belong to the virtuoso; the tonal charm which wondrous gifts can evoke out of the jangling wire and vibrating wood of the pianoforte; logicalness and emotionality and sensuous beauty in the music itself. Mr. Paderewski has grieved many of his old admirers of late by exhibiting a desire to play in what may be called the orchestral style—to forget that the voice of a pianoforte is not apocalyptic, nor that of many waters and mighty thunderings, but even in his excesses he carries the fancy captive and stirs the depths of the imagination. And when he asks the pianoforte to sing it is a chorus of ecstatic hallelujahs and harping symphonies. So yesterday. Admiration has been expressed in these columns for his splendid variations—kaleidoscopic, in color and outlines, rich in display of tonal devices, but loveliest in their sweet and strong artistic sanity. The final fugue is superbly effective. Such things make a pianoforte recital a worthy theme of discourse. They are worth thinking about and talking about. So, in yesterday's scheme was the Beethoven Sonata—a poetical episode of the composer's soul-life prattled out in part in the ingenuous idioms of the early Haydn or Mozart, and yet again full of the prophet and seer who called "the things that are not as though they were" and bodied forth "the form of things unknown." So also was Mr. Paderewski's playing of the Chopin Scherzo, with its cadaverous and grisly undercurrent of feeling and its multicolored texture above. Here, we fancy, was the climax of Mr. Paderewski's achievements, though he caused greater general delight with a dozen pieces of lesser significance. H. E. K.

NEW YORK SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

It was autumn last night by the calendar and by the fury of the weather, but for New York's season of orchestral concerts last evening marked, as it were, the opening of spring. For the first time in half a year there was in Carnegie Hall the clear sunshine of Wagner, Schumann and Brahms, radiating from vibrating strings, from the shimmering tones of wood wind, and from the golden voices of brass instruments. It was good to feel again the warmth and beauty of this musical spring time, pleasant to realize that the musical year will wax as the calendar year wanes. It was reasonable enough that Mr. Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra should be the advance guard of the army of music makers that is about to invest the city. Mr. Damrosch has announced no fewer than twenty-eight subscription concerts for 1907-'08, and in quantity, at least, he will have no rival. As to quality, last night's doings set a standard of stimulating excellence that any orchestra might be glad to reach. It was an evening of noble music admirably performed. The prelude to "Lohengrin" revealed, in the long ascent that leads to the thrilling climax, and in the diminuendo that carries the lovely theme to the vanishing point, a clarity and vitality of string tone that left little to be desired. In the Schumann D minor symphony the whole orchestra distinguished itself, after the opening movement, by its sure response, in terms of expressive tone and sensitive dynamics, to the conductor's baton. The accompaniment to the Brahms violin concerto was a reverent and just realization of the lovely spirit that animates that masterpiece.

It seemed hazardous, in the anticipation, to have placed on the programme, after these three great works, two movements from a string quartet by Claude Debussy, to be played by string orchestra. But Mr. Damrosch's experiment had a happy outcome, for the French composer's wistful mood in the andantino provided a note wholly different from what had gone before, and curiously enthralling. Fortunate, too, was the effect of multiplying the volume of tone from Debussy's original proportions; it gave a sustained power and carrying quality to the several voices without cloaking their linear beauty. The scherzo from the same quartet and the brightly colored "Spanish Rhapsody" of Chabrier completed the list. In the performance of the evening's music Mr. Damrosch and the orchestra shared the hearty tribute of an audience of fair numbers and genuine enthusiasm.

The soloist was Mr. Fritz Kreisler, who marked his return to the American concert stage by a presentation of the Brahms violin concerto in the lofty yet virile style which has placed him high in the group of living masters of his instrument. His performance was of memorable eloquence, and it was joyously acclaimed.

SCOTCH COMEDIAN COMES HERE.

Harry Lauder, the Scottish character comedian, who will play a brief engagement at the New York Theatre beginning next Monday, arrived yesterday on the Lucania. Mr. Lauder comes here for the only engagement he will play outside of England for the next nine years, as his time is booked through to 1916. Mr. Lauder presents Scottish characters, and has a monologue and songs for each. All of the songs he sings are his own compositions. He is accompanied here by his manager, George Foster, who "discovered" him when he was a coal miner in Scotland.

CONCERNING THE TRIBUNE.

A Statement by D. O. Mills.

The following letter, which explains itself, was sent to "The New York Herald" yesterday:

November 2, 1907.

To the Editor of "The Herald":

I observe in this morning's "Herald" an article relating to The Tribune, in which Mr. Edward Hatch, jr., is quoted as saying that he has been in negotiations looking to the purchase of The Tribune, and continuing:

"The paper is really controlled by D. O. Mills, who, on account of his years, wishes to get out of various enterprises. In regard to The Tribune, however, he will do just as Mr. Reid wishes."

If accurately reported, Mr. Hatch shows a singular lack of knowledge of the facts of the case. I do not own a share of the stock of The Tribune, which is absolutely controlled now, as heretofore, by Whitelaw Reid, and I know that he has not the slightest idea of relinquishing his control. D. O. MILLS.

NO OBJECTION TO CIVIL CEREMONY.

Priest Couldn't Marry Miss Vanderbilt if There Was Another Religious Service.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Newport, R. I., Nov. 2.—The Rev. William B. Meenan, rector of St. Mary's Catholic Church, of this city, when asked to-day in regard to the possibility of a Catholic clergyman refusing to marry Miss Gladys Vanderbilt and Count Szechenyi providing Miss Vanderbilt did not change her religious creed, said:

"I could not perform the marriage ceremony for the couple if I was asked to if I knew that there had been already a service performed under some other faith, or if I even had a suspicion that another service was to follow the one that I may perform. A civil service before or after the one in my faith I could not object to."

MME. FREMSTAD TO SING "ISOLDE."

Arrives on La Provence with Lucas and Bovy, of Conried's Company.

Three more members of the Conried Metropolitan Opera Company arrived yesterday on La Provence. They were Mme. Olive Fremstad, the dramatic soprano; George Lucas, a new French tenor, and S. Bovy, who will conduct all the operas of the French repertory this season. Mme. Fremstad has added two new parts to her repertory. She will be heard for the first time this season as Isolde and as Fidelio.

"I have spent most of the summer in Paris," said Mme. Fremstad, when seen at the Plaza Hotel. "I had the pleasure of singing in 'Salomé' there at the special performances of Strauss's opera that were given at the Théâtre du Châtelet under the auspices of the Société des Grandes Auditions Musicales. With Jean de Reszke I studied Isolde, and then I went to Vienna to go over it with Mahler, and also to learn Fidelio under his direction. I shall make my reappearance at the Metropolitan Opera House as Isolde when 'Tristan and Isolde' is given for the first time this season."

George Lucas, the French tenor, will be heard for the first time in New York as the Abbé de Chazeuil in "Adrienne Lecouvreur." Mr. Lucas will share with Riccardo Martin the parts that would have been sung by Charles Rousselière.

MRS. CLARENCE H. MACKAY'S FAIR.

Duchess of Marlborough Among Those Who Had Charge of Tables at Roslyn.

Roslyn, Long Island, Nov. 2 (Special).—The fair which was held to-day under the direction of Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay in the parish house of Trinity Episcopal Church, which was recently built as a memorial to Mrs. Mackay's mother, was a marked success, and a considerable sum of money will be turned over to the church. The Duchess of Marlborough came over from Hempstead with her mother, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, and took charge of the autograph postal card table. She succeeded in selling her entire stock.

Mrs. Mackay was in charge of the candy table, and was assisted by Mrs. E. R. Thomas and Mrs. Richard Elion. Miss Dorothy Whitney, Miss Margaret Dix, Miss Bend and Miss Stanton were at the fancy goods table. Mrs. Thomas Clapham sold preserves, and the choir guild and Miss Georgia Burrows were in charge of the general store.

Miss Ruth Eastman sold silhouettes. The fancy table was presided over by Miss Gertrude Willets; Mrs. H. H. Hogins, jr., had charge of the linens; Mrs. W. J. Witte, Miss Witte and Mrs. N. O. Hutton, refreshments; Miss C. Sheldon, Miss Gay Dexter, Miss Hutton, Miss Scott and Miss Edith Butler, tea table. Mrs. Charles Steele and Miss Louise Stanton were in charge of the millinery shop. Miss Salisbury was the palmist, and Mrs. Frank Gray Griswold and Miss Hooper were at the toy table.

Some of those present were Mr. and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, William K. Vanderbilt, jr., Royal Phelps Carroll, Amos Tuck French, Francis W. Crowninshield, Duer Irving, Phœnix Ingraham, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Mortimer, Mrs. Eloise Kernochan, W. Butler Duncan, John R. Pope, Charles Draper, Henry Curtis, J. Ellis Postlethwaite, James F. D. Lanier, General and Mrs. Lloyd S. Bryce, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burden, jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. Bourke Cockran, Mr. and Mrs. Francis K. Pendleton, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Zabriskie Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steele, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. E. Clarkson Potter, Mrs. Richard Irvin, Miss Beatrice Bend, Miss Dorothy Whitney, Miss Martha Beeckman and Miss Steers.

MISS GOULD ENTERTAINS MOTHERS.

Miss Helen M. Gould received and entertained about two hundred mothers yesterday afternoon at Lyndhurst, her country home, at Tarrytown. The occasion was mothers' day, and marked the closing of the sessions of the sewing school for the season. The mothers were invited to a large tent on the lawn in front of Miss Gould's house, where an entertainment consisting of drills and songs by the children and readings by Miss Ida Benfey Judd were given. Miss Gould personally presented diplomas to fifteen girls. She will shortly leave Lyndhurst for her city home in Fifth avenue, where she will spend the winter.

DR. FURNESS 74 YEARS OLD.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Philadelphia, Nov. 2.—Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the noted Shakespearian scholar and authority, celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday to-day at his home, where many friends called to congratulate him on his fine mental and physical vigor. He also received many letters and telegrams of congratulation.

TRANSATLANTIC TRAVELLERS.

Among the passengers who arrived yesterday from abroad were:

THE ST. LOUIS, FROM SOUTHAMPTON.

Robert W. Bliss.	Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Osmond.
Mrs. J. Donald Cameron.	Mrs. John R. Drexel.
D. N. Harper.	John R. Dos Passos.
H. W. Kennard.	Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Young.
Mrs. Fairbanks Smith.	

THE LUCANIA, FROM LIVERPOOL.

E. R. Bacon.	Mr. and Mrs. Alfred James.
Mr. and Mrs. Percy E. O. Carr.	Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lauder.
	Mr. and Mrs. James O'Neill.

THE CEDRIC, FROM LIVERPOOL.

A. George Bullock.	Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gilmore.
Arthur P. Clapp.	Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Lounsbury.
James Gordon.	
Clement Marsh.	

LA PROVENCE, FROM HAVRE.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Knoedler.	Mr. and Mrs. E. Webster Sutphen.
Mrs. Mason Smith.	R. R. Walbridge.
Mrs. L. Taylor.	
Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Porter.	

Married.

Marriage notices appearing in THE TRIBUNE will be republished in the Tri-Weekly Tribune without extra charge.

STEBBINS—LYMAN—On Saturday, November 2, at the Church of the Ascension, 5th ave. and 10th st., New York City, by the Rev. Dr. Ernest M. Stires, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Percy S. Grant, Marion, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hart Lyman, to Rowland Stebbins.

VIETOR—SOUTHWICK—On Saturday, November 2, 1907, at the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, by the Rev. J. P. Forbes, assisted by the Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, Katharine Mason, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Southwick, to Ernst Gunther Vietor.

Notices of marriages and deaths must be indorsed with full name and address.

Died.

Death notices appearing in THE TRIBUNE will be republished in the Tri-Weekly Tribune without extra charge.

Adam, Mary R.	Lowdin, Joseph F.
Brett, Martin W.	Lyon, Sarah P.
Butler, Annie H.	McGie, Mildred.
Delanoy, Emma P.	McLaughlin, V. P.
Doolittle, Mary A.	Parmelee, Mary E.
Hussey, Sister Mary A.	Rielly, Delia S.
Ives, Elizabeth T.	Shaw, Emma L. W.
James, Laura B. S.	Smith, Annie D.
Jouet, Henrietta H.	

ADAM—On Thursday, October 31, at St. Luke's Hospital, New York, Mary Redfield, daughter of William L. and Caroline H. Adam, in the 20th year of her age. Funeral at Pittsfield, Mass., Monday, November 4, at 2:30 p. m. Boston papers please copy.

BRETT—On Friday, November 1, Martin Wiltsie, son of the late Rev. Philip Milledoler Brett, D. D. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services at his late residence, No. 167 West 87th st., on Monday, November 4, at 11 a. m. Interment at Rahway, N. J.

BUTLER—At the home of her son-in-law, Lloyd Taylor, New York City, on Friday, November 1, 1907, of pneumonia, Annie H. Butler. Interment at Glens Falls, N. Y.

DELANOY—Suddenly, at the Hotel Seymour, on October 31, of pneumonia, Emma Peshine, widow of the late John A. Delanoy, in the 77th year of her age. Funeral from Mamaroneck M. E. Church on Sunday, November 3, on arrival of 1:05 (New Haven road) train from New York. Interment at Rye.

DOOLITTLE—At St. Luke's Hospital, New York, on Saturday, November 2, 1907, Mary A. Doolittle, in the 71st year of her age. Interment at Pleasantville, Penn.

HUSSEY—Sister Mary Apollonia Hussey died at St. Joseph's Convent, Brentwood, on Friday morning. Mass of requiem on Monday morning. Interment at Brentwood.

IVES—On Thursday, October 31, Elizabeth T. Ives, wife of Chauncey Ives. Funeral services at Plymouth Church, Orange st., Brooklyn, Sunday, 2:30 p. m.

JAMES—On Friday, November 1, at Roosevelt Hospital, Laura Brevoort Sedgwick, daughter of the late William Ellery Sedgwick and wife of Henry A. James. Funeral at St. Thomas's Church, 53d st. and 5th ave., Monday, November 4, at 10 a. m. Boston and Baltimore papers please copy.

JOUET—At Roselle, N. J., November 1, Henrietta Hearn Jouet, wife of the late Xenophon Jouet and daughter of the late George and Mary Arnold Hearn, of the Isle of Wight, England. Funeral services at her residence, Roselle, Sunday, at 3 p. m. Interment private. Train leaves Liberty st. at 2 o'clock.

LOWDIN—On Friday, November 1, 1907, Joseph F. Lowdin, son of Andrew and Mary A. Lowdin. Friends and relatives are requested to attend the funeral Sunday, November 3, 2 p. m., from the residence of his father, No. 85 Franklin ave., Brooklyn.

LYON—At her residence, Englewood, N. J., Friday, November 1, 1907, Sarah Penniman Lyon, widow of Israil W. Lyon, aged 82 years. Funeral private. Interment at Brookside Cemetery.

McGIE—On November 1, 1907, Mildred, aged 11 months, only and dearly beloved daughter of Arthur and Charlotte McGie, No. 412 Dean st., Brooklyn. Services and burial private.

M'LAUGHLIN—Suddenly, at Saranac Lake, on Saturday, November 2, Dr. V. Plowden McLaughlin, son of Josephine Avezzana and the late John A. McLaughlin. Notice of funeral in Monday's Herald.

PARMELEE—At her residence, No. 485 Central Park West, Mrs. Mary E. Parmelee, daughter of the late Dr. John Cleaveland, of Canterbury, Conn., and widow of the late Thomas J. Parmelee, of Augusta, Ga. Born July 4, 1812, died November 2, 1907. Friends are invited to attend the funeral at her home, Tuesday, November 5, at 10 a. m.

RIELLY—On October 31, 1907, Delia Shanley, wife of the late John Rielly and beloved mother of Frank, John and George Rielly. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral from her late residence, No. 31 Clermont ave., Brooklyn, on Sunday, November 3, at 2 p. m. Interment in Holy Cross Cemetery.

SHAW—On Saturday, November 2, 1907, Emma Louise West, aged 66 years, widow of the late D. McLean Shaw and daughter of the late William West. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services at her late residence, No. 30 West 85th st., on Tuesday, November 5, at 11 a. m. Kindly omit flowers.

SMITH—Annie Dickinson Smith, beloved wife of Granville Byam Smith, died November 2 at her residence, Hardwicke Hall, Scarborough-on-Hudson, N. Y., in the 73d year of her age. Funeral service at residence on Wednesday morning at 10:30.

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Religious Notices.

ALL ANGELS CHURCH, West End Ave. & 81st st., Rev. S. DE LANCEY TOWNSEND, D. D., Rector.—Holy Communion, 8 a. m.; Holy Communion and sermon, by the Rector, 11 a. m. Choral Evensong, 4 p. m. Strangers welcome.