

THE MUSIC CRITIC'S DUTIES.

HOW DIFFERENT SCHOOLS OF COMMENT LABOR.

The Adventures of a Soul Among Masters of Final Judgments—The Eclectic and Mrs. Free Hand—What the Ultimate Purpose of Good Criticism Ought to Be.

At the end of the season of music many thoughts ought to be fitting through the mind of one whose trade it is to observe the progress of events and to make such record of them as he can. But a musical season is a sad destroyer of mental recollection. Those who go once in a while to hear only those things in which they have a keen interest do not weary, but those who are obliged to go to every entertainment, large or small, important or trifling, good or bad, become stupefied.

But after all his perspective is longer than a season. As the years pass and the panorama of operas and concertos recedes, the series of seasons resolves itself for the commentator into a continuous entity. It has been one long season for him. It is a season with periodical intervals for rest and refreshment. Just before each interval, perhaps, the chronicler is conscious of a certain weariness, but after all music is to him a very precious thing, and whatsoever is beautiful and true appeals to him with a force not to be disregarded.

At the end of a season hardly anything furnishes him with more food for reflection than his own duties. If others suspect that he has permitted his sensibilities to become dulled from too much listening, he fears it all the more. With him the struggle to maintain freshness and sensitiveness of mind is never ending. He is conscious of the need of close application at the beginning of the season, and at the end he feels it still more.

But there is never a time when he does not feel it at all. The first Philharmonic concert of a winter finds the conscientious critic in his seat with faculties strained to their highest tension. The end of the season finds him in a similar state. But now indeed the tension is severer.

What is the result? Does the critic become sour and crabbed at the end of the season? Is it not inevitable that he must be so tired of listening that his soul revolts at the very thought of hearing music? Does he not toward the close of his season's work lean to undue severity and say bitter words about performances which at the beginning of the winter would have won at least mild praise?

The truth is that he is affected in a totally different manner. At the beginning of the season he is keen; he is filled with a conviction that his labor is worth while; that he has a duty to perform. He praises heartily and he condemns ruthlessly. Read the comments on the operatic representations at the Metropolitan Opera House in the first two or three weeks of the season.

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So, too, in the world of orchestral concerts. The first novelty of the season may be only a little sketch, but it is considered with a gravity worthy of a symphony. Toward the end of the season the same writer will be found dismissing a new symphonic poem by a noted composer with a quarter of a column.

There is a certain amount of propriety in this after all. The public which reads criticisms of musical performances is more ready to accept long articles at the beginning of the season than toward the close. The public mind is an entity. It is composed of many small parts, to be sure, but it is one whole. It moves in one direction, or in another. Sometimes, to be sure, in periods of controversy, such as the discussion of a political campaign or the advent of a new composition by Richard Strauss, it flies apart; but for the most part it slips serenely down the groove of custom. It, too, becomes weary of the detailed consideration of art.

JEFFERSON, ACTOR AND MAN.

APOSTLE OF POETIC HUMANITY IN PERFECTED ART.

Jefferson's Idealism and Remington's Realism—The Waterfall and the Water Wagon—Preparing an Supersublimity—The Genius of American Character.

The various efforts which are making to cabin, crib and confine our praise of Joseph Jefferson, in accordance with the square and line of what a great actor should be, strike a little harshly on the spirit of the hour. They may be just. They certainly are aptures to severity. But they seem soulless and grudging. Whatever Jefferson may appear when projected against the starlit infinities of time and space, he was a very dear and a very precious possession to us theatergoers.

What needs Mr. Shakespeare, etc., wrote a poet of the age of 20, when the great dramatist was only fourteen years dead. Through the perspective of the centuries the possessive pronoun, so lightly used by the then inglorious Milton, seems somewhat premature; but it is not rather the supreme acknowledgment of Shakespeare's greatness? Let abstract reason say what it will, we say more in acknowledging Jefferson, our Jefferson.

To most of us the earliest theatrical memory is of the gnomelike ghosts of Hendrik Hudson's crew encountered by an amiable vagabond as they labored up the mountain cliffs with their legs on their shoulders—the ghostlike crew, he it noted, for the memory dates from a period of the childish imagination in which they were by all odds the most marvelous feature of the play. A few years later comes the remembrance perhaps of a small boy returning home alone from a matinee at which his father had left him on the way from lunch to the office—a boy whose heart was swelling with happy pathos and whose eyes were brimming with the tears which only perfect humanity and perfect beauty can evoke.

To that small boy the whole lovely thing in life was Rip Van Winkle. Then came the years when amid all the shiftings of theatrical seasons Jefferson and Rip appeared as fresh and perennial as the spring. It did not seem possible that the well beloved could cease to be. In my heart I always looked forward with confidence to a time when, a child again in mortal years, I should still go to the play, with eyes perhaps for a second time insensible to the imperfection of the great comedian, but dotting as of old on the ghostly crew of the Cataldis. Wise men there always were who delighted to tell you how much less the actor was than he ought to have been and who were wont to hint that it was even possible for him to lag superfluous on the stage. But who would accept even the wisdom of Solomon in exchange for the glad illusion that the new year is always new?

Two things Jefferson the artist aimed at and achieved—on the one hand that truth which is utter beauty, and on the other the technical aptness which places above everything else artistic perfection. His was the vanity of art, perhaps, but never its vexation of spirit.

In time I came to know him of the stage, and found that what the artist was the man was also. Once I happened on him standing with Frederic Remington before the bar in the billiard room of the Players', where one of his paintings, his latest gift to the club, was being hung. With unconscious incongruity to the place it represented a waterfall. Jefferson beamed with the vanity which he delighted to assume on the stage, but which in his own person, so far as I knew, he never revealed except in regard to his painting. He asked his friend what he thought of the picture. Remington stepped toward the canvas and putting his finger on certain formless white daubs asked what they were. With unrec'd temper Jefferson said that they were spurts of water dashing among the rocks, to which Remington replied that he never saw a waterfall or any water of the kind. With patience Jefferson caught his friend by the sleeve, backed him across the room and up on the marble stairs. "Now tell me what they're like," he said. Remington put his head on one side and chuckled. "I admit," he said, "that the further you get away from them the better they are."

If Jefferson was piqued he was even more amused, and linking arms with his critic led him back to the glasses at the table. Then, in the ear of the illustrator to whom truth is only truth and beauty an imperfection Jefferson expounded the theory of what he called idealism. With that picture before him Remington may be pardoned if he was unconverted. But for my part, I saw only Rip with his dear, mellow and suave countenance and his cup tilted toward a friend. "This picture doesn't count," I said to myself.

Has it ever been pointed out how sympathetically Jefferson's genius was in harmony with the peculiar genius of the American people? If the border of exaggeration of frontier popularity it of course had nothing. But we are not somewhat tamely provincial when we fall in with the English opinion that this is our characteristic vein of merit? To us, at a first glance, British humor seems all compact of clumsy pun and underlined quibble; but the Briton catches that over and above this he has Shakespeare and Sheridan and Gilbert. The gentleness and refinement, the quaintness and whimsicality of Jefferson's embodiments of character are thoroughly distinct from anything known to the English stage or to English literature—excepting possibly Goldsmith and Barrie, whose Celtic blood gives them a cast of mind closely akin to that of the English speaking peoples in America. To find the nearest approach to the spirit of Rip and Bob Acres we shall have to go to Washington Irving, Currier and Howells—masters of humor and of character who as yet have received scant recognition from those who should value them most highly. The writer lives in the printed page, and can wait for the judgment of ages to come. But the actor perishes forever when his voice and figure are still. Jefferson could not have been loved more than he has been; but it is possible that, severe as we have been in the matter of his limitations, one of his chief claims to honorable recognition has gone unrecorded.

JOHN COBBIN.

Swan in Mourning.

From the London Daily Mail.

A swan which was the subject of a story told in Cumberland has just returned for its summer visit to Moorhouse Tarn.

Originally the swan took up his abode on the lake in company with his mate, but their nest was robbed, and the female bird died, apparently brokenhearted. The bereaved consort covered the body with leaves and reeds and departed.

Every spring since he has regularly returned to the lake always alone and, with the water hens for company, swims disconsolately about the tarn throughout the summer.

FIGURES RETURN AFTER THREE YEARS.

Reading correspondent Philadelphia Bulletin.

After trying about the country for nearly three years a blue checked pigeon which in June, 1902, was shipped to Gordonville, S. C., was captured in a 200 mile contest for young and was returned to the left of its owner, John DeWitt, this city, to-day.

The small size of identification remains intact on its leg.

NOVELTIES AT THE THEATRES.

ETHEL BARRYMORE TO APPEAR IN "A DOLL'S HOUSE."

Sam Bernard in "The Hulloking Girl" at the Herald Square—The Fawcett Company in "Somebody and Juliet"—Chas. Chadwick Put into a New Melodrama.

As yet the theaters show few signs that the warm months are near, and the first week of May brings a number of novelties. With Ethel Barrymore trying her pretence hand at Ibsen, Sam Bernard in a new musical play, the Fawcett company in "Somebody and Juliet" and Mrs. Chadwick at last dramatized, there can be no complaint of lack of novelty.

Miss Barrymore is to be seen first on Tuesday evening at the Lyceum Theater as Nora in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," and will stay there for this week and next week only, giving two Saturday matins. Miss Barrymore, it is announced, is the youngest actress who has ever attempted the part, and there is sure to be much curiosity as to her success. Bruce McRae will have the leading male part, that of Torvald Helmer, Nora's husband.

"The Hulloking Girl" is the name of the musical play in which Sam Bernard will appear at the Herald Square. With him as chief supporters are Eddie Williams, Joseph Coyne, Alvin Angeles and Sidney De Grey. The story is of a Hungarian girl who quarrels with her lover and runs away to Vienna to become famous. Miss Williams is the runaway and Mr. Bernard and Miss De Grey are her admirers. The help she gets to win fame, W. T. Francis has written the music and Sydney Rosenfeld the book. A large and handsome chorus is promised.

George Fawcett's company, which comes to the American for a season is heralded as a successor to such companies as those of Augustin Daly and A. M. Palmer. From time to time the Fawcett will present with his company new stars. Notable among them are to be Jacob Adler and Mme. Kallisch. The play for which he is "Somebody and Juliet," with Regan Eughton and Percy Hawell. Mr. Eughton is a stranger to New York, but Miss Hawell has been seen here many times and in many parts.

An unusual benefit will be that for the Actors' Fund at the Criterion Theater tomorrow afternoon, when Charles Hawley and his company will present for the first time a new three act comedy, "The Splendid Life," by George F. Hawley.

Mrs. Chadwick is to reach the stage this week as Mrs. Sedgwick, Queen of Freedoms Finance. The play at the Fourteenth Street is "The Millionaire Detective," which Charles E. Blaney and Howard Hill have written and in which the latter plays the chief part. Bank robbery and other forms of crime, of course, have a part in the plot.

This is the closing week at the Irving Place Theater. Mme. Agathe Barousse, the Rumanian star, will have a testimonial performance to-morrow, when she will appear here for the first time as Fedora in Sardou's play of the same name. On Tuesday night "Kabale und Liebe" will have another repetition with Mme. Barousse for the first time as Lady Milford. For the benefit of Otto Utzbeck, leading man, Sudermann's "Das Gluck im Winkel" will be given on Wednesday and Frau von Januschowsky-Schindleroff will have her benefit on the following night, for which the jolly farce comedy "Bocksprung" has been billed. On Friday night Mme. Barousse will play "Die Frau im Spiegel" and "Helmst" Moser's comedy, "Das Stufentueftel," will be given at both performances Saturday.

The popularity of the Hippodrome shows no sign of abating and the house has been filled at every performance. The two parts of the bill, "A Yankee Circus on Mars" and "The Raiders," have been altered, and new acts are constantly being added. Col. Bordenberry, the rifle shot, is still thrilling the audiences. A newcomer in the cast of the war drama is Vernon Lee, who takes the place of Theodore Gamble as Capt. John Barnes.

"The Freedom of Susanne," with Marie Tempest, is proving one of the most popular of the original cast will appear.

"She Stoops to Conquer," with its all star cast, closes its run at the New Amsterdam this week, and will be succeeded on May 3 by a revival of "Tribby," in which all of the original cast will appear.

Mrs. Leslie Carter's effective acting as Adeline in the play of that name at the Belasco is still proving a powerful attraction, and the houses show no sign of growing smaller.

Warfield's 250th performance of "The Music Master" will take place at the Bijou to-morrow night. It is probable that Warfield will round out his third century before he rests for the summer months.

Blanche Bates has one week more at the Academy, and this is her farewell to "The Darling of the Gods." She will play the part of Yo San eight times more, then setting it aside for good and all. Friday night next the management will make a special occasion, and will repeat the souvenir that were presented at the 1000th performance of the play a fortnight ago. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

"San Toy," with James T. Powers, is still at Daly's Theater. Mr. Powers' song, "Only a Soldier Man," is one of the big hits. The piece will remain at Daly's until the next week.

Jefferson DeAngelis continues his long run in "Fanny" at the Lyric Theater. The attraction has now had a greater number of consecutive performances than any other musical comedy presented this season on Broadway.

Mendelssohn's "Athalia," seldom heard in this city, although not lacking in musical and religious interest, will be sung to-night at Carnegie Hall by a trained chorus of 200 members of the People's Singing Classes. Mendelssohn's music, written in the first half of the last century, is set to an English narrative version of Racine's play, the story being told by a reader only. Mr. Edward Brigham will be the reader at the concert to-night. The soloists will be Mrs. Dutton and Miss Boese, soprano; Miss Fiske, contralto; Mr. Granville, baritone, and Mr. Frank Seabrook, organist. Mr. Edward G. Marquand will conduct, with an orchestra of thirty pieces.

"The Hair to the Hoop" enters upon the fourth week of its season at the Hudson Theater, and like most of the springtime attractions is benefiting by the influx of country visitors who always invade New York shortly after the close of Lent.

At the Hudson Theater on the afternoons of Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday of this week Henry B. Harris will present Mr. Sarah Cowell Le Moine and a specially selected cast, including William Beach, Grace Ellison, John W. Abington, Jr. and Theodore Hamilton in Robert Browning's tragedy, "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon'."

Frank Daniels in "Sergeant Bruc," the new musical farce at the Knickerbocker Theater, has "caught on." It is a seasonable show, with lively music and lots of fun and pretty girls in pretty costumes.

George Ade's amusing comedy, "The

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Vantine's The Unusual Store.

An interesting sale of Oriental Rugs.

- 100 Fine Daghestans, 3.65, at 10.00 were 14.00
- 75 Persian Rugs, 47, at 16.00, were 20.00
- 75 Large Silky Kazaks, at 25.00, were 35.00
- 50 Fine Silky Khiva Bokharas, 45.00 to 75.00
- 50 Fine Large Cashmeres, 40.00 to 60.00

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Fifth Floor.

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9x12.11	was 100.00	now 70.00	8x12	was 80.00	now 65.00
9.3x12.6	was 85.00	now 62.00	7.10x13.9	was 105.00	now 75.00
8.5x11.9	was 80.00	now 52.00	8.1x10.11	was 100.00	now 60.00
7.10x11	was 75.00	now 50.00	7.10x2	was 60.00	now 42.00
6.3x9.4	was 55.00	now 44.00	6.3x7.9	was 50.00	now 30.00
11.3x15	was 165.00	now 100.00	10.2x15.5	was 175.00	now 120.00
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THE ERIC COUNTRY Half Rates for Summer Home Seekers ON SATURDAY, MAY 27TH, SUNDAY, MAY 28TH, AND MONDAY, MAY 29TH. The Erie Railroad and N. Y., S. & W. R. R. will sell excursion tickets to points in the counties of Orange, Sullivan and Delaware Counties, N. Y., and Pike, Wayne, and Monroe Counties, Pa. AT THE FARE ONE WAY. Tickets will be good to return until Wednesday, May 31st.

College Widow, has the distinction of having played an entire season in New York. The thirty-third week begins to-morrow night.

Alice Fisher and her company are still drawing good houses in "The School for Husbands" at Wallack's Theater.

To-morrow night Henry W. Savage's musical comedy, "The Prince of Pilsen," will enter upon its fifth and last week at the Lyric Theater, concluding its twelfth metropolitan engagement.

Digby Bell and his associates in "The Education of Mr. Pipp" will have played the Augustus Thomas comedy seventy-five times at the Liberty Theater next Friday night. The improved theater which followed the end of Lent leads the management to hope for a fair long run.

"The Firm of Cunningham," at the Madison Square Theater, now that the rough edges of first performances have been worn off, is pleasing good sized audiences nightly.

Charles Hawley brings "A Message from Mars" to the Harmon Opera House for a week, beginning to-morrow night.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is the attraction at the Grand Opera House with the original cast from the Madison Square Theater.

The diminutive star Gabriel, in "Ruster Brown," will be at the West End Theater this week.

Charley Grapewin, in "The Awakening of Mr. Pipp," is to be the funmaker at the Murray Hill.

"Her First False Step," a melodrama of country and city life, with its circus scene and the rescue of a child from a lion's cage, comes to the New Star.

At the Yorkville Theater the stock company will revive Hoyt's famous comedy, "A Trip to Chicago."