

A SINGER'S MUSICIANSHIP. VOCAL TECHNIC NOT A SUFFICIENT EQUIPMENT.

To Grasp the Intellectual Content of a Work a Singer Should Be a Musician—Harmony, Form and Vocal Sight Reading—Why Mme. Sembrich Is Praised.

It is in writing of Garat, the famous French tenor, said: "An air, a duet, according to this great singer, did not consist in a succession of well performed or even well expressed phrases; he wanted a plan, a gradual progress, which led to great effects at the proper moment, when the excitement had reached its climax. He was rarely understood when, dismissing his art, he spoke of the plan of a vocal piece, and musicians themselves were persuaded and convinced that his ideas were somewhat exaggerated on this subject, but when he joined example to precept, and to demonstrate his theory with an air with the different colorings which he could give to it, they then comprehended how much of reflection and study were necessary to arrive at perfection in art which at the first view seems destined only to procure enjoyment for the ear."

If this means anything it means that at a time when most singers were fixing their minds upon the perfection of those details which belong entirely to the singing above the surface and surveying the field of song from the point of view of the musician. This indicates that he was a master of style, and that his mastery came from his grasp of the entire form of a vocal number. This is the secret of all mastery of style. One may have a perfect tone attack, a beautiful legato, a ravishing portamento, a noble messa di voce and an elastic fluency of delivery, yet sing ineffectively. If the singer bestows all his thought on the perfection of each phrase as an individual entity he will never sing eloquently, though here and there he may rise to heights of extraordinary beauty.

There must be a plan, as Garat called it, which is another word for design. The singer must grasp his aria or his recitative in its entirety, and he must also perceive clearly its relation to all that precedes and all that follows it. Only in this way can he arrive at a proper conception of the delivery of his music, for only thus can he determine the distribution of vocal effects.

Now the correct distribution of vocal effects gives us what we call style; but it gives us something more than that, for upon it depends largely the interpretative eloquence of the singer's delivery. It is impossible to interpret an aria or a lied adequately if the vocal effects are out of balance. The style and the interpretation usually go hand in hand. It is not possible, for example, to sing eloquently the recitative of Handel with a Wagnerian style, or can the music of Mozart be treated in the same manner as that of Richard Strauss.

Correct style and interpretation rest partly upon traditions, but tradition is by no means a trustworthy guide. Traditions are but imperfectly transmitted from generation to generation. Lined descent in vocal art has provided the great fathers of the cantos with some strange children. No one can make the doughnuts as mother made them; no one can sing Handel and Basse as Farinelli and Corelli sang.

There is a safe ground for style than tradition. That is the ground of musicianship. Singers should belong to the universal brotherhood of musicians, but as a rule they do not. They are the most obstinately isolated of all practitioners of musical art. It is known to all who observe the doings of the musical world that the violinists all go to violin recitals, but almost never to piano or song recitals. The pianists all flock to hear the other pianists and cellists turn out only when a noted cello virtuoso appears. So the singers go only to hear.

One does occasionally see a pianist at an opera, but the singer never goes to hear anything but singing. That is the rule. The exceptions are few, and they are also notable. Now, this is all wrong. Singers should go to hear all sorts of music in order that they themselves may be thoroughly musical. Neither the poet who never reads prose nor the prose writer who never reads poetry can sound all the depths of his native tongue.

There is not a clarinet player of solo ability who cannot give hints to a singer. There is not a pianist of virtuoso rank who cannot give suggestions about dynamics and tone color. But all this is still in the domain of technique. What the singer can get at the orchestra or chamber music concert is an acquaintance with musical architecture. He can gain an insight into the significance of the larger forms and in time acquire a conception of those broader principles of musical design which he ought to know in order to construct the plan of a role.

Every singer ought to add to his general musical information a measure of ability to play upon an instrument. Naturally his choice will prefer the piano, for this instrument can be utilized in the study of his own branch of art. The mistake of most singers is that they never use their pianos for anything else. They learn to strum out accompaniments and there they stop.

This is not enough. The singer should learn to play some piano music. He need not become a virtuoso, for that would be a waste of his intellectual powers, and he need not touch of his intellectual powers of his mind; but the broadening of his musical conceptions and intimate personal acquaintance with some forms of melody other than those suited to the voice will prove of incalculable benefit to him. It is a field which should not be neglected, but which usually and altogether too generally is.

The singer should know the principles of musical form. How many of them do? How many of them can analyze the simplest aria and state with the certainty of absolute knowledge where its phrases begin and end, how they are balanced, and how the sections are formed into periods? Yet without such knowledge these singers will not hesitate to prepare an air, arrange their phrasing and their dynamic effects and then themselves on the musical quality of their plan. It is true that in occasional cases natural dramatic or musical instinct leads such singers along the true path, but in more cases it does not. This is especially likely to be the case when the singer enters an entirely strange field. Some opera singers who have essayed leads which further toward the light if they had known the laws of musical design.

The singer should study harmony. Perhaps in the early days of the last century this might not have been essential, but that time is far behind us. The development of harmony has been more rapid in the last seventy-five years than at any other period in the history of musical art. The harmonic structures of Beethoven and Wagner are simple as compared with those of the contemporary school of composers. It matters not what we

may believe as to the value of such methods of composition as those of the latter day Frenchmen, we cannot, as practitioners of the art of music, ignore them. We are bound to learn the new things.

The singer of to-day must not be troubled by the strange intervals of Strauss and Debussy. He must know precisely what they are, why they are, and whither they lead. He must have his ear attuned and his intelligence practiced in the modulations of the new ideas. What threw the operatic world into confusion on the appearance of Wagner? What made singers say this new music was unmanageable? Its demands upon the voice? Nonsense! Its demands upon the singer's musicianship caused the trouble. The old simple diatonic progressions, the stock phraseology of song, were laid aside for a new harmonic diction, and the singers could not intone the unfamiliar intervals. That was the real cause of all the trouble.

A knowledge of harmony will enable a singer to understand the new progressions. The emotional restlessness of the contemporary style is built largely of postponed resolutions of chords. Let the singer grasp that and he will find that the strange intervals are no longer a mystery. He demands upon the singer's musicianship caused the trouble. The old simple diatonic progressions, the stock phraseology of song, were laid aside for a new harmonic diction, and the singers could not intone the unfamiliar intervals. That was the real cause of all the trouble.

Every singer ought to be acquainted with the history of music, and especially of his own branch of the art. Very few know anything about these subjects, but for the development of correctness in style it is essential that the singer should know the general character of the music of a period to which the composition before him belongs, the particular character of the vocal style and technique of that period and the individual aims and artistic ideals of the composer of the music.

It seems as if this ought to go without saying, but the truth is that while a few intelligent singers are quite ready to admit that the practice of an instrument is a good thing and some others do not deny that it would be well to know something about harmony, very few indeed profess to have read the history of their art.

It is unfortunate that the English reader is forced to go unsatisfied in the study of the history of vocal art. He can take himself with histories of opera, oratorio and recital, but the historical consideration of the art of singing has been sadly neglected by English writers.

However, most singers read French, German and Italian, and in these languages they can find information of great value. For the average student who wishes to acquire a birds-eye view of the subject there is nothing better than "Le Chant," by Lemaire and Lavois. It is a pity that the work is out of print, but copies are still to be had by those who are willing to take the trouble to search for them. The latter part of the work is devoted to the technique of singing, but more than a third is historical.

Another admirable book is Hugo Goldschmidt's "Die Italienische Gesangslehre des XVII. Jahrhunderts." This is a contemporaneous work, and it makes a careful and complete examination into the vocal technique of the seventeenth century, beginning with the "Nuove Musiche" of Caccini. As the singers of that century developed the method which the great masters of 1700, Corelli, Porpora, Redi and others brought to perfection, Caccini, Cuzzoni, Faustina, Giustini, Senesino and their contemporaries, it follows that the seventeenth century method is the foundation of all artistic singing.

It is aside from the purpose of this paper to furnish a list of books relating to the history of vocal art. Those who desire such works will have no difficulty in finding them in French, German and Italian. That any large number of singers should be ignorant of the history of their art after reading anything giving good reasons why they should do so is altogether too much to expect.

It may seem wholly unnecessary to urge singers to learn vocal sight reading, but those who are acquainted with the astonishing ignorance of a large number of vocalists will know that it is not. It is no fault of the newspapers and their opera signers have to read their roles by ear because they cannot read music. Others can read music but have never learned how to read vocal sight reading, and hence are obliged to sit down before a piano and pick out their parts note by note on that instrument, and in this primitive fashion commit them to memory.

The system is widely known to men in the produce business and to mountaineers. Young women in the rural districts write their names and address on the egg. The eggs are received in Denver, packed and shipped to the grocery, in which way the eggs pass through dozens of different hands. As soon as an egg is broken a name is found many times over to themselves to answer.

Those who are out for fun can get all they want and many of the commission men make considerable sport of it. One fellow answered a young woman at Berkeley Col. The man who did the writing is about 4 feet 7 inches tall and weighs about 120 pounds. He is 40 years old, but this is the way he described himself: "I am 23 years old, weigh 145 pounds, 5 feet 10 inches in height, dark brown hair, black eyes, thin mustache and a very large nose. I have seen suits of clothes and a trunk large enough to hold a dozen."

The answer came by return mail. This is the way the girl described her fiancé: "I am 17 years old, weigh 105 pounds, 5 feet tall, blue hair and blue eyes." She expressed herself as being glad to have made his acquaintance.

Several letters passed between them, when the commission man got curious to know what the man who wrote the address for her. He asked her in one of his letters, and she frankly told him that it was her father.

Fearing entanglements or a breach of promise suit, he closed the correspondence.

Making Home Attractive. From the Youth's Companion. The man in the faded brown overcoat had been growing more and more careworn for the last six months. The man who sat with him on the way to the city every morning and on the way home at night had noticed it. At last he learned the reason of the change. The careworn man dropped into his seat with such a heavy sigh that his neighbor was almost unable to hear it. "I guess you're glad you're going home, aren't you?" asked his friend, unconsciously. "Yes, I am glad to get a good comfortable chair and a quiet evening," he said. "I am glad to get a good comfortable chair and a quiet evening," he said. "I am glad to get a good comfortable chair and a quiet evening," he said.

tent of a vocal work is both literary and musical, and the musical portion consists in melody, harmony and rhythm. The accompaniment, which comprises the harmonic background, is just as important to the student as the voice part. To plan the delivery of an aria, as Garat did, the singer must grasp all that came from the mind of the composer. W. J. HENDERSON.

NOTES OF MUSIC EVENTS. The second pair of concerts of the Church Choral Society will take place on Wednesday afternoon and Thursday evening in the Church of Zion and St. Timothy. The principal work is the "Horn of Nonesuch" by Arthur Voornis. Pianist will give a Schumann recital in Mendelssohn Hall on Thursday evening. Among other things he will play the "F sharp minor Sonata" by Chopin and "Pavane" by Schumann.

Victor Herbert and his orchestra will give a concert at the Hippodrome to-night. Ellen Beach Tew will sing. The Schumann Trio will give a concert at Mendelssohn Hall on Wednesday evening. Jean Gerardy, the cellist, will give a recital at Mendelssohn Hall on May 5.

Rudolph Reuter will give a piano recital next Saturday at Mendelssohn Hall. Maud Powell, violinist, and Hans Kroeld, cellist, will give a concert in Chamber Music Hall on April 30.

GLAD AND SAD RAIMENT. Girls Tell How Clothes Affect Them—Jolly Hats—Creepy Cloth. Fifteen questions about 182 Normal School girls and the answers compared and tabulated. Here are some of the results as given in the San Francisco Chronicle:

Heavy dress goods are found to cause parental depression. Heavy hats in particular weigh upon their wearers' spirits. But a broad, light hat makes one girl feel jolly, while a fancy hat brings on an attack of softness in another case. Soft dress goods make these girls feel dainty, talkative, happy, demure, light, graceful, girlish, gentle, refined, etc., while stiff clothes cause them to feel uncomfortable, awkward, formal, self-conscious, walled in, as if in a case, bold, etc., these being their own adjectives.

Most of the materials impart to the majority of the wearers a disagreeable sensation which is very marked. Rough woolen goods when touched irritate the sensitive organs at the base of those little feelers. "I can't bear to touch woolen goods; they make me shiver," says another. "I can't bear the feeling of flannels next to my skin," is the third characteristic reply. An irritable mood is found to result particularly from the wearing of crepe de chine, which when rough materials irritate the sensitive organs at the base of those little feelers.

Smooth materials next the skin are liked by nearly all of the wearers. Yet, while the use of certain smooth materials is pleasant, there is a great deal of variation from person to person. "I like to rub my hands on a velvet surface," says one young lady. "I cannot bear to touch velvet; I feel the chills running down my back," admits another.

Most of the clothes impart a distinctly pleasurable feeling to the wearers, many of whom experience from them feelings of gracefulness or lightness of step. "I like to wear a dress which does a flimsy garment, wants to dance. Gauzy stuffs and laces, especially, are discovered by the paragonist to impart a pleasurable mental effect. Silk clothes suggest to many wearers that they are of high social rank, whether they are or not. In most cases the girls who like the latter is decidedly annoying, like a scratching pen or a knife scraping across a plate. Still to others the rustle of silk is pleasing."

Furs suggest to the wearers feelings of wealth or pride, or of being well dressed or elegant. However, they are not so much liked by the young ladies to whom they impart hot, choked or stifled feelings. They always suggest to one girl a sensation of being "too much like an animal."

EGGS ARE CUPID'S MESSENGERS. Western Girls Write Names on 'Em and Invite Correspondence. Denver correspondence in the Kansas City Post. Perhaps the queerest way of advertising for matrimonial purposes that of placing names and addresses on eggs. During each year there are upwards of 500,000 cases of eggs received in Denver from Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Texas and Colorado and it is not surprising to find that many of the eggs are from women and men with matrimonial intentions are found in the cases.

Kansas holds the record for having the most eligible. Hardly a case of eggs received from Kansas but has from one to a dozen names of young men and women corresponding with men with matrimonial intentions.

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CHILDREN MORE WELCOME NOW

RACE SUICIDE NO LONGER ABETTED BY FLAT OWNERS.

It is Easier to Find a Home in New York for a Large Family Than It Was Once—Matters Helped by Growing Custom of Sending Boys to Boarding School.

"A lot of nonsense is often talked in other cities about the trials and tribulations of New Yorkers with large families and small means, when hunting for a home," said a real estate agent. "There are plenty of New Yorkers firmly convinced that between the class of tenement, not even dignified by the name of flat, which rents below \$25 a month, and the plate glass, gold trimmed apartments which bring nearer \$2,500 a month, there is a class of flats which is an army of apartments for the middle class. Landlords and agents are forever harping on the fact that there is a night little truth in that view of the situation.

"Race suicide was never less imminent among the well to do middle class than now, and never was the demand for apartments so great. As soon as one is vacant it is snapped up like a stray dime by a street urchin, and what is more, the proportion of these flats which do not take in children is extremely small.

"Approach an agent who hasn't been in the business more than two or three years and he won't know what you are talking about if he is asked to give a reason why children are kept out of the middle class flats. He will be sure to answer, 'But business is not kept out of that, if it is business in the most popular residential districts, like the upper West and East sides of the city.'"

"Seven or eight years ago? Well, I admit things were different then. At that time flats had not been multiplied as they have since, and some of those built were sandwiched in with private houses. The practice of putting up long blocks of apartments, all of the same class, was not then general.

"In some cases, in many cases, indeed, owners of isolated apartment houses put a condition for the private houses on either side. 'No children need apply' were among the orders given to agents. Other owners drew the line at one child, an infant. A third class were willing to admit two children, one in arms. Two children was the limit with many owners, and boys in the knickerbocker stage would queer the deal for almost any would-be tenant.

"Just about that, I remember, the newspapers fairly bristled with black stories of parents of four or five children who searched for quarters, and these stories, more or less true, went all over the country, and went on record as describing truthfully the unenviable position of the children of this city. They have stayed on the records ever since.

"Again, when President Roosevelt got off his famous anti-race suicide letter, there was discussion about the difficulty of finding homes in New York where children were welcomed, and hard luck stories were more or less current. Property owners and real estate agents, as a rule, too busy to bother sending answers to criticisms, whether good or bad.

"I don't mean to say that there are not large families now who find it difficult to get the accommodations they want in precisely the locality they favor. That's just the trouble, being so awfully set on one particular street or avenue, or on moving into a neighborhood almost quite free from children. Having children of their own, some people want to steer clear of butting up against other people's children, which is a very foolish programme to map out in New York.

"There are some medium price apartment houses in this city—not many, considering the many hundreds of the same class, but some—where no children are taken, and a few which limit the number of children to two in a family, but none of these houses is in the flat districts. Most of them are in the private residential sections.

"The rank and file of apartment houses situated in sections of the city given over more particularly to apartment houses and apartment hotels, rules relating to the taking in of children are now very elastic, and if parents find it hard to get into a \$45 or a \$60 flat in a good neighborhood it is because they persist in tackling the few houses where youngsters are not welcomed.

"Half a dozen children? Well, I don't know about that. The fact is tenants will every way so as to get the boys out of the house as fast as they can. I have known half a dozen children under 15, and above that age children are reckoned as adults.

"Families with four or five children are not uncommon though, and in the upper West Side of the town there is not the least trouble in finding accommodations for them. Below Fifty-ninth street landlords are more particular as to the number of children who are taken, and in the case of these houses is in the flat districts. Most of them are in the private residential sections.

"There is one phase of the question I have not noticed with much interest. It has developed in the last few years, and is growing. It is that an increasing number of tenants are sending their boys to boarding schools—boys between the ages of 8 and 13. 'At one time,' says a club house man, 'when I was almost rich, they lived in a whole house and kept a servant or two. It does not mean that the family in a \$35 flat have a boy or boys at boarding school.'

"That is the reason the boys' parents live in a \$35 flat. They cut down expenses in every way so as to get the boys out of the house as fast as they can. I have known half a dozen children under 15, and above that age children are reckoned as adults.

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CURIOUS FEATURES OF LIFE.

Story of a Photograph.

From M. A. P. The following story of a young lady living in the country is sent to London to be photographed is vouched for by a well known London photographer. After some days the lady, Miss B., was informed the photograph was not a success, and another sitting was suggested.

She agreed to do, but again she was informed that the photograph was a failure. There was a third sitting. In two days time she received an urgent letter from the photographer, asking her to come up to his studio again to be fitted with her. Miss B. went, accompanied by her mother, and was shown the amazing results of the three sittings.

The pictures of the girl herself were quite good, but in each plate there was to be seen standing behind her the figure of a man holding a dagger in his uplifted hand. The features, though faint, were clearly discernible, and Miss B. recognized them as those of her fiancé, an officer in the Indian army. The effect of this experience was so great that after a few days she wrote out to India, breaking off the engagement.

Carving His Own Tombstone. Notwithstanding the fact that he is now 72 years old, who is employed in a marble works in this city, has been at work on his own tombstone at odd times for several years, and he now has it almost completed.

Originally it was a huge granite boulder, picked up on the public square. Mr. Yeaman chipped off a corner, found the quality to be extra fine, and concluded to carve it as a marker for his last resting place. He has been at work on it for several years, and he now has it almost completed.

Indian Matrimonial Notice. From the Lahore Tribune. Wanted—A match for a girl of respectable Agarwal family, Gaster, Basant. The boy should be educated and between the age of 20 and 25 years. All communications to be addressed to Gian Chand, Clerk, Arsenal, Ferozeshah City.

Goose as a Watch Dog. From the Bangkok Times. A Bangkok resident keeps a goose which acts as a watch dog. He has trained the bird to give a creditable imitation of a motor car horn whenever a stranger approaches.

Travel Stopped by Bees. Santa Rosa correspondence San Francisco Chronicle. A swarm of bees were liberated at Stoney-point Sunday afternoon by the breaking of a beehive which was being carried by A. Doward, the owner.

The beehive possession of the country road and held it undisturbed for several hours. To rout the bees it was found necessary to incense them by building an immense bonfire around the post on which they had settled. Several travellers along the road received a decidedly warm reception and were forced to abandon further progress until the honey-makers were exterminated.

Strange Sequel of a Dream. From the London Daily Mail. A remarkable story of a dream is reported from Penze. Mrs. Howling of Maple road, Penze, on Thursday dreamed that her eleven-year-old daughter had been brought to town in a tarpaulin and that the body was removed on a tarpaulin. She was awakened by the sound of a tarpaulin being rolled up.

On Trial for Sorcery. From the London Mirror. A strange sight was seen in Justice Joyce's court yesterday. It was that of a staid, lawyerlike, elderly gentleman gravely declaring that he had been under the influence of "sorcery," and controlled by a telephonic magnetic influence which "caused him intense pain at night."

As Mr. Joseph William Thomas, who is bringing an action with regard to transactions which took place when he was in an insane asylum, was asked to state his name, he replied "Sir Alfred Thomas, M. P.," he emphasized his points with a piece-nerve, which he carried in his hand.

"Are you still under the influence?" asked Mr. Isaacs, K. "It has ceased absolutely, and probably never will," replied Mr. Thomas, raising his piece-nerve.

He added that distance made no difference to the "influence," which was conveyed at night. The case might be exercised by his brother's agents.

In adjoining the case the Judge expressed an opinion that the matter in dispute ought to be settled out of court.

Beetor's Strange Funeral. From the London Daily Chronicle. A curious request regarding his funeral was made by the Rev. Paulet Mildmay Compton, for fifty-eight years rector of Mappleton, a few days before his death last week.

The body was placed in a plain oak coffin and covered with primrose, was conveyed by means of a farmer's wagon, drawn by a team of four horses, to the railway station, nine miles away. The tails and manes of the animals were matted with straw and the team was headed by a smocked driver.

GOOD NEWS FOR LOVERS OF GOOD BEER

The Frank Fehr Brewing Company of Louisville, Ky., has opened in New York City a distributing house for its celebrated Bottled Beer.

THE ACME OF PURITY AND FLAVOR has been attained in this delightful and healthful beverage. It is bottled at our Kentucky plant after being aged for months by a process peculiarly our own. For over thirty years Fehr's Beer has been

THE STANDARD FOR EXCELLENCE in America and the peer of Old World brews. A trial will convince you of its goodness. Mail or telephone orders from hotels, dealers or families will receive prompt attention.

L. S. TWISS, Manager New York Branch, Telephone 5462 Madison Sq. 51 W. 29th St., New York City. Write for Chromos of Matt Tonic Girl—Free.

GOULD AND ENGLISH TENNIS.

HOW A PAIR OF SPECTACLES INFLUENCED THE VENTURE.

Youth Will Gain in Match Playing Experience, Even if He Does Not Win Out—English Title Has Had But Few Holders—Eustace H. Miles's Long Reign.

Out of the ordinary in international tennis is the sailing of Jay Gould, the seven-year-old court tennis champion of the United States, to play the British amateur championship at the game. It will begin at the Queen's Club, West, Kensington, on April 30. The winner, according to the custom that corresponds with our national lawn tennis championship, earns the right to play the titleholder.

Pennell did this last year, then losing to Eustace H. Miles, who has been for years the best English amateur at racquets or tennis. But for a pair of spectacles, it is likely that Jay Gould would not have gone on the trip.

So say the wisecracks, who, having first decided that the youngster's defeat of Gould was due to the breathing spell caused by the fateful pair of spectacles, now opine that to the same cause must be awarded his chance of going abroad to play. The line of reasoning hinges on the circumstance that if Jay Gould won he had been promised the opportunity to play in the London courts by his father, George J. Gould. If Crane had won, as a matter of course, the trip would have lost all special significance, if not taken at all.

Now for the story, which may perhaps not be too easy for a non-player of the court game to comprehend, fully although it will be a simple matter to appreciate the point of view of the wise old hands at tennis who are responsible for the pair of spectacles rumor. The spectacles came into the game with a tinkle of breaking glass, not much louder than if one had crushed a champagne glass in the hand. The eyeglasses were dropped by somebody in the upper gallery into the court on the grille end and close to Gould. He had returned to the ball and, simultaneously with the fall of the glasses, Crane volleyed to the ball into the grille opening, counting 15 and winning the game that had been four times to deuce and vantage by the point. The game made Crane 4-1 on the second set.

There was a delay of about five minutes to let one of the markers obtain a brush and sweep up the tiny fragments of glass and gold wire. This delay allowed Gould to get his second wind, while it stiffened up Crane, or at least cooled off his impetuous and winning streak. Also, the delay gave an opportunity to some watchful supporters of Gould to whisper, as he left the court for a drink of water, "Avoid forces and high returns!"

As to the physical value of the rest—for, as will be shown, Gould had then "bellowed to mend," while Crane was as cool as a cucumber as to wind and in full control of his great activity—think of what such a pause would mean to any athlete who had reached the fading away point. To a boxer lying prostrate, the oarsman whose heart is beating in triphammer bursts, the runner going groggy and wabbly from fatigue or any contender whose wind and strength are waning fast—a few moments of breathing time are worth a ton of purest gold.

The rest to Gould was more cheering than new wine; to Crane, as depressing as to be bound in shackles and told to play on! "You can't warm up an old horse twice," remarked a cool critic, when play was resumed, and this in a nutshell is the way the rest affected Crane. The man of 40 had been seized in the shackles of Father Time during the wait, his blood ran slower, his feet were not so light, his bones and muscles were stiffened and no longer all springs and suppleness.

Now, as to the mental effects of the breathing spell occasioned by this pair of spectacles. Gould had stepped into the court as bold as a cockerel should be who had never known defeat. From his debut, in the holidays, when he and George Standring easily defeated a club house team, the 1905 amateur champion, and Peter Latham, greatest of English players, Gould had never been extended. He had won all sorts of practice matches at Georgian Court and at Tuxedo had but one match for the gold racquet championship, winning most easily from Pierre Lorillard, Jr. There was another reason, too, why Gould should be merely a stepping stone to the final with Charles F. Sands, and the latter had been deemed already won, his Sande had, according to the critics, shown in the matches with Austin Potter and G. Richmond Fearling a loss of his best form.

Hope makes mountains of molehills and with the remembrance of the poor showing made by Crane in some four-handed matches with Sands, Latham and Tom Pettit at Tuxedo on January 1, and that an accident on the ice had kept Crane from entering for the Tuxedo gold racquet, or the Racquet and Tennis Club's own championship, the hopes of Gould for an easy win, coupled with his own good record, had a more than ordinary reason to be mountainous. But Crane, as with Brer

Rabbit, had been laying low. He had his best tennis up his sleeve and Crane faced the cockerel as ready for battle as a seasoned gamecock.

To open the first set Crane won a game, but as old birds do not warm up all at once and Gould sprang at once into the collar, the youngster stood 4-1 before Crane got another game. Gould had the set 6-5, but Crane had kept him hustling right along. Winning the opening of the second set after a tremendous battle that went five times to deuce and vantage, Crane won the set 6-3. Crane stood 4-1 in the third set, the third game having been won by whitewashing Gould, who was puffing in the way of a healthy young grammar, but the eyeglasses dropped and the lad caught his second wind. Crane only gained 15 in the next game, but he won the set after vigorous gains by 6-3.

In a final sprint, as gigantic in its efforts as the last worry of a whale, Crane had the score 3-0. Now Gould was ready to force another game, but he had no time to reticulate his shoestrings, the youngster rushed the games to five all, and, winning the set by 7-5, he kept on and captured the fifth and last game, which went six times to deuce and vantage, but Crane reveal the fury of his rushing bid, and Gould had been beaten. So the episode ended in Gould becoming the British champion or even challenger to the titleholder, some one should write a play about the "Scrap of Paper" style.

To dismiss this gossip tale of what might have been, the sort of a chapter to be heard of every tennis player in an amateur sport, the expedition of young Gould is a very plucky undertaking. Youth is not a factor to count against any aspirant in the sport, and it is not to mention some recent instances of the powers of youngsters, the present amateur golf champion of Great Britain, A. G. Barry, taken in a sort of a "Scrap of Paper" style.

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Peter Latham said while here that six months in the London courts and in the tennis atmosphere would make Gould the equal of any amateur in the world. As a consequence, for Peter's sake, it is possible that Gould's expedition to London would not be a waste of time. He is a slim, but well built lad, only lacking an inch or two of the six feet and six inches of the latter universally strong in the forearms. Hair and eyes are dark, the latter very keen and sharp, and his body is well proportioned, with a fine pair of shoulders and arms, the latter unusually strong in the forearms.

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