

ART AND VOICE IN OPERA

SINGERS WHO WAG BY NERE BEAUTY OF TONE.

critics of Earlier Days on Gazzaniga and Mario—The latter called an Amateur—Zenatello and His Rich Voice—Adelina Patti and Her Teachers—Value of National Gifts Compared With Instruction.

What is it that enables a tenor to move an audience? Is it the poetry of his style, the eloquent tenderness or irresistible passion of his intonation? There can be only one answer to this line of questioning, that probably seven-tenths of those who praise their palms with applauding "bravo" make themselves hoarse by shouting "bravo" are unacquainted with the more delicate details of singing or lack the ears to hear them. That which reaches those people and uplifts their spirits is their sound. They baffle in tone. They reveal high notes.

Does any one cry "bravo" over a tenor's middle D? No. But let him emit a pure, ringing high A or B flat and indescribable surges of emotional waves splash across the auditorium. Women catch their breath, men stiffen their muscles, the air is shot through and through with a subtle electric current, and the shock of an overwhelming spasm passes across the entire system.

The low tones in the majority of instances here are positively displeasing. Too many tenors try to swell these tones into a barytonal bigness and thereby succeed only in imparting to them a harsh, grating quality. Others endeavor to diminish their guttural character by strangling them in the throat or singing them with the color technically known as "white," and the result is always a guttural bleat.

But when nature has been generous to the tenor and his studies have not been misdirected the high notes are the most beautiful in his voice, and that is why people like to hear them. They care little enough as to how he sings or what he sings; they disturb themselves not at all about the correctness of his style or the justice of his interpretation. Let him sing his clearest high tones, and all else will be forgiven.

Critics, those disturbers of the peace of the musical world, will foolishly point out that this tenor has no legato or that one no medium power. The public answers, "We do not go to the opera to hear 'legato,' whatever that may be, and certainly when a tenor can sing such tremendous high tones he would be stupid to hold them in and demand us with this silly medium power."

The public knows what it wants when it wants it and it invariably gets it. But just to show that critics of to-day are no worse than those of times now long gone as we turn for a moment to Dwight's Journal of Music, April 18, 1887. It appears there on Monday night of that week Max Maretzek's Italian Opera Company began a season at Niblo's Garden in this city and that Mrs. Gazzaniga made her debut in "La Traviata," singing in company with Brignoli as Alfredo. The vocalist in Dwight's Journal said:

"Mrs. Gazzaniga, to be so poor a vocalist, is one of the most remarkable artists we have had upon our lyric stage. Her merits are her own peculiar gifts; her faults are in the form of defective acquirement. She possesses that rarity in music, a truly sympathetic soprano voice. No mezzo soprano, no tenor, is more penetrating in quality, more pathetic in tone; and to this it adds a peculiarly feminine expression which, strange to say, does not always accompany a female voice."

"She has a great range, quite two octaves and a half we should say, and more power than any soprano we have heard except Jenny Lind. Her volume of voice, too, seems to be all music; very little of it runs to waste in mere noise. These merits she in a measure counterbalances by certain defects which, though they are not fatal, still limit her range. Her intonation is not reliable, and in passages which require her either to force or subdue her voice she sings sharp; this, however, may be the temporary effect of illness or agitation."

"She delivers her voice with great freedom and purity, but seems to lack elasticity of spirit or of rhythmic sense, which almost reaches monotony, and consequently she is never brilliant."

They were analytical and cold hearted in those days, but when you are through reading you know something. The gist of this interesting bit of commentary is that Mrs. Gazzaniga had an uncommonly beautiful and touching natural voice which she could pour out with freedom, but which she could not modulate in power and which was without agility. Yet she sang Violetta and she was a prima donna of high standing on both continents.

An operatic celebrity of far greater renown than Mrs. Gazzaniga was Mario, the worshipped tenor, Henry Chorley, the distinguished English critic, wrote of him: "There have been better singers—there have been better musicians—there may have been better voices—than Signor Mario. There has been no more favorite artist on the stage in the memory of man or woman than he."

What is this? Was it something other than the voice in Mario's case? Was he perchance a consummate artist, who moved thousands by the perfection of his vocal skills? Let us look further into these commentaries of the scribe "Chorley."

"It will not satisfy many of Signor Mario's enthusiastic admirers to be told that throughout his career he has never wholly got beyond amateurship—has never been a thorough artist, armed at all points for his duties before the public. Such, however, is the case. The charm of the persuasive and successful demagogue, borne out by a voice, the persuasive sweetness of which can never have been exceeded, has fascinated every one, the stern as well as the sentimental, into forgetting incompleteness and deficiency which diligent and thoughtful study might have remedied ere Rubini's successor had been on the stage a couple of years."

And so it was largely the persuasively sweet voice after all! History is a bold and unventured respecter of established forms. The beautiful woman does not have to be clever; the tenor does not require brains. When he has then he is Jean de Reszke, one in a million, standing on a proud height of snow-capped, small art, alone, uncomprehended alike by the masses who adore him and the singers who hate him.

gifts and accomplishments as the standard for the measurement of other tenors would be equally unjust, for the good reason that the voice he has surpassed by many and in the fundamental technical of tone emission equalled by not a few.

Certainly no impartial student of vocal methods will hesitate to declare that Mr. Caruso has the most splendid voice heard in our time and that his mechanical treatment of his tones is well nigh perfect. Whether his emission is a gift, like Patti's, or an accomplishment, like Plescia's, matters not. The results in pure, vibrant, vital tone are there and we must accept them with gratitude.

But in all that constitutes the fitness of method, all that goes to the employment of natural voice and rational tone formation in the exquisite delivery of the musical phrase, in the delicate and significant coloring of the tones, in the placing of the most expressive accents and shadings, Jean de Reszke was the greatest singer known to our day.

In other words, he was what neither the popular prima donna of 1887 nor the tenor idol of the forties was—a consummate artist. Nevertheless his success with the general operatic public was not greater than that of Mr. Caruso, who conquers by his incomparable voice. Now appears young Mr. Zenatello, who already seems in a fair way to become a general favorite, and simply through the brilliant quality of some upper tones. For an untrained observer of singing will assert that this tenor has a pleasing quality in his middle register, which is strong and sound, but without distinguishing character, not his lower tones, which are badly formed and disagreeable to the ear.

Nor will any listener of cultivated taste aver that Mr. Zenatello sings with elegance or even with well directed dramatic fervor. His style is essentially that of the Italian stage of to-day, declamatory, forcible, in strong and sound, but without distinguishing character, not his lower tones, which are badly formed and disagreeable to the ear.

For them the singer must always be doing something, and singing steadily in pure legato is doing nothing. Listeners of this type are inexpressibly bored by performances of the operas of Mozart, because the singers are constantly for them—doing nothing; that is, singing the beautiful Mozartean legato. Of course this comprises ability on the part of the singers to sing this sort of music. Usually what one hears in these days is a lamentable distortion of Mozart's legato into a series of explosive ejaculations à la Puccini.

This explosive ejaculation has become the keynote of contemporary Italian opera, and hence of Italian singing. A singer of the Bonci type is so rare a bird as to merit the special study of the musical naturalist. It is permitted us to expect wonderful things when he and Mrs. Senyobich sing together. These expectations are unlikely to be disappointed, though it may be that some persons not taking into account that the greedy sound spaces of the Metropolitan will hunger for greater volume of tone than these refined singers will emit.

In an article on Adelina Patti in the November number of *Musical Magazine*, the present writer embodied a statement that Maurice Strakosch was the teacher of the celebrated prima donna. This assertion has called forth a most courteous protest from Mrs. A. Barilli, who lives in Atlanta. Mrs. Barilli sets forth the substantial claim of Edore Barilli, her husband's father, and the singer of New York's *Rapallo*, to the distinction of having discovered the voice of Mrs. Patti. It is quite true that the great songstress herself has often said that she owed her instruction to Mr. Barilli, and the omission of his name from the article mentioned was an unfortunate inadvertence.

At the same time this may not be an unprofitable occasion to note that singers of high repute are often claimed as pupils by several masters, and credit is sought alike together too frequently for just that part of singing which cannot be taught. The instructor teaches the correct emission of tones and shows the pupil how to proceed logically in the development of power, flexibility and agility in the organ. A wise and cultivated master will also help his pupil in the selection of a vocal range and a knowledge of the characteristics of different schools.

A singer may know all these things and yet be a deadly dull and uninteresting performer. The fact is that in this case, as in the man behind the gun, not the gun, that does the work. Sensibility, refinement, intelligence, emotional force, these are the foundations of preeminence in artistic achievement, and the teacher cannot give these. Mrs. Patti was a born singer. Her gifts were extraordinary. Mr. Barilli's instruction was doubtless good, inasmuch as it did not misdirect those gifts. But no living or dead man could have taught Patti to be Patti.

Walter Damrosch writes a letter naming the authority of the Symphony Society Bulletin for its assertion that Dr. Dvorak utilized negro melodies in the composition of the "New World" symphony. The information of Mr. Damrosch is undoubtedly correct. Certain negro songs were sung to Dr. Dvorak and by stretching the significance of a word it may be said that he utilized them in his symphony.

But when Mr. Damrosch quotes "Swing low, sweet chariot" as one of the tunes he supports the assertion made in this place, for the theme referred to in the symphony—not that song but what might more properly be called a characteristic imitation of it. And making such imitations is what the composer said he was trying to do.

The following pronouncement from the Sym. opy Society, a promoter of publicity is unimpeachable: "An interesting permit will be made by Walter Damrosch at one of the Sunday afternoon concerts of the New York Symphony Society in the near future. He has long felt that the Wagner theory of an invisible orchestra—a conductor for operas could be applied with equal justice to concert, as the mechanism which the conductor has to employ in obtaining his effects from the orchestra, as well as the movements of the musicians in performing on their respective instruments, need not be visible to the audience, they contributing nothing to the musical enjoyment, which, after all, can only be obtained through the sense of hearing."

"It is true that a factitious interest in the personality of conductors has been developed in concert audiences by such externals as the conductor's appearance, the grace or violence of his motions while directing, the length of his hair or the pallor of his countenance, that he uses a baton, or that he is long or short of stature, so on. It is also true that to many the movements of the conductor may furnish a certain interpretative key to the music; but it remains to be seen how much of this is real and how much purely imaginary.

"The experiment of an invisible orchestra and conductor will be tried in the near future and a full discussion of the pros and cons will be invited."

This experiment will be most welcome, but as to its greeting by the public this observer is doubtful. The element of personality is very potent and it depends almost wholly on the visible presence. Let Mr. Damrosch try the experiment of having Miss Eames hidden while she sings her solos next Sunday. It is a beautiful ideal, this pure and unaided hearing, and personally this writer would be glad to have all conductors behind screens; but if Wagner had not had stage pictures and action with his music he would not have objected to the visibility of the orchestra. He objected to it because it spoiled his pictures.

W. J. HENDERSON.

NOTES OF MUSIC EVENTS.

The Metropolitan Opera House will open to-morrow night with the first performance in this country of "Adriana Lecouvreur," by Cilea, with Mme. Cavalletti, Mme. Jacoby, Messrs. Caruso and Scotti in the principal parts. On Wednesday evening Theodore Chailaphin, the Russian basso, will make his debut in the title role of Iolito's "Meditation," together with Richard Martin, an American tenor, Mrs. Farrar, Mme. Sappolo, and Mme. Jacoby. Thursday evening, "Aida," Messrs. Gadeck and Kirby-Lunn, Messrs. Caruso, Scotti and Johnson. Friday night, "The American," Messrs. Bone, Bonci, Sacconi and Journal. Saturday afternoon, "Meditation," and Saturday evening, "Die Meistersinger." Messrs. Gadeck, Mme. Jacoby, Messrs. Knute, Van Roof, Gottitz, Blass and Reis.

The second novelty of the season at the Manhattan Opera House will be Jules Massenet's "Thais," which will be produced on Friday evening. In this work Mary Garden, the American soprano, who has had genuine and continuing success in Paris, will make her debut here. To-morrow evening Offenbach's opera comique, "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," will be repeated with the cast of "Thais." On Wednesday night and at the Saturday matinee, "Aida," with Messrs. Nordica and De Cisneros, Messrs. Zenatello, Ancona and Armandi. Saturday evening, "Il Trovatore," with Carlo Albinetti as the hero.

Max Donner, violinist, will give a recital at Mendelssohn Hall on Friday evening.

The first concert of the Ypsilou Symphony Orchestra will take place at Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening. The soloist will be Jean Gerardo, the eminent cellist, who will play the Largo concerto.

Thursday's concert is one of Susan Meitell's, soprano, at Mendelssohn Hall, and a recital of Paetzmann, pianist, at Carnegie Hall, both in the afternoon, and that of the Margulies Trio at Mendelssohn Hall in the evening.

The Margulies Trio will produce Schubert's "Erlöschen" opus 72, five tone "Tone pictures."

Emma Fames will sing at the Symphony Society's concert of next Saturday evening at Carnegie Hall. This afternoon Edward German will conduct his "Weich Rhapsody."

Paderewski at his next recital on Saturday afternoon at Carnegie Hall will play his own new sonata in E flat minor and Liszt's B minor sonata, the latter newly added to his repertoire. The recital will take place on Saturday, December 14, and will be played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its concert of December 8, 7, instead of at the second only, as previously announced.

ROYAL TOY COLLECTION.

King Edward has brought many souvenirs together in Buckingham Palace. The annual toy exhibitions in Europe lead to the revelation that King Edward had had organized in Buckingham palace a toy display which has the unusual quality that every article in it was either used or made by royal hands. The collection is in the King's own old time playroom, and a star exhibit is the veteran rocking horse, Jupiter, which his father, the Prince Consort, provided for him when he was only a baby. Its mane and tail are sadly dishevelled and its glass eyes lack lustre; it is spavined and foundered, but it is said that the king regards it with great affection. That little prince are not very different from other children may be inferred from the fact that the King's initials, A. E. (Albert Edward), are still to be seen in one of the rockers where he cut them deep with his first penknife.

A more suggestive toy, though it has hardly proved ominous, is an 18 inch model in bronze of the first English breech loading cannon, the famous Armstrong gun. It is a practical working model, and it is reported that around the age of 10 years the then Prince of Wales used often to fire it under the tutelage of a veteran sergeant of artillery. As it carried a good sized bullet a considerable distance a special section of the park was fitted up for his field practice.

Another notable toy is a model schooner made from keel to vane by William IV., the sailor king, who was only a boy when he ascended the throne. It is only a foot long, but it is a remarkably neat and perfect specimen of a amateur workmanship. The King's brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the present Prince of Wales both destined for the navy, are said to have used it as a plaything in their boyhood days.

A very interesting exhibit is the favorite doll of Queen Alexandra, contributed by her father, the late King of Denmark, when he heard the collection was being prepared. It is a very staid and matronly dolly, dressed in quite middle aged style but very richly in white silk and surrounded by the legend is that the Queen cut out every garment herself and sewed every stitch in them.

There is a fire engine built by the Prince of Wales and a flagstaff made by the Duke of Connaught, as well as the tools which he used, also a wagon built by the late Duke of Edinburgh. The most modern article is a lately added dragon kite, the masterpiece of Prince Henry of Wales, the King's grandson, who is now 85 years of age. Altogether there are about 20 articles, representing the English royal family history for some seventy-five to eighty years. A few are only a few are of historical interest and workmanship. Among these is a silver model of the first Paris exhibition, presented by the Empress Frederick of Germany to her niece the Princess Victoria, on her birthday, July 8, 1878. This is valued at several thousand dollars. Another costly gift is a completely equipped working model of a submarine vessel, presented by the present Kaiserin to Prince Edward of Wales, the King's eldest grandson and heir to the English throne.

PIGEON POST IN AFRICA.

French Government Uses It to Keep in Touch With Stations in the Congo.

Awaiting the establishment of wireless telegraphy the French Government has fallen back on the pigeon post to keep up communication with some of its outlying posts in central Africa. Especially has it been used in the case of the expedition under Dr. Martins of the Pasteur Institute, who is in the Congo region studying the sleeping sickness which is ravaging that part of the Dark Continent.

The headquarters of the pigeons has been established at Brazzaville and the birds are taken out by parties starting thence into the forest. Great difficulty has been found in maintaining communication by telegraph. The natives steal the wire, the elephants break the lines and the climate interferes in all sorts of ways. Stringing long lines of field telegraph is simply hopeless.

Unexpectedly good results have been reached with the pigeons. Communication over a circle of perhaps 300 miles radius is regularly kept up. Almost 20 birds have been lost. Many stations, as for instance one which Lieut. Eremillet heads, stationed 120 miles from Brazzaville, exchanging daily mail. Officers on the march also keep in touch with their base of supplies in this way. When the distance does not exceed 1,200 miles messages can be exchanged in a day by a system of relaying.

AN EX-HANGMAN'S OPINIONS.

BERRY, AFTER 197 EXECUTIONS, OPPOSES DEATH PENALTY.

Former Common Hangman of England Has a Scheme of Prison Reform Instead of Capital Punishment—Thinks He Hangs Jack the Ripper—Madness on Scaffold.

LONDON, Nov. 7.—The views of an ex-hangman are probably of psychological interest rather than practical value in considering the question of capital punishment. The views of such a man have been expressed for the readers of "The Sun" by James Berry, who was for ten years the common hangman of England.

During that time Berry hanged 197 criminals and assisted at the execution of some 300. His experiences have made him a strong opponent of capital punishment and reduced him, to use his own words, to a mere bundle of nerves, though he is only 50 and a man of powerful build.

How a man comes to take up such a calling as that of public hangman is a natural question to ask. Berry seems to have drifted into it much as men drift into other and more common occupations.

His father was a rug and blanket maker in a comfortable position at Heston, near London. James Berry was the thirteenth of twenty-five children, and before he was out of his teens had tried his hand at several things. He then joined the Bradford police force, and after a while, when the place of hangman became vacant, he was appointed out of a thousand applicants.

At the moment he thought little of the work he would have to do. But later he began to feel how it affected his relations with the rest of the world, and he tells how it estranged him from his relatives and friends and how keenly he and his wife felt the alights and aners of even school children toward their own children.

As to his views on capital punishment he declares that his experience brought home to him in an unmistakable manner that hanging has failed to prevent crime.

From personal inquiries both among criminals and those in whose charge such were that "the infliction of a less severe punishment—imprisonment under more suitable conditions than obtain—would tend greatly to diminish such crimes."

He quoted the striking decrease of crime usually punishable by death in Belgium, Holland, in Saxony, in Michigan and elsewhere since capital punishment had been abolished. The statistics available in Holland cover thirty years during which none had been hanged.

He had personally inquired of long time convicts both in the prisons proper and in the prison infirmary which they would prefer if they had their time to start again, execution or a life sentence, and in almost every case they had assured him they preferred death on the scaffold to the living death of the convict establishment.

Berry was very clear upon this point—his strong conviction that a radical change is necessary in the whole conduct of the penal establishments.

"Hanging is a big mistake, so are our

methods of dealing with long-term men." Berry went on: "You must remember that all the inmates of such institutions are not hardened criminals."

"I have seen some of the most intelligent looking of men die on the scaffold—you must remember that criminals are sometimes made so by their environment. Many become such from other causes."

"We all have something of the brute in us, but all are not equally capable of repressing vicious tendencies, and in some natures it only takes some slight trouble or departure from sobriety to excite to that state of insanity which makes a murderer of a man."

Berry then gave a glimpse into his own state of mind when conducting an execution. "Murder is always due to insanity," he said. "Call it temporary insanity, if you please."

"Why, although I have often wept sorely before carrying out an execution and seldom performed my horrible duties at one without feeling overcome by their terrible nature, there have been occasions when I positively gloated over them, when I have almost foamed at the mouth with the excitement, madness, of the process. I in fact look upon any public execution as, for the time being at any rate, insane."

Berry in fact seemed to feel that the insanity of the criminal murderer and of the hangman or "legalized murderer," for as such the ex-hangman regards an executioner, are of much the same description.

Talking of the chief cause of murder, Berry declared that it was drink that fed the gallows. Among the nearly 500 whom he had hanged or helped to hang there had not been one teetotaler. Again he drew a curious parallel between the murderer and the hangman.

"If it were not for liquor," he said, "there would be precious few to be hanged, and certainly if it were not for spirits few officials inside our prisons could carry out what is required of them at an execution. That need cause no surprise, for I always had to get brandy inside my stomach at an execution."

His prescription for the treatment of a murderer is: "Give him time to repent in a prison, but under different conditions from those which obtain now. One convict who had been reprieved and who had served twelve years of his term of imprisonment in the prison infirmary, where he was certainly better off than other convicts, asked which he would choose if he had his time over again, knowing what he knew, death on the scaffold or a life sentence, and he fiercely replied, 'Hanging, that is one punishment only, but penal servitude is thousands upon thousands.'"

"I would have each convict," Berry went on, "put to some suitable and useful employment, amid humane surroundings, so that he could earn his own living and be able to contribute toward the support of those upon whom his act had brought shame. Surely work could be found for a man inside a prison which would cover the cost of his own maintenance and that of his dependants."

"Watch him, of course, encourage his better nature, give him something to engage his thoughts, something which will

makes him feel he is doing something to undo the past, something which will enable him to restart life at the end of his imprisonment with a few pounds and know he is assisting to keep those of his kind and kin who need his help outside the prison during his term, and instead of turning out callous criminals and broken men you will find many thoroughly and lastingly reformed characters."

"Then when released help such along the path of right and goodness. That would enable a man to bear his degradation with fortitude, to feel he was doing what he could to live down the past, and in fact go far to prevent the hardened criminal the present system makes of men of certain temperaments."

The question was asked, How many innocent victims perish on the scaffold? "Many," was Berry's reply, and he mentioned cases in which he was convinced he was executing innocent persons.

In one case, he declared, there was not an authority in the prison who was not sure that an innocent victim of the law had been sent to eternity, and events had proved this opinion to be correct.

One of the most notorious criminals of modern times, a man who has given a name to an odious kind of murder, Jack the Ripper, Berry declares he hanged, and at the moment he was talking he was wearing the cuff links that he took from the man's cuffs when he pinioned his hands.

According to Berry this man, of whose identity there have been so many stories, was John Henney, a long-haired, thin, and pale man in the East End of London.

"Behind this shop," said Berry, "were rooms which he used to let to women of the streets. During his absence some one of these degraded women he fully believed, broke into his room and stole some of his savings."

"This made the man so mad that he swore an oath that if he could not find out who it was he would murder every woman who had used his house. This threat he proceeded to carry out."

"Eventually his wife threatened, during a quarrel, to inform the authorities, whereupon he killed her and tried to dispose of the body, which he cut up. For this he was condemned."

"When in the cell and about to pinion him I said to him: 'Well, Jack the Ripper, have you anything to say? If so say it now, as you will have no chance later.' 'No,' was the reply. 'If any one stole anything from me I'd kill the lot to find the right one. I'm not going to give you any big lines, go on with your work, Berry, I'll not say anything.' 'No,' he said."

Berry is to depart shortly to the United States, where he is booked for an evangelical lecturing tour.

BEAVER ON ELK RIVER.

From the Washington Herald.

The impression that the beaver is almost extinct in this country is a mistake, said George H. Hoyer of Vancouver, B. C. "On the Elk River, a tributary of the Fraser, in my own province, there are this season thousands of these little animals, whose fur is so valuable, building their winter quarters. The Elk River has always been a favorite spot for the beaver, but this year the influx has been so marked that even the most experienced trapper cannot tell whence they came. During a large number of years there has been no beaver on the river engaged in catching them as fast as possible. Most of the skins are shipped to San Francisco, while some go to Montreal and Toronto. From these cities they will go to others in all parts of this country and Europe."

LONE FARMER IN AFRICA.

A German Pioneer Tells of His Life North of the Zambesi.

A German farmer named H. G. Koch has been tilling the soil for four years about 100 miles north of the Zambesi River in central Africa. No other farmer lives within fifty miles of him.

There are not twenty European farmers in the whole of Northwest Rhodesia, a country four times as large as the State of New York. Koch is a pioneer.

He likes the soil and the climate and is there to stay. His farm is as near the equator as the north part of central America, but it stands 4,000 feet above the sea and the heat is less oppressive than in many more southern regions.

A few weeks ago Koch talked to a convention of farmers in Southern Rhodesia. They were interested in his story, for he is the first man competent to give valuable testimony on the farming conditions beyond the Zambesi.

He told them he had settled on the surveyed line of the Cape to Cairo Railroad for he knew he could sell his produce when the railroad reached him. Taking in a wagon and a few head of live stock he roamed northward, following the stakes of the surveyors. He reached a region that exactly suited him. There he built a little shack and began to use the plough and other farming implements he had brought in his wagon.

Koch says that the best plough land in the colony is a rich, deep black loam, found in the valleys and in patches of from 100 to 2,000 acres all through the country. It grows the finest corn he ever saw.

Then a gray sandy loam is well adapted for the cultivation of tobacco, cotton and potatoes. All crops with proper cultivation grow splendidly. Garden truck can be raised the year round, and he is raising wheat in winter with success.

A third kind of soil is suitable only for pasture. Grass grows in abundance, cattle keep in good condition the year round and the climate at that high altitude is mild and pleasant.

Koch's faith has been justified. The Cape to Cairo Railroad has been built 100 miles beyond his door. The little station of Kalamo has sprung up near his farm. He has a market for all he can raise.

He pays native laborers from \$1.25 to \$2.50 a month, and thinks his men compare favorably with black labor in Cape Colony. He has no doubt, so that the railroad has been completed to the Broken Hill copper mines, that more farmers will come into the region.

TRAVELS OF A PICTURE FILM.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The life of a picture film is limited. They constantly are wound and unwound on the machines and in time wear them so full of holes and scratches that they become valueless. Only by the best of care can a string of films be made to last through one season.

When the films are rented from the Paris manufacturers it costs the managers in this country the way from \$10 to \$20 a week to get them. The rental price depends on the quality of the films and the scenes which they portray. In the five-cent theatres, where there is a change of pictures every day, the same film can be used only two or three times at most. After that they are sent to the next vaudeville or five-cent theatre in San Francisco, while some go to Montreal and Toronto. From these cities they will go to others in all parts of this country and Europe.

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