

THE SINGER AND THE EGO

PONDER THE DEEP WISDOM OF THE ARTIST.

Many Times Interviewed, Many Times He Finds Ignorance of Music in Town Which Lauded Him Next Season More Singers Will Tell Us Things.

Eastward now the flight of the artists clouds the azure sky. From the land flowing with milk and dollars to the land aglow with pounds and beef they fly. Their great souls uplifted toward the limitless ether by the sense of holy service in the sacred cause of "art," they go to shed the blessings of their presence on another people. Many, many times in the course of the sweet summer time they will pour out their hearts in pity for this benighted country where there is no artistic perception, no appreciation of the gospel of truth.

It is a real joy to observe the action of your true artist. The artist, be it understood, is always an opera singer. The opera singer calls himself "artist" because he has studied the art of singing, about which as a rule he does not know more than the superficial rudiments. His conception of art is that it is a means whereby he excites public admiration of himself. This accounts for his possession of that beautiful humility which is the most satisfying proof of intellectual honesty. When Newton said that after all his investigations he felt like a child standing by the shore while the great ocean of truth lay yet unexplored before him he assumed the attitude taken by the real artist.

The conceit of the opera singer's devotion to art for art's sake may also be gathered from the frankness of his regard for other devotees of the same art. In considering this trait of the singer one is surely reminded of Michelangelo calling down aesthetic vengeance on the head of any one who dared to alter the plans of St. Peter's made by Bramante, and Michelangelo did not like Bramante.

The humility of these true artists is demonstrated by their willingness to learn. One recalls with delight the story which Mancini tells of Farinelli, that despite his great success he found it possible, after his fortunes were certain and his fame established, to remodel his style and acquire a new and better manner. This we note invariably in the case of every opera singer. They are always studying and improving, never satisfied that they have nothing more to learn or that there is any living human being from whom they cannot learn. No, they are willing to learn from the humblest. All the contraltos note the fineness of the soprano and all the tenors discover admirable traits in the art of the basses.

Thus we see Mr. Caruso, after years of unsurpassed success in lyric singing, advancing into the broader realm of recitatives and shaking high heaven with new and unexpected tone. Thus did we some time sooner observe Milka Ternina crossing the borderland between Brabant and the Rhine provinces and reading for herself a Brünnhilde far more potent than her Elza; and yet again she swam like a new planet into our ken in the realm of Puccini and poured out the net life blood of her voice in Tosca. Well, across the sea they speed their pliant, and around the vessel pour proudly the dark waves roar and—but that is a Homer of whom the opera world knows not. Beneath the restless sea, reader, there lies, a secret, undulate, wily way, through which the secrets of men and women's lives steal forth into the world. Despite the best laid plans of all these humble and devoted artists what they do and what they say, especially the latter for they say so much that is so instructive, will be revealed to us who remain behind in the impenetrable artistic darkness of America. Let us then rejoice and be exceedingly glad, that the operatic stars sing together and that the harmony of the spheres is made to sound like the jangling of sweet bells out of tune.

Even before they go they spread the record of their souls upon innocent white paper. One singer of sweet songs departs huffing execrations Parthianlike over his celestial shoulder. It is a gross, fat and sensual world, in which he has to gasp for artistic breath. There is a vast and reeking sty of politics in it. There is a whirling phantasmagoria of impressions, assistances and quasi press agents—all working for the other tenor. The high and holy art of singing, of which this complaining artist is a special exemplar, is not cherished. He goes his way, leaving behind him the memory of a haughty spirit, wounded because the little cosmos of opera declined to look upon it as the centre of all things. Not a word had this great artist to say except that his dignity had been offended. The dignity of a passing opera singer is not a subject to be discussed lightly. Let us bow reverentially before it and walk backward out of the temple.

Another distinguished artist—a woman this time—sums up her experiences in the course of a first season in America by expressing her approval of the critics. They had warmly praised her singing "good old critics?" They knew their business, didn't they? They escaped this great artist as to a work conditions existing in the institution which had the good fortune to employ her services, not a word of any sort except a proclamation of self-satisfaction; and yet this woman is by the grace of nature one of the best operatic interpreters ever heard on the local stage. If we are to expect to find humility, self-effacement, reverence for art any more surely we ought to find them in one of the foremost artists of our time. But no, she strikes the chord of self which does not tremble nor pass in music out of sight.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton once remarked that it was impossible to put an artist's day into the life of any one but an artist; but the essayist was not talking about lives spent in the glare of newspaper publicity and the spotlight. He was writing about the life of the creative artist. Fortunate painter, who when he conceives a beautiful thought interprets it himself and does not have to lean upon

THE SHOULDER OF A PUBLIC PERFORMER WHO REGARDS HIM MERELY AS A TAILOR.

You could not put a day of Beethoven into the life of any one but Beethoven. You could not dream the "Afternoon of a Faun" unless you were a Mallarmé or a Debussy. But bless your innocent heart, whose *Leona* are you invited to regard? Beethoven's? Whose *Leona* would you care to follow? From one of our Atlantic seaboard to the other? Debussy's?

What of this art nouveau which the French composer has projected into the atmosphere of intellectual indolence? Who has talked about that? Oh, yes, a few academic critics and gushing young transcendentalists, overburdened with phrases whose sound is far greater than their meaning. The singer regards all such discussion as a waste of space, and a large part of the overbearing public. For example, a few days ago a newspaper published an interview with a prominent tenor. Note that the promulgation of the opinions of tenors, who are profound thinkers on the subject of art, is one of the important industries of editors. This tenor, whose art consists in bawling at the top of his lungs from the moment he appears on the stage till he leaves it, announced that New York was a great operatic city, in as far as it paid a large amount of money to hear opera; but that it knew absolutely nothing about opera and did not understand it. Chicago, however, was a really musical city and understood opera perfectly.

Without this infantile creature believed that he was saying something of deep significance, whereas what he was saying amounted merely to this, that in New York he had not achieved brilliant success, whereas in Chicago he had. Ergo, Chicago knew what was what.

It is so vital to the artistic welfare of any city that it should understand opera. To be incapable of going into raptures of enthusiasm over a very loud delivery of the sextet in "Lucia" is a demonstration of artistic insensibility far worse than failing to discern the wonderful tenderness of the slow movement of Brahms's minor symphony. No, he has to be told by the farewell of *Wotan*, surrounded by red fire, shows a hard heart. Not to feel around to deeds of daring by *Siegfried*'s battle with the overgrown pug dog is proof of an unalloyed spirit. To be moved to your heart's core by Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" shows that you are a prig.

Most of these matters would be merely amusing if they were not so disgusting to those who have the capacity of feeling. The opera singer was sitting in a gallery of paintings some four thousand miles from New York one day last summer contemplating a picture by Andrea del Sarto. The air without was hot and dry and the streets were dusty. In the gallery it was cool and quiet and the spirits of the mighty dead spoke in comforting tones. Suddenly the peace was shattered by the incursion of half a score of typical American tourists out of school. They drew up in front of the Del Sarto, and one who had not vainly condescended her Baedeker told the others:

"By Andrea del Sarto. One of his masterpieces."

"Well," came the prompt announcement from one of the sweet girl graduates, "I don't think much of it."

This office contains no type large enough to indicate the self-importance of the personal pronoun. That utterance was made. Even the girl's companions did not take it too seriously, for they believed their own opinions about Andrea del Sarto, or any other old painting, entitled to be quite as good as Mabel's.

When a fat witted opera tenor, who probably never had an idea in his life as to what operatic art signifies, except to believe that it was created for his glory and honor and emolument, bursts forth some silly words about the position of a certain tenor in musical history (which he has never read) or of London as a conservator of classic art (of which he does not know the meaning), then his fatuous phrases are solemnly telegraphed through the world, and because he is a "musician" he is quoted as authoritative.

When Richard Strauss talks his words are worth reporting, even if they accomplish no other end than the betrayal of the speaker's vanity and greed; but the words of a personage in the world of music, who has made something whether for a year or an age it matters not, if Claude Debussy elects to talk about his art, even critics should be quiet and be very attentive, for that is their opportunity to learn something.

When a really great singer talks about the technique of singing the chances are that his words will be worth untold price, but the chances are that they will be worth nothing at all. He is a man who has gone back to his room to await her coming and keep guard over the *Countess*. The maid proceeds to be a poor young woman who considers the situation most improper and asks twice her usual wages in consequence. Troubles multiply for *Preedy*. His two servants give no heed to the learn of the strange lady's arrival. Of course his prospective father-in-law makes a morning call and has to be fobbed to and rebuffed after the time has passed of farces. Then members of the *Countess*'s family drop in, having traced her to *Preedy*'s rooms. They treat him as a man who has been taken in by a trick, and return to her home with them and the curtain falls upon a distracted *Preedy*. The third act brings back Mr. Bonall, who was in the first act, and who is the father of the old man's deceased. He has no wish to face the *Countess* and wants to leave all explanations to *Preedy*, but a little man who considers the situation most improper and asks twice her usual wages in consequence. The *Countess* is not much disturbed by the story, being as tired of her elderly admirer and when *Preedy*'s distracted fiancée arrives demanding explanations the *Countess* takes matters into her own hands, crushes *Bonall*, embraces *Preedy* and kisses the delighted *Countess* affectionately. Then her male relatives having returned to her, she decides to withdraw the bill by fair means or foul. She does not hesitate to resort to foul methods. He discovers a love affair between *Trevena* and a certain *Leona*, a clever and beautiful woman, with a blackguard of a husband, and he has them followed,

EASTER WEEK LONDON PLAYS

MISS FAY DAVIS TRIES A SEASON OF SHAKESPEARE.

Daily Matinees and Tenpenny's Insects of Scenery. Weston Grossmith in a Dull Farce—Yellon Journalism as Exhibited at Miss Lena Ashwell's Theatre.

LONDON, April 17.—Holy Week is an unprofitable time for theatres in England. Some of them closed on Holy Thursday till Easter Monday. Others struggled through the week, only shutting their doors on Good Friday, and playing to almost empty houses at all performances. Naturally managers are glad when Lent is over.

The week beginning Easter Monday is an established time for new productions. This year there were not quite so many as usual. The first to open was Terry's Theatre with a new manager, Mr. Henderson, who started Miss Annie Hughes in a new comedy by Arthur Law. The piece was "The Girl Miss Bering" and was miscast, being really a farce. Miss Annie Hughes in the title role had a great personal success and as an intriguing, always charming if somewhat feline young woman who manoeuvred herself from the position of governess to that of a Marchioness, she seemed to delight the typically English audience, who bore patiently with the silliness of the play for the sake of the star.

The next to tempt fate was Miss Fay Davis, who opened a season of Shakespeare at the Court with "As You Like It." She intends to have daily matinees, with evening performances Mondays and Saturdays, during the six weeks of the season, and a different play will be presented each week.

Tapestries were used instead of scenery and *Prody* rather a relief after the sumptuousness of recent Shakespearean productions in London. One seemed to appreciate more fully than ever the charm of the play, and the absence of waits between scenes secured a brisk and faithful representation of the piece.

Miss Davis was charming, fresh, light-hearted *Rosalind*. This was practically her return to the London stage after her sojourn in America, for her recent appearances with H. B. Irving as the *Chorus* in "Henry V." can scarcely be counted. As *Rosalind* she showed some of her critics, for she did not play absolutely according to traditions, but she displayed a keen sense of fun and girlish gaiety, which the note of deep feeling pierced through in the forest scenes. One critic said: "Her surviving thought softened American accent found itself a little at odds with some Shakespearean phrases."

The *Orlando* of Gerald Lawrence was very stilted and unconvincing. The other members of the company were adequate if not inspiring.

Tuesday evening R. C. Carton's farce, "Mr. Preedy and the Countess" had its initial performance, with Weedon Grossmith and Miss Compton in the leading parts. Not even the incomparable Grossmith drolletry could save the play from being undeniably dull.

WHY STEEPLECHASERS FALL

RUBIO'S COLLAPSE IN GRAND NATIONAL

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The collapse of Rubio, the American candidate in the recent Grand National, has caused some discussion as to why horses fall without any apparent reason. The race was held on the 17th inst. when he won that he was a good fencer, and this time he was well up with the front brigade when he took the header and landed in a heap over the water jump. English accounts of the race say that he came at the obstacle with rare dash, and just behind Judas, the leader, and some of the critics have since been at a loss to know why he came down so suddenly.

After the horse regained his pins it was found that one of his fetlocks was done for and then the theory goes that he had broken down earlier in the race. How a horse could manage to run as Rubio did to the last fence if broken down is hard to understand, so the more conservative are content to accept the conclusion that the breakdown occurred at the takeoff and not before.

What really caused the fall will never be accurately known, but it is hardly possible that Rubio will ever again figure at Liverpool. The going was exceptionally heavy and added to this was the fact that he had carried a good deal more than last year. This perhaps tired him so that he cracked in an instant.

Those who make it a study are of the opinion that the horse very much resembles the human being when it comes to accidents. Some horses are very easily brought down, while others show wonderful instinct in keeping their legs. In connection with this very race—the Grand National—there are two notable instances of instinctiveness, the latest being that of Lutter III, who swerved in midair to avoid the fallen horse, and the other Cloister, the first horse to carry top weight successfully past the post.

At the fence before Valentine's Brook Lutter III, nearly landed on top of a fallen horse, but while in midair the French horse swerved sideways like a cat and just grazed the fallen animal. Parfement, the jockey, said afterward that neither himself nor his mount saw the danger till they were half way over the jump, and had not time to turn. He instantly avoided the fallen horse, he would surely have been sprawling. Cloister won in 1863 with 175 pounds in the saddle, and as Dolley, his rider, explained afterward, he let the big chaser take the course and fence his own way. In the early stage of the race Dolley took the lead and the other couple of jumps, but the horse would put in an extra stride of his own before taking off. "I said to him," said Dolley, "All right, but make it your way; you know more about it than I do, I dare say," and thence onward Cloister did not put a wrong foot over any of the fences.

It is known that as a general rule a fall of a jockey tends to result in a worse result to a jockey than a fall over fences, for the reason "it is the pace that kills," and it is the fast pace that makes the fall most dangerous. The reason why is it that horses fall? In answer I may say that there are a great many reasons, such as their being insufficiently schooled, or their being badly ridden, or their interfering with a fence, etc., and I will try to describe each in turn.

It will take the steeplechaser as he comes to the hands of the trainer, he may have been bought out of a flat race stable or he may have been bred and put aside for chasing. The first thing to do with a horse after getting him ready for school is to school him, and schooling has a great deal to do with whether a horse falls or not, and it is most essential, in the case of a horse, to treat them kindly and teach them not to be afraid; it is patience that is required with this stamp of horse. I think one can say that the old hand who has a horse that never so good a chaser as the natural jumper, being a slower and more careful fencer, but I think that as a rule he does not fall, and the reason for this is that he has been thoroughly schooled. Unfortunately nowadays the majority of fences do not require as much jumping as the old hand, and the result is that the horses are not so well schooled as they used to be. A trainer having a nice, free, bold, natural jumper does not wish to give him a hard time by constantly schooling him at home, so sends him out to compete in a race, and as long as that horse is meeting small made-up jumps he will be all right, but once he is sent to a big race the result will be disastrous. A natural jumper does not rise so easily over fences as a taught jumper.

A horse having been schooled and being ready for an engagement, we can deal with what happens in a race, but what we must remember is that the confidence must be entire between horse and rider, or grief is bound to come, and that a horse that has not much control over himself and is going a great deal slower than at any point of his race and his jockey is probably calling upon him for an extra effort, say between the last two fences, he responds gamely to the call made upon him, but owing to the lack of control that he has over himself, together with perhaps the fact that his jockey's efforts he is a little unbalanced, he is thrown, and is wrong and the inevitable loss occurs.

Now the danger in this fall is that he falls slowly and the risk to his jockey is that the horse may fall on him. One has seen horses fall like this time and time again and like logs on the ground and sometimes the jockey is held up and his horse is held up. A fall from a third horse, even though a fall clear, very often ends in disaster, for it probably occurs at the end of a race, and the jockey will insist on wearing the curvaceous gown, no course is open to this well-meaning scribe other than to tell them how they may eliminate the fat.

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MUSICAL PLAY BY STUDENTS.

This Week's Show by the New York University Dramatic Society.

The Varsity Dramatic Society of the New York University presents this year's show at the Berkeley Theatre. It is called "The Echo," and is a musical play in two acts.

Deems Taylor, '08, is the composer of the music and William Le Baron, '08, the writer of the book and lyrics. These two men were the authors of the three previous shows of 1906, 1907 and 1908, namely, "The Merry Widow," "The Oracle" and "Cap'n Kidd & Co.," all of which were successfully produced at Carnegie Lyceum.

Frank Stammers, who staged the New York production of "The Merry Widow," is coaching the local collegians for the third season. There will be four performances of "The Echo"—on the evenings of April 29 and 30 and the afternoon and evening of May 1.

The scene is laid at a summer hotel in the New England States, where a wealthy New York soap manufacturer is seeking rest and quiet and especially to escape from a song which he wrote and which has become the rage. There is a long story in the plot, and finally all ends happily. The cast of the show follows:

John W. Schreier, the soap man. J. Scannell, '08. Dan Brown, hotel clerk. Paul Wolf, '08. Dan Ferris, '08. William Le Baron, '08. Regie Brewster, the post. Frank Hayden, com. T. L. Cunningham, '12. Cyrus Adams, the old maid. H. Steinhil, '11. Bay. S. Steiner's niece. Dale Sutton, '11. Dorothy. In love with W. P. Sinclair, '11. Molly Brewster, in love with Dick. C. Daniels, '11. Mrs. Brewster, married. Mrs. Brewster, '11. Mrs. Brewster, '11. P. L. Kopf, '11.

Among the matrones are Mrs. Andrews of the famous "Hello, Goodbye," Mrs. Henry M. Cracken, Mrs. Julian Edwards, Mrs. Victor Herbert and Mrs. Van Horne. Paul Wolf, '08, is president of the Dramatic Society. The manager is George A. Young, '08, is manager of the show.

Notes of Musical Events. Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," one of the greatest operatic successes of the season, will have a special performance at the Metropolitan Opera House on evening of April 25. The entire original cast will appear except that Mme. Gadski will sing the principal soprano role for the first time here.

Edith Davies Jones, soprano, will give a concert at the Metropolitan Opera House on Friday evening. She will have the assistance of Leo Schulz, cellist, Staudion Jones, tenor, and Harry Rowe Shelley, organist.

Chopin's sonata in B flat minor will be a feature of the farewell recital by the Grand Opera House orchestra, which will be given at Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon, May 1. Gabrielovich will also play compositions of Beethoven, Schubert, Josef Hofmann and Frederic Chopin, and Mendelssohn, opus 8, and Capriccio, Barlesque, opus 8.

BENNETT FOR ACHSCHREWSKY

THE YOUNG RUSSIAN TENOR HAS GONE INSANE.

Bessie Abbott Has Taken "Alno Aekte's" Place at Monte Carlo—"Sulmo" the Latest Opera Comique Novelty—Etelka Gerster's Daughter to Sing.

Ivan Altschewsky, the young Russian tenor who came here to sing during the first season at the Manhattan Opera House, has recently lost his mind, and as he had no resources his countryman Theodor Schallapin has promised to organize a benefit for him in Paris. He had created the leading role in the new opera "Le Colzar," by Mme. Terrieri, and had surprised the audience by the unusual fervor of his singing and acting.

After the performance he lost his mind completely, and it is thought that he will stay in a sanitarium will be necessary. He has had a peculiar history. He was reared in wealth with the belief that he would inherit from his father an ample fortune and his estates about Kiev. It was left penniless, however, as everything had been spent and mortgaged before his father died. As he had no means of earning a livelihood but his voice, he took up an operatic career. He was singing in a café when Oscar Hammerstein heard him in Brussels. Schallapin is a gift for his brilliant performance as "Boris Godonoff" when the Russian singers go to give their season in Paris next month.

Aino Aekté was ill at Monte Carlo and ended her engagement after a few appearances, so Bessie Abbott sang many of the rôles which were to go to the Finnish soprano, who makes a specialty now of her *Salome*, dancing the episode of the seven veils with great seductiveness. Miss Abbott was most successful as *Juliette*. Monte Carlo is said to be in a state of excitement about the achievement of Thomas Salgés, who used to be popular in the lyric rôles at the Metropolitan, has been reengaged at the Opéra Comique in Paris at what is said to be the largest salary paid to any singer in France and exceeding by \$100 the amount paid to Edmond Clement, who comes next year to New York. This salary amounts to \$1,500 a month for ten appearances for ten months of the year. Marguerite Carre, wife of Albert, director of the Opéra Comique, who has retired to America, is said to leave the theatre if her husband succeeds Messager and Broussan at the Opéra and travel as a star in those cities that possess an opera house small enough to suit her minute talents.

The Isola brothers, who have converted the Theatre de la Gaiteé into a second opera house, find their artists chiefly from those who have formerly sung at the Opéra. Albert Alvarez, who was not reengaged to sing at the national theatre again but allowed to remain as he has contracted came to an end, has been singing "Le Prophète" there with Marie Delna, another Opéra discard as *Fides*. She has also been singing there in "La Favorite."

"Solange," the latest novelty at the Opéra Comique, is by Gaston Salvayre and is an attempt to return to the old style of opéra comique, although the orchestration is intensely modern. The production is a success, and has won a Revolution, and the story turns on the marriage of a young lieutenant with the daughter of an aristocrat in order to protect himself from the military law. They separate then and meet afterward to fall in love and then realize that they are man and wife. It had more success than the great average of such works. Cavalier to sing *Thais* in the coming month at the Opéra.

Berlin is to have a new opera house devoted chiefly to the works of Richard Wagner and to be raised by private subscription. It is said that 20,000 persons have already agreed to pay the minimum of \$100 each, and that the plan is for a year, which entitles them to certain privileges in regard to seats. The price of seats is to range from 37 cents to \$100, and the condition of least 120 five tickets a year be bought by every subscriber. The plan is to give chiefly if not entirely the works of Wagner, which is the most important part of the repertoire of the Royal Opera House that the Berlin public is but little acquainted with them. There is to be no thought of profit in the undertaking, and the director is to be selected by the committee in charge of the enterprise. The new opera house, which is to be opened in a year from October, is to be a masterpiece of architecture and business personnel of 400 persons and an orchestra of 100 musicians. It is proposed to make one of the famous critics of the day the artistic director of the enterprise.

Lilli Lehmann has just been celebrating in Berlin the 100th anniversary of the birth of her father, the composer, who played an important part in the life of Richard Wagner. She was born Maria Theresa Loew on March 27, 1809, and went on the opera stage in 1828, when she was 19 years of age. She sang first at Frankfurt, *Agathe* in "Der Freischütz." She sang in the principal German cities, and was in Cassel under the direction of the composer, who played with her in the orchestra when a skillful musician was required. She would frequently direct Wagner from her place in the orchestra, and she has since done so through her influence that he was able to sell the rights to "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" at a time when the money was very important to the composer. She had been singing in Prague that she settled there and began to teach singing.

Sometimes they do strange operatic things in Germany. One of these happened last week at Wiesbaden. Martha Loewler-Burckhardt sang *Tozco* for the first time to the *Mario* of Paul Kabisch. Cologne is to have its opera festival again with Mottl, Nikisch, Steinlach and Lohse as conductors. "Die Meistersinger," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Fidelio" and "Godfrey" are to be the operas. "Elektra," also to be the operas. Etelka Gardini is the real name of the Italian soprano who has been engaged on the operatic stage. But this time it is her daughter, a second Etelka, who will use her father's, not her mother's, name. She has just sung in public concert in Berlin for the first time. She sang the part of *Silvia* in Mascagni's "Zanetto," and is said to have a beautiful voice as well as a very good one. Her father was an Italian from whom Mrs. Gerster separated years ago. Being unable to live without a prima donna, coloratura soprano, he was engaged in a public concert in the Royal Opera House in Prague. He is to sing for three years in Prague and then go to Vienna for six years.

Irma Terrieri, a young singer of Aino Aekté, has just been singing for the first time in Sweden. She is a contralto and a member of a company at the Royal Opera House in Stockholm. She is married. Her father, the popular Norwegian tenor who rarely sings outside of Scandinavian countries, has just been appearing with great success at the opera house in Stockholm.

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It is known that as a general rule a fall of a jockey tends to result in a worse result to a jockey than a fall over fences, for the reason "it is the pace that kills," and it is the fast pace that makes the fall most dangerous. The reason why is it that horses fall? In answer I may say that there are a great many reasons, such as their being insufficiently schooled, or their being badly ridden, or their interfering with a fence, etc., and I will try to describe each in turn.

It will take the steeplechaser as he comes to the hands of the trainer, he may have been bought out of a flat race stable or he may have been bred and put aside for chasing. The first thing to do with a horse after getting him ready for school is to school him, and schooling has a great deal to do with whether a horse falls or not, and it is most essential, in the case of a horse, to treat them kindly and teach them not to be afraid; it is patience that is required with this stamp of horse. I think one can say that the old hand who has a horse that never so good a chaser as the natural jumper, being a slower and more careful fencer, but I think that as a rule he does not fall, and the reason for this is that he has been thoroughly schooled. Unfortunately nowadays the majority of fences do not require as much jumping as the old hand, and the result is that the horses are not so well schooled as they used to be. A trainer having a nice, free, bold, natural jumper does not wish to give him a hard time by constantly schooling him at home, so sends him out to compete in a race, and as long as that horse is meeting small made-up jumps he will be all right, but once he is sent to a big race the result will be disastrous. A natural jumper does not rise so easily over fences as a taught jumper.

A horse having been schooled and being ready for an engagement, we can deal with what happens in a race, but what we must remember is that the confidence must be entire between horse and rider, or grief is bound to come, and that a horse that has not much control over himself and is going a great deal slower than at any point of his race and his jockey is probably calling upon him for an extra effort, say between the last two fences, he responds gamely to the call made upon him, but owing to the lack of control that he has over himself, together with perhaps the fact that his jockey's efforts he is a little unbalanced, he is thrown, and is wrong and the inevitable loss occurs.

Now the danger in this fall is that he falls slowly and the risk to his jockey is that the horse may fall on him. One has seen horses fall like this time and time again and like logs on the ground and sometimes the jockey is held up and his horse is held up. A fall from a third horse, even though a fall clear, very often ends in disaster, for it probably occurs at the end of a race, and the jockey will insist on wearing the curvaceous gown, no course is open to this well-meaning scribe other than to tell them how they may eliminate the fat.

What? What, then, that reduces fat? Is there on druggists' shelves that can reduce a pound a day without causing wrinkles and sagging skin? No, but there are some who offer as an improvement over scapulars or ten mile walks without "scapulars" a certain quantity of "Fat Out" and an expensive to buy that will reduce one's weight a moderate amount. It is either the Marmola Company, Dept. 1, Detroit, Mich., or ask your local druggist for a sample. It costs 25 cents per ounce, but you will give you one for 50 cents if you order a quantity. It contains so generous a quantity of "Fat Out" that sometimes one case only is needed to reduce a person's weight. Can you match that for a simple solution of your problem?

TEST FOR EGGS.

Place One in a Glass of Water and Observe in Its Position.

Placed in the water an egg if fresh will remain resting at the bottom of the vessel; if not quite fresh it will rest on the bottom and the larger the egg is raised the older is the egg.



As an egg gets older, says the *Spokane*, the water contained in the white of the egg evaporates, and this causes the empty space at the thick end of every egg to become enlarged. The larger that empty space becomes the more the egg rises in the water, till in course of time it floats.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Fat Is Out of Style

To paraphrase Caesar's remark, the directorate gown, fat was seen—and has conquered. So fat ladies are reduced, so to speak, to the necessity of either reducing their weight or rate of fat, but they do not seem to be doing either. They are themselves from public view until the fashion dies out. Otherwise they risk being ridiculous.