IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

DOES MR. HAMMERSTEIN MEAN TO RETIRE?

Perish the Thought!—Let Him Remain for Many Years—How to Prevent Importation of "Scab" Orchestras From Europe—One Comes Now From Boston

Oscar Hammerstein is continually in the newspapers. He is the most successful press agent in the United States. It is not generally known that he eats certain meals in a certain restaurant and that all the reporters are aware of this fact. Now consider journalistic conditions. Before the advent of lemon colored methods amusement managers used to hire press agents to employ craft and cunning to get into newspapers the same matter that the newspapers now pay reporters substantial salaries to go out and gather.

In those days it was not regarded as a "beat" to publish the programme for the coming week at the opera ahead of other newspapers. It was deemed a favor to the manager of the house to publish it at all. In those days it was not considered first class journalistic enterprise to cable to Paris to ask Mary Garden what she thought about Richard Strauss. Mary Garden's press agent in those days would have committed suicide in despair if she had asked him to get such a thing into the papers.

But we have changed all that. Mary Garden's dog is a bigger personage than Ilma di Murska was in her most colored coloratura days. Consequently when Oscar Hammerstein sits at meat in a public restaurant, reporters stand around him in semi-circle waiting lest perchance he audibly communicate to himself that he is going to give a special performance of "Salome" on a Tuesday night in March.

Consider, then what happens when he condescends to notice the presence of the reporters (as he invariably does) and to tell them a few things about himself and others. Lately it appears that he has been talking about the possibilities of the future, and he has intimated that it is uncertain how long he will continue to give opera at the Manhattan Opera House.

We must all sincerely hope that he will do so for many years. Mr. Hammerstein is a trained and experienced purveyor of public amusement. This has been his profession for years. It is true that he was not brought up in it. But the conditions surrounding the buisness of public amusements have so changed that it is quite exceptional to find a theatre managed by a man who has grown up in the theatrical business. Such an institution as Wallack's Theatre in the days of Lester Wallack would be almost a freak of nature now.

Theatrical managers do not come in now through the stage door but through the box office, and that is where Hammerstein entered. But he has more than the ordinary qualifications for his chosen vocation. He is acquainted with music to some extent, and he knows when he is listening to a tenor and when to a bass. But better than that he knows that he is not an operatic conductor nor stage manager, and he does not interefere with those who are.

He conducts his theatre on sensible principles and the result is that he accomplishes much. He has given to this public much excellent operatic art. He has produced a number of really interesting operas which we might never have heard if he had not been in the field. He has provided an opposition to the Metropolitan Opera House, which has been taken so seriously as to make the directors of that important institution sometimes look ludicrous.

To see the coterie of rich men who manage the Metropolitan in a state of panic about the doings of this single handed impresario has afforded a great deal of amusement to the mere lookers on in Vienna. The frantic endeavors of these men to shut him out of other cities have entangled them in a web of financial difficulties, and the singular performance of the Napoleon of the board in trying to bring Wall Street methods into the situation and effect an operatic trust furnished one of the most delicious tidbits of theatrical gossip of the entire season. The swift, complete and commendable manner in which this matter was dropped was not the least of the clever achievements of the Metropolitan Opera Company in its battle with fate and Hammerstein.

And now Mr. Hammerstein tells the reporters that if his public is not more liberal next season it will be his last. There is something inexplicable behind all this. In the first place such a thing as a "bad house" is never seen at the Manhattan. The auditorium is always nearly full, and when "Tales of Hoffmann" is given or Mme. Tetrazzini sings "Lucia" it is crowded.

What becomes of all the money? Upon whom does Mr. Hammerstein lay the responsibility for his deficit? At the other house this matter has been reduced to a science. Is there a deficit? Well, that is Dippel's fault. Was there a poor house in Baltimore? That was Dippel's fault. Was the revival of "Stradella" a failure? That was Dippel's fault. Did Caruso sing out of tune in Philadelphia? Again Dippel's fault. Ergo, Carthago delenda est; Dippel must go.

But Mr. Hammerstein has no goat. If any one is to blame it has to be Hammerstein. That, of course, is out of the question, so the blame is put on the public. Now on one or two other occasions Mr. Hammerstein has announced that while he loved art and enjoyed nothing in life better than scouring Europe for French tenors, soothing the always ruffled sensibilities of prima donnas and paying for the mounting of new operas, still he thought that the general public ought at least to act as if it thought that he was worth passing notice. And forthwith he has threatened that if substantial subscriptions were not instantly forthcoming the Manhattan Opera House would be transformed into a skating rink or a circus or something else not wholly to the glorification of New York.

But the Manhattan Opera House is still there. Can it be that Mr. Hammerstein is disappointed at the reception of "Elektra"? No, the sting must be deeper than that. But whatever it is, it will be hard to induce sceptical newspaper men to believe that the impresario of the West Side will cease to give opera as long as his health and strength hold out.

Earlier in the season the town was alive with rumors that Mr. Hammerstein was in the throes of pecuniary embarrassment. The same story was circulated just before the production of "Louise" and again before that of "Salome." In each instance the opera named was credited with having saved him from ruin. It is hardly likely that "Elektra" will receive the same distinction.

Nevertheless Mr. Hammerstein's season will go through to its end, and that in spite of the fact that he has this season the largest and most costly company he has ever had and that the strike in Philadelphia has interfered with his business plans in a serious way.

When the mild spring weather comes and the sea voyage looks inviting, and the image of the Théâtre du Châtelet persistently rises in the mind, it is altogether likely that Mr. Hammerstein will sit at meat in his restaurant and say to the reporters: "What! Stop? Who put that idea into your heads?"

A friend of THE SUN who recently heard a performance of "Tristan und Isolde" under the baton of Arturo Toscanini writes to say that the interpretation seemed to him to want the barbaric power of the score and he asks why the critics have so generally praised this reading. In the first place it must be borne in mind that Mr. Toscanini is an Italian. He cannot be expected to conceive any score as a German would.

His reading of "Tristan und Isolde" does unquestionably lack certain elements of power and that sweeping utterance of unbridled passion which is sought by the German conductor. On the other hand every music lover must at this day be fully alive to the fact that no other operatic score is more opulent in sensuous melody and harmony than that of Wagner's masterpiece.

It is this sensuous beauty that appeals most forcibly to the Italian temperment. Mr. Toscanini, like any other Italian, feels what may be called the purely Italian traits of "Tristan" rather than those which are essentially Teutonic.

To proclaim in eloquent manner the sensuous beauty of the score of this work is to deliver a reading which must command the praise of any honest critic. The commentator may regret the absence of the barbaric passion demanded by certain episodes, but he cannot condemn the entire reading for this reason. On the contrary the unprejudiced observer is bound to admit that the conductor who is barbaric from beginning to end of "Tristan," cannot present as interesting and moving an interpretation as he who is always alert to bring out every phase of the melodic beauty of the score.

This does not mean that an Italian interpretation of Wagner must be better than a German one. It means literally what it says, that a Toscanini interpretation is more beautiful than a rough and reckless German reading. If Mr Toscanini's "Tristan" be compared with those of leading German conductors it will be found that the latter can give all that the distinguished Italian does and also that which he does not. But none the less Mr. Toscanini's interpretaton is wonderfully beautiful and to the student of the possibilities of Wagnerian music exceedingly interesting.

Every great work of art is many sided and it would be extraordinary if any one interpreter could disclose all of its traits. Mr. Toscanini's reading of "Tristan" is elegant and ingratiating, and in the second act it is touching. The present writer prefers it to his "Götterdämmerung," which is also well worthy of critical praise in spite of the indisputable fact that it lacks the barbaric power more than the "Tristan" does.

Of course all these music dramas have been much better conducted here, but the present government of the Metropolitan Opera House is unacquainted with that fact and hence lays undue stress on the importance of Mr. Toscanini's achievement. The present government of the Metropolitan appears to be laboring under the delusion that opera began with it and must end with it. This is amusing to old observers of musical doings in this town.

Meanwhile let us all, while striving to preserve our sense of proportion, render unto Toscanini the things that are Toscanini's and unto Muck and Nikisch the things that are theirs and never can be Toscanini's.

And so it transpires that the organized labor musicians are once more trying to secure the enactment of legislation which will make it impossible for any foreign orchestra to give concerts in the United States. It really seems as if this were a matter which might be left to settle itself. For example, it has been announced that the Beecham Orchestra of London, an organization which has recently risen to prominence in the British capital, will come to America in the spring.

Let us now suppose that there was a law which could be invoked to prevent the landing of this orchestra. Would any more people go to hear the concerts of the Philharmonic or Symphony societies? Would any larger number of second rate violinists find employment? The first rate ones are always in demand. The town has not half enough of them to meet the necessities of a season. It must therefore be the second class players who are afraid of competition.

Or is it again the fatal and fascinating oboe? How long did we languish under the ill attuned pipings of one monopolistic oboe! Have the shakers of reeds got together and determined that the oboe business shall be held by a favored few?

But to return to the point. If the Beecham Orchestra comes here it will succeed or fail, not because there are few or many other orchestras in the land, but simply on its merits. If it is something uncommon every one will wish to hear it. If it is no better than our local orchestras it will attract little or no attention, and this will be the true solution of the problem.

No one will care to risk the expense of importing foreign orchestras for American concert tours unless it shall appear that they can succeed merely because they are foreign.

This, it should be noted, has already been settled. Orchestras do not succeed here merely because they come from some other country. We have had visits from European orchestras as well as brass bands, and usually they have returned sadder and wiser.

Meanwhile it is worthy of note that the best orchestra in this country is a "scab" organization. It does not of course follow logically that it is the best solely because it is non-union. That may be only a singular coincidence. But such coincidences have a remarkable argumentative influence upon the unreasoning popular mind.

One powerful cause of this is the sneaking suspicion that the most ardent supporter of the union idea is the man who is always afraid of "losing his job." His employment is jeoparded usually by the fact that he demands more pay than he is worth. This is particularly the case in orchestral circles, where the worst blacksmith that ever hammered a second violin out of shape expects to be paid the regular union rate.

New York city to-day is wofully short of string players of the first rank. The weak department in all our orchestras is the strings. The strings of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are celebrated throughout the musical world. But that may of course have no relation to the fact that they are all "scabs." Still it is hard to induce people to think so.

Shall we perhaps live to see the members of the Philharmonic and Symphony societies gathered in Fifty-sixth street with hands full of bricks to smite the "scabs" when they seek the stage entrance of Carnegie Hall for one of their concerts? Rather let us have the desired legislation. Keep the European "scabs" at home and continue to endure those from Boston.

A European "scab" cannot come here alone and get employment. Union musicians will not play in an orchestra with him. Neither can he join the union when he arrives. He must live in this country six months before he is eligible to membership. What does he live on? Well, that is the little joker. Of course he can't live, and hence he must stay at home.

But this importation of whole orchestras is a much more serious matter. Suppose the Metropolitan Opera House were to import a new orchestra. That would be a fearful blow to the infant fiddle industry of New York. Also suppose it should go and buy the Boston orchestra from Col. Higginson. In that case the union of stage hands would walk out and the directors would have to become their own "grips."

Down with the "scab" fiddlers. Keep out the "scab" trombonists. Listen to no music that has not the union label.

And now we know what is the matter with the Kaiser. He thinks he is the Khan of opera. W. J. HENDERSON.

NOTES OF MUSIC EVENTS.

The announcements for the coming week at the Metropolitan Opera House are as follows: Monday, "Werther," with the cast recently heard at the New Theatre, followed by Delibes's ballet introducing the Russian dancers Anna Pavlovna and Michael Mordkine. Tuesday, the annual performance for the pension and endowment fund, a mixed bill in which all the principal singers and dancers of the company will appear. Wednesday, "Siegfried," with the same cast as in the afternoon presentation of the "Ring;" Thursday, "Germania," with Mme. Destinn, Messrs. Caruso and Amato. Friday, "Götterdämmerung," to complete the "Ring" cycle. Saturday afternoon, first performance in America of Tschaikowsky's opera "Pique Dame," with Mme. Destinn, Messrs. Slezak and Forsell in the leading rôles. Saturday evening, "Orfeo," with Mme. Delna in the title rôle, followed by "Coppelia," with the Russian dancers.

The announcements for the week at the Manhattan Opera House are these: Monday, "Pagliacci" and "La Navaraise," Mme. Gerville-Réache singing the principal part in the latter and Orville Harrold as Canio in the former. Wednesday, "Rigoletto," with Mme. Tetrazzini as *Gilda*. Friday, last performance of "Elektra." Saturday afternoon, first performance this season of "Salome," with Miss Garden in the title rôle, Mr. Dalmores as *Herod* and Mr. Dufranne as *Jokanaan*. Saturday evening, "Tales of Hoffmann," with Miss Cavalieri, Mr. Renaud and Mr. Gilibert.

Fresh from the success of its first out of town tour the Philharmonic Society (Gustav Mahler, conductor) will be heard in concert for the first time in nearly two weeks at Carnegie Hall next Wednesday evening, March 2, when the fifth historical programme is to be given. The compositions of Wagner and Liszt will be played exclusively on this occasion, which will carry additional interest in the appearance for the first time with the Philharmonic of Carl Jörn, who is to sing the "Love Song" from "Die Walküre" and the "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger." The Wagner numbers will be the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," the preludes to "Parsifal" and "Lohengrin" and the funeral march from "Götterdämmerung." Liszt will be represented by the preludes and "Mazeppa" symphonic poems. On Friday afternoon, March 4, at Carnegie Hall, a Beethoven programme will be forthcoming, when Olga Samaroff, pianist, will play the G major concerto. The orchestral numbers scheduled are the seventh symphony and the overture to "Zu Namensfeier." Sunday afternoon, March 6, another programme requiring the services of a solo performer will be presented, Josef Lhevinne, pianist, having been engaged to make his only New York appearance of the season. The programme will be made up wholly of Tschaikowsky compositions.

The picturesque Russian legend of Sadko as set forth in music by Rimsky-Korsakow will be a novelty at the last subscription concert of the season of the Russian Symphony Society's concert on Thursday evening, March 3, under the direction of Modest Altschuler, at Carnegie Hall. New also will be Glazunow's violin concerto, to be played by Mischa Elman, the Russian virtuoso. By request Elman will add Tschaikowsky's "Serenade Melancolique," to be followed by the brilliant third suite of Tschaikowsky for orchestra. As Mischa Elman is to start for Pittsburg the same evening the concert will begin punctually at 8:15 o'clock. Elman was the first to play the new Glazunow concerto in Russia, where he studied it with the composer. This concerto is in three connected movements and is said to reflect conservative tendencies.

A concert called "Five Hundred Years of English Songs," sung by Miss Esther White and described by Miss Mary Odgen White, is to be given at the Plaza on Thursday afternoon, March 3, at 3 o'clock.

It is from the music of the Slavic race that Mr. Damrosch has chosen the programme for the next Symphony Concert for Young People, on Saturday afternoon, March 5, at Carnegie Hall at half past 2. Bohemia, represented by Dvorák and Smetana, has the opening numbers. Miss Tina Lerner will be the soloist in Chopin's "Andante Spianato and Polonaise," op. 22, for piano and orchestra, Poland's contribution to the programme, and Russian music will form the third part, with Tschaikowsky's "Allegro con grazia," from the "Pathétique" symphony, and the Pizzicati from the Fourth closing the concert. The entire programme will be as follows:

Symphonic poem, "Ultava"..............Smetana
Slow movement from Symphony No. 3....Dvorák
Andante Spianato and Polonaise, op. 22...Chopin
Miss Tina Lerner.
Komarinskaja..............................Glinka
Allegro con grazia from Symphony No. 6 } Tschaikowsky
Pizzicati from Symphony No. 4.. }

Mme. Marcella Sembrich's spring song recital will take place in Carnegie Hall on the afternoon of March 1. She has a programme of twenty numbers, of which nine are new to New York, and some are not yet in print. Of such are H. W. Parker's "A South Wind" and two Polish songs by Sigismond Stojowski, now a resident of New York. Mme. Sembrich will also introduce a song by Zarzycky and a French trifle by Jacques Lacroze, who is the director of the Musical Conservatory in Geneva. Hugo Wolf's "Ich hab." in "Penna einen Liebsten," she will sing in English. Following her old custom, she will also introduce an old English song in the first part. It is a setting of Ben Jonson's, "Have You Seen But a Whyte Lilie Grow?" The complete programme is as follows: Part I., old opera airs and songs: "O, Serpina Penserete" (from "La Serva Padrona"), Pergolesi; Rossignol's "Amoureaux" (from "Hippolite et Aricie"), Rameau; "Fingo per Mio Diletto" (arranged by Pauline Viardot), author unknown; "Have You Seen But a Whyte Lilie Grow?" old English; "Singt dem Gottlichen Propheten" (from "Der Tod Jesu"), Graun. Part II., classical German Lieder: "Gretchen am Spinnrade," Schubert; "Unbefangenheit," Weber; "Lieder der Braut," Nos. 1 and 2, and "Widmung," Schumann; "Nachtigall" and "Meine Liebe Ist Grun," Brahms. Part III., modern songs: "Pastorale," Bizet; "L'Oiseau Bleu," Delacroze; "Traum Durch die Dammerung," R. Strauss; "I Have a Lover True" (sung in English), Wolf; "Gdybsty byl Szlannem Jeziosem" and "Niechaj jej Niebo Swieci Biekitnie," Stojowski; "Twixt Us Two There's Naught, Believe Me" (sung in Polish.) Zarzycky; "The South Wind," Parker.

The Barrère ensemble of eleven players of wind instruments will give the first of two concerts announced at David Belasco's Stuyvesant Theatre on Monday afternoon, February 28, at 4 o'clock, with Arthur Whiting as assisting artist and the following programme:

Octet in F major, by Haydn; sonata in B minor for flute and harpsichord, by Handel; serenade in C minor, by Mozart; sonata in E flat major, for flute and harpsichord, by Bach; octet in E flat, op. 103, by Beethoven.

The Flonzaley Quartet will conclude its subscription series with a concert at Mendelssohn Hall on Tuesday evening, March 1. A feature of the programme will be G. Sanmartini's "Sonata a tre" for two violins and a 'cello, a number that met with special favor in New York last season. The other numbers will be Mozart's quartet in C major and Schumann's quartet in A minor.

The second free concert will be given by Prof. H. T. Fleck at Normal College on Sunday, March 6, at 3:30 P. M.

Frederic Hoffman, barytone of the Concerts Touche and Rouge Paris, will appear in a song recital at the Waldorf-Astoria on Wednesday evening, March 9. He will sing German lieder, "Marie Antoinette," bergerettes Elegie of Massenet (with violin obligato) and operatic selections from "Pagliacci," "Herodiade," &c.; also English songs of Nevin and Hawley. He will be assisted by Signor C. de Macchi of the National Grand Opera of Rome and Miss Helen Jeffrey, violinist.

STUDIES IN SUPERSTITION

The Jain Idol.

I.

Dr. Achilles Blore, the famous archæologist of Pierson University, was sorely beset by temptation at the very moment when his moral defences were out of repair. His law of superstitious receptivity, formulated with painful yet loving care, was showing breaks and strains along the line of universal applicability. There was danger lest the waters of doubt should undermine and destroy.

Hence the necessity of recasting and fortifying his demonstration, not by the superficial operation of *a priori* reasoning but step by step, block by block, through the slow but sure *a posteriori* method already employed to an extent by means of the sporadic cases of crime induced by supernormal influences brought to his attention by his protégé, Jim Lance, detective sergeant. But there was an annoying interregnum of law and order in the community, and a hobby with the bit in its teeth, like time, will wait for no man, especially a man hampered and pressed by age. At this very moment of urgency came this chance for a concrete instance which would prove, which must prove, his wavering corollary relative to the permanence of evil when stored in eidolons.

It was so easy, too. The Jain idol had already been placed in an appropriate case in the university museum where its malignancy might waste from disuse for lack of a personal object to be directed against. He himself, and he alone, had a replica, and no one knew it. He too had ready access to make the exchange; and there would be no difficulty in his secreting the genuine curio in the house of a member of the faculty, say in the house of old Dr. Plantz, professor of exegetical research at the school of theology, back in the top of the eight day clock that stood on the bend of the stairs, for instance.

There couldn't be a better subject, or rather object, for this test of the powers of evil than Dr. Plantz. He was aged; his wife was dead, his children scatttered. He had outlived his usefulness, if he had ever had any. His sacred calling ought to give him immunity, unless he had wilfully cut himself off from such protection by his microscopic shredding of doctrines and beliefs, in which case he had only himself to blame for not keeping up his insurance.

Finally there could be no confusion of title to divert the idol's energy. Dr. Plantz owned his comfortable home facing the green in fee simple. He was so tenacious of it that there was doubt whether he had willed it to his pretty niece, Dorcas, his only relative, who lived with him.

Thus did Dr. Achilles Blore browbeat and beguile his better nature. So too he acted when he had put that better nature to sleep, substituting the replica in the museum case and hiding the idol in the roomy top of the clock on the stairs, tucked tight behind a stringpiece so as not to rattle if moved.

The test, then, was complete in all its terms. The idol was constrained in an alien home without the will or knowledge of the owner for the first time since that daring young explorer Nathan Cram, F. R. G. S., had snatched it from its mountain shrine in northern India, to return with it to the alma mater that had financed his expedition, safe but not oversound, after wreck, earthquake and rear end collision on the way.

The Jain idol had long been the object of Dr. Blore's speculative interest. Not that he really believed there was any inherent power in the squat legged, pig headed, obliquely grinning, green and yellow little monstrosity, but for centuries before Buddha the passionate aspirations of a strange remnant of a forgotten people had centred upon it. A fervid, living faith had surrounded and permeated it. If there were such a thing as the conservation of spiritual energy, then you might with more impunity dally with a dynamo surcharged with 10,000 volts.

A novel and exciting experiment. Dr. Blore felt all the youthful joys of going to the circus when the next day at the earliest recognized hour he walked over the campus to call on Miss Dorcas Plantz, an especial favorite of his, and incidentally to learn how they all felt.

He was startled to see two policemen standing within the open door of the old mansion; but this was nothing to his secret amazement and alarm, when he learned the cause of their presence.

"Oh, Dr. Blore," cried pretty Dorcas, racing down the stairs, "whatever do you think? Our grandfather's clock is gone, stolen. This morning, when uncle was off to his lecture and I to market, a man drove up in a gray wagon and said that he was to take it to the cabinet-maker's; and Susie, the new girl, she's a bit green, you know, let him have it. Poor creature, I shouldn't blame her, the kitchen boiler had just exploded."

II.

Nathan Cram, young and handsome but still showing the effects of adventures and misadventures, lighted a pipe and drew up a chair before the fireplace in the remote tower room with apparent enjoyment.

"It is pleasant, Dr. Blore," he said, "to recall all these things, to prig from our friend Vergil after the event. Especially with you, who have the knowledge with which to electrify and illumine the fact."

"To be sure," replied the doctor, a little grumpily, "but is not such knowledge somewhat futilely applied after the event? For example, had you known the superstition clinging to the Jain idol would you have cared to bring it back with you?"

"Let me be frank with you, doctor," replied Cram hesitatingly after a little. "That is the real reason why I called this evening, why I introduced this subject, somewhat disingenuously, I fear. I want you to read over to me again the saying that you found in that ancient Yati parchment."

"But first let me answer your question fairly and fully. I was so heartfree and self-confident while on the exploration that I wouldn't have cared a fig for a score of such maledictions; but now—love makes fear, they say. Dorcas is most dear to me. She admits that I am very dear to her——"

"Humph!" growled the doctor. "You are to be congratulated at all events. No wonder you want to avoid even the appearance of evil."

While there was truly a jealous side to his regard for Dorcas Plantz, as there was to all his emotions, the doctor was not really displeased with the match. It was a dim perception of how widening consequences were now beginning to narrow that disturbed him.

However, he took down the tin cylinder from the shelf. He unrolled the parchment from its oil silk case. He held its characters, still brilliant in red and green and gold, to the light of the fire.

"Woe to the dwelling that withholds the Sky Clad One from His Holy Place," he read; "and the curse of the elements on the owner thereof from generation unto generation."

"It is exactly as I expounded it to you before," the doctor went on somewhat peevishly. "The sign which I translate as 'dwelling' is extremely restricted and technical. It means a mortal home where human beings dwell in distinction to the shrine of a god.

"The crux of the sacrilege is the confining of the divinity in a structure defiled by family use. The sense is so narrow that the ship in which you sailed would hardly come within it, though you did have a wreck, by the way.

"Of course it is all nonsense, yet it is curious nonsense; I might even say nonsense worthy of respect on account of antiquity and the force of the faith behind it."

A strange thing happened while the doctor was talking. Doubtless through the action of the heat the section of the page on which this text was inscribed began to lift and curl, showing that it was an extremely thin piece of parchment which had been skilfully imposed on the main sheet.

With a savant's jealousy over a find he guarded this piece from sight as he stripped it off and thrust it into his pocket. The characters underneath which it had concealed shone forth clear, brilliant and unmistakable. His lips quivered, his hands shook while he read; but Cram was too absorbed in his own satisfaction to notice the doctor's agitation.

"There's a touch of the Orient in what you just said about faith, doctor," he said. "Everywhere I went I found the same belief in its omnipotence. I remember in Arabia an old Sheik saying that the reason why we Christians did not remove mountains was because we didn't believe we could."

"I am extremely obliged to you for construing that saying for me again. While I am not, of course, the least bit superstitious, yet the very fancy that I might have brought some unnatural displeasure on Dorcas troubled me."

At this instant, after a double rap, the door opened and tall, soldierly Jim Lance entered.

"Beg your pardon, doctor," he said. "I had no idea you had company. You know you were strict in making me promise——"

"Yes, yes; that you would come to me at once whenever a supernormal element obtruded in a case. What is it?"

"The captain sent me to look into that theft of a clock from old Dr. Plantz," said the detective; "a picayune matter enough if it wasn't so queer. The chap that copped it sold it for a song out on the Valley road to two old ladies——"

"My mother and my aunt, her sister, Miss Mizzles, live out on the Valley road in my own house," interrupted Cram. "They have been anxious to pick up an eight day clock."

"Cram is the name, sir. The same parties. I left them in an awful mess—the hall ceiling had fallen down. But it's the cove with the gray wagon that's troubling me, doctor. Not a hair or hide of either of them, including the horse, can be found. No one saw him after he drove away; he and the whole outfit vanished into thin air."

III.

Dr. Blore rested but poorly that night, for his better nature was wide awake. The genuine affection that he felt for Dorcas Plantz had roused it. Had he known of the concealed text in the manuscript he never would have instituted the test.

Not that the new reading was so radically different, but it amplified the other, in the very direction in which his solicitude lay. Repeating it word for word, it added this proviso to it, "unless a maiden by her own sacrifice shall atone." Whom could this mean but pretty Dorcas herself?

As has been seen, the doctor had been well content that his old colleague Dr. Plantz, presumably well fortified, should stand the risk. So, too, he would have been quick to admit the poetical justice of its transference to Cram, were it not for this hidden recension.

But in either case, there was the girl, set apart by nature and affection to make a vicarious sacrifice of herself for one or the other of them. No; if he was to get any sleep at all, the only thing for him to do was to resolve to replace the Jain idol in the museum case and turn his archæological pursuits in some less ominous direction.

But the morning is apt to bring more material counsel, especially when the substantial breakfast is holding down those nervous qualms which some folks call conscience. It did seem a pity to abandon a test that was progressing so promisingly.

Utter nonsense, curious nonsense, nonsense, even worthy of respect or not, it did look as if the curse was working. Hadn't the boiler burst in one house and the ceiling fallen down in the other house that had confined the idol? And who could say with time what might not have happened to Dr. Plantz, what might happen to Cram, if only Dorcas was out of the way?

In her uncle's case she was especially marked out; but in Cram's case was there not a chance for an honest difference of opinion as to the maidenly sacrifice?

True, Dorcas was affianced to him, would willingly do anything for his good, but yet she of course did not live in his house, while already there was a victim there ripe for the sacrifice, Miss Mizzles, Cram's spinster aunt, an old lady, to whom life couldn't mean much more than it did to Dr. Plantz! The thing to do then was so to manage that the clock should not be taken back to Dr. Plantz's house for a while at least, but should remain at Cram's home, where the inmates were peculiarly fitted to undergo all the possible consequences of the test.

Again Dr. Blore made the earliest practicable call on Dorcas Plantz.

"It is good of you to be so solicitous about my poor uncle," said the girl. "The physicians say he is doing as well as can be expected."

"Do you mean that my good friend is ill?" asked the startled archæologist.

"He was hurt yesterday morning—hadn't you heard?—as he was about to enter the lecture hall. A sudden gust tore off a limb from the old elm which struck him on the head. They brought him home just after you left, in all that confusion of the clock and the boiler. Oh, dear!"

"Then, then, at least, he must have absolute quiet," gasped the doctor.

"Indeed, he must, the poor, dear man."

Whereupon Dr. Blore was explaining that it would be most imprudent to have the clock brought back from the Cram home for the present, when a tall, gaunt woman tiptoed into the room, clad for nursely ministrations.

"This is my dear friend, Miss Mizzles," said Dorcas, with a quick blush; "she was so good as to come to help me with uncle."

"And I am thoroughly competent for the task, my dear," announced the spinster. "Meanwhile you must put on your things and go out to the house in the auto I have just ordered. My sister called me on the telephone. Nathan has need of you. He is—ahem!—not quite well."

"I hope it is nothing serious," said Dr. Blore when Dorcas hurried off to obey, crushed by the sense of new misfortune. "The least I can do is to escort Miss Plantz."

But no, Miss Mizzles would not have it so. They were hardly in the position to receive even the closest friends, she feared. It was wiser in every way that the girl should go alone, so as to be free and untrammelled in the decision she might possibly have to make.

And go alone the girl did. Bundled and packed off in the auto by the energetic spinster before the baffled archæologist could barely formulate in his mind the tribute, "Oh, what a vicarious sacrifice you would be, you old harridan!"

"You might tell me what the trouble is," he grumbled.

Miss Mizzles did tell him. The Cram house had been struck by lightning. Nathan Cram was found unconscious from the shock in his room. The physicians had not yet succeeded in rousing him. They might have recourse to blood transfusion, in which case she had no doubt of the course their dear devoted Dorcas would pursue.

IV.

Dr. Blore did not wait to hear more. Too well he knew what the girl would do and with what fatal result.

Desperate, despairing, he rushed away, to find himself presently in his tower room, unrolling the Yati manuscript as if through some mistake of his to find hope for her. He found that mistake too, too personally dreadful for any sentimental hope.

An unevenness of surface held his attention. Yes, there was another layer of thin section superposed. Tremblingly he raised this shred. Tremblingly he read the twice amplified text. It ran as follows in its completeness, for at last he was down to the naked skin:

Woe to the dwelling that withholds the Sky Clad One from his Holy Place. And the curse of the elements on the owner thereof from generation unto generation; unless a maiden, by her own sacrifice, shall atone. Then, absolution for all except the instigator. For him, the eternal blackness of rayless night.

Utter nonsense, curious nonsense, nonsense worthy of respect? Oh, it was getting dark already.

As Dr. Blore scanned the stormy skies his frantic gaze caught the red devil racing car that Flinders, the Pittsburg freshman, had been forbidden to keep, standing impudently in front of Dormitory X. In the instantaneous action of agonized thought that red devil of a car was flying through the streets, under the nervous guidance of Dr. Blore, faster than the Pittsburg freshman had ever raced even in his dreams.

Half way out on the Valley road the doctor whizzed by an auto stuck in the mud, its stoker straining and swearing over a burst tire; and the anxious face peering through the door was the anxious face of Dorcas Plantz. There was time; there still was time! Let him think, oh, let him think!

Within seeing distance of the Cram house the doctor screwed down his fetid Pegasus. The garden ran back to the woods, to which a narrow lane led. He might secrete his car, enter the house from the rear, take the idol from the clock and be off with it without the notice of the household, intent with the stricken Nathan.

What he might do, he would do, he did do. Before he could believe it, it was all so easy, he was back again, the precious, pernicious idol in his pocket, to the deserted barn in the woods where he had left his car.

As the doctor backed out, homeward bound, he noticed for the first a gray wagon in the corner, with a distressful horse held up by its shafts.

"That for Jim Lance's mysterious vanishing into thin air," he cried. "There's no trouble about finding if you only know where to look!"

This exultation kept growing throughout the day, after the doctor had managed to replace the Jain idol in its museum case. In the afternoon he ventured to call again at the Plantz house and to ask for Miss Mizzles herself. She received him in a mood so gracious as to imperil the bachelorhood of one less absorbed and obsessed than he.

"I might almost say there is no news, it is such very good news," she said. "Dr. Plantz is getting along famously; why, he found a new interpellation in Second Corinthians not an hour ago. Nathan revived the instant Dorcas entered his room. The transference of love was quite good enough for him. By another day all will be as well as it ever has been. Then they will send back the clock."

"Bother the clock," cried the doctor in the excess of his relief.

But yet the day as it declined kept stormy. The darkness was coming on apace. Suppose, only suppose, nonsense though it was, that the blackness should be eternal for him notwithstanding!

Dr. Blore not only lighted his student lamp early but turned on the electrics, never before used except on a festive occasion. After a while a certain serenity without gave him hope. Tremblingly he extinguished the lights. That serenity continued within. Tremblingly he stepped to the window. The skies were clear, a new moon was gleaming beneficently upon him.

"And I saw it over my right shoulder, too," exulted the doctor as he relighted his lamp and plunged with renewed zeal into his archæological pursuits.

REMARKABLE DEATH SENTENCE

Pronounced by Judge Benedict on a Murderer in New Mexico.

Probably the best anecdote of Judge Benedict of New Mexico, says the *Green Bag*, is that told with regard to his sentence of death pronounced upon one José Maria Martin, who was convicted of murder in the District Court of Taos county under a state of facts showing great brutality and with absolutely no mitigating circumstances. Judge Benedict said:

"José Maria Martin, stand up! José Maria Martin, you have been indicted, tried and convicted by a jury of your countrymen of the crime of murder and the Court is now about to pass upon you the dread sentence of the law. As a usual thing, José Maria Martin, it is a painful duty for the Judge of a court of justice to pronounce upon a human being the sentence of death. There is something horrible about it and the mind of the Court naturally revolts from the performance of such a duty. Happily, however, your case is relieved of all such unpleasant features and the Court takes positive delight in sentencing you to death.

"You are a young man, José Maria Martin; apparently of good physical constitution and robust health. Ordinarily you might have looked forward to many years of life, and the Court has no doubt you have, and have expected to die at a green old age; but you are about to be cut off on account of your own act. José Maria Martin, it is now the spring time; in a little while the grass will be springing up green in these beautiful valleys and on these broad mesas and mountainsides flowers will be blooming; birds will be singing their sweet carols and nature will be putting on her most gorgeous and her most attractive robes, and life will be pleasant and men will want to stay; but none of this for you, José Maria Martin; the flowers will not bloom for you, José Maria Martin; the birds will not carol for you, José Maria Martin; when these things come to gladden the senses of men you will be occupying a space about six by two beneath the sod and the green grass and those beautiful flowers will be growing above your lowly head.

"The sentence of the Court is that you be taken from this place to the county jail; that you be kept there safely and securely confined, in the custody of the sheriff, until the day appointed for your execution. Be very careful, Mr. Sheriff, that he have no opportunity to escape and that you have him at the appointed place at the appointed time. That you be so kept, José Maria Martin, until—Mr. Clerk, on what day of the month does Friday, about two weeks from this time come?"

"March 22, your Honor."

"Very well, until Friday, the twenty-second day of March, when you will be taken by the sheriff from your place of confinement to some safe and convenient spot within the county—that is in your discretion, Mr. Sheriff; you are only confined to the limits of the county—and that you there be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and—the Court was about to add, José Maria Martin, 'may God have mercy on your soul,' but the Court will not assume the responsibility of asking an all wise Providence to do that which a jury of your peers has refused to do. The Lord couldn't have mercy on your soul.

"However, if you affect any religious belief or are connected with any religious organization it might be well enough for you to send for your priest or your minister and get from him—well, such consolation as you can—but the Court advises you to place no reliance upon anything of that kind. Mr. Sheriff, remove the prisoner."

NOTES OF OPERA IN EUROPE

ROYAL PATRONAGE FOR A FRENCH WORK IN BERLIN.

"La Glu" Recommended by the Kaiser's Sister—Busy Opera Houses of Italy—Doings of American Singers Abroad—Another "Salome" Now for Paris.

Albert Saléza, who is now teaching in Paris, recently returned to the stage of the Opéra to sing *Siegmund* in "Die Walküre," in which he made his greatest successes in the early days of his career. He intends to live for the future in the French capitol, singing occasionally, but devoting most of his time to training the voices of a few promising students.

Marie Brema, who was one of the first of the contraltos to pass over into the soprano choir and point the way to Edyth Walker and Olivia Fremsted, has returned to her original field and will soon be heard in London as *Orfeo*, in a revival of Glück's opera to be made at Covent Garden during the Beecham season under the direction of Michael Balling, one of the Wagner sons-in-law. Viola Tree is to appear as *Eurydice* for her operatic début.

Raymonde Visconti, an Italian soprano and pupil of Jean de Reszke, has just appeared as *Juliette* at the Paris Opéra and been highly praised for her voice and beauty. Was there ever a youthful *Juliette* who made her début at the Paris Opéra and was not praised for her voice and beauty? Felia Litvinne has just been singing *Valentine* at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris and has gone to Monte Carlo to appear in the Nibelungen Ring, which is to be sung there in March. She will be all of the *Brünnhildes*, though not simultaneously, possible as that might seem from recent portraits of the diva.

Alice Verlet, who appeared here in concert at the outset of her career and later spent several years at the Paris Opéra as coloratura soprano, is to be one of the stars of the Théâtre Lyrique later in the season. Lucienne Breval is to be the heroine of the "Salome" opera founded on the Wilde text by M. Mariotte, the French army officer who composed the score without having known that Richard Strauss was busy on the same job.

Jean Noté is back at the Paris Opéra singing *Hamilcar* in Reyer's "Salammbo." Paolo Seveilhac, husband of Pauline Donalda and a member of Oscar Hammerstein's first company at the Manhattan, is singing at the Théâtre Lyrique along with Jean Perier, who came here for "Pelléas et Mélisande."

Gemma Bellincioni, who is still the most famous of Italian singers, recently confessed that she had celebrated her fifty-fourth birthday, but she is still irresistible as *Salome* and *Violetta*. She has been singing recently in Russia.

Yvonne de Treville has recently been in Vienna, as Selma Kurz has left the Imperial Opera House there for her annual tour. She made her deepest impression as *Mimi* and *Rosina*. Eleanora de Cisneros has been singing *Ortrud*, *Fides* and *Dalila* in Italy. Mme. Cahier, the American contralto of the Imperial Opera House in Vienna, has been added to the faculty of the Imperial Conservatory, which is a great distinction for a foreigner. She has recently been singing in the opera at Budapest.

William Miller, the Pittsburg tenor, has been singing in place of Leo Slezak at the Imperial Opera House this month. In Milan the latest American success is Edith Watkins Griswold of Buffalo, who as Elda Grisvildi made her début last week as *Micaela* in "Carmen." Harry Weldon is the American basso at the Théâtre de la Monnaie this season.

There are said by some conscientious statisticians to be 1,700 vocalists of various ages employed in the opera houses of Italy. There are 430 sopranos, 150 mezzo sopranos and contraltos, 350 tenors, 240 barytones and 180 basses. These are the singers of important parts. There are also 200 conductors, whose task is to keep these singers in tune and time.

Druing the last operatic year in 2,220 different towns and in 283 opera houses there were 379 seasons of opera. "Rigoletto" was sung in thirty-nine of these towns, while "Pagliacci" and "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" also stood high in popularity. Of the 133 operas sung 38 were novelties.

The season at Covent Garden will be opened this year with "Tristan und Isolde." "Habanera," of which so much has been heard here, will be sung and so will "Louise" and "Pelléas et Mélisande" until the London public learns to like the two latter works. There are to be three Russian singers among the artists.

Giordano's "Fedora," Saint-Saëns's "Proserpine," Massenet's "Thérèse" and Dargomiuski's "Roussalka" are to be sung and "Don Quichotte" will be the principal novelty. "Louise" has recently been revived at the Theatre dela Monnaie.

No recent French work has met with the same success that has fallen to Jean Nougues's "Quo Vadis." It has been heard in Lyons, Bordeaux, Rouen, Nice, and Marseilles. It had thirty representations at Orleans to sold out houses. It was the only performance that continued to attract large audiences during the Paris floods.

Dupont's promised "La Glu," which was heard at Nice, has a text drawn from Jean Richepin's novel by Henri Cain. It has also been accepted for the Berlin Opera House, where the present diplomacy seems to play a considerable share in settling the répertoire. Gabriel Dupont is the composer.

The story deals with a young woman from Paris, who for a flirtation makes love to a young Breton fisherman. She finds it impossible to rid herself of him and when he learns how faithless she is he tries to kill himself. His mother prevents this and keeps up the good work by murdering the faithless heroine. Emma Calvé is to sing the rôle of the mother when the work reaches Paris. The opera was accepted for Berlin on the recommendation of the Kaiser's sister, the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, who said it was all right. That ought to settle it.

The Opéra Comique is to revive Xavier Leroux's "La Reine Fiamette," which Xavier Leroux wrote for Mary Garden. Marcel Rousseau is now rehearsing there his father's "Leone." Marguerite Carre is to sing the title rôle in Leroux's opera. "Salome" is to be sung first at the Opéra in May. Mary Garden and Hector Dufranne of the Manhattan Opera House will be in the cast.

When the Indian opera composed by Arthur Nevin is sung at the Royal Opera House in Berlin Karl Muck will be the conductor and the best powers of the company will be engaged in the performance. Frieda Kempel, who is more in demand than any other colorature singer in Europe now, will have the leading rôle. Leoncavallo's "Laia," which was recently hissed in Rome, will be the following novelty.

Cosima Wagner has just authorized a German dramatist to make plays from the texts of Wagner's operas for dramatic performance in Germany.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Slim Woman Is Winning

The day of the slim woman's triumph has arrived. "The thinner one is the more stylish," say the dressmakers.

This would have been sad news for the fat woman a year ago. She would have had to try dieting or exercise. Nowadays, however, the woman who is too fat for the styles goes to a druggist and gets a case of Marmola Prescription Tablets, one of which she takes after each meal and at bedtime and so reduces her superfluous flesh quickly.

These tablets, being made in accordance with the famous prescription, are perfectly harmless, and they are, also, the most economical preparation a person can buy, for they cost only 75 cents a large case, one of which is frequently enough to start a person to losing fat at the rate of 12 or 14 ounces a day. Pretty nearly every druggist keeps this tablet in stock, but should yours be sold out, you can easily obtain a case by sending to the makers, the Marmola Company, 136 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich.