

JOSEF HOFMANN'S RECITAL

SCHUMANN AND CHOPIN SPLENDIDLY PLAYED

A Great Audience Pays the Pianist a High Tribute. Noteworthy Readings of the C Minor Nocturne and Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques."

Josef Hofmann, the distinguished pianist, gave his third recital of the current season at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. His programme was one of titanic proportions. It read thus: Preludes and fugues by Mendelssohn; "Veechio Menuetto" by Schumann; sonata, opus 57, commonly called "Appassionata," by Beethoven; barcarole, C minor nocturne, walse in A flat major and B minor scherzo, Chopin; rhapsody in G minor and intermezzo in A major and B minor, Brahms, and "Etudes Symphoniques," Schumann.

Here is a list of compositions fitted to search the marrow of a pianist's art. That Mr. Hofmann interpreted it notably, indeed triumphantly, testifies to the richness of his equipment and the fullness of his musical nature. His Beethoven readings have grown largely since he first began to show the qualities of greatness as a technician.

Mr. Hofmann has always possessed the keenest sensitiveness to beauty of tone, finish of phrase and variety of accent. But in his earlier performances he seemed to value these chiefly for their own sake and to esteem compositions principally by the opportunity they afforded for the display of these qualities of external beauty.

He no longer plays the piano in this manner. His mastery of the art of singing music on his chosen instrument and of imparting to the song a marvellous wealth of color are now the means by which he presents large and deep conceptions of the spiritual side of music. Naturally his interpretation of Beethoven gives him ample scope for the revelation of his capabilities.

But without doubt his hearers yesterday found something even more moving in his Chopin readings. The barcarole is one of the most familiar of the compositions of the Polish master and it is played extremely well by many pianists, but we doubt whether any local audience ever heard it performed with more delicacy of taste than that which Mr. Hofmann brought to its interpretation yesterday afternoon.

Again, his reading of the C minor nocturne reached an astonishing level of piano virtuosity as well as of interpretative eloquence. The manner in which he built up the stupendous climax in the middle passage with the octave commentaries was something within the grasp only of a supreme monarch of the keyboard. His teacher, Rubinstein, might have wept for joy to hear such breadth and depth of tone applied to such splendid musical purpose.

These readings were matched only by that of the Schumann number, which Mr. Hofmann played with noble conception and great glory of tone. There were moments in it so beautiful as to be altogether ravishing, but its high merit was completely rounded symmetry as a reading and its intimate realization of the real spirit of Schumann's imagination.

Such a piano recital is indeed an uplifting exhibition of the art of the interpretative musician. Such interpretation is creative. It makes the music live and breathe. It gives us all that mighty composers have offered to us, together with the precious gifts of the living personality. The musician who plays as Mr. Hofmann, did yesterday afternoon is a wealth of the finest public benefactor, and he deserves a tribute of affection and gratitude. This his great audience tried to give him.

RUSSIAN SYMPHONY SOCIETY

Alexander Scharwenka Plays His Own B Flat Minor Piano Concerto

It must be a beautiful thing to be a Russian symphonic composer and to hear all those wondrous things in your music to have your youth, like that of Shelley's poet, by bright fancy nurtured, and to be able to put the most historic of all human days into a few scores of gentle phrases and a gentle little hymn about two minutes and a half long.

At the first time the thoughts refused to be driven from the mind at the third subscription concert of the Russian Symphony Society at Carnegie Hall last night. The principal cause of these reflections was the second number on the programme, a suite called "Christmas Eve" by Rimsky-Korsakov.

This is a work in two parts for orchestra and chorus. The first part, for orchestra only, begins with an introduction entitled "Holy Night," and this is followed without interruption by a mazurka representing a dance of the stars, an adagio (revelation of the comets), andante (the revolving constellations), allegro (shooting stars), allegro assai (saturn's dance) and grand polonaise, with polonaise to a finish without being asked to represent anything but itself.

The dancing stars dance out of the way in a jiffy and the comets march in amazingly short periods. The revolving constellations do their turns to a turn and the shooting stars shoot like shots. The sketches hold the stage assiduously, but even they have to go their ways so that the polonaise may properly terminate the movement of playing and dancing stars.

At the second movement (called "Christmas Morn") the Star of Bethlehem appears and in about twenty-four measures starts an allegro flight of the spirits of darkness. Naturally the next thing is a moderate (dawn), after which the choir sings a hymn to the infant Jesus, the infant Jesus of the New Year. Then the church bells ring and the men sing a Christmas song. All this happens in two highly important movements. After the first the MacDowell chorus, which had sung the Christmas music, sang Tchaikovsky's "Dawn" and the orchestra played the first of the "Snow Flakes" walse from Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" suite with the important aid of the chorus.

Alexander Scharwenka, who is a composer and pianist, played his own B flat minor piano concerto. Mr. Scharwenka's music is always fluent and melodious and he plays with clarity and color. The programme came to its end with Tchaikovsky's "March Slav."

Opera to Aid the German Press Club. A performance of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg" will be given on Saturday evening, January 28, at the Metropolitan Opera House for the benefit of the German Press Club. The cast will include Bella Alten, Florence Wickham, Walter Hottel, Ross, Sorence and others. Tickets will be sold at the Metropolitan office.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

An old-fashioned woman who sometimes complains of fads in the public schools has an opera bag and a letter marked "Exhibits Nos. 1 and 2," which she shows without comment to defenders of the system. The opera bag is made of soft burned leather elaborately monogrammed and befringed. The letter reads:

"DEAR AGENT: I had expected to get up to see you during the holidays but was disappointed. This is my second year in High School and am literally rushed to death. The opera bag I am sending you for a birthday present. I made myself I made it at school. We devote an hour every day to artistic work of this kind. It is extremely interesting. I hope you will find the bag useful as well as ornamental."

"One hour a day," sighed the old-fashioned person, "to make opera bags and similar handicraft, and then a second year of school pupil produced an ill-spelled letter like that."

"Here is an amusing instance of how the mind will unconsciously influence one's work," said a New York lawyer. "In drawing up papers in connection with an estate it was necessary to mention some valuable cattle. As each cow was registered her name appeared in the documents. I was in a great rush and divided the dictation between two stenographers. One was a young girl brought up in New England. The other was born and brought up in New York. When the various papers were laid on my desk for examination I had a good laugh over the way in which our city girl had interpreted the name of one of the cows. The little country girl had understood me correctly and put the name down as 'Valley Girl.' On all the papers which the city stenographer had prepared this registered cow's name appeared as 'Ballet Girl.' She corrected the mistake in the most nonchalant way, as though there was nothing at all extraordinary in her version of the name."

A boy employed at a Broadway messenger office says he has been sent on the most peculiar errand so far reported in that office—a delicate looking man with a Western accent wished him to go to the Astor Library, ask for a certain book and read it, sitting for a few minutes at each chair in the general reading room.

"What I want you really to do," he said, "is to locate the draughts. I have visited in many libraries and have contracted the worst colds of my life there. I find that in every library there are certain chairs that are exposed to draughts. It may not be a strong draught, but it is strong enough to cause a bad cold. I catch cold very easily, and cannot afford to experiment with the draughty spots, so before I go down there I want to make sure that I have a protected chair."

The boy departed on his delicate mission. He came back cheering, but he also reported the number of a desk which he considered sufficiently sheltered from draughts.

In a restaurant that strives to inculcate good manners a man who admitted that he was rather slow on etiquette but was trying to learn brought the waiter to assist in the reformation.

"My chief trouble," said he, "is splashing. I used to splash like anything. But by degrees I am curing myself. Know how? Well, sir, I have made it a rule to cover all the spots I make on the tablecloth with silver money, nickels, dimes, quarters, halves, whatever it takes to cover them, and then give the money away. As I am not a rich man that nearly broke me and I began to reform."

The waiter nodded encouragingly and said he was glad to hear it. The man ate a substantial meal. When he had finished the cloth was disfigured with only one small coffee stain, which a dime easily covered. He handed the dime to the waiter.

"My fines," he said, "constitute my tips. Mournfully the waiter watched him depart."

"How I wish," he sighed, "that I had known him in his sloppy days."

Persons with the store window habit have found something to stare at in a little Amsterdam avenue notion store. Stretching across the window are three strands of No. 40 white thread still attached to the spools. Suspended from each thread are twenty-five needles.

"My little daughter threaded them," she winked and said, "They are a wonderful convenience for people with such poor eyes that they can't see to thread their own needles. Here is a whole bunch of them already threaded, and all the sewer has to do is to unwind the thread until she has the desired length for the first needle, then slip the other needles along until they come their turn."

"Maybe in some neighborhoods that contrivance wouldn't be appreciated very highly, but here it is a real blessing. Within a few blocks of the store are three old ladies like the old ladies like to sew, but they have found it impossible to keep their needles threaded. Now that job is already done for them for the original cost of the needles and thread."

It is more important that the manufacturer should know the farmer market than it is that the farmer should know about the manufacturer's goods.

The farmer for a side-show containing a live elk noticed a disconsolate father and mother and a retinue of thirteen children staring at the picture of the elk and wishing they could go in and see it.

"Are those all yours?" asked the astonished barker.

"Yes," replied the father of the family.

"Then wait here a minute," said the barker, "and I will bring the elk out."

The farmer can find other goods that will take the place of yours, but you cannot find a market as good as the farmer market.



THE NATIONAL FARM PAPER. New York Springfield, Ohio Chicago

Do You Motor?

Cynthia's Chauffeur

Louis Tracy's marvelously realistic and idyllic story of a motor tour through England. No more charming trip can be made. You have perhaps taken it, or expect to. With Tracy driving, you will enjoy every turn of the road. He knows his England and has the gift of romance.

Twelve full-page illustrations By Howard Chandler Christy.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, N. Y. City

HEARD IN HOTEL CORRIDORS

A VISITOR FROM KANSAS WHO SEES NO HARD TIMES.

C. F. Holmes Also Finds New York More Optimistic Than He Had Expected—A Missing Coat of Arms That Is Worried a Hotel—Lots of Bravery Here.

C. F. Holmes, who is vice-president of the Pioneer Trust Company of Kansas City, Mo., and president of the Kansas City Western Railway Company, says that business has been good all along in his neighborhood and that people out there don't understand why in New York there has been talk of hard times. He finds, however, in New York a more cheerful tone than he had anticipated and thinks that several months of real prosperity are ahead of the whole country.

"I was not alone in losing popularity," according to the census, said Mr. Holmes at the Wolcott. "For in the last few years a lot of Missouri farmers have sold out and migrated. Generally these have gone South, though there have been a few who were tempted to the Canadian Northwest. These are coming back. Only the other day I had a letter from a former tenant of mine who went up there and took up a homestead, and he said that he could not stand the climate, that his children were sick all the time and he wanted to come back."

"The Kansas City Western is an interurban line and has been in operation five years. It runs from Kansas City to Leavenworth, Kan., on a half-hour schedule and covers thirty-nine miles in an hour and fifteen minutes. We charge only two cents a mile and operate single car trains, maintaining express and freight as well as passenger service. About 95 per cent of the passenger business between Kansas City and Leavenworth. We are under the interstate commerce law, and I rather like it. They are a wonderful convenience for people with such poor eyes that they can't see to thread their own needles. Here is a whole bunch of them already threaded, and all the sewer has to do is to unwind the thread until she has the desired length for the first needle, then slip the other needles along until they come their turn."

There is some worry among the whole staff of certain hotel over an object that has been reported missing, and in a certain apartment which is not so far away from the hotel there is a feeling akin to consternation, for the coat of arms of the family that occupies the apartment is what is lost. It's a fine coat of arms too, warranted to be the real thing and exact, and it is in the form of a blue print.

The owner of the coat is a woman who some time ago came into a lot of money. She decided she would make a trip to Europe, and remained in Italy a considerable time. It was so long that when she came back she really had to apologize for addressing the room clerk of the hotel in Italian, she had got so used to speaking it.

Not long ago she took an apartment and moved her effects into it, and then when she was unpacking she made the terrible discovery. The blue print which she had brought back from Europe with her, and which was warranted to be the genuine coat of arms of her ancestors, had been misplaced and could not be found, and the hotel has been searched from top to bottom without anything heraldic turning up. Meantime there is that new stationery to be engraved and seals to be made, and the possibility is that another blue print will have to be imported from the other side.

A Westerner who knows a lot about horses thinks that either there is a lot of courage loose here in New York or that persons who jump out at runaway horses do not realize what risks they take.

"I saw two horses take fright at a fire engine in Forty-second street the other day," said the visitor at the Imperial yesterday. "I was in a tall building and had an excellent view. Between Broadway and Sixth avenue no fewer than eight men jumped out and tried to catch those horses, which were very heavy and powerful. The horses dashed off at a rapid pace, but a fireman on the tender jumped and caught the bridle of one of them as they passed, and held on, though he was being dragged in the street. Then a lot of men ran out into the street, and most of them got their hands on one horse or the other as they passed, but could not hold anything, and it was not until a mounted policeman headed off the team at Sixth avenue that they were brought up. The policeman's horse doing his part by wheeling sharply to one side as his rider caught the bridle of one of the runaways. The fireman was picked up by the crowd so far ahead of his own wagon that he was able to jump on it as it came along and go to the fire, and it was an unusual entertainment from a unique vantage point that I witnessed."

"I wondered whether each of those men who tried to stop the runaway team had in mind the congestion at Fifth avenue and Forty-second street and the havoc that might be caused by the runaways bolting into people and carriages and automobiles at that point. Risked his man who touched those animals. Risked his

life, as a man who knows horses would realize. So that I believe that there is a lot of courage or a lot of foolhardiness loose in this town."

"I have had a seat in a street car or a subway train only once during the four days I have been in New York," a woman was heard to say yesterday at the Wolcott. "Next time I come here I am going to borrow my husband's Masonic pin and wear it. I wonder if that would get me a seat."

MEDAL FOR ELLEN TERRY. The New Theatre Honors Her as an Interpreter of Shakespeare.

At the New Theatre yesterday afternoon when Ellen Terry was canonized by the founders they presented to her the gold medal which went last year to Horace Howard Furness, the Shakespearean scholar. The presentation was preceded by Masterlinck's "Sister Beatrice."

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After the play the English actress left her box and when the curtain went up she sat between the founders and the members of the New Theatre company. Clarence Mackay, Henry R. Winthrop, Otto H. Kahn, William B. Osgood Field and Paul D. Cravath, Edmund L. Baylies were the founders on the stage.

Mr. Cravath spoke on behalf of the theatre and Winthrop Ames, the director of the theatre, made the presentation. Miss Terry made this reply:

This is scarcely the theatre one would choose in which to make a little speech. No little sound can easily wing its way to listening ears. In such a grand theatre only grand words would find themselves at home. And yet I want to speak, to express at least something of my appreciation of the very great honor you have conferred upon me in giving me this beautiful medal.

A man once bought a parrot and gave much money for it, but when he took it home he found it could not talk, so he took it back again. "This parrot cannot talk," he said. "Talk," said the other man. "I know that. It cannot talk, but it's a devil to think I am in the position of poor Polly, you may say. I believe that I am a devil to think only I want to speak, to make my gratitude articulate. However, 'Want must be my master,' and for three reasons: First, because I am very hoarse, recovering from a severe cold; secondly, because my train goes at 10 o'clock this evening, and, as you all know, 'Time and the train—waits for no man,' not even for the woman who has received your medal. I must not seem proud"; and thirdly, because if my voice were clear as a bird's voice and all the trains in the world waited until doomsday I could not even then find words of my own to tell of my immense gratitude. After all I were but little happy if I could say how much. Only I am very, very happy and as proud as Punch.

There were many actors present, and no tickets were sold. The English national anthem was sung, and there was tea afterward in the lobby.

TENNYSON IN TABLEAUX.

Woman's Municipal League Gives Its Annual Entertainment.

The old game of living pictures was raised to the 19th power last night at the Plaza Hotel when the Woman's Municipal League gave for its annual entertainment tableaux from "Idyls of the King" and modern living portraits of old masters.

Miss Elizabeth Fisher posed the tableaux. Hangings of dark green surrounded a gilt frame within which the living pictures were portrayed. Miss Phyllis DeKay made a pleasing "Enid" and Mrs. Henry Foster Sewall appeared twice as Guinevere. Miss Harriet L. Van Zile was Elaine, Miss Gladys Storey was the sister of Sir Percival, who saw the Holy Grail. "Isolt" was portrayed by Mrs. Roger Williams. As "The Lady of the Lake" Mrs. Lawrence Dade Alexander, Jr., grasped a mighty world. "Lynette" was impersonated by Miss Marian F. Whitman. "Vivien, in a listening attitude, was Miss Bess B. Sloan, while Miss Varvara Pupin as Esmeralda gazed out from a balcony. Miss Mildred DeKay made the verses appropriate for each tableau.

In the modern portraits of old masters the participants were Mrs. Charles Ingersoll, Mrs. Thomas J. Halliwell, Jr., Mrs. William M. and Miss Dorothy Chase, Evert J. Wendell, Mrs. William Loeb, Jr., Miss Grace Henry, Miss Gladys MacDougall, Miss Frances G. Wendell, Miss Rose Egnon, Townsend, E. J. Thomas, C. W. Gates, E. F. Barrie, J. M. Kinsey and Dr. and Mrs. John Van Duyn.

The Seagoers.

Passengers by the Lamport and Holt liner Verdi, which sails to-day for Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, are Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Tirrell, T. K. Stevens, Mrs. Egnon, Townsend, E. J. Thomas, C. W. Gates, E. F. Barrie, J. M. Kinsey and Dr. and Mrs. John Van Duyn.

"I KNOW SOCIETY" by Frederick Townsend Martin. The man who makes these statements in the February Everybody's Magazine, is an American citizen of the world, the host of royalty, peerage and aristocracy. He takes you with him into the homes of the fabulously rich. You climb with him their marble staircases, you enter their tapestry-hung ball-rooms, you eat from their gold plate. You enter, with one who has the entrée, into the Kingdom of Society.

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