THE DEPARTMENT OF ART

Impressions at the World's Fair Tersely Told

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

Interesting Notes Upon the Casts of Shakespeare

Passing Comment Upon the Drama as Viewed by a Critical Observer—Pertinent Notes

(Conducted by Mrs. A. H. Ackerman)

To any visitor at the World's fair who wishes to know the last word in art, it is natural to turn first to the exhibit of France, the art center of the world. First of all he is struck, or more properly speaking, stricken, by the prevalance of purple and lavender. It seems as if there must be a miasma tic vapor filling the air and changing the coloring; or is he having what some old ladies call a "turn" that obscures the vision? He rubs his eyes. Purple rampant still! "What does it mean?" he cries. Impressionism! Yes, the long despised impressionists have at last had their influence on some of the very elect; for this is emphatically an exhibition chosen by adherents of the salon of the Champs Elysees and not of the Champ de Mars. So it does not altogether represent the extremists, the very fin de siecle, what some would call the last word and others would consider the last hysterical shriek. Since there is not a room in the French section which does not hold some sign of impressionism (and scarcely any in the exhibit of any other nation, excepting Holland and Japan), let us try to find out just what it is. There are so many kinds of impressionism that it is difficult to find a single definition which will cover the whole ground. Its most striking characteristic is a preponderance of purple and lavender—sometimes of green and yellow—which, smiting us in the eye as we enter, makes us feel like chanting, "A general gloom pervades this room" and fleeing forthwith; but let us be brave and grapple with the subject. Albert Wolff said: "Impressionism is painting a landscape as you see it from the window of an express train." Some one else, "Look at things, shut your eyes and draw them." Some regard it merely as a delirium of lavender, while one critic defines it as "making a picture with your thumb and a knife." The artists themselves do not often define or explain; they paint it and expect us to furnish the brains to understand it. One admirer of impressionism says: "If one watches waves when the sun is rising, setting or at meridian and the wind is brisk, the color register of the impressionist is discovered." Manet, the father of impressionism, had to fight many years for its truth. The salon long refused his pictures. To reach his tone required an unusually quick eye and facile hand, an expert thumb, a clever knife. His touch was light, instantaneous, infallible; his water full of prisms, not a black mass nor scapsuds, like most painted water. At every turn we feel that none but a master should attempt the impressionists' methods. Anyone who has painted at all knows that the less colors are mixed the purer and more brilliant they are. So some of the greatest impressionists banish many colors from their palettes and paint entirely in dots, with the end of their brush to keep the colors separate, as they declare that nature does. The main object of most impressionists seems to give the prismatic vibrations of color under direct sunshine. They say that when the eye has looked long at any color it begins to see its complementary—and so they paint that! We all remember how, at school, when we were made to look fixedly at a red wafer on a white ground, and then looked away, our tired eyes saw a green wafer, the complementary of the red. So when you see greenish flesh painted, by some young impressionist, you know that he has been looking at red. When his painted nymph has purple hair, you know that his model had yellow; hence his violet! . . . Each artist nowadays calls upon us to see nature as he sees her; but some of these pictures raise grave suspicion that, when the artist painted them, he may not have been what is inelegantly termed "all right."

But, seriously, we must still remember that study, thought, culture, are even more necessary to an appreciation of painting than of music or literature. That which is radically new is almost certain to offend us, and we are disposed to cry out: "Horrors! Impossible! Truly, it is not nature that teaches us how to judge pictures; the pictures teach us how to judge nature."

Artists are trained observers and others are not. How often, after condemning the effect in a picture as unnatural, we find that our observation has been superficial, and the artist's deep and true. I have a clever and enthusiastic friend whose first endeavor is to keep her mind open to the reception of truth in every form. When she went to the fair and saw a painting of horses with purple backs, she said: "That artist saw horses look that color. I must learn to see purple horses." So she studied horses under various effects of light and shade and atmospheric conditions until she could honestly say that she had seen them purple. She returned to the galleries and resumed her impressionistic studies. All went well until she discovered a painting of a purple cow with bright red ears. That almost staggered her, but she persevered until she saw in the flesh a purple cow with red ears. I was fired with ambition to see these things; but alas! as yet my eyes have only been opened enough to see a white hen look purple under the shadow of an orange tree. As someone has suggested, "It would be very interesting if we could have a report from some oculist of repute as to the actual condition of the eyesight of Monet, Pessarro, Renoir, and others of the impressionist school. The measure of its departure from the normal might account for much of the mystery. George Moore's definition of impressionism is "a rapid noting of illusive appearance," but he hastens to add that Monet's is the only work to which this definition resonably applies. He explains impressionism thus: "He who walks out of a brilliantly lighted saloon—that is to say, he who walks out of yellow sees the other two primary colors, red and blue, in other words, he sees violet. Therefore Anguetin paints the street and everything in it, violet—boots, trousers, hats, coats, lamp posts, paving stones, and the tail of the cat disappearing under the porte-cochere.

Of one of Monet's pictures, he writes, "Truly it may be said that for the space one rapid glance, the canvas radiates; it throws its light in the face of the spectator as perhaps no canvas ever did before. But if the eyes are not immediately averted, the illusion passes, and its place is taken by somewhat incoherent and crude coloration.

ADELINE STEARNS WING.

EXTRACTS FROM "STUDENT LIFE ABROAD"

Many years ago, when very few women went abroad to study art, I found myself in the little town of Weimar, Saxony. It was during the Franco-Prussian war, and pretty nearly all the men who were able to shoulder a musket had joined the army and were on their way to Paris. The narrow, crooked streets were "grass grown and slumbering." Women sat at home knitting stockings for the soldiers and preparing lint bandages for the wounded that were soon expected to arrive. The old yellow theater which Goethe and Schiller had founded and which had always remained true to its ancient traditions, was closed five nights in the week. The beautiful little park wore a forlorn and deserted air; even the old seat which years before had been so often occupied by Weimar's two worshiped poets, and since daily visited as a shrine by tourists and hero-worshipers, stood neglected and forgotten.

I had been escorted to this "Athens of Germany," as Weimar has always been called, by friends from Dresden and placed under the care and protection of Friederick Preller and his wife, with the understanding that I was to study with the great master until the return of Carl Verlat from Antwerp. I had heard of Prellar, for who could live two years in Germany and not hear of him! Prellar, the protege of Goethe; the great landscape painter, whose pictures were ordered years in advance by his admiring countrymen; whose magnificent illustrations of the Odysse fresco the walls of the Weimar museum, and who formed one of the then living trio of Schnorr, Kaulbach and Prellar.

The earnest, sincere, but never prosaic painter—the grand ideal old man! What enthusiastic and beloved epithet had I not heard applied to him! With what excitement I looked forward to meeting him! How I pictured him to my mind as a tall, stately, venerable man, with silvery white hair and beard! How I surrounded him with a halo of poetry and mystery!

In the old Schloss where in the latter part of the eighteenth century Duke Carl August and his mother, the Princess Anna Amelia, held their court—in the old music room, with its marble floor and Corinthian columns, where the princess so often gathered around her the most brilliant minds in Germany—among them Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland and Eckermann—we found a short, fat, pudgy old man in faded drab coat and baggy trousers, a green and black striped nightcap on his head, and in his hand a red cotton handkerchief.

. . . . . .

Prellar did not believe that a woman should be anything but pretty, pleasing and domestic, and although Frau D—— and myself worked alongside of him every day for three months, he never interested himself in our studies and scarcely ever looked at them. I avenged myself by painting a literal portrait of him with nightcap and red handkerchief in bold relief, and was surprised when he pronounced it excellent.

He talked art to us, introduced us to the distinguished people who visited him and entertained us with reminiscences of Goethe, Bettini von Arnam and Liszt. Our romantic ideas of Bettini were rudely shattered. Prellar represented her as a horrid old woman who haunted his studio in her later days, endeavoring to play the same role with him that she formerly had with Goethe.

One morning several months later, after my father and sisters had joined me, we were delighted to receive a note from Franz Liszt requesting the pleasure of our company to a little musical at his house. Verlat escorted us, and we went up stairs into rather a painly furnished room and were there presented to the great musician. A description I have read of him so near as I recollect was this: "A noble head, crowned with long thick locks; a graceful bearing; perfect manners; chivalric presence, and, above all, unparalleled personal magnetism." With this ideal in my mind I entered the room and saw—a tall, large-framed, spare figure clothed in a worn shabby black alpaca soutane, and the strings of his shoes untied and dangling about his ankles, high, broad forehead, large nose and mouth, long iron-gray hair thrown straight back; the tout ensemble immense, dirty, unkempt and down at the heel. With a thump my heart sank, my ideal fled and I sat down by my friend, Mary Edwards, the English authoress. It was a warm, bright day in June and the few guests, not more than nine, filled the little room. A large grand piano stood close to an open window, and after the great master had conferred with us a little while he played one of his own symphonies. We have heard Gottschalk in New York, Von Buelow in Munich and Tausig in Dresden and thought we had listened to about all there could be done in the way of piano playing, but as I sat there breathing the delicious summer air laden with the perfume of flowers, so near that I could have raised my hand and touched him, watching with what ease and calmness he played the most difficult passages, how his hands flew over the keys, scarcely seeming to come in contact with them, so soft and gentle was his touch, my disappointment passed away. I looked upon his strong, massive face and discovered the wonderful magnetism of the man and when he had finished I went to him to try to express in my very bad German a little of the pleasure which he had given me. I fully comprehend the fascination that I had heard and read of and no longer felt surprise that even the "phlegmatic Germans wore bracelets made from the broken strings of his piano." And now, as my space is limited, I will finish with our dear, famous old-countryman, Hiram Powers, who was then living in a pretty little villa just outside of the city of Florence. I remember one evening spent at his house when only his family and ourselves were present, how he entertained us with his experience with unprotected females abroad. It was a subject which he never failed to grow eloquent upon and his horror of that particular individual amounted almost to frenzy. He said that they turned up by the score, some with letters or cards of introduction, others with tales of woe, and they were mostly would-be artists and all were Americans. They wanted artistic help and sympathy; there was no favor too great for them to ask, and the many unpleasant predicaments which he had been drawn into by obtaining permission of them to copy in the different galleries, told in his dry, humorous way with his keen, brilliant eyes dancing with mirth and anger, convulsed us all with laughter, and we concluded that none had been more swindled and taken in and imposed upon and made love to by all types of the artistic and romantic, lone and unprotected female abroad than Hiram Powers.

M. A. ACKERMAN.

PRELLER, THE ARTIST

ART AND ARTISTS

It was quite a surprise to us upon visiting the studios a few days ago to learn how much art has advanced in our city during the last three years.

MR. J. BOND FRANCISCO

We found in a large beautiful studio attached to his home on Albany street, which was fitted up with exquisite taste and filled with spirited sketches and finished work. The principal and most striking canvas represents a full-length, life size figure of a young girl daintily dressed in pink and white. The drawing is masterly, the pose unconventional and graceful, and the coloring of the whole exceedingly effective and charming. A landscape just completed next attracted our attention. A warm, bright, sunny view of the arroya treated in quite a different manner from "the sick child," which is the strongest and most realistic of all this artist's work. Opening from the large studio is a smaller room where Mr. Francisco teaches about a dozen young ladies. Here the model poses and from the drawings which we saw upon the easels it certainly is a most promising class. We are very glad that Mr. Francisco will soon give a public exhibition of his pictures and hope to enjoy then a longer time among them. After leaving this fascinating spot we took the electric cars for Garvanza. A little to the right of the depot we found a path which led us to the brink of the arroya, where stood a new stone house built a short time ago by

W. L. JUDSON

Formerly of Chicago. Back of the house stands a small octagon building, also of stone, where Mr. Judson paints and teaches his pupils. This artist studied with Julien and Bougereau in Paris, and certainly his pictures, especially the water colors, prove him to be an artist of great ability. Two landscapes in oil—Goat Hunting in Catalina and Passing Away—were particularly fine, while several water colors, among them A Gray Day, with sheep in the foreground, are full of poetic sentiment. There were also some excellent heads in oil and pastel, and the commencement of a miniature on ivory of one of our prominent ladies, which promises to be very like and very beautiful.

MR. ELMER WACHTEL,

Who is such an ardent lover and student of nature that he paints almost entirely out of doors, has a studio on Spring street. We had the good fortune to find him in, and judging from the excellent work which hung upon the walls, Mr. Wachtel is painting better than ever before. His San Luis Rey Mission, seen in the distance through a soft misty atmosphere, is an exquisite poem and contains admirable qualities. A Driveway at Lamanda Park is a gem of color. Many other sketches called forth our admiration, but as we failed to inquire their subjects it would be impossible to designate them.

MR. BORGHLAM

Of Sierra Madre has been spending the past few months painting the missions, and will no doubt have some fine work to show us upon his return.

THE LADY ARTISTS

We think, must have all gone to hear Robin Hood, as we were not successful in finding them in their studios. We hope for better luck next time.

M. A. A.

NOTES

I read in a foreign paper a few days ago, that one of the foremost English critics was credited with saying that: "With the exception of Joseph Jefferson, America has no representative actors." And in enumerating the prominent actors who play on our boards we have to admit that there is considerable truth in this rather sweeping statment.

Of those who are best known here in America, Julia Marlowe Taber, once heralded as Mary Anderson's successor, Richard Mansfield, whose Richard III is classed with Edmund Kean's; Charles Coghlan, who has no superior in refined comedy; E. S. Willard, Mrs. John Drew, Fanny Davenport, Rose Coghlan, whose Pez Wollington is unequaled at the present day; Maurice Barrymore and Herbert Kelsey, those two leading men of whom we are so proud, all are English born. Ada Rehan is Irish. Robert Mantell, who has no rival as Loris Ivanoff, is a Scotchman. Frederick de Belleville, "the best leading man on the American stage," was born in Belgium of native parents. Whom have we left? Robert Taber, whose Romeo, Malvolio and Claude Melnotte are said by responsible critics to be the best seen in America during the present generation of actors. One critic especially writes: "Mr. Taber is the only Romeo. Then we have Sol Smith Russell and Stuart Robson, our comedians; Clara Morris, our emotional actress. And among the younger set E. H. Sothern, whose Prisoner of Zenda has pleased even his hardest critics, Walker Whiteside, of whom great things are expected, and Creston Clarke, whose Hamlet, as played in Baltimore over a year ago, surprised and pleased all who saw it.

It is strange that Shakespeare should be more popular in Germany than in England or America. But it is a painful fact that his plays have "gone out of fashion" in the two latter countries, and where they are presented are so cut and "revised," as Irving says, that all the beauties are gone. Irving's productions are little more than grand stage pictures, with a little music and still less Shakespeare. But in Germany they admire Shakespeare so much—have such reverence and love for him—that his plays are given almost entirely intact. In Munich we had the pleasure of seeing The Merchant of Venice, with Ernst von Possart as Shylock. It was one of the finest performances we have ever witnessed. Scarcely six months later we saw Irving in the same play. One who had never read Shakespeare and had only seen the German version, would never have recognized it, and we have seen the same piece played here in America, in one of our principal cities by a prominent star, where the last act was entirley omitted. I think it would be very hard to suit the Los Angeles people in regard to plays and players. For instance, Trilby came to us, the best company that has been here for many a long day; there was not a weak spot in it, the faults being on the part of the playwright, not the actors. Edith Crane, in the title role, was most unjustly criticized; as a matter of fact she is superior in that character to Virginia Hamed, who created the part in New York last spring. The death scene in the play was poor; it was not Miss Crane's fault it did not succeed. During the season of 1893-94 she played second to Georgia Cayvan in Daniel Frohman's Lyceum theater company, and was thought by many to be the better actress of the two.

What can be said of the culture of a country where Gaiety Girls, Merry Worlds and Passing Shows are the best patronized amusements?

ELFRIDE ACKERMAN.

AT A JAPANESE THEATER

YOKOHAMA, Japan, June 25.—Though the terms of peace are arranged, the war is still a vivid reality to the Japanese, as was strikingly shown by a performance at one of the native theaters which I recently attended and which is indelibly stamped on my mind.

We started gayly off in the rain with the betto to act as interpreter, guide and general protector to us, three forlorn women. Our way lay through miles, as it seemed, of narrow, muddy streets. Slowly we ploughed along, the continual "hai" of the betto warning the dozens of small children swarming the streets to take themselves from under the horses' feet, and finally reached the entrance of an extremely muddy and narrow lane, which being impassable for a carriage, necessitated our taking to our feet and walking, or rather wading, its length, thinking all the while longingly of rikshas. This brought us to one of the many teahouses near the theater, where we were received by a smiling, rosy-faced young nesan, who took our umbrellas, presented us with our tickets and guided us through the crowd of loungers of every description to the entrance of the theater.

Following our guide we turned down a narrow passage lined with rows of the poorer classes, reached our box and entered by the sliding screen door. And a box it was in reality, literally a square pen, just large enough to hold four stools, on which we planted ourselves and tried to take in our surroundings as our eyes gradually grew accustomed to the semi-darkness.

This theater, Minatoza by name, is not new or modernized in the least, and is, I suppose, typically Japanese. It is a square building, low, and of unpainted but polished wood with smooth paneled ceiling and walls, and dimly lit by windows near the ceiling. Just below ran a sort of gallery, divided on the sides into the same pen-like boxes, which, owing to the low studding of the building, could easily be touched by standing up in our box.

Beyond the hana michi, so named from the custom of strewing flowers along them as a popular actor advanced, is the pit, with sloping floor, and divided into little pen-like boxes of about four feet each, by railings, within which the audience sit, or rather kneel, on mats laid on the floor. The stage stretches the full width of the building, and while there is always a curtain it does not pull down but is always drawn from right to left. Generally the property of the star, it is as a rule covered with flattering notices of him, but on this occasion it belonged to the theater and was decorated with many and picturesque advertisements.

Arriving at the end of the first act, a strange and novel scene met our eyes; a drama of real life was going on before us, and I became so absorbed in it that I scarcely heeded the fact that the real play was for a moment at a standstill. At first it was difficult to distinguish any thing through the clouds of soft, blue smoke blown upward from the hundreds of tiny pipes (for the whole audience, men and women included, was smoking) which hung in a soft, vapory mass nearly on a line with the windows, beyond which were to be seen the gabled roofs of the neighboring houses and the steady downpour of the never ceasing rain.

A far-off gong or bell struck, and all was silent; the children scampered to their places, there freshment venders disappeared, all eyes were bent on the stage and an absorbed interest was at once displayed while the curtain slowly parted amidst the most profound stillness—parted and revealed a scene that transported us in a minute to a bloody battlefield of Corea. In the dim, uncertain distance, crouching behind, and within a grove of stately pines, glimmered the white clothes of a band of Coreans. Presently there appeared a column of pig-tailed Chinamen, armed with muskets and huge swords, moving with the stealthy, cat-like tread peculiar to that race when suspicious of danger. Suddenly they are surprised and attacked by a rapid onslaught of Japanese soldiers who charge in two lines, from the rear along the flower walks, thus truly giving the effect of surprise.

Remarkable were the valiant Japanese from the ease with which one or two of their number could kill or put to flight dozens of the heathen Chinee, whose shrieks and cries rising above the general din and tumult were heartrending.

Finally the stage grew dark, and at last only the fitful glare of the rude footlights lit up the desolate battlefield, throwing patches of light and shade on the bodies of the dead Chinamen, and bringing out with startling reality the quivering forms and white blood-stained faces of a couple of wounded Japanese, for whom presently a search party, consisting of a surgeon and a couple of soldiers bearing a stretcher, came stealing back over the deserted Hana Michi.

This was followed by the sinking of the battleship Kowshing, amid cannon shots, tossing of waves and shrieking of drowning Chinamen, who were tossed headlong over the bow into the water in most ruthless fashion. This brought the general excitement to the highest pitch; so that when at the end of the scene a bona fide newsboy rushed into the theater singing right and left the latest express of a recent victory, just printed and hardly yet dry from the press, the audience burst all bonds of self control, and the burning of Pekin was accomplished amidst a general stampede and shouting of "Banzai, Banzai," a cry equivalent to long live the emperor, rising above the clanging music of the band, which were struggling with the national anthem.

As we elbowed our way through the crowd, looking back into the smoke-filled theater, we saw Pekin disappearing amid a blaze of flames, flashing of swords, firing of cannon and general exodus of Chinamen over the falling walls, their pigtails waving wildly behind them; and we felt that if the same patriotism, enthusiasm and determination existed off the stage as on there would be little doubt that the Japanese would reach the real Pekin of their ambition.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Many Interesting Articles Upon This Subject

THE MUSICAL CORNER

Current Comment Upon the Art in Europe and America

Musical Notes Pertaining to Composition and Rendition in Song and Instrumental Music

(Conducted by Miss Kate Fuller)

"I have often thought that were that candid gentleman, Mr. Johnson, living in this generation and in this part of the world instead of saying that "music is the least disagreeable of noises," he would put it more vigorously; for example: Music is frequently the most disagreeable of noises; or if the eminent doctor wished to show himself charitable to the Muses, he would say: Music is intended to be the least disagreeable of noises. It is a sad reflection on the lack of general musical culture that such cynical words should awaken the slightest echo in the mind of an earnest and devout votary of the art of music. The time devoted to it seems sufficient to complete a work as vast as the pyramids of Egypt, as would testify the poor little children sitting restlessly on the piano stool, one eye fixed on the clock and the other gazing out of the window. Sufficient thought, if one may judge by the numberless text books and articles written on musical topics, not to mention sheets of music, many as the sands of the sea; and sufficient money as the patient payer of the bills would affirm, as with a sigh he signs a check for Mary's piano and Charlie's violin lessons.

Why is it then that with these three powerful agencies in our control, time thought and money, our music is a noise?

What is the crime which makes rotten our state of Denmark?

This crime, Mrs. Grundy, is ignorance, and no blind ignurance; out ignorance with wide open, unseeing eyes; and I earnestly protest, Mrs. Grundy, that such ignorance is not a little, harmless vice but an actual crime.

We may be ignorant, it is true, through lack of experience; but we suffer thereby none the less. In this particular respect ignorance causes us to suffer the loss of time, mental energy and opportunity. With our God-given thinking powers, our high appreciation of what is ideal and truly beautiful we prostitute our tastes and our poor mistaken hands clutch at the chaff and the nourishing grain is carried away by the winds. Shakespeare says: "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Now if Shakespeare had pleased to be a little more explicit he might have added a great deal in the way of amendments to this terse assertion. He might have added that, if a little knowledge opens our eyes to the immense unexplored field beyond, and thereby arouses in us a desire to investigate and learn, it is an excellent thing.

Grant, therefore, that music is good and desirable, let us look, however, a little more into the matter. With what ultimate end in view do we permit, nay even oblige our children to study music? Is it merely that after a few months' or years' practice, they may amuse and edify themselves and us by playing a few pleasing compositions on the piano or instruents of their choice? If that be the object in view, a music box or Eolian piano will answer the purpose more satisfactorily and save a great expenditure of money and the child much labor.

If the object be to keep the child employed and out of the street, I would recommend hemming dish towels as more practical and far more conducive to living on harmonious terms with the neighbors. No, that which we want, consciously or unconsciously, is to bring music into our lives and being; for true music ennobles, purifies and refines. Music widens our mental and our spiritual horizon, cultivates the imagination and brings within our reach a world of pure enjoyment which wealth alone cannot buy nor of which ill fortune, time nor thief can roo us.

Therefore by all means let us study music, and if our children show the slightest taste for it encourage them to learn. But how many of those who devote from one to three precious hours a day to an instrument or the voice in truth study music. Familiarity with the notes and the mastery of technical difficulites alone is not music. This small though necessary part is to the art of music what the light of a tallow candle is to the sun; and shall we be content with a penny dip, when by opening the windows of our soul and mind we can have the sun? A great responsibility rests here with our so-called teachers, who often give but a stone in place of bread. With the teacher deserving of the name, the mere exchange of an hour of his time for a certain money consideration is but the shadow of his duty.

I would draw a distinction between the teacher of music and the dispenser of minutes.

The true teacher regards his calling as a sacred office. It is not only an hour of his time but the essence of his thought, the reflection of his individuality, which he impresses upon the pupil's mind.

It is not only notes and measures but a sense of the beautiful, which he imparts. And if the receptive facilities of the pupil are dormant he considers it his trust to endeavor to rouse and stimulate them.

Of the attending difficulties and the intense satisfaction when these are successfully combated only the real teacher knows.

KATE W. FULLER.

PADEREWSKI—SAURET—MARSICK.

The music-loving people of Los Angeles may be well content with the prospects of the approaching season when the names of three of the greatest living musicians head the list. The first two have concertized in America in former years and those who have heard Paderewski play the piano in his marvelous way and have been under the spell of Sauret's violin are eager for their appearance on the Pacific coast. Marsick is a stranger to most of us; but as his recent performances in New York and other eastern cities have not belied his reputation as a great artist we are confident that our high expectations will be realized.

Music in itself is one of the greatest educators, for when thorough in time, detail of expression and execution it is not alone beautiful, but is a wonderful mental discipline. The study of composition, harmony and counterpoint develops the mind as much as the study of mathematics, while its obvious elevating and ennobling influence causes it to be recognized by all sociologists as one of the great moral forces. It has, moreover, a refining social influence and is a subject about which few cultured persons nowadays can afford to be ignorant or indifferent. When we consider the fact that it actually interests and ministers to the comfort of more thousands of people than any other science or art we feel indeed that, "music is designed for the masses," and that no pains should be spared, no efforts left untried to open this avenue of mental and moral culture to every individual.

John Stewart Mill says we should know "everything of something and something of everything," and as music is now everywhere recognized as a part of a well-balanced education we place it under the head of "something about everything," and realize at once that the time devoted to it must necessarily be brief and that the outline of study and methods employed to impart it, are worthy of the gravest consideration. The endeavor to shorten as much as possible the time of study and enable the puplis to make the most rapid advancement has been my study for over twenty years and I herewith present for consideration the conclusions arrived at and the results obtained in my own work where I use methods entirely different from those generally employed.

A thorough knowledge of the theory of music and the fundamental principles of harmony and phrasing, clearly and concisely explained, will suffice to awaken the musical intelligence and prepare the way for a comprehensive appreciation of the hidden beauties of music which will from thenceforth gradually reveal themselves as the mind and soul open to receive them. Imprimis, all persons can and should learn to sing at least enough to take part in chorusss, not only for the pleasure it will afford but because, as Schuman says, "it makes you musical." It is nonsense to say that one cannot sing because he has no voice. The same vocal organs that are used in speaking should serve in singing and if they do not it is either because they have been injured through ignorant methods of singing, because they have become unmanageable from lack of use or (and this is the most frequent cause of inability to produce tone or correct pitch) the musical hearing has never been developed. Singing should be a part of the daily course of study in the public schools but should be taught only by persons having a perfect undersanding of the true principles of tone production. Incorrect habits of breathing, faulty tongue and mouth positions, an immoveable larynx (causing first hoarseness, then sore throat, and finally chronic throat affections) are a few of the most important causes of the forced, rasping or nasal tones which we constantly hear in place of the pure, sweet, easily rendered tones that never fail to please, which are invariably the result of the proper use of the vocal organs.

In the above brief outline of study I have placed as the first requisite to an understanding of music a thorough knowledge of the theory of music, and in illustration of the importance of thoroughness will say that it is not sufficient to tell a pupil that a scale is composed of steps and half steps, but from the beginning he should be made to recognize the peculiar importance of the semi or half step as compared with the whole tone and to feel the sympathetic nature by virtue of which it imparts to the scale its satisfactory and marked ending. The musical education should, under all circumstances begin with ear training. A pupil should never be permitted to read from notes until he has learned that they represent musical sounds which he himself has heard and written. Schuman, whose authority no musician will deny, says, "the most important thing is the cultivation of the sense of hearing." The pupil should hear the scale played or sung, slowly and carefully, a great many times before being allowed to imitate it. My method is to picture the scale, which I call a musical ladder, calling attention to the half steps between 3 and 4 and 7 and 8 and then to sing it while the pupil listens for the half steps. Next I sing eight whole steps in succession, then a scale of half steps, after which I call attention to the beautiful result of the combination of steps and half steps. Now the pupil is prepared to sing his scale and is almost certain to sing it correctly. He then writes it in musical shorthand, using d for do, r for re, etc. Next in order comes the ear training for tone lengths and then the writing from sound of many little melodies. Finally a staff is constructed and the shorthand notation, transcribed into notes of the usual form, written upon it in any key desired, for in the meantime the pupil has learned the musical alphabet and knows that the scale can begin on one letter as well as another if he only keeps in mind the correct position of the very important little half steps. Thus we find, in a comparatively few lessons, our beginner writing music from dictation or memory and transposing it with the greatest facility from one key to another. W. S. B. Mathews of Chicago, in his Twenty Lessons to a Beginner, published in 1889, has elaborated this system and combining with it Dr. William Mason's Touch and Technic, has given to the musical world the most concise, comprehensive and practical method for piano beginners ever published. I have used this valued work from the date of its publication and unqualifiedly endorse the claim of its distinguished author that "in forty lessons of this method musical results are arrived at both in the pupil's intelligence and his ability to reproduce fine musical distinctions by means of his playing apparatus such as cannot be obtained in the ordinary method in two years, if ever."

Under this method the old-time drudgery at the piano is a thing of the past for the pupil is always alert and interested. The talented child makes astonishingly rapid progress, while to the child lacking in ear, heretofore barred from the charms of music or forced into a study irksome to the last degree, the door to musical knowledge is thrown open and the entrance thereto made delightfully attractive.

LOTTIE D. WILLARD.

MUSIC AS A SCIENCE AND ART

As we are now on the threshold of another musical season, in which, if judged by the past, this community will show such a lively interest as to prove it to be eminently a musical one, and as the coming operas, concerts and musicales will no doubt be untiringly and jealously patronized, the query naturally arises, how many of the large numbers who listen to the various programs will do so with a full appreciation of the scope of music viewed from an artistic and scientific standpoint, and with a realization of the dignity of its mission. Perhaps outside the pale of educated musicians there are few who listen to music understandingly in the fullest sense of the word. It is fashionable to approve of music; but to many it really means little more than the tintinabulation of an agreeable tune to when they may tap their great toes. To others it assumes the form of a beautiful accomplishment, effeminate in character and lacking intellectuality. To this class evidently belonged Dean Swift when he wrote the following sarcastic epigram on the rivalry existing between Handel and Bonincini:

"Some say that Signor Bonincini,
Compared to Handel is a ninny,
Whilst others vow that to him, Handel
Is hardly fit to hold a candle.
Strange that such difference should be
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

He also said, "we value a little wit in woman as we do a few words plainly spoken by a parrot," and while Dean Swift thought but little of music, and understood woman less, there are those today who concur in his scornful sentiments, and contend that man is woman's intellectual superior and music is an inferior art. Doubtless the physician loves sweet sounds and thinks music a very good thing, but to affirm that it may have a scientific merit as medicine, is a grave assumption. The lawyer and business man may feel the beauty and power of music, yet to assert it to be a science calling in play mental capacity, like the study of Blackstone, or the manipulation of gigantic schemes is to say the least quixotic. Nevertheless, the student of music—one who really studies—not the superficial amateur, with his few terms of lessons and a full-fledged criticism ready to conquer the whole world—but the student worker in grappling with thorough bass, counter point orchestration and composition, all coming under the general head of theory, discerns with a new vision, and discovers music to be a complex science as well as a beautiful art. Music is written under an intricate and iron-clad set of rules and formulas taxing man's mental and calculative powers much the same as mathematics, only adding thereto a liberty and inspiration coming from a full and free use of the creative powers. Furthermore in becoming proficient in the technicalities of instruments, in studying the classic masters, and in keeping posted in musical literature of which there is no inconsiderable sum, the musician deals with the same forces as met with in any line of intelectual inquiry. In the alphabet we have the characters that represent the elementary sounds of a language by means of which man makes known the powers of his mind. These sounds combined into words convey his ideas so as to express every shade of thought and feeling, and, regulated by rules and formulas teaching a correct and grammatical use of the same, furnish us the science of language. What knowledge is thus thrown open to the world—not the comprehension and usefulness of one tongue—but of many. As in the science of mathmatics, by the employment of a few symbols, governed by laws of calculation, we have the deduction of problems testing man's mental capacity and dealing practically with his affairs, so it is in music. Directed by a science composed of fixed laws finding expression through the six whole or twelve half tones of the scale, placed in thousands of combinations and situations, all forming tune and harmony, the musician works out a creation in sound. Charlotte Cushman is credited with having said to two young girls beginning a career in art.

"I think I love and revere all the arts equally, only placing my own just above the others, because in it I recognize the union and culmination of all. To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was poetry; He formed it, that was sculpture; He colored it, that was painting; and then, crowning work of all, He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal, drama."

In such a beautiful conception as this such arts as possessed aesthetic value would naturally be chosen, but music deserved a place. Had Miss Cushman continued and said God gave this being, with his brain and soul and complexity of passions, speech, and that was music, she would have given finish to a pen-picture of the creation of this world which must remain incomplete, be it ever so beautiful, without a recognition of the art that is pre-eminent in influencing the emotions. The drama as every one knows deals legitimately with action, while the function of music is to kindle emotion without incident, action or object. And herein are oratory and music twin sisters—only in the writer's opinion giving oratory the first place as a means of touching the various emotions of the human soul. The art of music lies in swaying the emotions. The science lies in the system of notation and theory which enables an artist to give expression to his creations and the esthetic worth lies in its almost indefinable beauty and romance. Therefore in considering music from all points of view, in reflecting on its youth as an art, (all music prior to the Christian era being nomophone or one-voiced) and consequently its future possibilities, as well as practical utility; we lament that a study so vast and interesting should not be more generally and fully understood and should suffer from the derogation of ignorance and the assumption of charlatanry.

MRS. MILTON V. BROWN,
Los Angeles.

MUSICAL CLUBS AND SOCIETIES.

The charm of the climate of Southern California and the beauties of nature which make Los Angeles the paradise of the great west, have served to bring within our doors not only wealth but the fine arts as well; and the votaries of music are well represented. To illustrate this fact a brief resume of the different musical clubs and societies would not be out of place.

Perhaps the largest vocal body is that of the Ellis and Treble Clef clubs combined, which at present is preparing a rendition of the Messiah under its able director, Mr. Harley Hamilton. The history of this club is varied; one might make a small pamphlet out of its various successes and failures under different directors, but harmony now reigns.

An important feature in the musical world is the Woman's orchestra, which numbers thirty pieces. They do very creditable work and have now the consideration and respect of the musical public.

Then we have the symphony concerts, which though not an actual reality, are in preparation by the Blanchard-Fitzgerald Music company. This is the most ambitious undertaking which this enterprising firm has ever set before the public, and they have done not a little toward the advancement of a higher order of music in this city. Much interest is manifested in the projected concerts and we are assured that the orchestra will be composed of the best available musicians.

The Piutti-Cornell series and the Krauss quartet evenings are started and play to well-filled halls. Mr. Piutti, the pianist, and Mr. Cornell, vocalist, are well-known to the concert room habitues. Everybody knows the Krauss quartet and the furtherance of chamber music should lie very near the heart of every music lover. Apropos of chamber music the program maker should be severely criticized for giving songs of a commonplace order a place on the program with a Beethoven or Mendelssohn quartet.

Last but by no means least, Mr. Philo Becker will give a piano recital later in the season. We hope that Mr. Becker will fix an early date so that it may be followed by others, for we cannot hear too much from this gifted artist.

SINGING AS TAUGHT TO CHILDREN.

The "children's friend" in one of the highest and noblest branches of education in the beginning of this great line of work found not a flowery pathway of ease and success. About fifteen years ago the idea of systematically training the child voice was suggested to Professor Tomlins by one of the progressive ladies of the Arion club of Milwaukee, Wis. The suggestion was an outcome of his own thought for in his extensive experience he had found it necessary to spend much time in undoing wrong habits and usage, which had been formed during school life; and so the question came forth, "Why not take the children and teach them properly from the beginning?" Mr. Tomlins was the man to promote the thought and with his energetic, enthusiastic temperament he went into the work in Chicago and Milwaukee with heart and soul. But obstacles arose in the tremendous force of three elements, the press, the parents and the medical fraternity. He met with opposition, apathy and stolid indifference, but patiently endured the taunts and criticisms of the majority, working out his own mission in quietness and confidence with the faithful few. He saw the end from the beginning. In a few months results began to be felt, and mothers would come to him to know why their children had ceased to have sore throats, coughs, colds and so on. He would then explain his theory of lung expansion, breathing exercises, soft singing and humming; not children singing on the old-time lines of loudness and piercing shrilliness, but the sympathetic, melting, sincere tone, vibrant with life, springing with inward elasticity—lost in itself. Ere long, even the medical gentlemen admitted their conviction that it was not only no detriment, but a positive advantage to the children to be taught in the manner they had seen and heard. The daily papers were also awakening to the truth as it was manifested and the work became an established fact. Not only along the lines of health improvement was the influence felt, but pure tone, development and musical feeling was aroused and through their singing the children not only learned right feeling, clear thinking and noble doing, but how to govern themselves, surely the thing that can be taught. Mr. Tomlins needs no encomiums on his marvelous