

**HOW MUSICIANS POSE**

**ATTITUDES ASSUMED BY DEVOTEES OF THE DIVINE ART.**

Administering as a Part of the Business—The Musical Director and the Drum Major—The Pianist and the Violinist.

An Art of Itself. Exactly why musical performers should feel it their duty to attitudeize well as to play or sing is one of those curious problems presented by the complexity of our civilization to which a definite answer is not easy to give, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Music, according to the most highly inspired poets, is a heavenly gift, appealing directly to the soul, while the striking attitudes is an earthly acquisition, gained through much practice and appealing to nothing in particular, unless it may be in an indirect way to the pocketbooks of the beholder. It is quite possible that at some time in the history of the divine art, men and women played and sang without posing in such a way as to attract more attention by their attitudes than by their music, but that day, if it ever existed, is long gone by, and music as present is as much a matter of pose as of tone, and appeals in many cases quite as strongly to the eye as to the ear. It is quite possible that this fact may have grown out of the conscious superiority

could enjoy the music without having their attention called away by the personality of the performers. No more than the singers and players, however, would the audience be satisfied with the screen and curtain arrangement, for the people who gather at a concert want to see how the chorus looks, and



LIET. THUMP.

whether its members are as old and ugly as those of the grand opera chorus, and what sort of person the prima donna assoluta is, and what she has on, and how it fits, and how many men are in the male chorus, and how wide they can open their mouths. Even a theater crowd, in a place of entertainment where the music is merely subordinate and incidental to the main attraction, want to see the orchestra, gaze upon the bald back of the leader's bald head, watch the facial convulsions of the man whose business it is to pierce the atmosphere with the upper notes of the piccolo, and sympathize with the man who extracts dying groans from the double bass. So the posing business seems to be quite satisfactory to both artists and their audiences, and so long as each party is content, it is not easy to see why any one else has a right to complain.

Of musical folk, the most competent posers for effect are the artists of the lyric drama. Posing is their business, and not infrequently they devote more attention to their attitudes than to their music, as reckoning that any deficiency in the latter will be condoned by the audience on account of proficiency in the former. They have abundant facilities for exercising all their gifts in this direction, and the only criticism that can be justly made on their efforts is that they fall into regulation attitudes, which are in accordance with the traditions of the stage, and have been in use so long that they have come to be considered indispensable to the proper rendition of the part. Nobody, for instance, ever saw an actor play the heavy villain without bending his legs at a sharp angle and walking about on the stage as though afflicted with chronic ankylosis of the knee joints, for crooked knee joints and heavy vil-



NO TIME TO POSE.

lainy go together, and the former naturally suggest the latter. So, no one ever saw a lover and his sweetheart on the lyric stage wind up an amorous duet without leaning against each other, the hands of the heroine clasped in an attitude of wild despair, while the hero throws one arm around her clinging form and extends the other in mid-air, while the twain jointly emit a screech that makes you involuntarily feel for your scalp. It is not madness; it is merely attitudeizing, and the closer they lean together and the more ear-piercing the concluding yell the more ardent is the expression of their undying affection and the greater their detestation of the deep-dyed villain with his much-bent knees.

Next in posing ability to the operatic artists come the pianists. They do not enjoy the same facilities for posing, because, being confined by the nature of their art to one spot, they cannot caper about the stage and transfix the audience with astonishment at their ability to turn round on their toes a dozen times without once falling down, but they make the most of their opportunities, under all the circumstances, really do very well, and from their initial triple bows to the boxes and parquet to their "Exit, Right," furnish their patrons with a very passable show. Lady pianists are always expected to furnish a preliminary entertainment with their gloves, which, after spending half an hour in pulling on in the dressing room, require five minutes to pull off after being seated at the piano. The gentlemen of this profession, not wearing

gloves on entering, do a little stage business with the piano. No matter where it is placed, it is always a little too far one way or the other, and the services of the two uniformed Matebeles appertaining to the establishment must be brought into requisition to make it right, while the pianist cheerfully tackles the bossing of the job. Of course, they always push it too far, and then pull it back too far, so that a good deal of careful manipulation is required to place it exactly right; but the pianist does not object to working overtime, the audience is always patient, for they know perfectly well what to expect, and that it is quite impossible for the artist to play until his instrument has been successfully established over a certain crack in the floor, and the Matebeles have nothing to say about it, so everybody is satisfied. Confinement to the piano stool after the manual and pedal performance has actually begun does not limit, though it hampers, the posing of the performer. Before actually beginning the program he may run over the keys, and then give the stool a hitch as the stage sailor does his pantaloons; during thoughtful, tender passages he may lift his eyes heavenward, as though gazing into infinite vacuity, so that the women in the audience may see how intense is his inspiration, and during the Scherzo he may sway back and forth, throw his coat tails about and kick under the piano as though driving out an imaginary canine which had taken refuge there, and all these gyrations will be regarded as the outward and visible signs of an inward and musical genius. They are looked for by the audience, who have made up their minds to endure them as placidly as possible, knowing that they are absolutely essential to the proper rendition of a piano composition, whether Nocturne by the dreamy Chopin, Moonlight Sonata by the rugged Beethoven, or Rhapsodie



ALTISSIMO.

Hongroise by the incomprehensible Liszt.

The director of a musical organization, no matter of what grade, has opportunities for posing somewhat superior to those of the pianist and somewhat inferior to those of the operatic hero, and is allowed liberties not permitted to either of the others. It is understood that he is always to keep the audience waiting for five minutes after the last straggling fiddler has straggled in, taken his seat and tuned his fiddle. This is the director's privilege and he avails himself of it to the uttermost. He takes it for granted that the public will be sufficiently entertained by listening to the tone as given out by the clarinet man, and immediately succeeded by scrapings and blowings in every key that Bach discovered for the well-tempered clavier, so he relies on the rest of the orchestra to furnish the fun for a reasonable, sometimes an unreasonable, time, then enters with a strut as dignified as that of a turkey gobbler and as imposing as that of a peacock, bears with satisfaction the thunder of applause given by a tired audience glad of any change, and with deprecatory bow calmly appropriates to himself the credit due the entire organization.

The drum major is commonly regarded as a caricature of the orchestra director, but this is a mistake. He is an institution of himself, the darling of the street, the envy of the policeman, the admiration of all beholding small boys, who feel that to be a drum major is greater than to be a king. Every street band is properly gauged by the drum major, and the bigger this personage, the taller his mighty hat, the longer his big-headed cane and the more tricks he can do with it without letting it fall the better the band. He is strictly ornamental, for his cane keeps no time, and after its first premonitory jab into the atmosphere as a signal for the band to turn itself loose on the public, none



PENSEROSO.

of the players pay him the slightest attention. But for this fact he cares nothing, as it is generally understood that he owns, in fee simple, not only the band, but also the whole parade which it precedes; that, in fact, the public

demonstration has been arranged in his honor, and especially that he may allow the glories of his uniform to gladden the eyes of his fellow-men. Compared with the drum major, the artist who comes before the public with an Amati or Stradivarius under his arm is a mere trifler in the art of posing. He does his best, it is true, stands



"I'M THE LEADER OF THE BAND."

first on one foot, then on the other, while he delicately tunes his lyre, so to speak, and waits for the piano man to get up steam, and then gracefully sways back and forth as he tortures his unfortunate instrument into emitting shrieks of agony, but his opportunities are limited, and unless he breaks a string, thus gaining a chance to show what a variety of squeaks he can compel the others to utter, he is at a discount. Even the cornet man is better off than he, for the professional whose interest and pleasure it is to stuff wind into an E flat cornet is able to distort his face, roll up his forehead into lumps and assume an expression of intense agony that never fails to excite the sympathy of all beholders. His rival in this form of spectacular entertainment is the man with the big horn, who makes faces, not from choice, but of necessity; for the labor of filling so enormous a receptacle with air and keeping it full is so great as to draw drops of perspiration from even the baldest and most poreless cranium. Of all the list he poses least in a conscious way, but most unconsciously. He has not time to think of posing, for if he did his horn would get empty and success from his labors. The man who nightly thumps a drum on the street as a means of grace, the blind man who uses an accordion in his efforts to attract the attention of the charitable and induce them to pay him to stop, may pose in a humble way, and frequently do so, but the big horn blower has both hands and his mouth full, and, though innocently a spectacle, is, unconsciously, an object of sympathetic regard. He might pose if he could, but he cannot. He alone, of the whole musical fraternity, makes no conscious effort to attract public attention, though he deserves more than even the drum major, for without a big horn the largest orchestra would be a thing unbalanced and out of joint.

**Thomas Corwin.** Thomas Corwin was born in 1799. In his prime, life in this country had a local, bucolic, and primitive flavor, which in politics was grotesquely exaggerated. Clay was commended to the people by the fact that he was the "mill-boy of the slashes" in the campaign of 1840 the Whigs showed their love of the people and their sympathy with simplicity of life in public men by putting up log-cabins and serving out hard cider from them; Corwin, having had to find employment in early life by driving a wagon-load of provisions for the army in the war of 1812, was, later on, favorably known in politics as "the Wagon-boy." The Ohio community of Corwin's boyhood was a community of pioneers—their dwellings of logs. The presiding justice first selected for the southwestern circuit of Ohio was not a lawyer, but qualified himself for admission to the bar by practice in his judicial capacity. The salary attached to the office was seven hundred and fifty dollars; at the bar the highest professional income was one thousand dollars. The common dress was of homespun or buckskin; a professional man wore black and shaved himself. Corwin throughout his life was "Tom" Corwin. In 1828 one James Shields, a Jacksonian, was nominated for Congress against Corwin. In order to damage him irretrievably a certificate was published to the effect that prominent men of his own party had declared, among other things, that it was his habit, on going to bed, to exchange his cambric shirt for a night shirt, and Corwin afterward confessed that it was this charge that gave him his first hope of an election, as he felt confident that Jacksonian Democrats would never unite in support of a man who was too good to sleep in the same shirt he wore during the day. He once confided to some young man, who asked what course he ought to pursue to achieve success in public life, "Be as solemn as an ass." But he did not guide his life by this axiom. His declaration in the Senate that were he a Mexican he would offer his own countrymen a welcome with bloody hands to hospitable graves has become an oratorical commonplace. His translation of the impression produced by the nomination of Polk for the Presidency, "After that—who is safe?" is one of those jokes which are sure of a long life. In fact, he is remembered rather as a wit than as a statesman.

**"FIGHTING JOE" BLACKBURN.**

The Kentucky Senator Has a Record in Fistic Encounters.

The recent controversy between Senators Blackburn, of Kentucky, dubbed "Fighting Joe," and Logan Carlisle, son of the Senator's hated rival, Secretary Carlisle, led to rumors of a duel. Blackburn has long professed the duello, but has never gone much further than a challenge toward the field of honor. His "fistic" record, however, is a bad one.

Blackburn is nearly three score years of age, six feet tall, straight as a poplar, and broad-shouldered. He goes about on his feet as light as a dancing master, and gives one an impression of physical alertness, of supple joint and ample thigh. From his collar button down he will overmatch any other Senator save, perhaps, Allen, of Nebraska. Blackburn, when a little younger, was considered a fine type of physical man—light-haired, red-mustached, blue-eyed, of sanguine temperament, popular with the masses, a splendid stumper, with a rich vein of humor and great powers of invective. His gallantry as an officer in the Confederate army won for him the sobriquet of "Fighting Joe." After the war he went to Congress, and one afternoon indulged in a debate with another Representative. A personal insult led to a challenge from Blackburn, which was readily accepted. Blackburn's second was a noted duelist, whom we will call Tom. All arrangements were made, and in the early morning Blackburn went quietly out to find his second and repair to the field of honor. But the duel did not come off. The second, as was his privilege, substituted himself for his principal, and thus explained the matter: "Joe, I'm not much good to anyone, and you are valuable to your country. Your country can't afford to lose you, and I don't mean it shall. What I've done is for the best."

In vain Blackburn protested. But the matter was in the hands of his second, and he couldn't alter it. When the enemy learned that "Tom, the dead shot," was to take Blackburn's place on the field, there was a hasty conclusion that the affair, after all, was not too serious to be patched up by peace-makers.

That is the nearest he ever came to a duel, though he and Gen. Burnside came close to it in 1882. He had an embroglio with Judge Rucker, of Denver, in 1888, which threatened serious results, but nothing came of it.

In February, 1880, at a Senatorial committee meeting, Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, called the Kentuckian a "slave driver." Trembling with anger, Blackburn arose and walked straight to where Chandler sat.



"FIGHTING JOE" BLACKBURN.

Doubling his big fist and shaking it in the New Hampshire Senator's face, he cried: "I never owned a slave, but you—little scoundrel, if you were not such an insignificant little coward, I would thrash you on this very spot! I have a mind to pull you from your chair and whip you as I would a dog." "You dare not hit me!" Senator Chandler exclaimed, with a tremor in his voice. "Don't put a hand on me." Before any of the Senators could interfere Blackburn reached out and took Chandler by the ear, jerking him from the chair as easily as though he had been a 10-year-old boy. Using Chandler's ear as a sort of handle, he yanked the little New Englander about the room in the roughest manner.

"You dirty coward!" exclaimed the Kentuckian, as he finally released his grip on Chandler's ear, "if I had pulled my daughter's ear in that way I would expect her to resent it. I expected you to fight, but you are a cowardly dog."

Senator Faulkner acted as peace-maker, and the combatants were kept from further violence.

**Ancient Coffee Houses.**

Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1621, speaks of Turkish coffee houses. In 1632 Sir Henry Blount, who wrote a book of travels in the Levant, mentions Turkish coffee with praise. Evelyn describes drinking it at college in the rooms of a Levant friend, and Antony Wood tells that in 1650 (ten years before the restoration) a Levant Hebrew opened a coffee house at Oxford.

**Silver and Gold Coins.**

Herodotus tells us that silver was first coined as money in Argos about 800 B. C. The same historian tells us that King Croesus of Lydia was the first to coin gold and that 590 B. C. he had gold coins issued with his image and superscription.

**City Supported by Krupp Foundries.**

The Krupp gun foundries at Essen, near Dusseldorf, employ 27,155 persons, whose families amount to 67,597 persons.

"How are you getting along with the bicycle?" asked Miss Cayenne. "Better than I expected," replied Willie Washington. "So you have at last attempted to ride?" "No; I haven't gone quite that far. But I don't believe I'm quite as much afraid of it as I used to be."—Washington Star.

**SHEAR NONSENSE**

De song birds, dey hab hef de lan'; We doan' know what dey's at; But de eagle is a screamin' an' De turkey's gittin' fat.—Washington Star.

"What is the average life of a good bicycle, sprockets?" "Well, some of them last until they are paid for."—Chicago Record.

Scientific—"Let me see, what is the name of the instrument that records the pugilist's blow?" Jollius—"I guess you mean phonograph."—Puck.

"Folks dat is allus loolin' foh trouble," said Uncle Eben, "hab jes' one ting for brag about. Dey doan' hardly eber git disappointed."—Washington Star.

Teddy—"I tell you it's so." Nellie—"I say it is not." Teddy—"Well, mamma says it's so; and if mamma says it's so, it's so, even if it isn't so."—Harper's Round Table.

"Gentlemen," said the orator, "this crisis will soon be at an end." "Thank heaven," murmured an auditor; "he's going to stop talking."—Philadelphia North American.

Mr. Hojacek—"Miss Tenapost must be surpassingly beautiful." Mr. Tomdick—"Indeed! What makes you think so?" "She looks well even in an amateur photograph."—Life.

"Do you suppose the telephone will ever replace the telegraph?" "It may, but no matter what happens, it's safe to say the telephone will have the call."—Roxbury Gazette.

Teacher—"Anything is called transparent that can be seen through. What scholar can give an example?" Bobby—"De hole in de fence round de baseball park."—Norristown Herald.

"I wonder why it is that young girls like to marry widowers?" "It is because they know that widowers have been cured of their foolish illusions about women."—Chicago Record.

Mrs. Mamma—"If Lord Forgivus asks you to marry him, tell him to speak to me. Ethel—Yes, mamma—but if he doesn't? Mrs. Mamma—Then tell him that I want to speak to him.—Truth.

Farmer's Wife—"I hope you are not afraid of work?" Tramp (uneasily)—"I ain't exactly afraid, mum; but I always feels fidgety when there's anything like that about."—Boston Traveler.

The Financier—"I'm surprised at you! I saw you flirting with her!" The Financier—"I swear, Priscilla, you are mistaken! Beauty has no charms—never had any charms—for me!"—Puck.

"Say, Weary, wot are you walkin' round in yere bare foots fer?" "I'm tryin' dis yer new Kneipp cure." "Wot fer, Weary?" "Cause some dimblasted snoozer stole me shoes!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I am sorry I bought one of those doormats with 'Welcome' on it." "Why so?" "Some stupid fellow mistook the meaning of the word and helped himself to it the first night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"There are no jokes like the old jokes," said the humorist blithe and gay. "And the jokes that now find favor." "Pleased the folks of another day?"—Philadelphia North American.

"What a superb touch that pianist has," she gushed. "I should say he had," replied her matter-of-fact escort. "I understand old Skinfint has given up \$500 to have him here this evening."—New York Press.

Mr. Summer Borde—Mrs. Skantfayre, don't they say man should learn wisdom from the ant? Mrs. Skantfayre—Yes; don't you think he should? Mr. Summer Borde—No; a blindefold man wouldn't walk into butter like that.—Puck.

Nell—"Miss B Jones uses French phrases in the most peculiar manner." Bell—"Does she?" Nell—"Yes, indeed! Why, at breakfast yesterday I asked her how she liked her eggs and she said they were very chick."—Philadelphia Record.

"Maria, hurry, for heaven's sake! The whole back part of the house is gone and the roof is blazing right over my room! You haven't a second to lose!" "How unreasonable you are, John! I haven't my overgaiters buttoned yet!"—Chicago Tribune.

Manchester—The man I introduced you to awhile ago is one of the most noted hunters in the country. Birmingham—I wouldn't have thought it from his conversation. Manchester—It's true, nevertheless. He is a fortune hunter.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Voice at the Telephone—Major, will you please bring your family and take supper with us next Sunday? Servant Girl (replies back through telephone)—Master and mistress are in at present; but they can't come to supper, as it's my Sunday out.—Boston Globe.

"What is the complainant's reputation for truth and veracity?" asked the lawyer. "It is generally good, I think," answered the witness, "though in telling about the size of the snakes he has killed, he seems to be inclined to go to almost any length."—Indianapolis Journal.

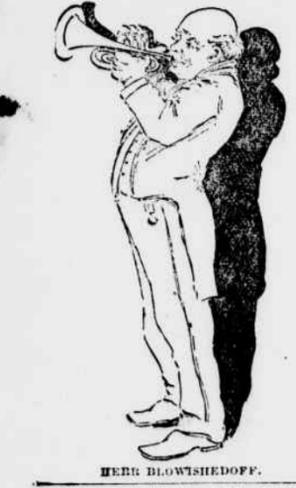
Weary Walker—Say, what makes you breathe so kind o' jerkin? Born Tired—Ain't you on to that? Weary Walker—Now, I ain't. Wot is it? Born Tired—It's 'cause I'm so humane. The's what it is, I don't want to work both me lungs at once.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



SEIGNOR SCRAPERELLI.

that every musician and singer feels in regard to all other persons, no matter of what class, rank or condition—the feeling that one divinely endowed with the gift of music should take precedence of all others of the human race. Nor does this feeling demand, as a previous condition, much of an endowment, for it may sometimes be observed among musical folk that the less they know about music the more conceited they are apt to be about their attainment in this direction, as the leading soprano in a volunteer church choir often gives herself more airs than Patti, and the old dinky who fiddles for all the dances in a country neighborhood not infrequently regards his own musical attainments as more profound than those of Paganini.

Leaving the quantity and quality of musical knowledge and skill out of the question for the time being, however, the attitudes struck by musical people of different lines furnish a curious and exceedingly interesting subject of study, as going to show that the musical art of the present day is felt and acknowledged to be as much a matter of pose as of melody or harmony. That this statement is true is readily susceptible of proof. No artist would be willing to play or sing behind a screen for an audience in front. It is possible that, persuading himself under such circumstances by a sort of legal fiction, he was quite alone, the pianist might pour forth his soul through his finger tips, and give much better renditions of the works he sought to interpret than he would when consciously playing for effect, but he would not be willing to try. No orchestra, no body of singers, would be willing to go through their



HERE BLOWSHEDOFF.

performance behind a curtain, unseeing and unseen, and yet, theoretically, this ought to be the most satisfactory method of rendering a musical work, for, in this case, the singers and players would be undisturbed by the sight of the sea of faces before them, and the audience