The Spectrophone

By John Kendrick Bangs

Being Some Consideration of Things in The Days to Come

The Horse Show Of 2263

BY ORDER OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY, IN 2192

THEIR NECKS CRANING—

THE WILLIEBOY HIGH JUMPING SOCKS CLASS WAS ANNOUNCED.

AND THEIR EYES GLUED.

"THEY HAVE TO HAVE IT TO KEEP THEIR CHARTER."

A SUDDEN crash on the street below jarred upon my nerves to some extent, and as a consequence the delicate adjustments of the spectrophore were jostled by my shaken hand, and from a contemplation of the marvels of the city of Philyorgo I found my vision harking back a dozen or more centuries to what appeared upon close investigation to be the horse show of 2263. I should have liked very much indeed to follow the fortunes of the air ship party further into the mysteries of the great city, but the first glimpse of this horse show of the future held me spellbound. Moreover, I had come to realize that inasmuch as none of these things I had seen had happened yet I could always take them up again where I had left off by the mere manipulation of the screw of the mechanism. Somewhat to my surprise the scene of the horse show of 2263 was the same arena that has always held it in my own day, although the external appearance of the great garden had been considerably modified by the superimposition of the Flatiron building upon its roof, and this in turn was surmounted by the Statue of Liberty. I judged from one or two things that came to my ears that this architectural change had happened some time during the twenty-first century, in response to the demands of an outraged public who objected to the conditions prevailing at the strenuous junction of Broadway and Twenty-third street. Men and women had grown tired of having their clothing blown off as they rounded the corner, and themselves picked up by the playful zephyrs like so much thistle down and wafted either through the plate glass windows of neighboring shops or under the wheels of passing vehicles on the avenue, and as a consequence the famous skyscraper had been removed, and, for want of a better place to put it, had been erected on the roof of the Madison Square Garden. The Statue of Liberty had been removed from the bay and placed in its new location by order of the Standard Oil company in 2192, because of its archaic significance, and a huge Rochester lamp, illuminated with kerosene, put in its place on Bedloe's island, as an indication of the real ownership of the country.

Without, directly over the Madison avenue entrance of the garden, were the usual glittering electric lights announcing the presence inside of the annual exhibition of the New York Horse Show company, limited, and in a jiffy my eye and ear had penetrated to the interior. The boxes were thronged as usual with brilliant gowns, but with the difference that no one seemed to be inside of them. There was a lack of movement in the boxes that was astonishing, but the reason for it soon became evident, for as my eye drew closer I noted that what I had long expected to happen had happened. In very truth the still, stolid figures in the high seats of society were only dummies. Each box was labeled with the name of the owner so that the throngs of visitors on the promenade could not mistake the identity of those whose garments they looked upon. Box 23, for instance, bore the sacred name of Mrs. John Jacob Astorbilt, the keystone to the social arch of America, and contained a complete set of models of the gowns that lady proposed to wear during the season just opening. There were the usual variety of magnificent wraps, two dozen sets of furs, fourteen evening gowns, a dozen street gowns and between fifty and sixty bonnets and hats arranged in a showcase at the rear. Everything about these garments was characterized by a fineness of taste in coloring and design, in marked contrast indeed to the contents of the adjoining box, of which Mrs. Dottie Vandderlip, lately of the Waldorf Comedy and Vaudeville company, the thirteenth wife of William Charles Vanderlip, of Astoria, was the owner. Mrs. Vanderlip's tastes ran, as I judged from what I saw, to the most strenuous colors and extremes in effects suggesting somewhat her stage career, which had been slightly chromatic, to put it mildly. Across the arena was the box of Mr. Harry Dare, a direct lineael descendant of a famous wit and leader of fashion in my own time. In this, upon wire figures, were draped a half dozen frock coats of varying patterns and in a variety of colors from saffron to mauve, from plum to pure black. There were also riding breeches, golf suits, lounging and smoking jackets, sack coats with peg-top trousers, dinner coats, full evening dress coats and trousers, with a background, as in the case of Mrs. Astorbilt's exhibit, of the latest thing in hats—silk hats, derby hats, slouch hats, hats of all kinds that go to stamp their owner as a gentleman of high degree. Two boxes away from the exhibit of Mr. Dare was the horse show habitat of the Hon. Timothy L. Dandruff, descendant of the last governor of Manhattan before the empire. Mr. Dandruff confined his entries to a single line of fancy waistcoats, and nothing more dazzling has ever greeted my eye. Such plaids, such polka dots, such queer speckled rib-fronts, such faultless pique evening waistcoats with one button to button and six to leave unbuttoned, such gorgeous patterns for street wear—indeed, I doubt if any horse show that ever was had before or ever will be had after has provided or will provide the public with such a high stepping waistcoat display as that.

And so it went from one end of the Garden to the other at this gay and festive Horse Show of 2263. High and low, every box was devoted to a sartorial exhibition that in my experience was unparalleled. From hose and lingerie of both sexes to outer and outermost garments both male and female everything conceivable in raiment was there. Some subscribers and box holders displayed their whole stock—one well known bride received the blue ribbon for her trousseau, which, taking it all in all, was the most fascinating fluffy thing I ever saw—while others, like Mr. Dandruff, devoted their space to special lines, notably young Dobbington Carnegie-feller, who entered nothing but socks ranging from plain white percheron draught socks up through the lisle thread hackney socks to the silk high-jumping socks for use in the hunting cotillion at Far Hockaway. A firm of neckwear breeders had two boxes in which to display their four-in-hands, their dress ties, their sailor knots and highly durable shirt coverers, and upon all these things the multitudes, thronging up and down the elliptical promenades, gazed with the same eagerness with which in the crude days of 1903 and 1904 they had gazed upon the same sort of things with the people in them.

Turning from this display my eye rested upon a crowd surrounding the tanbark, their necks craning and their eyes glued upon some event going on in the ring. Thanks to the potency of the spectrophone, I was able to peer through the closely packed bystanders, densely grouped as they were, and was more than charmed to see three beautiful young ladies stepping about the arena superbly gowned in creations that would have turned Mrs. Robert Hasbeen and Bluefern green with envy. I had happened upon the entries in the ball gown class—the panne velvets had just been judged. To my eye there was little to judge between them in style, conformation, carriage or appointments, but the judges seemed to think differently, for as the three ladies passed and repassed in their graceful circlings of the ring they jotted down notes upon their tablets, just as I have often seen them do when judging hunters and hackneys at the horse shows I have attended in the past. Now and then they would shake their heads dubiously and consult, and finally the award was made. The blue ribbon was awarded to Miss Hazy Van Tallen, the red to Miss Tootsie Gillet, and a V. H. C. to the third young lady, whose name I failed to get. The white ribbon was not awarded. My curiosity was aroused by these awards, for in very truth I should myself have cut the blue ribbon into three pieces and distributed it among the beautiful competitors, and then the chance remark of a bystander cleared the mystery.

"Number two was a sure winner," he said, "but unfortunately she had her diamond dog collar on upside down."

"Well, what was the matter with Tootsie?" asked a Willieboy at the rear. "Her action was fine, and I never saw better style."

"Very true," said the other, "but there was a button off the back of her waist, and she'd fastened it up at the last minute with one of her brother Jack's shirt studs. It was a narrow squeak for Hazy, but she won on the perfection of her appointments."

I have never been much interested in the ring exhibitions of the horse shows I have visited, and was about to turn away from this scene when the Willieboy High Jumping Socks Class was announced, and the prettiest little cavalcade of Johnnies you ever saw cantered merrily into the ring, their trousers turned up at the bottom a la London style, to show their hosiery, and the neatest imaginable little dancing slippers on their feet. Each wore a red hunting jacket and velvet jockey cap, and the way they caracoled and pirouetted about the tanbark displaying their high bred socks was what the ancients used to call a caution. Up and down they went, in lanciers, two steps, gavottes, minuets and other dances best calculated to show the merits of their hosiery, until, by a process of exclusion only three were left for the judges' award, and here, as in the ball dress class, only the merest of chance placed the coveted ribbon upon the socks of Reggie de Toodles, of Newport. His strongest competitor, young Harold Floyd-Wiggs, of Long Island, broke one of his garters in the final test and had to be contented with the red ribbon, while the other, Bobby Van Tyle, of the Westchester Hunt club, it was discovered at the last moment, had put one of his socks on inside out. The peculiar breed of the sock, which was reversible, made this difficult to detect without careful inspection, but it did not escape the eagle eye of the judges, who made their awards accordingly.

It was at this point that the door of my prison chamber opened behind me, and the aged inventor of the spectrophone returned to me.

"Well," said he, turning on a light and sitting at my side, how does it work?"

"It's a perfect wonder," said I. "Never dreamed of its like."

"How far have you got?" he inquired.

"Oh, I'm just jumping around through the future at random, like a flea in a new tiger skin rug," I replied. "When you came I was investigating the horse show of 2263."

The old man laughed.

"Good!" said he. "Did you look down in the cellar?"

"No," said I.

"Well, wait a minute; I want to show you something," he observed quietly, and then, taking the machine in hand, he manipulated it for a few moments. "There," he added, as he got it focussed, "Look at that."

A gazed in at the aperture and perceived way off in the dark corner of the garden cellar a plain box stall, built of pine boards, and in it, lying comfortably on his side and blinking mildly at the wall while he filled himself with oats, lay an aged white horse.

"By Jove!" I cried. "It's a horse!"

"Yes," said he. "They have to have it to keep their charter."

And with that the old man rose up again and left me, locking the door behind him as before.

WHERE THE CHORUS IS RECRUITED FROM

A MUSICAL comedy chorus was canvassed the other evening with a view to making known the occupations of the men and women composing it prior to the time they "took to the stage." The result was interesting, and disproved one general belief—that chorus girls all come from the musical colleges or step from the ranks of fashionable society, as the press agent would have most people believe.

In this company, for instance, some of the previous conditions of servitude were along the following lines:

Women—Milliner, hairdresser, seamstress, typewriter, salesgirl, school teacher, artist's model, waitress, society reporter.

Men—Politician, bank clerk, shoemaker, railway conductor, printer, law clerk, bookbinder, telegraph operator.

In the chorus of "Fantana" at the Garrick, where this canvass was made, the majority of the young women interviewed were not at all loath to tell about their former occupations. The reason given for the change was that, although work in the chorus was hard, the pay was better than in most of the positions vacated. Chorus salaries range from $18 to $25 a week. Traveling expenses—that means railway fare—is paid by the manager of the company.

Theatrical managers have different plans for "drafting" chorus talent Henry W. Savage recruits his companies, as far as possible, from the music schools. In Mr. Savage's various companies there are now at least three hundred Chicago young women, or young women whose homes are in nearby cities. These young women all studied at Chicago schools of music, and went into the chorus in the hope of some day getting a singing part. Some have advanced and some have not. Charles Frohman has an idea that the best results are obtained from young women who may have held some social position of more or less prominence, and it is a fact that a number of "real society girls," which does not mean the society girls with very much money, have appeared in the choruses of some of his musical companies. Sam Shubert declared the other night that he did not particularly favor either of these drafting sources. Young women who had held some position in commercial or professional life, who were compelled to earn their bread and butter, and who were quickly amenable to discipline, were the ones he sought. Of course, there must be good looks and a fair degree of talent.

What They Were

There is a chorus of eighty in "Fantana," and out of these twenty-one members were discovered to have come out of the general walks of life. There is, of course, here as everywhere, the young woman who became irked with the idle life of society and who sought the stage in order to follow a "career." She was the daughter of a New York state senator—but why proceed?

One of the Garrick characters, Miss Katherine Cooper, was a student of music at one of the Chicago musical colleges. She had studied with a view to the stage, and finally she decided that the best way to get the opportunity was to go into the chorus. Today she is understudy for one of the leading roles in "Fantana," and is one of the hardest working members of the chorus. "If there is such a thing as success arising from the ranks of the chorus and if it can be achieved by hard work, then I will get there," said Miss Cooper resolutely.

Pauline La Moine trimmed women's hats until she, like so many others, decided that the stage offered better opportunities and left the humdrum routine of the milliner's shop for the gauze and finery of the chorus.

The residents of Northern Iowa knew Albert McKay as an orator and a politician. He had been president of the town council of Algona for two terms and had been elected to the state legislature without opposition. His love for the forum breeded the love for the stage, and, resigning his seat in the Iowa house of representatives, he went to New York looking for an engagement.

This is his second season as a member of the chorus, and every night he stands in the back row wearing the silks and satins of a Japanese soldier and going through the dance evolutions which he has been assiduously taught, all for $22 a week.

Cashier and Conductor

Robert Brewer is another product of Iowa, but to him the stage is probably more of a pastime, with a little of the novelty introduced into the humdrum life of a rich man's son. Brewer's father is a banker, and his son, after a thorough college education, received his business training behind the brass bars of the cashier's desk in Marshalltown, but the roaming spirit of the adventure took him far away from Iowa, and he dances at the side of the former politician and dresses in the same room and receives the same salary.

In the line in front of Brewer and McKay stands a man who has streaks of iron gray in his hair. His face is peaked and his eyes are sharp, and he walks with an energy that in itself is an example to the other members of the chorus. Never once has he been a minute late for rehearsal or for performances, and he does everything with the preciseness and promptness of a man trained to it, and it is true that he has had the training.

For fourteen years a railroad conductor on the Delaware & Lackawanna railroad, Harry Sackett, as he calls himself, finally decided to put aside the red lantern and the brass buttons and don the tinsel of the chorus. He believes that he has an exceptionally rich barytone voice, and that it will not take many years before he is in the front ranks. He does not realize that he is getting old, and that in these days of large choruses and much sprightly work it is the young man and the young woman who are sought after, but he is a faithful, reliable man, and the stage manager uses him as his assistant. Strange as it may seem, it is yet true, that his railroad training has fitted him for the chorus.

Was a Hair Dresser

In a hair dressing establishment in Denver, Col., two girls tried for over two years to make a living. They worked—that is, they were willing to work when they had the chance, but either Denver women didn't care to have their hair dressed or they didn't like the particular manner in which the two young women did their work; at any rate, when the "Chinese Honeymoon" company went through Denver two years ago one of them left the shop never to return again, and before long she was one of the bridesmaids in the "Honeymoon" company. Today she is a geisha in "Fantana." To her life is a stern reality, and the stage offers her the best means of making her living. It is mainly a matter of daily bread with Gladys Walker.

The idea of going on the stage first entered the head of Nina Clemens when sewing and making gowns for stage people. Miss Clemens was in one of the large costume making establishments in New York. An expert dressmaker, she received $5 a day for eight or nine hours' work. She would fancy and picture in her mind how she herself would look in some of the gowns and beautiful robes on which she was daily working. Her desire soon became a passion, and then began a weary quest of four months which finally ended in her going into the chorus. Twenty-five dollars a week is what she gets now, and she has no complaint to make—her passion has been satisfied.

Bessie Garrison used to hammer the keys of the typewriter in a lawyer's office on Broadway. Always fond of the theater—as seen from the stenographers' gallerey—and always eager to learn the mysteries of the sacred precincts behind the scenes, she decided to go on the stage. She started out with visions of large type on the billboards, but for three years she has been in the chorus, getting her name in print only as one of the alsos, and now is quite content to await her opportunity with the scores of others who trip and dance by her every night.

Arthur M. Evans was a shoemaker, but refused to heed the old proverb that bade him stick to his last. He, too, sought the chorus.

From the Sales Room

Louise Barthel was a salesgirl in an art store in Buffalo, N. Y., when suddenly she made up her mind to seek the glories of the stage. Lynn D'Arcy was a school teacher. She specialized in language and then secured a position in the New York high schools, but the dry routine of the pedagogue's life was too much for her, and today she is one of the Grundy girls in "Fantana." Her chum and companion, Miss Katherine Hyland, was a society reporter on a New York weekly, and when Miss D'Arcy decided to go on the stage she followed suit. This is her first season behind the footlights, but they both have hopes, large hopes in fact, of what the future may bring forth.

Charles E. Clark stands in a class by himself so far as previous occupation is concerned. He was business agent, or, a many call it, "walking delegate," for a union. For many years a printer, when a local lodge of the Typothetae was founded in his home city in New York he was put in control of it. For four years he directed it, until one day Jefferson de Angelis and his troupe happened along. Clark saw the "show," decided that he would like the work, and, knowing that he had a fair voice, he sought an engagement. Mr. De Angelis was so struck by the oddity of the change in situation that he engaged Clerk immediately, and now Mr. Burnside regards him as one of the most valuable members of the "Fantana" chorus.

Viola Adams was an artist's model, and she was induced to take a position in the chorus. Norma Bell claims the stage as her home, and rightfully she may, for ever since she has been a child she has been behind the footlights. Her parents were both actors, and the young woman has been brought up in the atmosphere of the grease paint and the powder puff. Carolyn White was a waitress, but sought higher fields to conquer, and after studying music two years she joined the ranks of the merry singers.

Robert T. Kirkwood was a lawyer in St. Louis, but found law books dry reading and practicing poor picking, so he cast his lot in with the hundreds of others who have sought the stage, and slowly but surely is trying to work his way to the top.

Adolph Weber clicked the keys in the telegraph room of a big broker's office for many years, but so different from the stories that we hear and read about, it was not "music to his ears," and he, too, sought his place before the glare of the spot light.

Victoria Stuart was coming from Europe, and in one of the testimonial concerts on board the steamer her singing was heard by a manager, and he immediately offered her a position. Although the young woman never had much idea of going on the stage, she is making the best of her opportunity.

The last of the list of twenty-one is Olive Quimby, who was a clerk in the New York postoffice, but heard the stage bee buzzing in her head, and sought the footlights to satisfy her ambition.

Most of these men and women appear to be serious about their work, and to believe that it will lead to advancement.

STRANGE INSTRUMENTS FURNISH MUSIC FOR PEOPLE OF JAPAN

BOSTON, Nov. 19, 1904.—Japanese music has only very slightly influenced the occidental musical world, although Japanese art has powerfully affected the whole breed of painters and their followers from James McNeil Whistler down. Every little artist surrounds himself in his studio with Japanese prints and textiles; are teachers everywhere are nowadays basing their instructions in design upon principles exemplified by such craftsmen as Hokusai and Hiroshige. But American composers seem not as yet to have discovered very much that is of more than general interest in the epic chants, short lyrics and instrumental music of the Nipponese kingdom.

A study of Japanese musical instruments as they appear in the Shuji Izawa collection at the New England Conservatory of Music—which was presented to this music school by the mikado and is said to be the best collection of its kind in the United States and probably in the world—leads one readily to understand why the music of the little Oriental kingdom can hardly have had a great effect in an age when "color" has been the prevailing aim of the composer's art; and it may be suspected that only in case there is a reaction from the present vogue of complex chromatic effects, will the comparatively primitive forms of music prevailing in the far East be found to contain valuable suggestions for our students and composers. At any rate there the music is and, though European popular songs and airs are becoming known in the cities of the islands, it is unlikely that the older forms will be neglected for a long time to come. It may be true that the gamins of Yokahama and Yeddo have all summer been whistling "Bedelia" and "Blue Bell" as earnestly as the small boys of New York or San Francisco; yet the sentiment of the people for the art which the Emperor Jimmu is fabled to have invented out of love for the beautiful maid Isuzu still continues very strong. For that reason such collections of instruments from the land of the mikado as the conservatory possesses will always have genuine human interest, calling up pictures of exquisite tea rooms shaded with cherry trees and thronged with delicately gowned singing girls.

That the best gathering of Japanese musical instruments in the United States should be found in a New England institution is perhaps not unfitting, since it was through an invitation extended to Dr. Eben Tourjee, founder of the New England conservatory that a Boston musician, Luther Whiting Mason—the same who first placed music in the curriculum of the public schools of this city—was singularly honored by being called to Japan to accomplish for the mikado's capital what he had done for his own home town. The three years which Dr. Mason spent in building up in Tokio a course of instruction according to European standards, if it had no other results, at least led to the first real understanding by occidentals of Japanese music. In recognition of the musician's services the government of Tokyo some time since forwarded to the conservatory the original charts which were first used in teaching Japanese students in accordance with European methods.

In the conservatory collection one finds, of course, abundance of examples of that most common of Japanese instruments—the one with which Dr. Mason first investigated the Japanese scale—the samisen. Everywhere in Japan one notes the singing girl and her samisen. The instrument is made of hardwood with the usual sounding board, or belly, of drum-head stuff and strings of silk. On it are played the popular songs of the nation which, though different enough in musical quality, are said to be strikingly like our own in sentiment, consisting generally of love songs and comic efforts. On the samisen, for example, the singing girls play the music of that popular ditty "Harosami" or "Spring Rain," which may perhaps be taken as an oriental counterpart of "The Good Old Summer Time." It tells something about a bird which in a storm takes refuge on a plum tree and longs for his nest far away. Rendering such melodies on the samisen the singing girl, or gheko, never lacks for audiences and even European travelers stop to listen while she thrums her three-stringed instrument with the little plectrum, or horn, of hardwood. The tone is said to be not unlike that of the banjo, although it is sweeter in timbre.

Another instrument, which appears in the collection is the biwa, resembling the lute of medieval Europe except that it is played with a plectrum. It is said to have been named after Lake Biwa, which it resembles in shape. This is the favorite musical implement of the so-called Society of the Feki-Blind. Feki, it should be said, was a Japanese prince of many years ago who went to war with Joritomo, a war god who captured him and sought to attach him to his service. Patriotism, always so strong in the Japanese, led Feki to refuse consistently to serve in the courts of an enemy, but he so appreciated his captor's magnanimity that he plucked out his own eyes rather than to continue to look him in the face. Feki later became a famous musician and founded the order which goes by his name. It is a sort of a Masonic organization, the members of which refuse charity but earn their living by playing on the biwa at weddings, banquets, funerals and other social functions.

Perhaps the most aristocratic of Japanese instruments is the koto, adopted from the Chinese kin. Its music has religious significance, and it is used on solemn occasions. The perfect koto has seven strings, but there are all sorts of variations, running from the summa-koto, a one-stringed affair, up to a great unwieldy structure carrying from twenty-five to fifty strings. The most popular form of the koto is called the sono, with thirteen strings, played with a set of diminutive plectra and having a set of movable bridges, by adjustment of which the instrument is tuned. Every variety of the koto shows a sounding board which rests on the floor in front of the performer, who plucks the strings with little ivory picks which are attached to his fingers. The oldest form of the instrument is recorded as having been nine feet in breadth and to have had strings six feet long.

The other stringed instrument which deserves particular mention is the kokiu. This has the usual primitive body of hardwood and skin. It might easily be confounded with the samisen, save that it is smaller and has four strings. The strands of its bow are tightened by winding the loose ends around the finger of the right hand. The kokiu is played with the body resting on the player's lap. It is tuned in fifths and it gives out tones that are very sonorous. Together with the samisen and the koto it makes a good combination for a trio. There is also an instrument like the banjo called the gekkin and another, of the same general shape but having no frets, known as the shigen.

One of the favorite Japanese wind instruments is the fuye, made of a bamboo stick wound about with thread, except at the points where it is pierced and lacquered. It is not a very perfect instrument though it is superior to the one which was probably its progenitor, called the siaku-hachi. The last named is a mere rough tube with four holes on one side for the fingers and one opposite which is stopped by the thumb. This is not a traverse flute; it is blown through the end, as boys blow peas or pop-guns.

The other leading form of wind instrument is the hichi-riki, resembling the oboe in structure, and played from the end like a flageolet. Travellers say that its tone as extracted by skilful players is astonishingly shrill and piercing; there have even been cases in which Europeans have been laid up by being obliged to listen to it.

Of instruments of percussion the Japanese are addicted principally to the barbaric drum. They have all sorts of drums, big and little, and of various shapes; some with two heads, like two cones fastened at the apexes; sacred drums, classical drums, popular drums, metal gongs and others. The snare drum is quite unknown. With a single exception there are no orchestras in Japan. In the theatrical bands one finds generally a flute, a couple of samisens and two or three drums.

The singing with which players accompany their efforts at parties in the tea houses or elsewhere is not high from the Occidental point of view. The singers nearly all use the falsetto voice. The Japanese care very little for harmony and probably would not be especially interested in orchestral works built up on their national tunes.

Just as Japanese music has little to offer to the European composer, so up to this time Western music has made comparatively little progress in Japan, though the Imperial orchestra at Tokyo, led first by Eckert and more lately by the Viennese violinist, Dubrowsky, has done some educational work. The music which this orchestra plays is done in our manner of notation, but the Japanese public still clings to its own style of notation with the characters printed in vertical rows. A few musicians have come to America or Europe to study. One of these, Mr. T. Togi, is at present studying at the conservatory, which usually has one or two representatives of the Nipponese kingdom in its list of pupils. A few years ago there was registered as a student a princess of the royal family, whose identity, for obvious reasons, was kept carefully hidden until after she had left the school.

The usefulness of the Japanese instruments which Mr. Shugi Izawa gave to the New England conservatory in the name of the imperial government at Tokyo is perhaps less apparent now than it will be later on, when, with closer relationship established between the United States and Japan, every feature of the life of the nation across the Pacific will be studied even more sympathetically than now.

The Hills of Red and Gold

I like the hills of red and gold,
Great gems set in the landscape rare;
Autumnal tints that now unfold
And spread heir glories everywhere
I cannot make it seem the days
Are melancholy, sad or drear;
To me the harvest time betrays
The wealth and glory of the year.

We prune the vine for greater yield,
Leaves turn and fall that more may grow;
One changing picture, wood and field,
From tender green to glist'ning snow.
Give me the hills of red and gold,
The crowning time, the harvest days,
When Nature, over wood and wold,
Her master stroke of color lays.

—Joe Cone.