

## Music in Vienna

By a Correspondent

**V**IENNA, strangely enough, so forward in almost everything else, is singularly behind in art. She possesses splendid galleries but few really good pictures compared with Munich, Dresden, Paris, Florence or Rome, but she does shine brilliantly and alone in orchestral music. The Parisians are particularly proud of Lamoureux's or Colonne's orchestras, the Berliners of Wingartnir's, Boston of her Symphony, but all will agree that the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra led by Schalk is the finest musical organisation the world has yet produced. Anyone who knows this orchestra which interprets not only Wagner and the other Germans, but French, Italian and Hungarian masters as well, may rest assured he has listened to the finest conception of the musical idea. And why not? Vienna was the home, and here were laid to rest, Beethoven, Strauss, Schubert, Mozart, Brahms, Wolf and many others whose melodies will ring down the ages and proclaim Vienna the home and patron of these wonderful minds. Munich can boast more splendid operatic scenic effects and better voices for grand opera; Paris may claim more numerous organisations representing different shades of music; Berlin a heavier and more ponderous style, but Vienna stands alone, according to such men as Kubelik and Mottl with regard to delicate and combined orchestral effects. Every man in that huge organisation is an artist of the first rank and when they visit America next summer I hope Canadians will make an effort to hear them at Toronto.

While speaking of music in Vienna one is naturally reminded of the splendid church music which one may hear every Sunday in any of the seventy Catholic churches, but particularly at the Court Chapel where the orchestra from the Royal Opera and a choir of twenty-five boys and thirty men sing at high mass. This choir is perhaps equalled only by that of St. Peter's at Rome. There are magnificent mixed choirs to be heard at the Church of St. Augustine, St. Stephens, the Votive Church and many others.

The musical treats of Vienna, as well as those of other European capitals, are not enjoyed by Canadian or American tourists as a rule for the reason they visit Europe at the season of the year when all the concerts, operas, etc., have closed. The musical season all over Europe is from October to the middle of March. During these months one may hear the finest music and see the finest actors, but never in the summer, when all artists make it a point to get away from the cities and rest after the long strain of the winter months. I could never understand why Canadians as a rule visit Europe in the summer when there is nothing in particular to see except the scenery, and when they reflect that they have much better at home it seems to me they are spending money foolishly and neglecting chances of greatly improving their minds by not going to Europe in the proper season.

## Sir Hibbert's Retort

**"Y**OUNG CHARLEY TUPPER," as he was called until after he was five and forty, had not much humour, but he possessed a mordant wit that he seldom displayed. In the September days when the first Laurier Parliament was sitting some of the back bench Liberals were occasionally rather too jocund in their demeanour. One night Sir Hibbert had a few remarks to make before the motion to adjourn carried, and he proceeded to make them. This did not suit one particular Liberal member, who is now dead. He had been enjoying himself quite liberally and he desired to get down town to enjoy himself some more. And so, while Tupper was speaking,

this gentleman punctuated his remarks with shouts of "Carried! Carried!"

Tupper well knew what was the matter, but finally he paused and, gazing full at the interrupter, he rasped out:

"No; it isn't carried, but the honourable gentleman who is interrupting will have to be carried if he wants to get out of this chamber to-night."

"And e'en the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear"—to roar. Laurier, who hugely enjoys a good shot, lay back in his chair and had one of those long, silent chuckles he so much enjoys.

## 'Rah for Richard

The elections 'way out in B. C.

Surprised some dear folks bitter-lee.

They returned Dick McBride,

Victoria's pride,

And Borden's as pleased as can be.

J. G.

## Answers to Correspondents

**Footsore.**—Try boiling them in hot water, for to boil them in any other kind is a tedious process. (2) Yes, he was the author of "Pilgrim's Progress."

**Gladys.**—You do not say which kind of molds. There are iron, jelly and facial. The latter are the most distressing, of course. They are a sign of rich blood and are either brown or black in colour. Remove carefully with a hat pin or other sharp instrument; let them stand for twenty-four hours and serve cold.

**Young Mother.**—Fresh air is good for baby at this critical period, and should be administered through the nose every ten seconds. If this does not prove effective, write again.

**Emaciated.**—Plenty of fat pork, dripping and molasses. Avoid all exertion and wear a yellow wrapper.

**Debut.**—The expression certainly was indelicate. He should have said, "The part that got over the fence last." This is not only delicate, but highly humorous.

**Public Ownership.**—No, Barbara Heck and Adam Beck are two different men entirely.

**Student.**—Can any of our readers explain to Student the origin of Christmas?

**Constant Reader.**—The price of the Courier is 5 cents.

**Murderer.**—You will find the heart on the left side as you go in.

McAree.

## The Motor Inn

**F**OR some time English people who like the old-fashioned highways and hedges have been deploring the noisy and sometimes noisome passage of the automobiles which bid fair to intrude upon the most sequestered vales of the country. It has been urged that they would spoil the repose surrounding those "haunts of ancient peace" which have constituted the Old Country's most alluring charm for those from the busier world.

But it appears that there is another and a brighter chapter in the story of motor progress through rural England. It seems that the automobile is bringing back fortune to some of the deserted inns which had almost lost custom through the railways. As one English weekly says: "The beautiful courtyards in our old hostels, which have scarcely heard the clang of horses' hoofs since the coaches ceased running, are looking young again as the car throbs up to them for rest and shelter." The old coach with its "tantivy" seems more in keeping with the ancient yards but the host is not disposed to quarrel with the modern "landaulette" which brings the tired and hungry motorists to his vine-encircled doorway.