

# Literature Music Art

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## WANTED—AN AMERICAN COSTUME

For over two thousand years the statues of the women of Greece have been admired as ideal types of beauty, both in feature and form, perfect types of loveliness, depending not at all on the picturesqueness of their surroundings or upon artificial adornment, their costume consisting of a simple skirt and tunic, their headdress their own softly twisted hair, bound about with a ribbon or a circlet of gold. The Grecian women, of whom these statues are the types, were the women of paganism, during the years before the emancipation of the sex. According to the old histories, there was little change in the fashions then. Women depended upon their own personal charms to attract, rather than upon any impression that they might create by the donning of transforming gowns, wonderful achievements of millinery or marvelous puffs and pads, braids and curls of hair. And yet, though today, the girls in the schools are shown the figure of the Venus of Milo and taught that they should develop their bodies according to the beautiful example, the incongruity of such teaching must surely appeal to them, when they see their own mothers, who it is hoped stand to them as the example par excellence of all that is wise and lovely, clad in a costume which no power of magic could contrive to fasten about the heathen woman's perfect proportions. Since Christianity first dawned and woman, according to the enlightenment of its teaching, was set free from a bondage which, while it did not enslave with tangible chains, bound her down none the less in body, soul and spirit, the sex in general seems to have gone a little mad on the subject of its adorning. To-day we have reached a state of things when the costuming of women is about on a level as far as artistic beauty is concerned with all other professions which have for their aim the giving to the public of something new, no matter how startling, as vaudeville acting, the writing of popular novels, the writing of popular songs. Is there a sculptor on earth today who would undertake to make a statue of the modern society woman, moderately clothed, and hope his production would be anything but a laughing stock for the future generations?

There is not a heathen country in the world where the women do not dress more sensibly than they do in America. We are even a little worse here than they are in Europe, at least they have the merit, such as it is, of originality. But our poor part is merely to ape and to imitate, and that not always successfully. For instance, a few months ago some man with an over-developed sense of humor perhaps, certainly with no sense whatever of the fitness of things, constructed those monstrosities in the way of millinery which resemble nothing so much as the old-fashioned bee-hive. The style was a little too grotesque for even the most extreme of the French patrons, so the chapeaux were bundled off to America, stamped Parisienne, and were eagerly bought and exploited by an unlimited number of females in the happy delusion that in wearing them they were acquiring a most enviable chic and foreign style.

A year or so ago it seemed almost as if we had come to our senses at last and were going to dress sanely, for the skirts were short and the blouse gave plenty of room for the body, while the elbow sleeve left the arms free. Then fashion, as though agitated at her own temerity in venturing to be sensible, rushed to the other extreme, and re-introduced the Directoire gown, telling us gravely that to have any contour of figure was in the worst of taste, and that if nature had not blessed us with lathlike forms, Dame Fashion had invented a corset which, while of course it must cause a certain amount of torture to the wearer, would in time produce the effect desired. Many bewildering sights are a result of this latest dictum of the modistes. Surely nothing can be more ludicrous than to see the short, stout woman in a sheath gown, and the tall, gaunt woman so attired is almost a pathetically sorry figure to look upon. "The latest novelty in the fashion world," says Punch, "is a sash worn over the dress just above the knee-line. It seems almost incredible that it should not have occurred to anyone before that this is the most ideally absurd position for a sash." The Illustrated London News shows us some of the costumes worn at Ascot, which exactly carry out the idiosyncrasy described by Punch. There are some photographs of the fair frequenters of the race track in this latter magazine which show such ridiculous exaggerations of dress that we wonder to just what extremes a woman will go in this matter and still have the courage to stand face to face with herself in the looking-glass.

We have made very great strides in civilization since the days of Sappho and Hypatia, or presumably the most of us think we have, but perhaps in the matter of dress it would be just as well if we did not try to advance any further, but instead make a retrogressive step for a change, and compromise, say, between the ancient costume of the pagan Greeks and the dress of the heathen Chinese women, either of which is a vast improvement on our own modern garb, which hasn't the ghost of a claim to modesty or beauty.

## IN THE REALM OF MUSIC

When we see the easy naturalness of the dancing of the ballet in the operas and musical comedies, it is difficult to realize that such a condition of graceful perfection is only arrived

at after long and strenuous training. It all looks so very simple and easy that most of us flatter ourselves we could accomplish as artistic results with very little preparation. The following article from Musical America will give an idea of the many difficulties to be overcome before a dancer can be even admitted to the ranks of the ballet, and we can perhaps appreciate a little of what a long course of training it must take, and what an unlimited amount of patience one must have, in order to become a premier danseuse.

The class of young ladies mentioned in the article are in training for the ballet for the Boston Opera House.

Manager Ralph Flanders began preparations over two months ago, advertising at that time for twenty-six young ladies with the proper figure, temperament, eyes, ambition, interest and persistence. A large number were rejected. Sometimes it was overweight for such arduous work, sometimes it was age or lack of suppleness. The minimum age was fifteen years; the maximum, twenty-one.

Eventually the ballet mistress, Mme. Muschietto, Austrian by birth, graduate of the Vienna Hofoper, former prima ballerina of the Prague Royal Opera House, the ballet mistress of Covent Garden and of the Metropolitan Opera House under the late Heinrich Conried, took charge of the girls.

They were as ignorant of what ballet dancing was as the veriest country girl. From various parts of the city they came—one a cash girl in a department store; another a salesgirl; a third, apprentice to a seamstress; another a domestic, and still another a milliner, and so on through a list of wage-earning occupations, each ambitious and enthusiastic to become not only an efficient member of the Boston organization, but even a prima ballerina.

They have learned the movements not only of "La Gioconda," but "Aida." But the secret of what has been done with these pure novices in this highly complicated art is something which they share in part only. The rest is held by the ballet mistress and her assistant, Mlle. Maria Poperello, who see faults where others would not notice.

Still, the young women have taken hold of their dancing in a way that has been a big surprise even to the optimistic manager of the Opera House, and even to the teachers themselves.

It was necessary first to bring the candidates up to a perfect physical condition to prepare for the exhausting work of ballet dancing. Accordingly they were first given calisthenics, apparatus work and all-round gymnasium instruction to strengthen their muscles and tone up generally their health. It was hard, wearying work at first, but the girls pluckily kept at it, coming back every evening in spite of sore muscles.

The class is given not quite a full hour of instruction before a fifteen minutes' rest is called. They then start again. Mme. Muschietto's training is comprehensive. It covers not only the precise movements of ballet dancing generally, but specific features of this and that opera. Moreover, it journeys into the realm of interpretation, for, of course, that is one of the fundamental features of the ballet. Members are taught individually by threes and fives and en bloc. Sometimes there is purely individual instruction, each member taking her turn at the front of the stage in trying to master the steps.

Says General Manager Ralph Flanders: "These American girls are just as good looking and graceful as any of the foreign girls we have seen dancing in the ballet of the different grand operas produced in this country and I see no reason why we should not put on our ballet with competent American dancing girls. At any rate, we have decided to establish a school here in Boston for the training of ballet girls and do away with importing Italian ballet girls."

Mme. Sembrich took part in two concerts at the house of William Waldorf Astor in London, the first on the evening of June 25, and the second on July 1. With her appeared Ignace Paderewski and Signor Anselmi, all Polish artists. Mme. Sembrich returned to her home, Villa Le Verger, Chamblandes, Lausanne, on July 7, and will remain there until September, when she goes for two weeks to Paris. On September 29 she will leave for the United States to appear in concert.

The Leipzig Musical Society is authority for the statement that only 2,000 in 50,000 musicians in Germany make more than \$1,000 a year. The average salary that can be earned by a rank-and-file member of an orchestra is \$37.50 a month.

The Welsh Eisteddfod, or to put it more plainly, the Welsh musical festival lately held in London must have been a most unique and interesting event. It is not the first time that the Eisteddfod has been celebrated away from Wales nor will it in all probability be the last. It is a very ancient institution and to fix a precise date for its origin is impossible. It may have flourished before the Christian era, but we have definite information that it existed over a thousand years ago. It was literally a "session" of poetry and music distinctly Welsh and in the recent revival the white-robed druids, the bards in their flowing robes, the singers and all the quaintly garbed musicians, as well as the poems and the songs, took one back in imagination to the middle ages and all the pomp and the pageantry which characterized those romantic times. The following is from the London Times:

Mr. Asquith has told the Eisteddfod, which

concluded yesterday its picturesque and successful session in London, that the time has long passed since English critics and newspapers were disposed to make fun of this great Welsh institution; and he quoted Matthew Arnold to the effect that its mere existence showed that there was something great, something spiritual, something humane, in the Welsh people. We doubt whether there is really an end to the fun that has been made about Eisteddfods, for every people is inveterately disposed to be amused by the manners and customs of other peoples if they happen to differ from its own; and certainly the Eisteddfod is very unlike any English institution. Our poets, both major and minor, are more shy than Welsh bards; and we should all feel that it would be almost an act of cruelty to catch a number of them and expose them to the public gaze dressed in robes of blue, or even to crown the victors among them with crowns of silver. We do not pretend that this shyness is a virtue or a sign of higher poetic genius; very likely Pindar was no shyer than a Welsh bard; we only remark upon it as one reason why Eisteddfods are impossible for the English, and why the English are inclined to be amused by them. No doubt, when we think of an Eisteddfod, we think of what it would be if it were English, and of the kind of poet who would insist upon reading his verses to the assembled multitudes. One could, indeed, make a list of the poets who would be probably most prominent at an English Eisteddfod; but since they are not in want of advertisement, we refrain from doing so. Boswell relates how he brought an ode to Johnson which the author had recited in a public room to an audience which had paid to hear it. Johnson's judgment upon it was that braver words had never been joined to more timorous sense. Perhaps he was prejudiced against the work because he knew that the author had recited it in public. If so, he showed a common English prejudice from which poets themselves are not free. The best of them are glad to have readers, but as a rule they do not want either to see their readers or to be seen by them.

The following anecdotes regarding the wonderful child pianist, little Pepito Arriola, are quaintly interesting:

Little Pepito Arriola, the Spanish wonder child pianist, is again amazing and delighting London audiences, and even the critics. It is three years since he made his London debut—a seven-year-old sturdy boy, with no suggestion of having been overworked to accomplish the marvelous results.

It was Maestro Campanini who first advised that the child study seriously the piano, which instrument was already Pepito's favorite diversion, and it was Mme. Campanini who brought him to her husband's notice. The artist pair were then—some seven years ago—in Madrid, where the maestro directed the opera, and his wife was first dramatic soprano. The proprietor of the hotel where they were staying told her of a remarkable child not yet three years old who played the piano amazingly, and asked if she would not like to hear him. But the prima donna was somewhat skeptical. She had heard of and met too many of these wonderkinds who so frequently failed to justify their friends' boasts. But the proprietor said so much that finally she mentioned the child to her husband and he said: "Let us have the child here and see what he can do."

So one day little Pepito came with his mother. He marched into the room quite unabashed and demanded of the maestro: "Am I here to play for you?"

Campanini, much amused, said yes. Thereupon the child climbed up on the piano stool and played something. When he had finished the maestro asked:

"Why don't you play something else? Is that all you know?"

He was curious to see what this self-possessed midget would reply. The answer came promptly enough:

"But I am only a little boy. How could I know many pieces?" Then he added: "You play something for me, and afterwards I will play it for you."

Signor Campanini, highly amused, complied with the request, the boy standing close beside him, listening intently, his brows contracted in a frown of absorption. When the maestro had finished: "Play it again," said the child. Campanini complied, and then Pepito took his place and played by ear, of course, but with absolute accuracy as to melody the piece which he had heard for the first time that day. His tiny hands could grasp but the simplest chords.

"It was dull to see him," said Mme. Campanini, in speaking of it recently. "He would play one note with his little fifth finger of the left hand and then carefully reach for the third and fifth above it and strike them together."

Signor Campanini declared that the child undoubtedly had decided musical talent, and questioned his mother about him. She was a piano teacher. Her first intimation that she had of the boy's gift was one day when he was about two years old. She was alone in her apartment with the child and a maid. She had not noticed that the boy had left her room when from the adjoining room came the sound of piano playing.

"Who is in the drawing room?" she asked of the maid who was with her.

"No one, madame."

"Certainly there is some one, do you not hear the piano?"

"Madame, there is no one in the apartment but Pepito and ourselves."

The mother went softly to the door, and

peeped in. There was Pepito standing on a stool by the piano and carefully supplying bass notes to a melody heard somewhere, and which he was playing with his right hand. "You should teach the boy," said Campanini, when he heard that these attempts were the tiny child's chief diversion. "Not regular lessons, but one day show him a scale, another day another." The mother explained that she had been afraid of impairing his health. But she took the maestro's advice, and the results were remarkable. The Campaninis left Madrid soon after, but not many months later Arthur Nikisch came on a concert tour. He, too, heard the boy, and was so impressed that he offered to superintend his musical education if his mother would let little Pepito come to Germany. Through the kindness of the Dowager Queen of Spain, who was also much interested in the child, and had received him and his mother several times, and of the Princess of the Asturias, an allowance was made the mother sufficient to enable her to leave her lessons in Madrid and accompany her gifted child to Germany.

Pepito is a sturdy, healthy child, and when he is not practising on his beloved piano—an instrument made especially for him, for his hands are still too small to reach an octave on a normal sized piano—he plays and amuses himself like any other boy of his age. He vigorously objects, however, to ladies who try to kiss him and pet him. Even when he was much younger he objected, for, as he told Mme. Campanini, "I am a man, and ladies must not kiss me. I don't like it." He has studied harmony and composition for several years along with piano and at present is busy writing a symphony for orchestra.

## WITH THE PHILOSOPHERS

Oliver Wendell Holmes

In all the range of modern philosophy we do not find keener wit, more sound good sense, or a truer understanding of human kind than in the books of Oliver Wendell Holmes. His style is delightful, simple, forceful and direct. His diction always rhetorical and the little anecdotes with which he sprinkles his works never misplaced. This gifted author was born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1809. He was a graduate of Harvard and studied medicine after giving up the study of law. He held several professorships in colleges, was for many years a popular lecturer and also distinguished himself as a poet of great merit. His prose works are his best, however, and among the most noted of these are, "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" from which the following extracts are taken:

"Self-made men?—Well, yes. Of course everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made that way than not to be made at all. Are any of you younger people old enough to remember that Irishman's house on the marsh at Cambridgeport, which house he built from drain to chimney top with his own hands? It took him a great many years to build it, and one could see that it was a little out of plumb, and a little wavy in outline, and a little queer and uncertain in general aspect. A regular hand could certainly have built a better house; but it was a very good house for a 'self-made' carpenter's house, and people praised it and said how remarkably well the Irishman had succeeded. They never thought of praising the fine blocks of houses a little further on."

Your self-made man whittled into shape with his own jack-knife deserves more credit if that is all, than the regular engine-turned article, shaped by the most approved pattern, and French polished by society and travel. But as to saying one is in every way the equal of another, that is quite another matter. The right of strict social discrimination, of all things and persons, according to their merits, native or acquired, is one of the most precious republican privileges. I take the liberty to exercise it, when I say that other things being equal, in most relations of life, I prefer the man of family. . . . I go (always other things being equal) for the man who inherits family traditions and the cumulative humanities of at least four or five generations. Above all things as a child he should have tumbled about in a library. All men are afraid of books who have not handled them from infancy. Do you suppose our dear Didascalos over there ever read Poli Synopsis, or consulted Castelli Lexicon, while he was growing up to their stature? Not he; but virtue passed through the hem of their parchment and leather garments whenever he touched them, as precious drugs sweated through the bat's handle in the Arabian story. I tell you he is at home whenever he smells the invigorating fragrance of Russia leather. No self-made man feels so. One may, it is true, have all worthy antecedents, and yet be a poor or shabby fellow. One may have none of them and yet be fit for councils or courts. Then let them change places. Our social arrangement has this great beauty, that its strata shift up and down as they change specific gravity, without being clogged by layers of prescription. But I still insist on my democratic liberty of choice, and I go for the man with the gallery of family portraits against the one with the twenty-five cent daguerreotype, unless I find out that the last is the better of the two."

Talking shapes our thoughts for us; the waves of conversation roll them as the wave rolls the pebbles on the shore. Let me modify the image a little. I rough out my thoughts in talk as an artist models in clay. Spoken language is so plastic, you can pat and coax, and spread and shave, and rub out, and fill up and

stick on so easily, when you work that soft material, that there is nothing like it for modelling. Out of it came the shapes that you turn into marble or bronze in your immortal books, if you happen to write such. Or to use another illustration, writing or printing is like shooting with a rifle; you may hit your reader's mind or miss it; but talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine; if it is within reach and you have time enough you can't help hitting it.

I have a creed—none better—none shorter. It is told in two words—the two first of the Paternoster.

I find the great thing in this world is, not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail, and not drift or lie at anchor. There is one very sad thing in old friendships, to every mind that is really moving onward. It is this: That one cannot help using his early friends as the seaman uses his log, to mark his progress. . . . We cannot avoid measuring our rate of movement by those with whom we have long been in the habit of comparing ourselves; and when they once become stationary we can get our reckoning from them with painful accuracy. We see just what we were when they were our peers, and can strike the balance between that, and whatever we may feel ourselves to be now.

When Eve had led her lord away  
And Cain had killed his brother,  
The stars and flowers, the poets say,  
Agreed with one another.

To cheat the cunning tempter's art  
And teach the race its duty,  
By keeping on its wicked heart,  
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,  
Will be at least a warning;  
And so the flowers would watch by day,  
The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and dawn,  
Their dewy eyes upturning,  
The flowers still watch from reddening dawn,  
Till western skies are burning.

Alas, each hour of daylight tells  
A tale of shame so crushing  
That some turned away as sea-bleached shells  
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down  
On all their light discoveries—  
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,  
The lips of lying lovers:

They try to shut their saddening eyes,  
And in the vain endeavor  
We see them twinkling in the skies,  
And so they wink forever.

## IS FRANCE ON THE BRINK OF A REVOLUTION?

Englishmen lately returned from Paris tell us, says the Spectator, that respectable French people are alarmed at the frequency and viciousness of labour riots, shake their heads at the signs of the times, and speak of another revolution. But we cannot help feeling, though we do no more than oppose instinct to evidence, that there will be no revolution. Paris would not be so foolish as to deny themselves a very great pleasure for a very insufficient reason.

As opposed to the optimistic note of the Spectator we find the pessimistic Saturday Review expressing its feelings thus:

"There is no gainsaying it, France is in a condition of hopeless instability. A majority which proceeds from Ministerial pressure and intimidation cannot be strong, nor can an executive whose decrees can only be enforced by discontented subordinates effectively hold its own. It is all very well to argue that public servants must be in harmony with the government who pays them; but their salaries certainly do not come out of the private pockets either of the Ministers or even of the members of Parliament, but from the public purse, whose contributors are the taxpayers without distinction of class or creed. And yet as matters now stand Government officials are in a position of abject slavery. They are deprived of all liberty to practise their religious or moral duties, to choose the friends with whom they consort, the schools where their children are educated, or even to vote as they please at the poll. Their actions are reported and duly noted. Dissatisfaction is consequently rampant throughout the Army and the public service."

"The government official knows that his career is at the mercy of the Government jackal, of the local potentate who has based his influence on the patience and toleration of his victims. He knows that he may be removed from a spot where all his interests and affections are centred to another hundreds of miles away from his home and family traditions. He knows that his promotion may be arrested or he may be dismissed the service because it has been whispered that he has consorted with the enemies of the Republic, that he has sent his children to a religious school, or even been seen at a place of worship on Sunday. This tyranny is not only lowering the character of its public service, of its Army and Navy, but is a constant irritant which may break out before long."

## RUN

SHOULD WE TILL, PAST  
MULCH THE ORCHARD

When the trees are planted, year thereafter, the home orchard side between tillage, substitutes and sod. Which shall it be? A solution of the problem means food to the trees. The tillage problem important one that the home fruit called upon to solve. Neglect of injudicious tillage ruin more fruit all their insect pests, all their disease, butcher pruning. This is a fact, by observation, not merely an opinion.

## How Tillage Saves Soil Mo

Everybody can see that plowing the soil prepare it for the that frequent stirrings thereafter that would rob the plants of food. But stirring the soil does far more killing weeds. It saves moisture, "soil mulch." Beneath the mulch leaves and branches in the forest y moist soil, even in the driest season the strawy manure beneath the rot berries the soil is moist. In drought for angeworms beneath the chips of pile—it is moist there. Lift up a large flat stone and notice the moisture. All these are mulches. Ar is put between the soil and the checks the evaporation of water fr is a mulch.

One of the best mulches, and cheapest, is the soil mulch. A s of soil, made loose and dry by fr ing, keeps the soil moisture fro like the leaves, the straw, the sto this for yourself during a "dry sp ing in tilled ground and in until This moisture the plants need, esp plants. Hence it is sometimes n till, even though there is not a wee to save water. Covering the soil a rocks or boards, or leaves, chips would accomplish the same purpos

Tillage also makes the ground r Much of the plant food in the soil nutrient in flour to you and me. digestible and palatable form, and less to us for the time being. "Till the air, which acts upon this raw p "cooks" it, so to speak—and makes to the plant. It also puts the so texture, making it more mellow an that the plants have more feeding a it is a common expression, and a try tilling a soil may be equivalent to f

The desirability of tilling fruit eral calls for no more convincing that which any observing man may himself by examining a hundred o chards in almost any section of t Usually, but not always, it is th the sod orchard who says, "fruit doesn't pay." Usually, but not alv be noticed that the sod orchard dur during the summer drought, has windfalls, harbors the most pests the most "fungus." Facts like the beyond dispute the general desirab ility fruit trees. There are some ca where equivalent results can be se advantageously by other means; i tillage is positively harmful. "Til trees pays," is the general rule, a most instances. "Sometimes sodd ing or mulching fruit trees is bette expedient than tillage" is the exce rule.

## Sod Orchard on Rich, Moist

When the soil of the home or ceptionally rich, and quite mo may sometimes be left in sod. E bottom lands and alluvial soils, reasons for tilling an orchard ar moisture and to increase the fer soil. If the soil be rich, and suffic at all times, there may be no ne for these two purposes. In fact, be harmful in such a case becau ply the trees with more moistu food than they need. If the tree tive and vigorous without tillage turb them. Keep such trees in s ing and grow less luxuriantly. T the soil, puts it in a better textu air, promotes germ life, and sets other agencies that make the soil plants.

## Trees on Steep or Rocky

Fruit trees may occasionally b when they are on very rocky o land. It is not wise for the amat on such a site, if he can avoid it. it is certain that a home orchard conditions is far better than none, should be taken to keep the groun a few feet around the young tree first two or three seasons at least.

## Care of Trees in the Yar

A third reason for keeping the trees in sod is that of expediency. grounds may be so small that n can be set aside for the orchard; t must be in the yard and a part of planting. From my point of vie thusiast though I am, a lawn abou contributes far more to the home fruit trees can ever do. Do no needlessly sacrifice the lawn to the them right in sod if necessary. Y vect them to be somewhat less