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Catholic Mission, n, Norfolk, England.

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The Pipe of Pan.

(By Katharine Metcalf Roof, in Puanam's Magazine.)

When I think of Leo now, all the strange, unreal happenings of what might be called the last year of his life slip away and the picture that his name calls up is of a little boy in a sheepskin girdle with a chaplet of leaves about his head, playing upon a shepherd's pipe. I do not recall the literal background of the picture—it was one of De Long's famous tableaux at Newberry, almost twenty years ago now,—but in my mind I seem to see a sun-burned hill-top against a blue sky piled high with white clouds. "Pan and the Young Shepherd," De Long called it—and, at that evanescent moment when the soft roundness of the child merges into the slim strength of the boy, Leo was surely as beautiful as any shepherd boy that ever piped upon the Attic hills.

I had often seen him, before, of course, about the village streets. His older sister Hedwig was my little sister Sue's music-teacher. But probably more boy than artist in my perceptions at that time—I had just finished my first year at the art school—I seemed never to have realized Leo's peculiar, distinctive beauty until I saw him in the frame there, freed from his uncouth boyish garments, transformed into a little lad of Greece.

Leo's parents were German. His father, of aristocratic antecedents, a fact to which their name and the family features bore testimony, was one of the many who fled to America in the early seventies. But, socially deteriorated as is often the case with the better class of Germans in this country, he seemed quite content with the maintenance of his honest little grocery shop. And our acquaintance, except for Sue's professional connection with Hedwig, was limited to the exchange of cordial greetings on the street. But we knew, as one knows even one's humbler neighbors' affairs in a small community, that they were all more or less talented musically, and played together in the evening after the pleasant German fashion. He knew, also, that an older brother was a violinist in a New York orchestra and that Leo (whose whole name was Leopold) was something of a youthful virtuoso upon the flute.

Sometimes I stopped to talk with Hedwig when she came to give Sue her lesson. Without possessing Leo's extraordinary beauty, Hedwig had a delicate aristocratic charm of face and manner—I can recall her distinctly even now,—and, being far more intelligent and interesting than the other Newberry girls, our meetings might easily have become more frequent and assumed a more personal character, had it not been for the watchfulness of my conservative mother, and, even more than that, for the girl's own gentle yet impenetrable dignity. One conversation we had, in the summer of the De Long tableaux, which I had occasion to remember afterwards. I had inquired for Leo, and I noticed that a little shadow came upon her face at my question, although she answered with an obvious sense of pride in her announcement.

"Oh, Leo—he has gone to New York to study the oboe." And I had inquired, "Why not the flute?" "The oboists receive more," Hedwig explained. "There are fewer of them, so they are more in demand." I asked why that was, and it seemed to me that she answered less simply and directly than usual. I remember she said for one thing, that not every musician, however talented, could become an oboist, and that a bassoon-player in the same orchestra with Otto who had recently visited them had said that Leo had the equipment of one man in a thousand,—the flexible lips, the chest development, the breath control. Oboists, she quoted the bassoon-player as saying, were born, not made. So he had taken Leo away with him, to work for a scholarship at a conservatory.

"It is a poetic instrument," I said, "and it seems to belong to Leo somehow. It suggests green rushes and brooks and Greece and Arcady."

But Hedwig, instead of meeting my outburst with her German responsiveness which I found so charming, looked suddenly grave. "But my mother is so unhappy about it. Her oldest brother was an oboist."

came out again directly with his oboe, upon which he played a few bars of a Mozart melody, and the canary, to my astonishment, after the prelude of a few chirps, repeated it exactly.

"I didn't know a canary could be taught a tune," I exclaimed. "Oh, yes, with a little patience. But few birds are so clever as Hans." Then he made the bird repeat his little solo. "You recognize it! It is the melody with which Tannino charms the birds and beasts in 'Zauberflöte.'"

"I hadn't just placed it, but the divine Mozart simplicity is unmistakable," I replied. Leo looked off at the drifting clouds above the dingy roof-tops. As he stood there among the vines, the light and shade from the wistaria playing over his head and face, he looked more than ever like a young wood god; yet I realized, in the revealing outdoor light, some tired, worn lines in his face that should not have been there, for he was built like a young Hercules.

"Yes, there is but one Mozart," he said. "But after all one could not easily mistake them one from the other, the inspired ones." He turned and looked at me, a light shining in his blue eyes. "There is Schubert—he is the wild woods, the earth, the sea and all that in them, and the morning stars singing together. But Mozart—he is an eighteenth century formal garden, with wide green lawns and clipped yews and little temples—but always above, the great eternal sky and the eternal sunshine."

It was not only his little rhapsody that held me silent for the moment, but the rapt look in Leo's face. Certainly he had made no mistake in choosing his profession. "Now I do not know which you love best," I said.

"I love them all best," he replied smiling. "They are all music, and they are all outdoors. All great music is cosmic, a part of nature. Such music as the compositions of Rossini and Donizetti is the music of indoors. It is charming, of course, in another way, like a quaint little spinnet in an old-time drawing-room. But one cannot listen to them for long."

"You seem to me to belong outdoors," I said. "I had thought it might be the association of that childish tableaux—but I see now that it is your real self." "It is the way I feel," Leo answered. "Perhaps because I was born in the country. Sometimes I feel suffocated in these streets. That is why I live down here where I can at least see the vines and sit in the sunshine. Unfortunately one cannot be a professional musician and live outdoors—that was for the golden age in Greece. But how beautiful it must have been to play one's pipe under the trees and have the birds answer from the branches!"

He paused; then, with the air of one laughing at himself for his fantastic imaginings, he turned to the little concentrated fragment of life in the cage. "But here I have Hans—and we are both in a cage—although mine is a bit larger." Then he asked Hans if he would like to come out for a while, and the bird as if it understood began to jump excitedly from perch to perch.

"Aren't you afraid of losing him?" I asked as Leo opened the cage door and drew the bird out upon his hand.

He shook his head. "I could not lose Hans." Then we sat down on the veranda and discussed the best days and hours for sitting, while Hans flew about like an embodied sunbeam among the violet wistaria blossoms, returning from time to time to perch upon Leo's hand or shoulder.

"I am never lonely since I have had him," Leo said. "We have lived together five years. Hans and I, not sing a note." His remark induced a reflection which I saw no reason for not voicing frankly, for our old Newberry association, slight as it had been, seemed to have placed us upon a friendly, informal footing.

"You have evidently escaped matrimony so far." Leo's face became grave. "I am too poor."

"I suspect you have made your choice," I observed. "Yes," he replied, simply. "It is Anna Schultz. She lives in the house here on the second floor. If I could make money enough I should marry her."

"Surely," I exclaimed, "a musician in a big orchestra is well enough paid for that!" "I get eight dollars for each performance with the orchestra," Leo explained frankly. "But there are only fourteen concerts in the year, so I have to make up at the theatres, and there they pay only two dollars and a half a night, and one must play such stupid music! It is not music at all, usually. And I have to play there all summer, if I am not fortunate enough to get a place in a summer concert orchestra. But next year, perhaps, I shall get a position at the opera house. There I would have six performances a week at eight dollars each. There's much hard work about it, but then we could afford to get married and spend the whole summer outdoors."

"But two dollars and a half a night!" I exclaimed. "Why the stage carpenters must get more than that!"

"More than twice as much," replied Leo calmly. "Art often does not pay—from that standpoint."

"And yet I am told that good oboists are scarce," I wondered. "Yes, and good reason," replied Leo with an odd smile. "I did not understand when I began to study. And now it seems hard to start any-

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on. It is by a river in New Jersey—I would go there for the whole summer, but you see Anna must wait until her vacation. Another stay here this summer. So I shall year we can both go. "That is very foolish of you," I said. "And you ought to go much farther away than New Jersey." And I decided if possible to get Leo away from New York before I left myself. The next day he did not come to keep his appointment with me, and as I had found him the son of punctuality and reliability I feared—especially in consideration of his recent strange symptoms—that he might be ill. So late in the afternoon I started down in the direction of his lodgings. As I walked up the half-light staircase I met a young girl coming down. Her cheeks were flushed and there was a frightened look in her eyes. It occurred to me that it was Anna—I had seen her photograph in Leo's room—and from her manner I feared that something might have happened but in answer to my knock he called me to come in, in a perfectly natural voice. He was working over his instrument and looked up and nodded as I entered, but continued his work without apology. That was not like Leo; but I noticed the two thin bits of wood that belong to the mouth-piece of the oboe lying on the table, and supposing that, like many other players of wind instruments, it was his custom to make these reeds exactly adapted to his individual use, I felt a sense of relief at the apparently normal and commonplace nature of his occupation. "It has played false lately," he explained, "but now I have fixed it. Listen." He picked up the instrument and blew into it, but there was no sound, for he had removed the reeds. Then he looked up at me with a smile of peculiar radiance. "Is not that a wonderful tone? So fine, so delicate, so ethereal? At last it is perfect. It is the pipe of Pan!" He laughed softly. For the moment I could not be sure that this was not some obscure irony on Leo's part, both voice and expression were so natural. Yet somehow I shrank from continuing the conversation. Instead I inquired where Hans was, for I did not see his cage about. An odd expression came into Leo's face. "He is outside," he said. I walked to the open window and looked out and saw Hans's cage on the railing of the balcony, but again covered. "Does his singing bother you?" I asked, wondering if his strange delusion still persisted. Leo shrugged. "He sings no more," he said. "Then why must the poor little chap be covered up in this hot weather?" I ventured. "He will smother." Leo frowned. "When he is uncovered he talks. I am tired of hearing him." "Talks," I cried. (Continued on Page 6.)

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