

Literature Music Art

WITH THE PHILOSOPHERS

Frederick Max Muller

Anybody picking up a book of Max Muller's and reading it without looking for the name of the author would immediately conclude that the book was the work of an English scholar of the finest ability, for this eminent professor's mastery of the language was no less than perfect. The beautiful simplicity of the style makes even his most learned works on Sanscrit comparatively easy reading for the uninitiated, and his choice of diction leaves nothing to be desired. Behind his pen was all the force of a poet's imagination combined with the conscientious truthfulness of the earnest scholar, and the soberest passages of his books are never without beauty, a beauty that amounts at times to a harmony that is no less than poetic.

Max Muller was a German by birth but became almost an Englishman by adoption. He was one of the brightest of the stars in the literary firmament during the latter half of the nineteenth century, and numbered among his friends the most famous European men and women of letters. He married Miss Grenfell, a relation of Charles Kingsley and of Froude.

Though Max Muller is best known for his books on Sanscrit he has exerted a wide and powerful influence by his writings on "The Science of Language," and "The Science of Religion." He was also very popular as a lecturer.

From an address delivered in 1892.

"What people call 'mere words' are in truth the monument of the finest intellectual battles, triumphal arches of the grandest victories, won by the intellect of men. When man had found names for body and soul, for father and mother, and not till then, did the first act of human history begin. Not till there were names of right and wrong, for God and man, could there be anything worthy of the name of human society. Every new word was a discovery; and these early discoveries, if but properly understood, are more important to us than the greatest conquests of the kings of Egypt and Babylon. Not one of our greatest explorers has unearthed with his spade or pickaxe more splendid palaces and temples, whether in Egypt or in Babylon, than the etymology. Every word is the palace of a human thought, and in scientific etymology we possess the charm with which to call these ancient thoughts back to life. Languages mean speakers of language; and families of speech presuppose real families, or classes, or powerful confederates, which have struggled for their existence, and held their ground against all enemies."

From a lecture on Missions, 1873.

"There is one kind of faith that revels in words, there is another that can hardly find utterance; the former is like riches that come to us by inheritance, the latter is like the daily bread which each of us has to win by the sweat of his brow. The former we cannot expect from new converts; we ought not to expect it or exact it, for fear it might lead to hypocrisy and superstition. . . . We want less of creeds but more of trust, less of ceremony but more of work, less of solemnity but more of genial honesty, less of doctrine but more of love. There is a faith as small as a grain of mustard seed; but that grain alone can remove mountains, and more than that, it can move hearts."

On the Migration of Fables.

"Count not your chickens before they are hatched," is a well known proverb in English, and most people, if asked what was its origin, would probably appeal to La Fontaine's delightful fable, "La Laitiere et le Pot au Lait." We all know Perrette, lightly stepping along from her village to the town, and in her day-dreams selling her milk for a good sum, then buying a hundred eggs, then selling the chickens, then buying a pig, fattening it, selling it again, and buying a cow with a calf. The calf frolics about, and kicks up his legs, so does Perrette; and alas! the pail falls down, the milk is spilt, her riches gone, and she only hopes when she comes home that she may escape a flogging from her husband."

Le Fontaine confesses that he borrowed largely from Pilsay, the Indian sage. This is the original Sanscrit story.

"There lived in a certain place a Brahman, whose name was Svabhavakripa, which means 'a born miser.' He had collected a quantity of rice by beffing (this reminds us somewhat of the Buddhist mendicants), and after having dined off it, he filled a pot with what was left over. He hung the pot on a peg on the wall, placed his couch beneath, and looking intently at it all the night he thought, 'Ah, that pot is indeed brimful of rice. Now if there should be a famine, I should certainly make a hundred rupees by it. With this I shall buy a couple of goats. They will have young ones every six months, and thus I shall have a whole herd of goats. Then with the goats I shall buy cows. As soon as they have calved, I shall sell the calves. Then with the cows I shall buy buffaloes, with the buffaloes, mares. When the mares have foaled, I shall have plenty of horses, and when I sell them, plenty of gold. With the gold I shall get a house with four wings. And then a Brahman will come to my house, and will give me his beautiful daughter, with a large dowry. She will have a son, and I shall call him Somasarman. When he is old enough to be danced on his father's knee, I shall sit with a book at

the back of the table, and while I am reading, the boy will see me, jump from his mother's lap and run towards me to be danced on my knee. He will come too near the horse's hoof, and full of anger, I shall call to my wife, 'Take the baby; take him! But she, distracted by some domestic work, does not hear me. Then I get up, and give her such a kick with my foot.' While he thought this, he gave a kick with his foot, and broke the pot. All the rice fell over him, and made him quite white. Therefore, I say, 'He who makes foolish plans for the future will be white all over, like the father of Somasarman.'"

THOUGHTS OF THE SPRINGTIME

Silent Harmonies

There are thoughts beautiful beyond our words. There are harmonies far and away beyond our expressing in melody.

Just now, when the broom is golden on the hillsides, and the buttercups and daisies star the green reaches over, when the wild rose is budding along the roadways; when the scent of the briar is like incense that, ascending to heaven, carries the thoughts with it, when the meadow larks carol their little tilting roundelay over and over in shrill, sweet numbers, and the wind touches your face softly as though a branch of cherry blossoms were laid gently against your cheek, when the sea, radiant with sunbeams, seems to hush its own song that it may listen to some deeper, sweeter melody, and the mountains, virgin-white, breathe their springtime message of bridal purity, then you and I and all the other children, because we cannot help it and would not if we could, go out-of-doors to sing.

Perhaps you have been thinking as you journeyed with a hundred other folk out to the hillsides by the sea, that if only you and they could really express in music the wonderful feeling that comes to you, what a glorious song of rejoicing would ascend to heaven. But have you thought a little further and realized that the most beautiful harmonies in the world cannot be heard through the medium of our ears at all, and that just because you are feeling as you do, and those hundred other folk are feeling as they do, and not trying to limit any thoughts by putting them into words or music at all, from all the hearts made glad by the spring, our hearts and the hearts of trees and the grass and the sea a wondrous paean of rejoicing and praise is ascending to God in a silent harmony, and that that very harmony is one cause of our wordless happiness?

Springtime Vanities

Springtime vanity is not akin to selfish vanity at all, and only the veriest misanthrope could find it in his breast to sneer at the gay adorning of good people when the winter once past, spring sunshine floods the earth and sky.

Instinctively the little maid makes dandelion and daisy chains to deck her hair and wind about her slender throat and arms. And the little boy thrusts flowers in all the button-holes of his little jacket; even the toddling baby pushes stemless roses in his hair, and tells you "Pitty-Pitty." They are only doing what the tree is doing, what every bush and shrub and plant is doing, making themselves as lovely as it is within their power to do.

If only to be in accord with Nature, who would otherwise put to shame our slovenliness, we should busy ourselves to make ourselves as beautiful as we can and to deck ourselves in a lovely and fitting regalia to match the flowering world.

The Rain on the Roof

The hush-hush-hush of the rain on the grass now, and then a tantalizing glimpse of color at the close of a long, dusty day is a sound to awaken gladness in the heart; the dancing of the raindrops on the leaves is an enticing melody that sets the nerves of us a-tingle with something of that rudimentary rejoicing that stirs the fibres of the trees themselves; but oh, beyond all this, is the patter-patter-patter of the rain upon the roof!

What memories are they that that magical sound revives within us! What dreams, of days so far gone by that they are like wonderful pictures grown time-dimmed, with only now and then a tantalizing glimpse of color, a half-obliterated outline, and yet color and outline gleam and throb with such an intensity of beauty that we long for the moment to live again in that past to which the wonderful picture belonged.

With all our learning and our wisdom we can find no greater happiness than that which the obeying of our simplest instincts brings, for Love spells the beginning and end of all instinct and pure desire. We are ages beyond all primitive things, and to some of us the loveliest music in nature is wholly unknown. The roofs of our houses are so high above us that sunlight and wind and rain to many of us are elements that we have learned to do mostly without. But when we do hear it, that magical patter of the rain on the roof, does it take us back to days when human love was in its childhood, the emotions that governed us were primitive and untrammelled, and Love, because life was so simple a thing, was the unbreakable and only tie that held the family together? When the springtime rains came then, and the winds blew, and the mountain snows melted, and the cataracts raced down to the sea, we left the mad music of the out-of-doors, and sought the rude shelter of the roof of the hut or the cave, and the warmth

of the fire on the hearth, and the touch of the loving hands and the smiles of the tender eyes of her who was the ruling spirit of the Home; for a home it was even then, more of a home, perhaps, than is yours today for all your marble walls and your costly furniture and your steam heat, and your modern contrivances that have done so much to shut nature away. For there in the security of that humble shelter, with the elements so near and yet so far, did we not reach close to that Divine Love through the medium of that tender human companionship, which all the centuries have left what it was in the beginning, the closest link between man and God.

ONE WAY OUT

One of the most talked-of books of the day is a story written by William Carleton and entitled "One Way Out." It purports to be an autobiography, but of course it is pure fiction. There are many very valuable lessons in its pages. Instead of analyzing it, we will adopt the language of two of the leading literary periodicals.

The way in which a conventional man became a real one is told in a book called "One Way Out," which is having a large sale in the United States. It is by William Carleton, and is published in the States by Small, Maynard & Company.

A Cog in the Machine

"It purports to be the story of a young American who finds himself without a position with a wife and a son to support, and, most difficult of all, with a middle-class social standing to maintain," says Current Literature. "For 20 years," he complains, "I had been a cog in the machinery of the United Woollen company. I was known as a United Woollen man. But just what else had this experience made of me? I was not a bookkeeper. I knew no more about keeping a full set of books than my boy. I had handled only strings of United Woollen figures; those meant nothing outside that particular office. I was not a stenographer, or an accountant, or a secretary. I had been called a clerk in the directory. But what did that mean? What the devil was I, after 20 years of hard work? But struggle as he would, there was nothing for him to do, and the hardest task of all was to hold up his head among his neighbors.

His Neighbors

"In these last dozen years I had come to know the details of their lives as intimately as my own. . . . On the surface we were just about as intimate as it is possible for a community to be. And yet what did it amount to? There wasn't a mother's son of them to whom I would have dared go and confess the fact I'd lost my job. They'd know it soon enough, be sure of that; but it mustn't come from me. There wasn't one of them, to whom I felt free to go and ask their help to interest their own firms to secure another position for me. Their respect for me depended upon my ability to maintain my social position. They were like steamer friends. On the voyage they clung to one another closer than bark to a tree, but once the gang was lowered the intimacy vanished. If I wished to keep them as friends I must stick to the boat."

"He looks for another clerical job, but his age is against him. 'And yet I had a physique like an ox and there wasn't a grey hair in my head.' He came out of the last of these offices with his fists clenched. Suddenly an inspiration comes to him. 'If we were living in England or Ireland or France or Germany and found life as hard as this and someone left us five hundred dollars, what would you advise doing?' he asks Murphy, a wealthy contractor. And he himself finds the answer: 'Emigrate to America. . . . All we need to do is to pack up, go down to the dock, and start from there. We must join the emigrants and follow them into the city. These are the only people who are finding America today. We must take up life among them; work as they work; live as they live. Why, I feel my back muscles straining even now; I feel the tingle of coming down the gang plank with our fortunes yet to make in this land of opportunity. Pasquale has done it; Murphy has done it. Don't you think I can do it?'"

He Becomes a Laborer

"He moves with his wife and boy into an Italian tenement, lives on nine dollars a week, avails himself of free libraries, public baths and all the institutions shunned by the lower middle-class, but utilized effectively by the laborer. The rest of the book relates with much realism and with a sprinkling of convincing statistical data his upward climb to prosperity. He finally emerges as a contractor, his own master, dependent on none but himself for his livelihood. In the meantime his wife finds vent for her surplus instinct for motherhood in helping other mothers rear their children, and her own boy grows self-reliant and ambitious."

The Snug Suburb

A further insight into the book is given by the World's Work: "He had the good fortune to marry a very sensible wife. He and she, with their boy, lived in a snug, commonplace little cottage in the suburbs, where there were other snug, commonplace little cottages, in which other people just like them lived. The men played golf on off days. The women went to church; they had their club and their tea par-

ties, and they led a thoroughly commonplace, conventional life, everyone denying herself the real joy of frank living because she must compete with her neighbors in the conventionalities. Life there was made up of conventionalities, not of real friendships nor of real friendships. It was a tame imitation of the habits of richer people. You know this kind of people and this kind of neighborhood."

"One day the man lost his job because the fellow below him, who himself wished to marry and to go through this same round of life, had pushed him too hard from below, and the fellow above him had pushed him too hard from above. Such jobs are likely to be lost at any time, for one man can do them as well as another."

He Knew Nothing

"Then he found out for the first time that he knew nothing—neither a trade nor a profession, nor a business. He had simply been a cog-wheel. When he tried to find another job he failed week after week. To get food he began to sell his few household possessions. Then one day the Irishman who had attended to his furnace, while dunning him for money, remarked incidentally that he needed it to make a payment on the last tenement house that he had bought. This set the cog-wheel to thinking—to real thinking for the first time in his life."

Interesting New Neighbors

"It suddenly occurred to him that, though he was born of an old American family, and had lived all his life in his native state, he had never yet been to the United States. The people who come to the United States come from the Old World. He would do as they did. He sold most of his cottage furniture, and rented a little apartment of four rooms at the top of his furnace man's tenement. Then he went out and sought work as an immigrant seeks it. He found a job digging in the street which brought him \$0 a week. He soon began to learn how to dig. Now, in fact, he began to learn many things, among them the management of men. He went to a night school, too, and became an expert bricklayer, keeping up his day work in the meantime. The upshot of it all was that his wife began to save money, even on \$9 a week, and they pulled together as a happy and helpful team."

"They found their new neighbors much more interesting than their neighbors in the suburb, and their life a much more genuine life. In a little while he became the boss of a gang. Incidentally he found out for the first time something about the politics of the city. He discovered, too, that his boy could be much better educated in the public schools than in the private schools to which former neighbors sent their boys. In a few years he rose from boss of a gang to be an independent contractor; and, when the experience told in the book ends, he had achieved independence. In other words, he had immigrated to America."

"This little story," concludes the World's Work, "mercilessly punctures the bubble of the unlearning, conventional, commonplace life which rests on no foundation of skill to do anything, but depends on the accident of securing a routine job—the bubble, too, of leading a conventional 'gentleman's' life on an unskilled clerk's salary, and of allowing your life to be determined by the equally unreal life of other men about you."

MUSICAL NOTES

Miss Mary Garden has declared her intention of writing a book. It ought to prove delectable. Listen to this: "In the coming summer I have nothing to do, and am going to write a book. You will find in it the American man and also the American woman, and a great many other things—managers and critics and singers—just exactly what I think of them all, quite frankly. The managers and singers and critics have all talked about me to their hearts' content, and now I am going to talk about them. I hope to make some money out of the book, besides relieving my mind of a lot of things which I want to say. Like the Mikado, I've a little list." A volume in which a prima donna noted for her frankness "relieves her mind of a lot of things she wants to say" will surely not go unread.

At last! It was bound to happen. The giant strides of modern music, the relentless sweep of musical modernity, could not fail to bring it about. Wagner, the Bayreuth Colossus, he whom most of his contemporaries reviled as a wicked iconoclast, an unprincipled revolutionary, a ruthless destroyer of all that was meant and known by beauty in the musical art, has become—dare we write it?—old-fashioned, out of date, demode, a thing of the past; in the jargon of today, a "back-number." Yes; it was inevitable sooner or later. "Things" could not progress—if that is the right word—at the rate they have been progressing in the last decade, and leave even the most cherished of ideals, the greatest of musical gods, untouched. And so we find a writer solemnly declaring that Wagner's "love of physical sumptuousness" was "typical of his intellect. There is a sheen, a glossiness on almost every page. Many of his melodies are so ripe that we feel if they are left much longer they must inevitably decay." Listen, further, to this, from the same inspired pen: "He must always be talking of love, and the talk is not always quite healthy. Some of it, indeed, is mawkish."

Wagner, then, for me is becoming out-worn. He is the composer of unthinking youths. One of these days, of course, we shall be told that Richard Strauss is the composer par excellence for babes and sucklings, and that the artless simplicity of his polyphony would not deceive the veriest schoolgirl.

Eugene d'Albert's "Tiefand" recently had its 300th performance at the Berlin Komische Opera. The work was first mounted there in October, 1907, so that it has taken only about three and a half years for the number of performances to total up to 300. The success of "Tiefand" in Germany marks in a striking manner the difference between the public operatic tastes there and here. In London the work has been given about half a dozen times—no more—and on no occasion did it really draw the public. Talking of d'Albert, his new comic opera, "Die Verschenkte Frau," has been secured by Mr. Hans Gregor, of the Vienna Court Opera, where it will be produced shortly.

Following upon Mr. Victor Herbert's "Natoma," another American composer, Mr. Frederick S. Converse, whose "Pipe of Desire" was produced last year, has seen an opera of his brought to the footlights in his own country. The work bore the title, "The Sacrifice," and its production took place at the Boston Opera House. The composer in this instance has supplied his own "book," which deals with the Spanish-American conflict of 1846, and the critics do not enthuse over its dramatic value. Nor, for that matter, has the score come in for any overwhelming measure of praise. Indeed, to judge by the most recent examples, American composers, when they turn their talents in the direction of serious opera, do not receive any particularly warm encouragement from their compatriot scribes. Of "The Sacrifice," we read that "Mr. Converse has had recourse to several operatic styles, for he mixes set numbers and the flowing music drama method just as freely as he pleases, employs several leading motives in certain portions of the work, and in others depicts the same persons and situations with brand-new thematic tags." Melody for melody's sake is said to occur only in a few isolated numbers.

Mr. John Towers, of Morgantown, West Virginia, must have spent many happy years. He has compiled a dictionary of operas. How many works composed for the stage do you suppose this enterprising gentleman has unearthed? You will never guess. Not to beat about the bush, then, this monumental catalogue furnishes a list of no fewer than 28,000 operas and operettas that have seen the light, together with the names and nationalities of their composers. The very thought of it overwhelms one. Which of the composers enumerated was the most prolific? According to Mr. Towers, the credit belongs to Piccini, Gluck's famous rival in Paris, who holds the record with the remarkable total of 144 works. Next comes Galuppi, an eighteenth-century Italian, who perpetrated 111 operas (mostly comic), and after him, oddly enough, another master of opera-bouffe—to wit, Jacques Offenbach, who is credited with 105 examples, many of them, of course, merely operettas. Let us hasten to add that a high place in the list is held by our very own Sir Henry Bishop, who achieved a wonderful total of 102 operas. In one of them, by the way "Clari," produced in 1823, occurred the immortal "Home, Sweet Home."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

When Molly Elliot Seawell was asked recently when she thought women would get the vote, she replied, "I do not think they are nearer to it than they were 20 years ago." This opinion will not be shared by a great many people, but it is Miss Seawell's contention that so far the equal suffragists have accomplished little. "The agitation," she says, "has certainly an uneasy feeling among public men. They do not know just how strong the suffragists are and it worries them. Most of the public men, I think, are opposed to woman suffrage. They are not so strongly against it as women are."

It is interesting that the most powerful plea against votes for women that has yet been made has been made by a woman. In "The Ladies' Battle" Miss Seawell advances all of the arguments against the cause which have ever been brought up and many seemingly unanswerable ones which have never before been mustered. The book will be published within a few weeks and will undoubtedly lead to hotter discussion than did Miss Seawell's article on the same subject published in the "Atlantic Monthly" a few months ago.

MARY S. WATTS

Mary S. Watts whose Nathan Burke made such a pronounced hit last year has just turned over to her publishers the manuscript of a new novel entitled "The Legacy." The scene of this story is the same as that of Nathan Burke but the time is the present and the principal character is a woman.

She—How far can your ancestry be traced? He—Well, when my grandfather resigned his position as cashier of a country bank they traced him as far as China, but he got away.