

rices. Never once did she attempt a subterfuge or any evasion of the clearly difficult problem she had in hand. Her training in the Auer studio after a term with her Canadian teacher, Mr. Blachford, has given her



The Debutante.

an abundance of technique. Sometimes it may not have been just the kind of technique that the piece demanded. There were times when a little less display of that element might have been an advantage.

But Miss Copeland got a high degree of resonant eloquence from her violin. This was especially noticeable on the G and the E string. Most Auer pupils

seem to make every possible use of these extremes. Elman does it. Not having heard Kathleen Parlow I can only imagine that she does it also. Sometimes there was more vibrato than seemed necessary. But a good warm throb in the G is a temptation to players of bigger calibre and more experience than Miss Copeland. With no end of dash and verve and resonant vigour she sometimes caused a shade of doubt as to exact pitch—especially in doublestopping—and occasionally as to tone-purity. Here again she is in the very excellent company of some great artists. Even Joachim when he played this same Mozart concerto a good many years ago is said to have been rather careless of intonation. With more repose and serenity at her finger ends the recital would have been a notable performance. As it was, Miss Copeland achieved a high degree of distinction, for which she should feel gratified as she looks forward to the big things she has yet to accomplish.

Musicians and Manners

“MUSICIANS are notoriously bad-mannered,” announces Carl Van Vechten in a book devoted to the theme of Music and Bad Manners. “I have seen a soprano throw a pork roast on the floor at dinner, the day before a performance of Wagner’s consecration festival, with the shrill explanation, ‘Pork before Parsifal!’”

The position of a certain couch in a performance of “Lohengrin” once aroused a dispute between Emma Eames and a tenor.

“At the rehearsal the tenor seemed to have won the battle. When, at the

performance, he found the couch in the exact spot which had been designated by the lady, his indignation was great. With as much regard for the action of the drama as was consistent with so violent a gesture, he gave the couch a violent shove with his projected toe, with the intention of pushing it into his chosen locality. He retired with a howl, nursing a wounded member. The couch had been nailed to the floor.”

But all the blame for scenes at concerts should not rest with the performers. Audiences as well, says the author, may be relied upon to behave badly on occasion.

“Mr. Paderewski was playing at one of those morning musicales arranged at smart hotels, so that the very rich may see more intimately the well known artists of the concert and opera-stage. Some women started to go out. The interruption became intolerable, and Paderewski stopped playing. ‘Those who do not wish to hear me will kindly leave the room immediately,’ he said; ‘and those who wish to remain will kindly take their seats.’ The outflow continued, while those who remained began to hiss. ‘I am astonished to find people in New York leaving while an artist is playing,’ the pianist added. Then some one started to applaud; the applause deepened, and finally Mr. Paderewski consented to play again. Once he had begun, he played for an hour and twenty minutes, and the faithful ones applauded so much that the echoes of clapping hands accompanied him to his motor.”

The Little Sins

(Concluded from page 12.)

a guest in her house—instead of a paid companion.”

At such times Ned would feel a wave of remorse sweep over him, realizing the girl’s simple trust and her faith in him, and it was only after a determined and fierce struggle that he kept from breaking down and confessing the whole loathsome lie. He never dared to think how it was all going to end.

Five of the seven days passed in this manner, and then, one evening, returning to the room between the afternoon and evening performance, he found a letter. He lit the gas with trembling fingers, and the sight of the name printed on the upper left-hand corner of the envelope sent the blood

roaring to his ears. It was from Summerville.

After he had finally composed himself from the first shock he carefully tore it open and read the few lines on the sheet.

Mr. Edward Mack:

Things finally settled. Report for rehearsals to-morrow morning at ten, if position of second business at seventy-five a week is agreeable. We will open the middle of the month at the Longacre Theatre.

Yours hastily,
SUMMERVILLE.

The little room, with its bare walls and its flickering gas jet, blurred in the man’s vision. He mechanically folded the letter and slipped it back into the envelope. Summerville heard from at last, and with the offer of a fine position. It didn’t seem real.

He sat down in a chair before the window, staring out over the fast-darkening town. How long he remained there he never realized, but of a sudden, fumbling for his watch, he found it was half after eight. Eight o’clock was his time for singing the first song after supper. He laughed aloud as he turned out the gas and reached for his hat.

That nightmare was over now. The lie was to be at an end. Helen would never know what had passed these five days. How wonderful and perfect had things turned out.

He went around to the stage entrance to meet the irate manager coming out.

“Call around at the box office for your money,” the latter jerked out. “You’re fired! I hired a man I can depend upon!”

Ned smiled and retraced his steps to the front of the house. The lobby was almost deserted. The box office was at the extreme end. He walked up to the barred window.

“I’m Lawson, the ballad singer,” he said, remembering his assumed name. “I’m quitting to-night, and the manager sent me around for the salary due me.”

That was as far as he got. His lifted eyes took in the face behind the cage. It was almost a full minute before he realized he had been talking to his own wife.

Books to Come

“Georgina of the Rainbow.”

By Annie Fellows Johnston. McLeod, Toronto.

GEORGINA, whose motto is, “Put a rainbow ‘round your troubles,” will be a favourite second only to the “Little Colonel.” Every girl who has read the stories of the latter will love Georgina.

Miss Johnston, the author of so many delightful stories for girls, has in this book stepped into that realm of fiction which holds equal charm for young and old. The great quality of naturalness in her heroines is retained in this newest book.

At the tip of old Cape Cod the little heroine meets many people. Uncle Darcy, Mr. Milford, Mrs. Triplett—all these soon become familiar to the reader; and all learn from Georgina that “it pays to keep hope at the prow.”

* * *

“Emmy Lou’s Road to Grace.”

By George Madden Martin. Being a Little Pilgrim’s Progress. Cloth, \$1.35.

In “Emmy Lou,” George Madden Martin gave a picture of the mental progress and struggles of her little heroine in the public schools.

In this new book, Mrs. Martin deals with Emmy Lou’s spiritual development and growth, illustrating the progress of her “little pilgrim” by incidents at home, at Sunday School, at Public School.

—McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart

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