

WHAT HAPPENED TO HOAG

(Continued from Page 15.)



said as she sat down:

"Doesn't it beat all what queer experiences some people have when they don't have anything to do with them?"

He coughed and wished she would go to church.

"I'm sure you have a great many strange dreams, Mr. Hoag."

"Are you?"

"And I have them meself."

"Oh, I daresay."

"And I notice that somebody in the Clarion has a good bit to say about dreams, and visions, and all like o' that. Have you read that column, Mr. Hoag?"

"Y—yes, occasionally."

"Don't some woman write it?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe."

"I had a dream—a day-dream 'twas too."

"I see. Anything peculiar about that?"

"And if I hadn't been reading the papers, Mr. Hoag, I'd never have known it was so peculiar," went on Mrs. Bartop. "I saw just the other day, right in this room as I turned—right over that bookshelf, sir, as plain as day, a poor wan woman and a baby—going down street she was on a stormy night as it seemed, when a gentleman meets her and carries the baby home as the tower bell strikes one."

Mrs. Bartop paused to note the effect.

"Strikes one, Mr. Hoag. Anything peculiar about that now?"

"I'm sure there maybe," He coughed nervously.

"Yes, as I says to myself—if it had struck two, the newspaper yesterday would have told the death of both o' them. But as 'twas, Mr. Hoag—as the Clarion said—only the poor mother died of exposure. The poor thing! A clean-up woman at Markhams she was. And I was thinking that if Mr. Markham that's doing so many things for the poor and the orphans and the sick, could have known about it—the poor thing might have been saved. But as sure as I'm here, I saw that woman and her baby, right in this room, right over that chair you sit in so much—at just about a stroke of the clock past the minute she died, poor thing!"

Mrs. Bartop did not see his face. She was looking at his shadow, that reached up the wall like a ghost.

"And I was wondering, Mr. Hoag, if I was to get you to write a letter to that man that writes the dream things in the Clarion—if he mightn't be able to tell an ignorant body like me—just how it was that in this very room, over your chair, I sees the phantom of that woman almost the minute she died."

(To be continued.)

XXVIII.

Mrs. Bartop's Day Dream

MRS. BARTOP, landlady, was not informed of Mr. Hoag's change of fortunes. She knew he had left Markhams, but not the ghost of a reason why. She wanted to find out. Mrs. Bartop had been dusting Mr. Hoag's queer books long enough to feel sure that he was a man of mystery. And she had been reading the Clarion. She put two and two together and got five, when she surmised that Mr. Hoag was conducting the column. She did not want Mr. Hoag to suspect that she knew, so on a Sunday morning when Mr. Hoag was still in his dressing-gown she lingered about his books and

Seven Wagnerless Days a Week

It seems hard, but Gotham must face it. As to the Muck furore, the Evening Post says that Boston Symphony devotees wouldn't know blindfolded which of any three big orchestras was doing a piece. And England, it seems, is making no pianos.

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

ARE the Canadian piano-makers aware—no doubt they are—that England has for a long while been almost destitute of pianos. England was like some other countries before the war—she preferred German pianos. No German pianos are going to England now, and the English piano-makers are up against an impossibility of making pianos for themselves. Good-naturedly they have been in the habit of importing "parts," including actions from Germany. These are cut off now. Added to the shortage of labor, this makes the British-made piano almost non-exist.

But even if England should be able to make her own pianos it seems, according to a correspondent of a well-known New York paper, that a large percentage of the buyers would still prefer pianos of the German type. Some like the French type, and some British makers have catered to this; others have not. Hence, after the war, there would seem to be an open market in England for other foreign makers of pianos.

And, of course, shrewdly enough, the U. S. correspondent thinks the American piano will be able to meet the demand. If so, why not Canadian pianos for England? Of course, every country should as far as possible nationalize its pianos. This country has done so in a very unmistakable way. In fact, no country in the world of any population has a greater variety of sterling makers of pianos than Canada. And on a population basis the Canadian-made piano is at the top of the lot. If English people do not care for 100 per cent. of British-made pianos, is there any reason why the undoubted high grade of many of our Canadian makes should not get as good a showing in that market as any of the American makes? As a matter of absolute fact, we doubt if the United States is as well equipped for the making of first-class pianos in

large numbers for export as Canada is. If we are wrong in this, we are open to correction from any Canadian maker of pianos. If we are right—now is the time for Canadian piano-builders to consider whether or not they could do any share of the British trade in pianos.

MUSIC and Mars are having a serious time in New York and other flag-kindred places. No wonder. New York is just awakening to the fact that the Metropolitan Opera House has for years been a hot-bed of nationalisms. Nothing expresses nationality more vividly than certain kinds of music. With all due respect to W. J. Henderson in The Sun and to Wagnerites in Canada, we contend that the late Dick Wagner was in his day a more potent creator of modern German sentiment than Dick Strauss will ever be. Wagner, says Mr. Henderson, in his recent article deploring yet justifying the banishment of German music from the stage over there, was a rebel and a refugee from his own country. All very well, but he, more than all other artists of any sort combined, has immortalized the demigod, superman idea in Germany as expressed by such as Siegfried and his whole tribe of wonder-workers en route to Valhalla. The ban on Wagner ought to be absolute—except where that great Colossus expressed absolute music or music divorced from the deification of Germans as superior to other people. I am as crazy about Wagner's music as most people. My first hearing of Wagner, a whole evening of him in 1895, with Anton Scill at the baton, put me into a miraculously new world of sensation and magic. I can get up and scream any day at the astounding beauty and power of Wagner's best

stuff, and I can deprecate his drivel—because some of the time Wagner was teaching, especially in such lugubrious wordings as a great part of Siegfried. But I am willing to have seven Wagnerless days a week from now on, until such time as Germany is a sane country.

Mr. Henderson feels much the same way, but regrets it. He recalls the fact that several German singers in the Metropolitan held a celebration over the Lusitania, and notes with glee that said singers have since been put on the boycott list. So the big Broadway Opera House that used to be directed part of the time from Berlin, has to get along now with French, Italian and Russian operas. Now the Russian is on the doubtful list. Boris Gudonoff may go over to the Bolsheviks' any day—we hope not.

But what would be the sense of boycotting Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Bach? None. These men had nothing to do with modern Germany in any way, shape or manner. They are—just music.

But my! how the N. Y. Evening Post does go after the Boston Symphony! Likewise the Boston worshippers in Carnegie Hall. To this audience he says:—"Everything this orchestra, or its conductor, does is absolutely above criticism. Probably ninety-five of every hundred of these good and honest folks, if blindfolded or placed behind a screen, could not, to save their lives, tell whether this particular orchestra was playing or the New York Philharmonic or Symphony, or the Philadelphia or Chicago orchestra; yet to hear their pharisaical or adulatory talk one would think that Boston alone provided us with the real thing, everything else in the country being second or third rate. The Boston orchestra certainly is first rate, and Dr. Muck is an admirable conductor in many ways; yet he was known in Berlin as 'the metronome,' and his programmes are certainly far from being models."