

Literature Music Art

By N. de Bertrand Legris

ETYMOLOGY AND THE CHANGING VALUES OF ENGLISH SPEECH.

Etymology is one of the most fascinating of all sciences. It is one with which everyone, who loves his mother-tongue, ought to be conversant. In fact it is the essential study for a good writer, otherwise he cannot hope to understand the different gradations of meaning in words, the fine subtleties of speech, the niceties of expression necessary to one who wishes to produce a perfect result in a literary composition. Without a knowledge of etymology one's work to a certain extent must be crude. For instance there is always a certain word which exactly fills a certain meaning. There may be several other words nearly synonymous, but not quite suiting the sense. If one understands something of the history of the word, its birth and its life they know exactly whether it is the one they want or not. And usually no other but the right word will apply and make the meaning clear. Etymology is not the study of the derivation of words alone. It means far more than this. It means the study of the history of countries, of great nations, and their rise and fall, of all the different races of people and their marches of progress, of the manners and customs of different epochs, of old and effete civilizations and the effect of one nation upon another. It means as well the study of one's own times. In fact to have a thorough knowledge of etymology is to have a complete education.

Mr. Bell in his delightful book "The Changing Values of English Speech," awakens the mind to its own shameful inefficiency in the study of this beautiful science, and makes the old and young alike feel that if they have neglected this fascinating subject in the past, they should at once bestir themselves to mend matters, and enrich themselves intellectually from the inexhaustible stores of information, which close observation of our language will at once open to us. His book is not written alone for the literati. The facts, which it contains, are just as necessary, in fact more necessary, for the rank and file of humanity to acquaint themselves with, for after all these are the real corrupters, beautifiers or preservers of any language. The following are a few extracts from it: "We hope that all linguistic change will purify itself on the lips of the world. It is certain that language sweet and pure as a woodland spring, should be a blessed inheritance to the children of men, even as light, air and soil. In a sense language is an inheritance, but only in a sense. For as light, air and soil are denied by barbarous conditions unto thousands upon thousands of human beings, so is wholesome language denied them. The soulful element of their tongue is withheld from them by similar causes which deny them their birthright of air, light and soil. They get just enough of any of these to support life on its lowest planes of thought and being. It should be the bounden duty of the thoughtful person to try to preserve the force and beauty of his tongue, whereby rendering wide service to all."

"Suggestion is a potent element in this world's doings. It is powerful in language as elsewhere—more potent in speech than anywhere, because it has to do so largely with vast numbers. The nature of an individual is rarely revolutionized by essays or mere oral preachments. The coarse man will be known by his adjectives. Impulsiveness and enthusiasm, logically, must deal with superlative degrees. The real thinker will show consciousness and modesty in his speech. The pure in heart will speak from the fullness thereof, well knowing that baseness lingers on the breath and pollutes the air; that men have damned themselves, even as they have glorified themselves, by a single word."

"Our language is virtually a thing of life; it is nourished by the principle it serves; it must flourish or decay, expand or shrink; it must grow clearer and more beautiful, or more complex and vague. Each one of us owes it a precise duty. No one has a right to sin against his mother tongue, and no one should be excused for so doing. Our words of daily use demand and deserve the same hygienic cleanliness that our persons deserve and demand. Beauty demands that they shall not be mutilated, utility demands that they shall not be confused; decency demands that they shall not be degraded; justice assures them consideration. It is as important to conserve the integrity and morality of words, as of peoples; indeed the morality in one case may largely depend upon that of the other. Clean speech is as wholesome as fine linen. Careful speech is a form of real etiquette. Beautiful words are better than royal purples."

Mr. Bell writes very emphatically on the use of intensives, which are the words employed to lend force or power to a remark or argument. He defends the use of strong language upon certain occasions, and says: "Language is for the virile quite as much as it is for the moral and intellectual enuncs. Pious knaves or weaklings, if unable to withstand the sabre-strokes of speech, must step aside or fall. Language, first of all, should serve the strong, the robust in character and the vigorous of soul. To do this it must be rich. If it fails to express deep feeling, it is poor. Intensives belong to the class of sturdy words. They batter heads better than clubs. They are more explosive than powder. . . . Even profanity, so-called, is not only useful at times, but highly moral as well. It may be invigorating and wholesome. It may be definite, and it often clears the atmosphere. Curses have thundered down the ages. They are on occasion as elo-

quent as prayer—and just about as helpful. Profanity, quite as much as a sermon, may stand for righteousness."

While we think Mr. Bell goes rather to the extreme in writing of this particular phase of his subject, the incidents he quotes to bear out his arguments are interesting. For instance he tells us that when Abraham Lincoln was a young man he visited a slave market in New Orleans. A young colored girl was on the block. Lincoln heard the brutal words of the auctioneer—the savage remarks of the bidders. The scene filled his soul with indignation and horror. Turning to his companions, he said: "Boys, if I ever get a chance to hit slavery, by God, I'll hit it hard." "If Lincoln's use of emphasis in this case was profane," he goes on to tell us, "then love, the holiest word of all our speech is wicked. For comparison, let us substitute for Lincoln's righteous words, the weak and wretched words 'Boys, if ever I should have the chance to smite slavery, I shall do so with great force.' Very gentlemanly and very insipid."

"When Farragut was told of the torpedoes in the way of his ships, if he said 'Never mind the torpedoes, go ahead,' that would have been great. What he did say was 'Damn the torpedoes, go ahead,' and that was brave, sublime."

Mr. Bell's book might be quoted from ad lib, for there is not a chapter without interest. It is published by Hinks, Noble & Eldridge, 31-33-35 West 15th street, New York City.

THE QUESTION OF AMUSEMENT.

There seems to be two distinct classes of people in the world, those who take their pleasures lightly and thoughtlessly, who do not care to have their amusement of a nature to require any effort of mind to appreciate it, who like humor so very broad as to be quite elephantine and grotesque, and who, if they desire sentiment, prefer it in a melodramatic form with some such air as the Flower song from Faust played very pianissimo as an accompaniment. The second type of people have a distinctly different taste. What appeals to the so-called musical mind of the former class holds little or no harmony for them. Very often both words and music jar upon their sensibilities to the extent of causing real suffering. Farical humor to them possesses not the smallest merit of wit, and melodrama is almost repulsive. If you were to place a member from each of the two ranks in an art museum or a picture gallery, you would find the one lost in admiration before some brilliantly toned painting of enormous dimensions, probably the subject of which was very apparent, its requiring no effort of thought to grasp its significance. An allegorical picture might attract the other, perhaps, or some real work of genuine merit, which in proportion as it required the labor of soul and brain and hands to execute it, would excite the intelligence and the understanding of the onlooker. Someone will say the above is merely descriptive of the difference between the educated and the uneducated, the vulgar and the refined, or between those who have had the advantage of cultivation of appreciation in the arts through long association with masterpieces, and the totally inexperienced. But that would not be classifying the difference quite fairly. There are many people, no matter how great nor how many their advantages, prefer not to exercise their minds by the study of a work of any depth of character. There are many others, who have no privilege whatever of seeing the best in art or hearing the best in music, who can judge at once between the merits and demerits of a composition. It is a quality that seems born in some people, the power of appreciating what is finest in any artistic production. And just as deeply as this quality is engrained in their nature, just so much pleasure can they realize when they are given an opportunity to exercise that quality. But this power of understanding what is real art can be cultivated until it becomes second nature. Let us see to what extent we are cultivating it now to the benefit of our own generation and the generations to come.

A decade or so ago a great many things were impossible in the way of amusement that we today have come to accept as matter of course. Ragtime music was unheard of—and it is very probable that if a young man or woman should have come upon the stage and attempted to sing "Wind Yourself Around Me, Dearie" he or she would have found themselves performing to empty seats. In those days we did not take our children to afternoon entertainments to hear some raspy-voiced individual inform them "I'd like to do some kissing and some hugging; I'd like to do some spooning, too, I guess," or to witness some play or skit, in the former of which the cheapness of the production both from a dramatic and literary standpoint would be in no way improving, and the fun of the latter consisting in an exhibition of vulgar clownishness. We should probably have realized that such performances would be quite upsetting to a child's innate sense of refinement, if he had any, or to whatever teaching he had had to promote that sense of refinement. Other times, other manners, and children are allowed many privileges now which a wiser generation denied them.

It would be quite a mistake however to claim that all vaudeville performances are degrading, for occasionally we meet with real fun and clever acting at the cheap theatres. The moving picture shows are an innovation wholesome and interesting and very often instructive as well. The music is sometimes, though very rarely, good, and if we had in every town one vaudeville exhibition to every

entertainment of another and more thought-inspiring type, we hardly need to fear any questionable result from the effect produced. But there is no fairness of division in the number of the two classes of play houses. We do not need to give statistics to prove that fact. It is apparent to us all, whether we live in town, city or metropolis, and it is not too much to say that the fast increasing number of vaudeville entertainments, with their exhibitions of faulty acting, coarse humor and poor music coupled with vulgar verse, is bound to have a very deteriorating effect upon the public.

At present in the farming country around Victoria it is very difficult indeed to procure competent white labor. In most cases it is an utter impossibility. There are positions to be had, positions which mean good homes and good wages, and we are told that there are idle men about the city looking for work. When asked why such a condition of things existed, the answer was that a large majority of people prefer not to be away from town as they are out of touch with amusements.

Now it is quite imperative that we all have some recreation from labor. Good music, good pictures, good books and good plays fill a real want in every man's life. Fun also is an essential element, and laughter as necessary to happiness as the sunshine. But this is the point it is desired to bring out. The largest class in the two ranks of people spoken of in the beginning of this article are woefully lacking in mental self-sufficiency. They are wholly dependent upon outside sources for those things which satisfy the thirst of the mind. Satisfy is not the word to use in their case. The mind is not satisfied by inanities, frivolities and vulgarities. It is merely drugged.

It is an old saying that a man's intelligence cannot stand still. It either advances or retreats. Things which do not elevate degrade. A child is easily amused, little things please little minds, but when we are grown men and women our pastimes should not be all frivolous. We have been set a little lower than the angels, and our ripening intellects as we grow older should "crown us with glory and honor." But unless we cultivate the sense of appreciation of real merit and real beauty, and in that cultivation develop our intelligence, and refine our sensibilities, we shall become mere puppets, not relying at all upon our own resources, to supply the crying need of the mind for material to grow and expand upon, but with intellects quite dormant and undeveloped, which have been drugged into insensibility and incapable of expansion, and we shall dance or laugh or sing almost unwittingly, quite unthinkingly, only the glaringly apparent appealing to our dulled perceptions, which as time goes on shall require a coarser amusement to arouse them at all. Every man has within himself the capacity, if he chooses to use it, of getting out of life what is the very best, and if he is satisfied with no less, he may experience the most perfect enjoyment the world has to give, and derive from all things that which is sweetest and purest and most elevating.

DRUGS AS AN AID TO WORK.

(From the Scrap Book.)

Hall Caine, in his lately published reminiscences, has a curious story to tell about Wilkie Collins. Wilkie Collins was one of the most ingenious inventors of complicated plots that can be named in the history of English literature. Whatever may be said of his skill as a narrator, he certainly planned his novels with consummate art. His plots are absolutely flawless. Each part fits into each other part, and they are all so cleverly dovetailed together as to excite the wonder of the reader, whom they hold in continued excitement and suspense. Only a brain that worked like some delicate and perfect machine could have constructed and wrought out these triumphs of the novelist's art. "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," and "Man and Wife" are simply marvellous in their way.

Nevertheless, Mr. Caine tells of something which occurred in 1888 that arouses our wonder. Caine was visiting Wilkie Collins, and the two were talking over some question in which they were interested, when, all of a sudden, Collins opened a closet and took out a wine-glass and a bottle.

"I am going to show you one of the secrets of my prison-house," he said with a smile. Then he poured out of the bottle a full wine-glass of a dark liquid resembling port wine.

"Do you see that?" he asked. "It's laudanum." And immediately he drank it down at a draft.

Hall Caine was astounded and half frightened. He asked Collins how long he had been taking laudanum, and Collins said that he had been doing so for more than twenty years. He added that not only did he take a wine-glassful of the drug once a day, but even several times in each period of twenty-four hours.

It was a dose that would have killed an ordinary man; and in fact, one of Collins's servants had died some years before by drinking only half a wine-glass full. Collins thought that it steadied the brain. In his case it certainly did not deaden it or dull it, for some of his most complicated novels were thought out and written during the period when the author was given to the use of laudanum.

He told Hall Caine that Bulwer-Lytton also had done the same thing. As for De Quincey, who wrote such acute and remarkable criticisms on Shakespeare, it is well known that he was a devotee of drugs. He

took opium in all its forms; and as laudanum is comparatively mild in its effects, he used to drink it, not from a wine-glass, but from a jug.

It is to this practice that we owe his remarkable book, "The Confessions of an Opium-Eater," in whose pages all the radiant beauties and all the appalling horrors which an opium-eater experiences are told so vividly that the reader cannot forget them.

It is well known, too, that Coleridge found in opium something which enhanced the mystic beauty of his poetry. His famous and unfinished poem, "Kubla Khan," was composed by him during a dream induced by opium.

Lord Byron only occasionally resorted to drugs. He found his inspiration rather, during the last part of his life, in glasses of neat brandy, which lashed his brain into a temporary activity and enabled him to write the concluding part of "Don Juan."

More insidious, however, than opium is the drug known as chloral, which was discovered in 1832, but which was not used as an hypnotic before 1869. Most persons who form the chloral habit do so because of their inability to get natural sleep; for chloral produces no rosy dreams or strange imaginings such as come from opium and narcotics. Nevertheless, it is a very dangerous and deadly drug, because it may be used for a long while before its evil consequences are experienced. Alphonse Daudet was greatly addicted to the use of chloral; and for the last ten years of his life he got no sleep without it.

Another and very famous user of chloral was the poet and painter, Dante Rossetti. The writer in the following translation gives us an idea of the effect of the powerful drug, "Hashish," which he says is very commonly used in France by men of intellectual power. He goes along the street, his chin sunk on his breast, his arms swinging idly. A man of fifty you would say. And yet the most dissolute, degraded, broken, enervated rake of fifty does not walk like that, uncertain, groping, staggering from side to side, and leaning against the walls for their support. In his eyes, wide open and staring—two lustreless yellow agates—there is the dull blankness of one who is old and sightless.

"These eyes look at the world, but they see nothing. They are like the eyes of the dead. It is the contemplation of dissolution by dissolution itself. The skin, stretched over his yellow face without a quiver of life, reminds one of a corpse long left unburied, or a polished mummy in a mummy-case. One could imagine it turned to stone by some hideous apparition and keeping forever the ghastly immobility of horror. If you question him, he makes no answer. He seems not to understand, yet he hears; for he trembles like an animal that has been awakened by a kick and escapes as fast as he can, to some corner, where he tries to hide, in a blind panic of fear."

"His voice—for he does speak sometimes, not to others, but to himself—is at one moment thin and high, almost inaudible, like the vibration of a tense string under the torture of the bow, and again it is thick and heavy and dead, as if coming from some hoarse depth; but always it is a noise made by some inanimate thing and not human speech. After each word his mouth refuses to close, and his long, bloodless tongue falls out from between teeth black as those of one who chews betel-nuts, and quivers a little—the tongue of a dog that pants."

"And he is seen everywhere, at all hours. In the streets noisy with rattling wheels that graze him, on the avenues crowded with busy people who jostle him, he goes, idly, vaguely, borne along by the current. Sad, afraid of his own fear, he is like a dead man come to life who continues in the light of day the slow walk, commenced, in the shadow of his tomb, around his open coffin."

"Well! This man is not fifty years old. He is barely thirty, and not long ago he was good to look at. Not long ago, generous youth beat in his heart and brought a smile to his lips, a glow to his eyes, and the joy of living to his face. When he went out into the streets, all bright with sunshine, he wanted to sing because he was alive. For not only was he young—he was happy, tumultuously happy, with a dream in his soul and love in his heart."

"An artist, he was pursuing, nay, with the confidence of youth, he felt that he was about to obtain, his high ideal. A lover, he knew the supreme happiness of being mated with the woman he adored, of seeing her smile in her sleep with her face against his neck. Moments of pride and rapture! Soon all of fame, now all of love."

"But joy and ambition had keyed his soul too high. Prodigal of himself, ready for any noble daring, loyal as a maiden's vow, brave as a hero's sword, he was youth itself, splendid and triumphant. Then one day—through a perverse curiosity, or to overcome a moment's fatigue—he entered, as Romeo did the apothecary's in Mantua, a detestable shop where they sell the green paste that holds the sentence of death; and he went back often, very often."

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler, her husband and their three children sailed for Europe last week from Quebec. The summer plans of the famous pianist and her family included a trip to Niagara and through the Thousand Islands, which was taken on the way to Quebec. While abroad the itinerary will take in England, Scotland and Ireland, a major part of the time in England to be spent in London, Berlin and Liverpool. During a tour of the Harz Mountains the party will walk or ride ("as the spirit moves us," to quote Mme. Zeisler), and will stop in the various cities of interest.

Contrary to the report that she will not play in America next season, Mme. Zeisler announces that she will open her tour in Chicago in the Auditorium as soloist with the new Philharmonic Orchestra at its inaugural concert. Following this concert she will make an extensive tour of this country.

"Oh, delicious and deadly drug, whether as a heavy, sticky paste, or lurking, quaint, under the silver coating of pills, thou art hashish! Yes, thou art adorable; yes, thou givest an exquisite languor or a frenzied joy, the peace of God, the pride of Satan. Yes, through thee one may even forget! Beyond the pettiness of real life, far from rampant stupidity and tiresome duties, through thee a

man rises on the wings of deliverance to dream dreams and see visions.

"Thou art the false key to Paradise! If thou dost not create, thou dost transform. Thou lieth the will; thou makest of one rose a forest of roses; of a hut, a palace, and of a lantern, a blazing sun. The man who belongs to thee, kisses the mouth of Beatrice in the lips of any woman, and finds multiplied a hundredfold and in the meanest surroundings, the pure ecstasy of a first love."

"Thou sayest: 'Ye shall be as gods,' and thou dost keep thy promise."

"If a man covets money, he hears crashing about him Niagaras of gold and silver. If he longs for the fame of Dante or of Shakespeare, there comes, bursting upon his path, the wild enthusiasm of the crowd. If martial glory tempts him, thou soundest in clarion notes and floatest amid victorious banners."

"But thou sellest thy madness dear hashish! Thy heaven leads to hell—a very special hell where lurks a unique and dreadful punishment, the most unbearable of all; immense, eternal desolation, infinite disgust."

"If thou deignest, most powerful lord, to quench the light of the eyes, to blot out the smile, to spread over the cheeks the pallor of death, to bow the shoulders, to grip a man and make of him a mere rag fluttering in the wind, thy slaves still thank thee again and again in memory of thy ineffable gifts! What is bodily torture to those who have felt, through thee, the ecstasies of heaven?"

"Also, thou art a subtle tyrant! For when thou hast exhausted, bit by bit, the living forces of heart and spirit, thou breakest the heart, thou killest the spirit. Nothing that can be imagined seems longer worthy of a thought. Of what use is it to live? Is the sky worth so much as a glance? What woman is worth so much as a kiss? A dull, mournful indifference, a passive disgust beyond words. The sense of duty is wiped out forever. One has beneath his feet, as a thing to be trampled on, all feeling of self-respect. The conscience yields at last in the long struggle with indulgence. Exhausted, like the stomach of a drunkard, it no longer feels even remorse, but abandons itself to a hopeless, comfortless ennui, as to a fit of vomiting."

III.

"A few days ago, on the avenue, the poor fellow whose history I have been telling was struck by a passer-by whom he had elbowed. He ran away like a child from a blow, turning his head now and then, for fear of being followed. He no longer knows the meaning of the words Art, Fame, Beauty. Is he a man, then? No, only a creature that eats, drinks, sleeps and walks, that keeps on going with no thought or purpose."

"The woman of his choice, the wife so infinitely adored, whose knees he used to kiss as a devotee kisses the altar—even she is to him as though she were not. He no longer sees the light in her eyes, the rose upon her lips. Tired of a companion so morose and spiritless, she has taken herself another. He knows it—he cannot help knowing it—for the other is there at all hours, finding fault with the servants, ordering the dinner, making love before them all."

"But even this does not anger him. It does not so much as surprise him. He accepts the situation as it is. Never a protest, though he sleeps on a sofa and hears the sound of kisses and laughter in the next room. Not only imbecile—he is infamous. He no longer works, he is poor. The apartment in which he lives, the clothes he wears, the bread he eats, the tobacco he smokes, are all paid for by the other? What of it? He does not care. He is willing, or does not think about it at all. Is he abject? No matter."

"He buries himself deeper and deeper in hopeless inertia and enervation. And he lived so—not living—until one fine evening he happened to cross a bridge, and seeing in the blue depths the reflection of the street-lamps and the stars—pale reminders of the first visions of hashish—he let himself fall into the river, without despair, because the chance offered itself, and just as he would have continued his walk. On searching the body, they found in his pocket a bit of green paste mingled with stale tobacco."

BLANCHING THE S

I have tried many of the ways to blanch the crop, but to the old way of banking soil, as it gives the most sand, to my thinking, the best. When the plants have reached six or more in height (or to begin the banking. The early stage is apt to be so in character. Run a hand pick inches on both sides of the down on your knees, astride, gather together in one hand, first plant, pull off the small outside, also any broken or hold the plant closely together position. With the other hand, loose earth from the sides around the stalks to hold them in a stiff, erect position. The ly along the row and treat the same way.

In about a week or ten, ready for the next step. Row or wheel-hoe along the rows closely as possible without disturbing, until there is a good loose soil, which can be thrown with the plow. As the erect by the first banking, be drawn up around the stalks, only the leaves show above banking must be repeated

RU Celery and Celery

Late celery for winter succession crop as it may be from the first of July up to the last, and so may be grown already produced a crop of potatoes.

In my estimation the ear from Florida and California, in crispness and flavor, comparable with the stalks, the crisping effect of our weather. Such home-grown not be as perfectly blanched article, nor indeed as well unapproached in flavor.

Celery likes a cool, moist do well in heavy soils which On heavy soils drainage must carry away surplus moisture; rains; or, if the moisture is station, the soil must be allowed to be well cultivated periods of copious waterings, summer months the young plants very much growth, but if the soil (or humus) they will of lent root system and will be rapid growth as soon as the sets in. In setting out the feet or more will be ample banking up to the stalks in plan is to have the celery to nine feet apart and to plant bush beans, or some other qu between the celery rows, as of the way before the celery

To prepare the row for a small one-horse plow both ways to get a broad trench or gutter soil (not in the subsoil, how Then I put in a 2-inch layer stable manure, poultry droppings—in fact, anything that I have putting in the fine manure, I and plow down a little fine manure, sometimes using to mix it more thoroughly especially of the commercial fertilizers broad, shallow trench with a and manure in which to set small gardens where the horse used the necessary trench with a spade making it a foot deep.

If you have not grown them and do not have them already may be purchased from the local florist.

Pot-grown plants are the not necessary to wait for a trenches are ready for the plants be heavily watered and set in time, but unfortunately they bought. The young celery grown in flats or seedbeds, a whole flat, if possible, and the plants from it until you get little in the ground, because get them or no check.

When they have been in or in flats and have to be ordinary way, wait until late or for a dull day to set them. Before lifting water the bed dig well under the plants so roots as possible. If they have root, cut off the bottom end portion of the tops or leaves, or stick or trowel set carefully row eight inches apart, press the about the roots and when plants a good watering.

As soon as the plants have the transplanting and start again, begin cultivation, and small garden rake, lightly soil about the plants every prevents weeds from starting soil from becoming crusted, erings, and induces a rapid growth the plants from starting seed as sometimes occurs when any way becomes stunted or

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