

Literature Music Art

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK REVIEWED

"Jeanne of the Marshes."—E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Mr. Oppenheim is a pleasant writer; he gives us humor which is drolly suggestive, rather than over apparent; he gives us pathos without any inclination toward bathos, and excitement without sensationalism. The love-making in his story leaves something to the readers' perfectly capable imagination, which is more than can be said in regard to some of the modern productions; and he knows how to hold his plot well together until the denouement, which is usually forcible and, as far as possible, unexpected. In short, Mr. Oppenheim is a clever story-teller, and his new book will become very popular. He does not endeavor in this work, and so far as we know has never attempted, to make a really great novel. His desire is simply to amuse without degrading, and he succeeds admirably. "Jeanne of the Marshes" is a book which any one might read and be none the worse for, and most of us are the better for being lifted out of ourselves for an hour or two by the absorbing interest of a story cleverly told. If any criticism is necessary we might suggest that it seems a little improbable, that while all of the little village of Salthouse knew of the existence of the secret pirate's chamber, and Jeanne herself and Andrew were also familiar with it, it seems surprising that Kate was the only one to have thought of it as a place of concealment for the missing man. Then the idea of such a depraved scoundrel as Forrest, and such a consciousnessless schemer as the Princess, marrying and retiring from the field of their adventures to live the simple life is rather inconceivable. However, these are minor details and do not to any extent affect the strength of the story.

The Story

In the first place Jeanne of the Marshes is not of the Marshes at all. She is a little convent-bred ingenue, supposed to be possessed of enormous wealth, which fact is used by her unscrupulous step-mother, who is known all over Europe as a person of not very savory reputation, to introduce them both into the best houses. The step-mother, Princess Strum, makes it no secret that she desires to procure a desirable part for her protégée, that the matter is wholly in her hands, and that Jeanne will agree to any choice her guardian may fix upon. The Princess does not reckon at all upon Jeanne's very strong will and praiseworthy inclinations.

The Princess is as much in love as her nature will permit her to be with Major Forrest, a card sharper and a decided scoundrel altogether. When the story opens he has just become aware that the men of his clubs are regarding him suspiciously.

"For several days," he tells the Princess, "I have scarcely been able to get a rubber. This afternoon when I cut in with Harewood and Midway and another fellow, two of them made some sort of an excuse and went off. I pretended not to notice it, but of course, there it was. The thing was apparent, and it is the very devil."

"There is nothing tangible," she asked. "No complaint or scandal, or anything of that sort?"

"No," he said. "I am not such an idiot as that. All the same there is the feeling. They don't care to play bridge with me. There is only young Engleton who takes my part, and so far as playing bridge for money is concerned, he would be worth the whole lot put together if only I could get him away from them, make up a little party somewhere and have him to myself for a week or two."

They manage to make up the desired little party, when Cecil De la Borne, a helpless sort of dupe to the other two, invites them to stay for a week at Red Hall, his old home in Salthouse, Norfolk, and thither the Princess, Forrest, Engleton, who is Lord Ronald, and Jeanne take their way, the latter a wholly incongruous member of the little coterie.

Before their advent into new surroundings we are introduced to Cecil's half-brother Andrew, a wholly interesting character, and one of whom the writer does not tell us enough to inspire the familiarity which breeds contempt, in fact there isn't quite enough of Andrew in the story. He is the older of the two brothers and master of the estate, but has always given way to Cecil, though he has not patience with the latter in the role he has adopted recently of a blase man of the world. So when he hears of the visitors' impending arrival, he hastens to efface himself from the scene, retiring to a little hunting lodge on one of his islands, still leaving his brother to do as he likes, still having a mistaken sense in the other's common sense.

Jeanne falls in love with Red Hall, the family portraits, the mysterious pirate chamber, to which one can only gain egress by means of a sliding panel in the octagonal room, the tide-swept marshes, the fog-laden wind, the whole lonely country—and finally when she meets Andrew, by chance, in spite of the fact that she poses as a fisherman, dialect and all, she falls in love with him.

Engleton, whom Forrest and his companion hope to fleece of a goodly number of thousand pounds, is apparently not quite the fool they had expected. From the beginning he objects to playing with them as his adversaries, and in the end he gains the reader's very great respect by denouncing them both. They had been some days at Red Hall, and one very early morning when Jeanne was asleep in bed the following scene took place:

"I don't think," Engleton said slowly,

"that I care about playing any more—just now."

The Princess yawned as she leaned back in her chair. Both Forrest and De la Borne, who had left his place to turn up one of the lamps, glanced stealthily round at the speaker.

"I am not keen about it myself," Forrest said smoothly. "After all, though, it's only three o'clock."

Cecil's fingers shook so that his tinkering with the lamp failed, and the room was left almost in darkness. Forrest, glad of an excuse to leave his place, went to the great North window and pulled up the blind. A faint stream of grey light stole into the room. The Princess shrieked and covered her face with her hands.

"For Heaven's sake, Nigel," she cried, "pull that blind down. I do not care for these Rembrandtesque effects. Tobacco ash and cards and my complexion do not look at their best in such a crude light."

Forrest obeyed, and the room for a moment was in darkness. There was a somewhat curious silence. The Princess was breathing softly but quickly. When at last the lamp burned up again, every one glanced furtively toward the young man, who was leaning back in his chair, his eyes fixed absently upon the table.

"Well, what is it to be?" Forrest asked, re-seating himself. "One more rubber or bed?" "I've lost a good deal more than I care to," Cecil remarked in a somewhat unnatural tone; "but I say another brandy and soda, and one more rubber. There are some sandwiches behind you, Engleton."

"Thank you," said Engleton, without looking up; "I am not hungry."

The Princess took up a fresh pack of cards, and let them fall idly through her fingers. Then she took a cigarette from the gold case which hung from her chateleine, and lit it.

"One more rubber," she said; "after that we will go to bed."

The others came towards the table and the Princess threw down the cards. They all three cut. Engleton, however, did not move.

"I think," he said, "that you did not quite understand me. I said that I did not care to play any more."

"Three against one," the Princess remarked lightly.

"Why not play cut-throat, then?" Engleton remarked; "it would be an excellent arrangement."

"Why so?" Forrest asked.

"Because you could rob one another," Engleton said. "It would be interesting to watch."

A few seconds' intense silence followed Engleton's words. It was the Princess who spoke first. Her tone was composed, but chilly. She looked towards Engleton with steady eye.

"My dear Lord Ronald," she said, "is this a joke? I am afraid my sense of humor grows a little dull at this hour in the morning."

"It was not meant for a joke," Engleton said. "My words were spoken in earnest."

The Princess without any absolute movement, seemed to become more erect. One forgot her rouge, her blackened eyebrows, her powdered cheek. It was the great lady that looked at Engleton.

"Are we to take this, Lord Ronald," she asked, "as a serious accusation?"

"You can take it for what it is, madame," Engleton answered, "the truth."

Engleton is requested to take back his words, which he refuses to do. He has been watching intently and has discovered the secret code which Forrest and the Princess have been making use. Forrest locks the door and stands with his back against it.

"Engleton," he says, "this is absurd. We can afford to ignore your mad behaviour and your discourtesy, but before you leave this room we must come to an understanding."

Lord Ronald stood with his hands behind his back. "I had imagined," he said, "that an understanding was exactly what we had come to. My words were plain enough, were they not? I am leaving this house because I have found myself in the company of sharks and card-sharps."

"You are going to carry a story like this away?" asked Forrest hoarsely.

"I shall tell to my friends," Engleton answered, "just as much or as little as I choose of my visit here. Since, however, you are curious, I may say that should I find you at any future time in any respectable house, it will be my duty to inform any one of my friends who is present, of the character of their fellow-guest. Will you be so good as to stand away from that door?"

"No," Forrest answered. "Forrest locked the door and put the key in his pocket. 'We shall hope,' he said quietly, 'to induce you, Lord Ronald, to change your mind.'"

So Engleton disappears and is not discovered until the end of the story. The Princess and Jeanne, returning to London, the former chooses a husband for her step-daughter in the person of a very detestable Belgian, the Comte de Brensault. He essays to woo Jeanne for herself, but is very unsuccessful. Though Andrew refuses to take advantage of the girl's youth and what may be only a passing fancy on her part, Jeanne is quite unquestionably in love with him, and completely puzzles the Count in her attitude toward him as he is enormously wealthy and most young women are quite ready to listen to him.

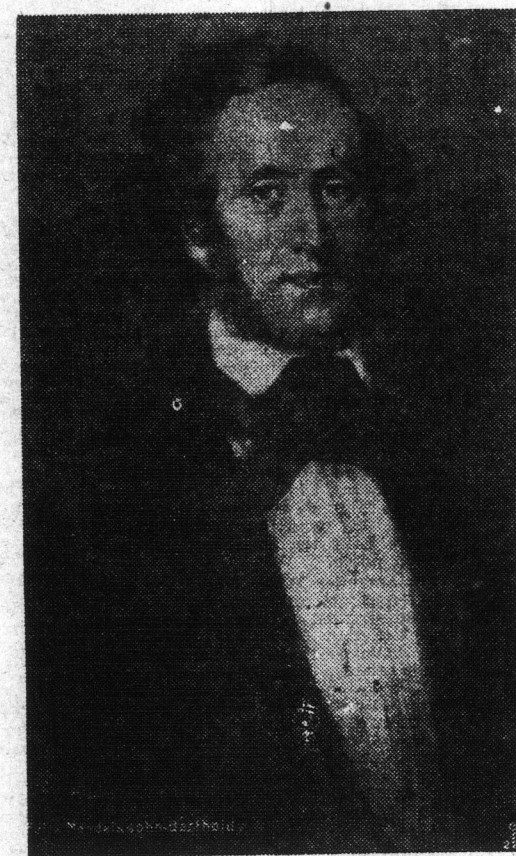
For all the Princess' clever scheming, and the confinement of Engleton, her plans and Forrest's miserably fail, and the story of which it would be hardly fair to tell more, ends

happily for all concerned. The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was born in Hamburg, that wonderful old city of Germany, famous alike in early and modern history, which has always maintained its free independence "where the storks build on the roofs, and where the famous swans sail in white fleets on the broad flood of the Alster." The Mendelssohns were Jews, and Felix's parents belonged to the merchant class though they were both extremely artistic and cultivated this quality in their children.

While Felix was very young the family moved from Hamburg to Berlin, where they lived until he was fifteen, and it was at this age that the boy, having made such progress in music, was told by his master that he needed no more lessons. He had composed two string quartets, a comic opera and a symphony. His first important position was as musical director at Desseldorf, but it was not until he went to Leipzig that he became recognized as one of the foremost musicians of the day. He married in 1836 Cecile Jean Renaud, though we are told he was very



Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

cautious about proposing. The two had been friends for some years, and handsome Mendelssohn, fascinating, talented and witty, though he had won the lady's heart, could not be certain of his own feelings, so he left her for a time to put his ardour to the test, but he was very lonely and at the end of a month returned wholly convinced of his love.

In 1840 Frederick William of Prussia called him to Berlin to found a Musical Conservatoire and made him his Kapellmeister. Returning to Leipzig he took up his old duties some years later, and then journeyed to England where he met with instant and great success. On the occasion of his sixth visit there to the Birmingham festival in 1846 he was given an ovation, for this time the great "Elijah" was the work produced. The performance was admirable, the choruses being sung with wonderful precision for a first performance. Eleven pieces were redemanded. Artists and audience vied with each other in their endeavor to increase the roar of applause which, at the close of the first and second parts, was simply deafening; and when all was over, those who had taken part in the proceedings rushed madly forward in the hope of exchanging a word with the Hero of the day.

Such was the unparalleled success that he must needs come again in the following year, 1847, to give it a second time. It was on this occasion that he was commanded to the Royal presence. He played before Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and the Queen afterwards sang for him, but she was nervous, and told him: "I can do better—ask Lablache (her master) if I cannot; but I am afraid of you!"

The end came somewhat suddenly. No one suspected to what fatal extent his strength had been spent by excessive brain-work. On his return to Frankfurt in 1847, weary and ill, and irritable to the last degree, he learnt the sad news of his sister Fanny's death. He never recovered from the blow. His health was completely shattered, and on the 4th of November, 1847, he died from the last of a series of apoplectic fits.

WITH THE PHILOSOPHERS

From Lecky's History of European Morals

William Edward Hartpole Lecky was born in Dublin in 1838 and graduated from Trinity college, Bylin. He attained great distinction as a man of letters during the latter part of the nineteenth century and his writings are full of philosophical truths though he did not claim to be a philosopher. He died in 1880.

When moralists assert that what we call virtue derives its reputation solely from its utility, and that the interest or pleasure of the agent is the one motive to practise it, our first question naturally is how far this theory agrees with the feelings and the language of mankind. But if tested by this criterion, there never was a doctrine more emphatically condemned than utilitarianism. In all its stages and in all its assertions, it is in direct opposition to common language and to common sentiments. In all nations and in all ages the ideas of interest and utility on the one hand and of virtue on the other have been regarded by the multitude as perfectly distinct, and all languages recognize the distinctions. The terms honor, justice, rectitude, or virtue, and their equivalents in every language, pre-ent to the mind ideas essentially and broadly differing from the terms, prudence, sagacity or interest. The two lines of conduct may coincide but they are never confused, and we have not the slightest difficulty in imagining them antagonistic. When we say a man is governed by a high sense of honor, or by strong moral feelings, we do not mean that he is prudently pursuing either his own interests or the interests of society. The universal sentiments of mankind represent self-sacrifice as an essential element of a meritorious fact, and means by self-sacrifice the deliberate adoption of the least pleasurable course without the prospect of any pleasure in return. A selfish act may be innocent but cannot be virtuous, and to ascribe all good deeds to selfish motives, is not the distortion but the negation of virtue.

Veracity becomes the first virtue in the moral type, and no character is regarded with any kind of approbation in which it is wanting. It is made more than any other the test of distinguishing a bad man from a good man. We accordingly find that even where the impositions of trade are numerous, the supreme excellence of veracity is cordially admitted in theory, and it is one of the first virtues that every man aspiring to moral excellence endeavors to cultivate.

No single character, however admirable, can be the model to which all men must absolutely conform. A character may be perfect in its own kind, but no character can possibly embrace all types of perfection; for the perfection of a type depends not only upon the virtue that constitutes it, but also upon the order and prominence assigned to them. All that can be expected in an ideal is, that it should be perfect of its own kind, and should exhibit the type most needed in the age, and most widely useful to mankind. The Christian type is the glorification of the aimable, as the Stoic type was that of the heroic qualities, and this is one of the reasons why Christianity is so much more fitted than Stoicism to preside over civilization for the more society is organized and civilized, the greater is the scope for the aimable and the less for the heroic qualities.

Now war, which brings with it so many demoralizing influences, has, at least, always been the great school of heroism. It teaches men how to die. It familiarizes the mind with the idea of noble actions performed under the influence, not of personal interest, but of honor and enthusiasm. It elicits in the highest degree strength of character, accustoms men to the abnegation needed for simultaneous actions, compels them to repress their fears, and establish a firm control over their affections.

Vice is to the mind what disease is to the body—a state of virtue is consequently a state of health.

It is not sufficient for a moral system to form a bulwark against vice, it must also be capable of admitting those extensions and refinements of moral sympathies which advancing civilization produces, and the inflexibility of its antagonism to evil by no means implies its capacity of enlarging its conceptions of good.

A CREATIVE SINGER

America is again to have the pleasure this year of hearing Ludwig Wullner, a singer who was among the first to introduce a different phase of the art than has been attempted heretofore, for his singing has the "creative quality of great acting." He depends upon his manner more than upon his voice to impress his audience. Of course we are all familiar with the comedian who makes us laugh so that we forget his voice is cracked, but Wullner can not be placed in this category. He is an interpreter of the highest class of music. What impresses one most in his method is said to be an impression of absence—he is like one in a trance with eyes closed—his individuality merged in the story of the song. He is the medium through which the poet and the composer speak to the audience. The following extract from the Morning Post is from his auto-biography:

"Encouraged by my experiences, I gave early in October, 1895—when I was still an actor at Meiningen—my first song recitals in Berlin, and these made such an impression, stirred up so much feeling for and against me, that I left Meiningen a few months later and once more changed my vocation by becoming a professional lieder-singer. I said to myself: 'Of good German actors there are plenty, but in the realm of song interpretation you have brought something new which heretofore has not existed—at any rate, not in the same degree. Here your strength will perhaps be more needed than on the stage.'"

Dr. Wullner goes on to explain the manner in which he renders the songs, saying:

"I cannot regard the lieder from a merely musical point of view; it means more to me than an arie, a purely vocal piece. A lieder must always seem like the expression of a profound soulful, personal feeling (die Ausererung einer tiefen seelischen Selbstbefriedigung). The hearer must get the impression that the person who sings this or that song at this special moment sings it not because he wants to do so or wishes to please others, but because he must, because he cannot do otherwise, but must express himself, must give vent to his feelings. That alone is to me true lyric art. Thus the mood (often also the content) of every song becomes associated with some actual occurrence in the singer's own life. In this way the lieder becomes an improvisation; it is, as it were, born anew each time it is sung. To reach that result, to create the song over again, each time from within—that is what I try to do. It is self-evident that in this procedure the tonal musical form must not be in the least neglected—for the form is here often the soul!"

"This is the manner in which I have been endeavoring these last thirteen or fourteen years to sing German lieder. At the beginning, I admit, I not seldom broke the form, which I realized later. But perhaps that also had to be as it was. To this day some of my opponents find my method of utterance 'theatrical,' nay, even 'decadent'—I cannot judge that, of course. At any rate, I had not in the first years gained such control of vocal technique as I have now. I aimed only at expression, regardless of tone, and thus there was some basis to the report that I was a 'singer without a voice'—one who 'declaims and speaks' rather than sings. This label will probably always cling to me more or less. But I must say that I have subjected the tone, too, from year to year to a more and more severe criticism, and have labored industriously to acquire technical facility in tone-emission. I have endeavored to save and to develop whatever of tonal quality was to be got out of my no longer young and often abused throat; and while I know, of course, that in my case tonal charm can never be the main thing, I nevertheless hope, despite my age, to make some little progress in this direction, above all in the art of saturating the consonants with a musical quality without interfering in the least with distinctness of enunciation. Mood, expression, inwardness—all those things come to me spontaneously; they are gifts for which I can never be sufficiently grateful to fate; it is only on the side of tone-emission that I need to work, and my endeavor is to make the tone quality, if not more beautiful, at any rate more capable of variation and richer in color."

IN THE WRONG PEW

In a western city the town hall has found itself for time crowded with the offices of many officials with varying functions, and among these is the room set apart for the police surgeon who examines applicants for places in his department.

The surgeon was in a great hurry one day when there came to him a well set-up young Irishman from the country.

Before the young man could open his mouth, the surgeon gave this laconic command: "Strip!"

Wonderingly, the Irishman obeyed, and suffered himself to be duly measured, punched, pounded, and generally pushed around.

"Jump over that chair!" the surgeon finally growled indicating a piece of furniture.

Still dazed, the young fellow obeyed, and managed to bark his shins.

"Now run around this room five times!" the police surgeon ordered, as surly as before.

"I'll be hanged if I do!" exclaimed the young Irishman, now thoroughly aroused. "If I've got to go through any more foolishness like this, I'm going to stay single." And he flung himself out of the room before the official could stop him.

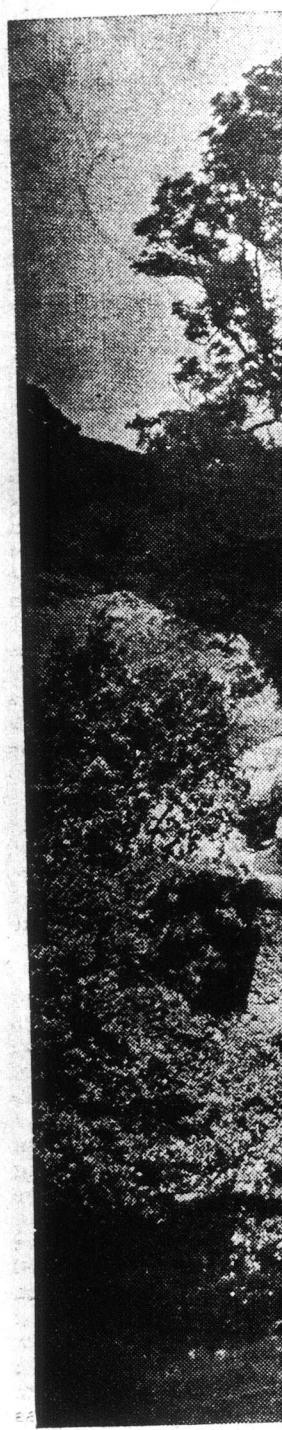
TOO LITERARY

"Well, yes," said old Uncle Lazzenberry, who was intimately acquainted with most of the happenings of the village. "Almira Stang has broken off her engagement with Charles Henry Tootwiler. They'd be goin' together for about eight years, durin' which time she had been inculcatin' into him, as you might call it, the beauties of economy; but when she discovered, just lately, that he had learnt his lesson so well that he had saved up 217 pairs of socks for her to darn immediately after the wedding, she 'peared to conclude that he had taken her advice a little too literally, and broke off the match."

INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION

His Ma—"Willie, where have you been? Your hair is suspiciously wet."
Willie—"I fell in the river."
His Ma—"But your clothes are not wet."
Willie—"Well, you see, ma, while I was standin' on the bridge, I thought maybe I'd fall in, so I took off my clothes, an' I did."

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With a pretty burn live and die. The beauty of its environment, be understood.

ENGLISH EFFECTS PERENNIAL

The most striking flowers in England is the know and love a far greater than we do. Our English 2,700 kinds of perennial American catalogue than but whether more than really available "I have a age English nurserymen from five to ten times as as the average American you wish to see the la irises, phlox, larkspurs, you will probably have plants during the last next March. Only the are available in American plants we must still look

Another striking duo countries is that the er passion than we find where you find some more varieties of his German or Japanese florists' pentstemon. contains 346 varieties of carnations, 180 of ch fully three times as m America. Some amate the passion for complete flower throughout their weed out the varieties concentrate on the best other flower in the same knowledge gained by new varieties, others joys of possessing flowers and of being appreciated. Everyone has his favorite flower too. in collecting perennial to see Americans take it, you ever collected fifty flower—say pinks or bellflowers, or sedum or If not, I hope you will addresses, or in any other be of service.

The third great fact struck me is that the ter than we how to rith perennials. Cultiv at the table the best c how to hide the defic after they bloom, wha urther, and the right a the latest novelty. T pictures seems to m merely loving each fl own sake. At any r scribe all the new and in England, for that w