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DANISH VIOLINIST

Wednesday, Oct. 25th, 8.15 p.m.

Music Hall
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26 Adelaide St. W., or
The Conservatory.

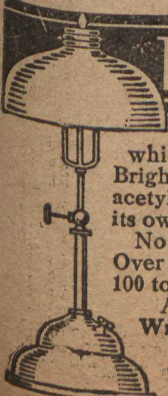

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ous irresolution of a measure that sub-
sides with a coma and wakes up into
a thunderclap—such things are not
good form for the violin either. Miss
Barstow conveyed the apparent inten-
tion of the composer very intimately.

In her rendering of the Pagnani-
Kreisler Praeludium and Allegro she
was more at her ease and very much
at her best, as she was in the Prelude
by Emmanuel Moore.

* * *

A Great Programme.

.....

A BIG programme is a long way
towards a big recital. And a
big programme with a sterling
artist behind it is the rest of the jour-
ney. The programme to be given by
Mr. Rudolf Larsen at the Toronto
Conservatory of Music on October
28th is one of the finest ever heard in
Canada, and it will be done by a man
who since he came here from Leopold
over two years ago, has been making
big studies in his art based upon hard
work and much digging. The pro-
gramme follows:

Prelude, Allegro — Pagnani..Kreisler
Ave Maria Schubert
Concerto, F Minor Ernst
Chaconne Bach
Wotan Prize Song Wagner
Rondina Beethoven-Kreisler

Liebeslied Kreisler
Slavonic Dance Kreisler
Caprice No. 24 Dvorak-Auer
Mr. Ernest Seitz at the piano.

* * *

Yvette Guilbert Again.

YVETTE GUILBERT sang in To-
ronto again last week after an
absence of ten years. This rather
indescribable French cantatrice has
preserved most of the peculiar charm
that made her work a classic to Eng-
lish audiences years ago. To a To-
ronto audience, for the most part inno-
cent of the French language, the re-
cital last week was a sort of musical
pantomime. The melody was not al-
ways obvious. The words were ob-
scured by the foreign idiom. The
rhythm was varied to suit the mood
of the singer. But with all its precari-
ous character the meaning of the songs
was at no time in doubt, thanks
to excellent programme notes and the
expressional gifts of the singer.

* * *

W. O. FORSYTH expects a very
busy season, and will, as is
usual with him, bring out a number
of solo pianists in recital later on.
Among them will be the exceedingly
brilliant and splendidly temperamental
artist-pupil, Jessie McAlpine.

What's What the World Over

(Continued from page 20.)

but, by an irony of his own construc-
tion, they all lived longer than he did.

Metchnikoff, it must be said at once,
did not, despite his seventy-one years,
die of old age. By following his own
teachings he had kept young, and he
would probably not have died for a
good many years if it had not been
for heart trouble hereditary in the
family. He had known for a long time
it was going to kill him. In fact, he
lived longer than any of his immedi-
ate relatives, all of whom had suc-
cumbed to the same complaint. Within
the last year or two he had said a
number of times that he could not ex-
pect to last much longer. At the time
of the Metchnikoff jubilee held at the
Pasteur Institute last year on his
seventieth birthday, he even predicted
his own early death. He drew a chart,
which can be found in the published
annals of the Pasteur Institute, show-
ing the ages at which his grandpar-
ents, parents, his brothers, and his sis-
ters had died. The chart shows their
lives ended at 45, 51, 54, 64, 65, 67
and 68.

"They were all gone before they at-
tained my age," he said, "so I am
tempted to attribute my old age to
my manner of living. For years I
have followed a system based on the
conviction of the harm caused by our
digestive apparatus. There is a com-
monly accepted idea that the organ-
isms that flourish in our digestive
tube are capable of doing us no in-
jury; I hold the contrary opinion. I
believe that we harbour a large num-
ber of harmful microbes which shorten
our existence by bringing on prema-
ture old age. So I have conducted an
experiment on myself for the last
eighteen years, in the hope of fight-
ing off this unhappy result. I have
abstained from all raw food (includ-
ing salads, uncooked fruit, etc.) and I
regularly drink soured milk contain-
ing micro-organisms capable of fight-
ing the harmful organisms we all have
in us.

"I have done this for only eighteen
years. It should be followed from
childhood. Then old age will come
normally and not far too soon as now.
Nowadays we consider ourselves fav-
oured if we arrive at my age of seventy
still capable of doing our daily work.
In the future the limit of human
activity will be much later in life.
But to attain this happy result there
will have to be a long, scientific pre-
paration."

When I began looking into the per-
sonal side of Metchnikoff's life I soon

discovered he was no less interesting
as a human being than as a scientist.
He was not always the technician, and
never the pendant. In fact, he tried so
consistently to keep science on a
simple, practical basis that he was in
danger of being regarded by those who
did not know his work as a seeker
after notoriety. His scientific essays
are always written so any one can
understand them, and he avoided
purely scientific terms even when lec-
turing to biological students. But
his popular essays, such as the collec-
tion translated into English under the
title "The Nature of Man," are in the
original French called merely "intro-
ductions" to the various studies he
outlines. The real work was in the
laboratory. His books, clearly and
delightfully written as they are, give
a mere surface idea of his researches.

Metchnikoff speaks in one of his
essays of the keen desire to live that
grows more tense with years. He had
it himself and with it went a limitless
appetite for work. His laboratory was
more than home to him. Even during
the war he was there from eight in
the morning until six at night. He
missed just one day in the last two
years and that was during a sleet
storm last winter. He usually ate
luncheon in the laboratory.

Many interesting particulars of Met-
chnikoff's life were told me by his
pupils with the careful regard for
exact details one might expect to find
in students of pathology. They were
also aware of the question that had
arisen in the mind of the world over
the cause of his death at seventy-one.
They were afraid it might reflect upon
his life's work and appear to nega-
tive its value. So they were at great
pains to explain how young and
vivacious he was even on the occa-
sion of his last visit to the laboratory,
the thirteenth of July. He came as
usual in the morning, working all day,
but he did not attempt to hide his
uneasiness at the weakness of his
heart. He surprised them, however,
by saying, as he put on his things to
go home, "To-morrow is the four-
teenth, isn't it? So we won't work.
I am afraid, then, this will be my last
day here. I cannot last two days. I
shall die to-morrow."

He died, in fact, on the fifteenth,
and his pathetic farewell made a deep
impression even on the pathology stu-
dents. They said, sentimentally, he
would probably have preferred to die
on the anniversary of the fall of the
Bastille, he loved his adopted country



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