

Literature Music Art

(By N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN)

WITH THE PHILOSOPHERS

Herbert Spencer

The character of the life he leads must tinge a man's philosophy. If he is a happy man the fact will reflect itself in his writings, for nothing reflects so readily as joy; if he is unhappy there must be a trace of melancholy in his teachings. For instance, we take Huxley and Spencer, two of the foremost writers on science and ethics of the nineteenth century. In effect their teachings are very similar, yet Huxley's writings impress us with a sense of cheerfulness, while to a certain extent the reverse is true of Spencer's works. Of course Huxley's style is simple, while Spencer's is abstruse, which makes some difference, perhaps; and, again, Spencer does not allow us to get the same glimpse of his personality as does Huxley. We pause to admire the former for his learning and his profundity; but we can, as we read, feel that the direct, forceful words of Huxley are drawing us near to the man himself, and we love him for his very humanness. He possessed the same quality in this respect as did Ruskin, only Ruskin was the greater genius of the two, so great, in fact, that his mind was quite above any consideration of self, and though to the casual observer he may not have seemed happy in his domestic life, so great was his power of self-elimination that he forgot what might have been his own sorrow in rejoicing with those who rejoiced. But Ruskin was a man in a million; he can hardly be accepted as a type. Herbert Spencer's life was not a happy one, though he was eminently successful in his work and achieved world-wide fame. His books have been translated into all languages, and his memory will live long as one of the most earnest and conscientious thinkers the world has ever produced. He was born at Derby, England, in 1820, and died in 1903.

We too often forget that not only is there "a soul of good in things evil," but very generally also a soul of truth in things erroneous. While many admit the abstract probability that a falsity has usually a nucleus of reality, few hear this abstract probability in mind when passing judgment on the opinions of others. A belief that is finally proved to be grossly at variance with fact, is cast aside with indignation or contempt; and in the heat of antagonism scarcely anyone inquires what there was in the belief which commended it to men's minds. Yet there must have been something. And there is reason to suspect that this something was its correspondence with certain of their experiences; an extremely limited or vague correspondence, perhaps; but still, a correspondence. Even the absurd report may in nearly every instance be traced to an actual occurrence, and had there been no such actual occurrence, this preposterous misrepresentation of it would never have existed. Though the distorted or magnified image transmitted to us through the refracting medium of rumor is utterly unlike the reality; yet in the absence of the reality there would have been no distorted or magnified image. And thus it is with human beliefs in general. Entirely wrong as they appear, the implication is that they germinated out of actual experiences—originally contained, and perhaps still contain, some small amount of verity.

We have found reason for believing that in all religions, even the rudest, there lies hidden a fundamental verity. We have inferred that fundamental verity is that element common to all religions, which remains after their discordant peculiarities have been mutually cancelled. And we have further inferred that this element is almost certain to be more abstract than any current religious doctrine. Now it is manifest that only in some highly abstract proposition can religion and science find a common ground. Neither such doctrines as those of the trinitarian and unitarian, nor any such idea as that of propitiation, common though it may be to all religions, can serve as the desired basis of agreement; for science cannot recognize beliefs like these; they lie beyond its sphere. Hence we see not only that, judging by analogy, the essential truth contained in religion is that most abstract element pervading its forms; but also that this most abstract element is the only one in which religion is likely to agree with science.

Not only is the omnipresence of something which passes comprehension that most abstract belief which is common to all religions, which becomes the more distinct in proportion as they develop, and which remains after their discordant elements have been mutually cancelled; but it is that belief which the most unparaphrasing criticism of each leaves unquestionable—or rather makes ever clearer. It has nothing to fear from the most inexorable logic; but, on the contrary, is a belief which the most inexorable logic shows to be more profoundly true than any religion supposes. For every religion setting out though it does with the tacit assertion of a mystery, forthwith proceeds to give some solution to this mystery; and so asserts that it is not a mystery passing human comprehension. But an examination of the solutions, they generally propound, shows them to be uniformly invalid. The analysis of every possible hypothesis proves, not simply that no hypothesis is sufficient, but that no hypothesis is even thinkable. And thus the mystery which all religions recognize, turns out to be a far more transcendent mystery than any of them suspect—not a relative, but an absolute mystery.

Here, then, is an ultimate religious truth of the highest possible certainty—a truth in which religions in general are at one with each

other, and with a philosophy which there is a latent agreement among all mankind, from the fetish-worshiper to the most stoical critic of human creeds, must be the one we seek. If religion and science are to be reconciled, the basis of reconciliation must be this deepest, widest and most certain of facts—that the Power which the Universe manifests is to us unutterably inscrutable.

IN PRAISE OF OLD AGE

Just as Dr. Osler attains his sixtieth year a book bearing the proud title "Saluti Senectutis" is attracting wide attention among German and Austrian scholars. Its author is the remarkable Viennese scholar Baron Alfred von Lindheim, who has been engaged for many years in critically examining the whole modern structure of society and in seeking a basis for the most necessary reforms. His criticisms of the methods of caring for the sick, in his "Saluti Aegrorum," and his study of the development of the youthful organism in his "Saluti Juventutis," offer much useful material. "Saluti Senectutis" does not belong among the many popular treatises on increasing the longevity of mankind. From history, from the natural sciences, and from statistics of all kinds the author has collected a mass of facts which compel every thinking man to recast his opinion of the significance of old age. Especially interesting is a collection of statistics of the circumstances of more than seven hundred people who have passed their eightieth year. The chief result of all these investigations lies in the conclusion that the ever-increasing tendency to employ only young people, to pension men at the very threshold of old age, is in a double sense injurious. It robs the state of a great amount of valuable working power and condemns numerous capable men to a premature decline and death.

The material collected by Alfred von Lindheim and his staff of scholars confirms the experience of the "Arbeiter Invaliditäts Versicherung" of the German empire, that a tremendous mortality appears among those who have been retired. How capable on the other hand old age may be if it is allowed to continue active as long as possible, is proved by a glance at the scientific, artistic, economic and political achievements of celebrated old men. Lindheim calls these men, whose mental powers remained unimpaired to a great age, or even in some cases did not fully ripen till then, "Titans."

In view of the well-known achievements of old age it seems rash to put a limit to the usefulness of any man. Dr. Cuyler was right when he said that for most active undertakings youth and early manhood were the most favorable period, but that for certain others concentrated thought, long experience and the ripe judgment of age were the best equipment. Cato, it will be remembered, expressed himself very similarly. In any case it cannot fail to be recognized that many of the best achievements in commerce, in statesmanship, in literature and in other fields have been executed by men who were long past sixty.

The results of Von Lindheim's original statistical investigations are of great interest. From them we learn what factors enter into the lengthening of human life and power. Among these are: Natural instead of artificial food for the infant, descent from a healthy, long-lived family, temperance and regularity in living, occupation up to real old age and the most vigorous postponement of retirement. In general the duration of human life and mentality is independent of the following factors: Living in the country or the city, care and past illnesses, prosperity or poverty. If anything, luxury harms and poverty preserves. As regards the condition of the body, the preservation of sight and physical activity are of the greatest importance. Their loss shortens life because it makes work impossible.—Boston Transcript Editorial.

M. CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

M. Camille Saint-Saëns, whose opera, "Samson and Delilah," has been produced so successfully at Covent Garden, has been unquestionably the foremost musician in France since the death of Gounod. Like so many other musicians, he began to play the piano when quite a child, and was only 17 when he composed his first symphony. He was a friend of Wagner, Liszt, and Gounod, and apropos of his first meeting with Wagner, an interesting story is told. Saint-Saëns was sent to the house of the great German with a letter of introduction from a friend. On being shown into an ante-room to wait the arrival of his host, he saw a part of the M.S. score of one of Wagner's operas lying on the piano. Sitting down at the instrument, Saint-Saëns began to play the music, and so masterly was his rendering that Wagner, who was in the next room, rushed in and joyfully embraced him. M. Saint-Saëns is still as brilliant a pianist as he is a composer, and a critic has paid him the following glowing tribute: "It was almost as interesting to see him play as to hear him—to see his beautiful hands interlocking and moving over the keyboard with incomparable ease and grace, controlled by a splendid head that betrays both the Frenchman and the man of genius unmistakably."

Once, when he was in Chicago, he had an interesting chat with a barber in that city, in the course of which he happened to ask him if he had ever heard a certain world-famed pianist. "No, sir," answered the barber with great decision. "These pianists never patronize me,

and so I never patronize them!" The genial composer loves to tell this story as an illustration of the highly-developed business instinct of the American people. But the "cute" barber may yet live to reconsider his position, for the long-haired virtuoso appears, happily, to be growing scarcer.

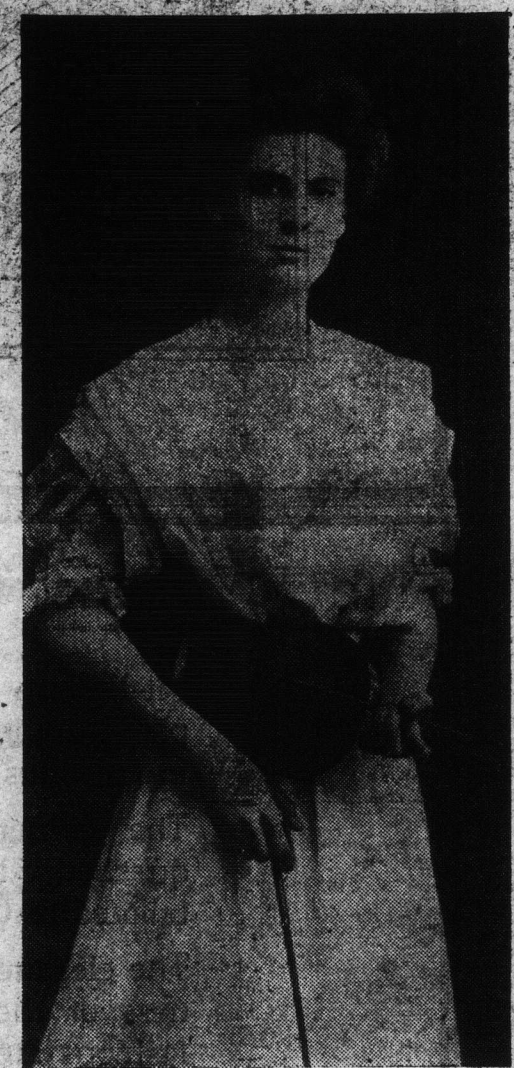
THE FIRST WOMAN VIOLINIST; MARIE HALL

Since the retirement of Lady Halle, Miss Marie Hall has occupied the enviable position of the first woman violinist in England—probably in the world. She has toured extensively in both hemispheres, and few girls have achieved greater popularity. At the request of the editor of the Girl's Own Paper, she has made time in the midst of a very busy season to write some practical suggestions for those readers who are studying the violin.

"In the first place," she says, "it is of course, necessary to obtain a good violin, and this does not necessarily mean that it need be a very expensive one, as it is quite possible to obtain decent instruments at reasonable prices if one goes to a reliable violin dealer, such as Hart and Son, for instance, of Wardour Street."

A Sensitive Instrument.

"The bow must be re-haired fairly often. This is an important point, which is quite overlooked by a very large number of players, many of whom go on using a bow for years without ever thinking of having it re-haired. Another point in connection with the bow is that it should be unscrewed and the stick dust-



Miss Marie Hall.

ed every time it is put away, as, unless this is done, the bow becomes warped. The bridge must be made of the right kind of wood, which should be soft and rather old, and the instrument should always be kept in a warm place, neither damp nor yet too dry. That it should always be kept well dusted goes without saying, and rosin should be kept away from it, because this substance destroys tone.

"The student ought never to forget that the violin is an extremely sensitive instrument, needing the most careful treatment, and that the slightest little thing may easily throw it out of tone."

"We will now consider a subject to which very little attention is devoted—I mean the art of bowing. How it comes about that teachers do not pay more attention to this I cannot imagine, but the fact remains that one often sees young players, who are supposed to have been taught, using their bows in a way that makes it quite impossible for them ever to hope to obtain anything like good tone from their violins."

"In order to master good bowing, the pupil should be taught, amongst other things, a proper use of the muscles, none of which should be screwed up or contracted in any way."

"Having attained the requisite flexibility of wrist and muscle, the young musician will do well to pay particular attention to the condition of the bow itself. And here is the first great thing to be remembered, namely, that the bow must never, on any account, be screwed up too tight, because tight hair means a hard tone. It should be screwed up so that with a fair amount of pressure the hair nearly touches the stick of the bow, but no tighter. Treated in this way, the bow becomes a fairly wand capable of drawing a full, sweet, and sympathetic tone from the strings over which it travels, for loose hair means a full tone."

Influence of Music.

"In conclusion I would point out the enormous

influence for good which music possesses. In order to enable them to exercise that influence in the highest degrees, violinists, apart from studying all branches of music, and, indeed, all branches of art generally, should make a point of becoming familiar with all that is best in literature, and, keeping before them the clean side of life, should endeavor to inspire their hearers with the brightest, the best, the noblest, and the purest thoughts."

THE DETHROWN SULTAN

Lonely, despised, forsaken, grown more pitifully suspicious with his advancing years, Abdul Hamid is living out the remainder of his life at Salonica. Perhaps there is no sadder picture in the world than that of a de-throned ruler, who knows that he has left nothing but hatred as a heritage to his people, and whose death will cause little or no sorrow, and probably much rejoicing.

Whatever crimes he may have been guilty of, however bad his rule may have been, when we read of the miserable childhood of Abdul Hamid, there is no wonder in our minds that he developed a character that was most despicable.

From his earliest years he was brought up as a spy. It was his mission to exercise a system of espionage over the palace, to find out the secrets of the women of the harem, to spy upon the servants; even the actions of his own brother and sister were not free from his prying eyes. And in turn he was always aware that he, too, was being spied upon, and it kept him shy and perpetually on the alert, and taught him to cloak whatever his real feelings were under a cloak of humble civility. There could be no position less conducive to the proper moral development of a child. We are told that his manners, now, and ever since he grew up, have been humble in the extreme. He converses with his eyes lowered and seldom makes an unqualified statement. The habits of his youth have clung to him; he cannot outgrow his old habit of suspecting everyone to be a spy upon him, ready to catch him up at a chance word, anxious, on the slightest pretext, to work him an injury. When he was at the height of his power, he seldom enjoyed a peaceful hour. We have heard that no one ever knew in what room he was to sleep, so great was his fear of assassination; and all through the night the guards marched around the palace, while at the gate was stationed a sentinel, who chanted loudly at intervals verses from the Koran to comfort the mind of the poor, distracted monarch, who somewhere within the great palace vainly sought repose.

Lying, deceit and treachery were early instilled into his mind. Recognizing the importance of winning his favor, the inmates of the seraglio made him their confidant, and he was expected to listen to the most revolting stories. Unscrupulous habits of the court used him to further their ends. He knew nothing of the joys of childhood, little or nothing of those qualities which go to make a man worthy of the name. Little wonder he made the miserable creature he became. Little wonder that his last days are so full of bitterness and useless regret.

THE WATER-FINDER

We very often hear of the divining rod, by which people are supposed to be able to locate subterranean waters, but the merit, if there is any, is said to be contained within the rod itself. The following remarkable statement by the Rev. H. Mason of Auckland shows that this wonderful power may be possessed by the individual without any aid from a willow twig.

"I do not claim any supernatural powers," said Mr. Mason, "simply that there is something in my constitution that renders me a non-conductor of the force that radiates from subterranean water. Experiments have proved that I am not a conductor of this force. There are, as you know, emanations from radium. I deduce, therefore, that there are emanations from other metals, and, if so, then why not from water? It is an accepted fact in the scientific world that there is an internal friction in water which generates a force that radiates upwards through all obstructions to the surface. When I enter this sphere of radiation the force enters my body, and, not being able to obtain egress, agitates it. I can tell by the violence of the agitation whether there is a good flow or not. I first feel a neuralgic pain, and then my arms begin to shake."

The pressman was then favored with a demonstration, which he thus describes: Mr. Mason started to walk along his garden path, throwing out his arms to either side, his hand pointing downwards at an angle from his body. Presented he stopped. "I feel the pain now," he said. "That means that I am entering the sphere. Now watch." He took a step forward slowly. His arms began to shake as though smitten with a palsy. Another step forward, and they shook violently to and fro. A third step, and the agitation of the arms became terrific, and they were thrown to his hips as though a fierce electric shock had been imparted to them. Even the muscles of Mr. Mason's face and neck quivered, and as he sprang forward out of the area of radiation he was panting as though he had just breathed the tape after a 50 yards' sprint. He then walked across the same place on the path, his arms extended. Nothing abnormal happened this time, whereas the pressman asked if the agitation only took place when he extended his

arms as described. "Fortunately, yes," replied Mr. Mason, who has a keen sense of humor, "otherwise I should never be able to go out at all." Breaking a longish twig from a tree, he then demonstrated his power with the rod. Palms upward, he grasped the arched twig tightly, and passed over the same spot. Immediately the twig bent outwards and down, rising again as he passed out of the sphere of influence. "Uncanny, isn't it?" he remarked. "Now watch again." With that he walked a few paces forward on the path, still grasping the twig as before. Suddenly the same thing happened, the twig bending and rising again as he walked. "That shows the unreliability of the rod for finding water," remarked the demonstrator. "There is none beneath," indicating the second place. He put aside the twig, and extended his arms. There was no agitation. The rod had bent over at both places, but there was only water below the first. In a further experiment, Mr. Mason again took the rod, and with its aid followed the winding course of the stream located at the first spot across his garden. As regards the rod bending at the second spot, there being no water there, the rev. gentleman could not explain the phenomenon. Possibly it might indicate precious metals. This theory is interesting, and might be well worth following up. It may be, for instances, that Mr. Mason's powers with the rod would prove invaluable in tracing the course of gold reefs. Opposite to the vicarage gate the water-diviner pointed out a series of volcanic cones, at the base of one of which was a pump, bringing water up at the first place he ever located. In three different situations beneath these cones, he said, he had located large reservoirs of water, with many streams radiating from them. This he looked upon as the proper water supply for the Otahuhu road board. A more important statement followed, especially in view of the Remuera road board's recent decision to enlist his help. "There are," Mr. Mason declared, "always huge reservoirs under these volcanic cones. Mount Wellington has a potential water supply beneath it in enormous reservoirs, that should be availed of for greater Auckland. I located water for the Domain board there, and my experiments led into the crater there. The agitation I got was so severe that I could only stay in it a moment. If a bore were sunk right in the centre of the crater, and the latter concreted to form a non-porous basin, I am certain we could have a huge storage reservoir fed from below by hundreds of streams, the source of which would be tapped by the central bore." Mr. Mason added that he found the calls upon his peculiar powers so embarrassing that he was anxious to find someone to share the burden with him. He had tested hundreds. His youngest boy (11 years old) had the power stronger than himself. The Rev. C. W. Scott Moncrief, warden of St. John's College, also possessed the power, but with the rod only. He thought he had discovered the power also in a Mangere lady. His theory was, however, that many others than himself must have it without knowing it.

BEECHAM'S OPERA ENDOWMENT

The Englishman who has promised \$1,500,000 for the endowment of English national opera is Joseph Beecham, of "Beecham's Pills" fame. He is the father of Thomas Beecham, who will bring his New Symphony Orchestra over to America next season.

The Beecham family are among the most distinguished patrons of the arts. Joseph Beecham, who inherited the famous "Beecham Pill" factories from his father, is the owner of a large and valuable collection of pictures. He also shows the keenest interest in musical affairs, and is a very able organizer. His distinguished son, Thomas, has identified himself closely with London musical life as a conductor of great ability and founder of the orchestra that bears his name, the same which comes to America next spring for a five weeks' tour.

During his work in London he has shown the greatest interest in the new school of English composers, and has introduced much of their best work to the London public. One of the interesting features of the American tour will be the introduction of the work of Frederick Delius, the most-talked-of English composer today.

CARUSO'S RECOVERY

It had been reported that Caruso's recent absence from the stage was an enforced one owing to the breakdown of his voice. Music lovers will be glad to know that he has returned and is singing again with all his old success. His first appearance was made at Ostend, Belgium, the first of the month, and a critic thus describes the performance.

"Although not quite of the freshness and purity that characterized it when he was first heard in New York six years ago, his voice was still beautiful and lovely, there was far more sweetness in its quality than was contained in it last spring, and his control was admirable. He was received with the great applause that the occasion merited. A tremendous roar of acclamation from the audience of 10,000 brooked no opposition to encores, and Caruso sang the noted aria from 'Bohème,' which was followed by the ever popular Rida Pagliacci from the opera of the latter name. Whoever might have remained skeptical could then no longer doubt the presence of the 'greatest living tenor.'"

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PASSING COMMENT

The Coho Carnivore

Once more the season has when the cohoes are running, and all and sundry those who renew acquaintance with this, caught species of the salmon tribe, the new experience of a tussle, commonly known as the king of the lake, take to oars, paddle, or gasoline to try their luck.

At this season the cohoes are practically all over the British Columbia coast, and as they are so plentiful the unlucky party indeed who catches close quarters with one or more of them, it is the time when who have been accustomed to angler with scorn and to speak of his favorite recreation to the sport of trolling for these to our shores. In fact it is at the critic and the criticized places, as the artistic angler will fish at other seasons with the knowledge born of an experience which the tyro could not hope results is apt to be contemptuous of the easy mark which he consistently caught with a spoon in salt water, this is it may the cohoes afford to great numbers of enthusiasts and children, and when fished tackle, sport which even the the angling craft has no call to.

There is more than one mystic Pacific salmon, many an angler written about them and many a reason for the big run even seems to be no clearer than before is another fact concerning the appearance which seems to be just to the reflective mind and that order of the appearance of species which follow each other in sequence. First comes the "springs," followed in some places spring run of small-sized cohoes, month or so there are no salmon except a few odd "springs."

In mid-summer, after a few springs, the sockeyes make the almost toothless fish, whose appearance to be quite different from other salmon species as they bait. The appearance of these in their millions is often the sight of the enthusiast who wishes to miss the season's sport to get out in his to troll for the cohoes, which here; he may perhaps catch an even a coho which has arrived near of the main body. This is many a newcomer gets disgusted with the fine line to be had the salmon are running, he gets excitement of expectancy and understand why, although he has seen salmon jumping in the water, he is unable to hook any. tion is simple, the fish are so cohoes are not due until the virtually at an end.

The commercial fishermen know this sequence in different species to be a law of season without an exception, plans accordingly. They know or two when to expect the big springs; if the sockeyes do not appear within a day or two, in July they begin to be anxious the humphacks appear (every day they realize that the sockeye run a rapid close, after the sockeye sort to them because of and the high percentage of oil in the cohoes, which form unmolested by them, have all they may turn their attention to them, while of no value for canning purposes, find a ready market in the Orient.

As regular as seed-time is the run of the salmon, and crops are ripe for the harvest times of year, so it is with species of salmon, which are at different times, and therefore from their unknown ocean to fresh water streams of our coast regular rotation.

That Unfortunate

It certainly was most regrettable that the slip of breaking of the province by shooting a out of season. Done, of course the law it was none the less the offence to be passed over, pleasant task for the game warden to perform but it was performed without hesitation by Williams on his own initiative. The delinquent regretted his transgression through ignorance of the law, up like a good sportsman with complaint or criticism.

Prospects for the

Though the breeding season late this year the birds are making up for lost time well grouse are reported from many strong and fairly numerous, present dry weather continues