

way. Yet he is doing more, vastly more, than could be done by the role of revolution to bring Russia to freedom of thought and speech. The Russian government trusts Tolstoy and believes he will lift no hand of violence, and let no hand of violence be lifted, against the powers. That is a tremendous fact. There is no other subject of the Czar that is not watched and distrusted, there is no other man alive that the government so believes and trusts. There is no other man alive that Russia so admires and honors. There is no influence that is so moulding the vast Slavonic empire of the future. Very evidently here is a man standing for principles larger than selfishness. He is simple-minded, unaware of his greatness, and takes no thought.

One thing is certain: Tolstoy does not plead his example or preach as the world knows preaching. He explains his conduct, but does not insist that we be his disciples. He has sought the truth and, as he thinks, found it. He does not say that his truth must be our truth. He challenges us simply to seek heartily and honestly, and cleave unto what we find. He has made mistakes. He is doubtless too precipitous, but he is wholly in earnest. He believes that the Kingdom of God shall come, and that it shall be a goodly kingdom with infinite truth for its security, and divine love as its law. His doctrines are in some respects shockingly unorthodox, but men who profess the wish to follow Christ like him are accepted in most churches today. He is a socialist, unquestionably, but of the sort that goes from the top downward, not from the bottom upward. Tolstoy would be the last man in the world to say that brains and worth, that honesty and industry are not paramount, and indispensable, factors and forces in the coming society, and that intellectual insufficiency, and characterlessness, and sin are mortal evils. But treat weakness with kindness, and sin with charity and meekness, and their truculency departs. Ever since the Renaissance and the Reformation we have been making a new aristocracy of brains and sectarian thoroughbredism. Tolstoy would have this straightway merge into a true spiritual democracy of forbearance and good will.

L. A. SHERMAN.

All men are equal at their birth,
And once again when buried
in earth.

Murphy—Do yez moind the Dago sign in the window beyant? O'Erian says it manes there's a mon inside whot spakes Frinch.

Fionigan—Thin why don't they put it in English so ivery wan would know?

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WEBSTER AND ROGERS

1043 O St.

The Passing Show.

"For thou art fair, dear boy,
and at thy birth
Nature and Fortune joined
to make thee great."

Last week was one of some moment in Pittsburg, for it was the week of Ethelbert Nevin's home-coming. There is nothing quite so inspiringly festive as that night-before-Christmas air of expectancy which a big town puts on to welcome one of its great ones home. Like everyone else I had known Nevin's songs ever since I was old enough to differentiate sounds at all. "O, That We Two Were Mating!" "Little Boy Blue." "There, Little Girl, Don't Cry." "The Mill Song." "Goodnight, Goodnight, Beloved." "When All the Land Was White," "La Vase Brise," who is there who does not know them? I had also known vaguely that he was an American, though that seemed rather impossible. But to associate him with Pittsburg had never occurred to me, and when I discovered that he was the younger brother of the proprietors of my own paper, then I decided that in life it is the unexpected which happens and the impossible which is true.

It was with considerable smothered excitement that I went to hear him at his first recital at the Carnegie hall. I had been reading about him all winter and I was rather afraid the actual article might not come up to all that had been written and said of him. When the stage door at last opened, his two pupils who had come down with him to sing his songs came first, and then there stepped, or rather sprang, upon the stage a youth scarcely five feet three in height, with the slender, sloping shoulders and shapely hips of a girl, and that was Nevin! Barely two-and-thirty in fact, with the face of a boy of twenty. I have never seen a face that mirrored every shade of thought, every fleeting mood so quickly and vividly, and I have never seen a face so exuberantly gloriously young. The shepherd boys who piped in the Vale of Tempe centuries ago might have looked like that, or Virgils Menelas, when he left his flock beneath the spreading beech tree and came joyous to the contest of song. It is not that his face is comely, far from it: it is the youth and joy of him, the lyric soul that shines through. But here, I will quote what a great man has said of him, a critic and a man of reserve:

"I know of no man whose face is so truly that of a poet—one who has lived in Arcadia—and walked, too, among the shadows and in the cloister of life. He has always reminded me of the Raphael in Van Vondel's drama—he who came down brightly to plead with Lucifer in the shadow. To me there is always an element of the miraculous in the man of genius."

He did not turn to his piano at once, he stood like a happy boy pleased at the warmth of his reception, smiling and bowing to old friends in the audience. And in truth that audience was almost a family affair. There were strange people seated here and there in that "select" company; the minister in whose choir this great man had sung when he was a boy, the old man to whose apple orchard he had made clandestine nocturnal visits, the butcher of whose big dog he used to be afraid, the old lady who once tied up his leg for him when he tore it on a locust thorn, the teachers and instructors who had pronounced him a dunce and painted dark pictures of his future because he could not learn the multiplication table, they were all there.

I shall give his program in full, for

it consisted mainly of things that everyone knows. After a playful conversation with his two pupils, he sat down at the piano and the young man, Mr. Francis Roberts, sang three of his songs, "Zwei Lieder," "Le Vase Brise," and "Rapelle-Toi." You know what his accompaniments are, scarcely accompaniments at all, but rather a duet for the piano and voice. The instrument seems to give to the air a deeper interpretation of its own, is the soul which lies behind it. And no one can play them as he plays them.

Then Miss Weaver, the soprano, sang "A Fair Good Morn," "Dites-Moi!" "When the Land Was White," and "In a Bower." As a last encore she sang the charming "Mill Song."

The Boy at the piano sprang up and shook hands with his pupils and dashed out for a glass of water for Miss Weaver and was so generally juvenile and so informal that you half expected him to begin to chat with his audience. Finally this *enfant terrible* was sufficiently calmed to go back to his instrument. The moment he touched the keys one of those swift changes swept over his face and he was another being. It was a tragic face now, but it was the tragedy of youth, like that in de Musset's verser. He played his "Melody," I don't know what "opus." At any rate it was the same thing that was in his face, tender, hopeless, infinitely sad, the poet's melancholy of the immortally young, of those who always suffer sharply as youth suffers.

The audience simply demanded "Narcissus," as an encore. "Narcissus," which he particularly abominates as being the most puerile of all his early works, and whose popularity is a curse which has followed him around the world. "The only apology I can offer for writing the thing," he said to me next day, "is that I have suffered ten fold more by it than anyone else can have done."

The roses kept going up over the foot lights until they were stacked half as high as the piano and the applause did not cease, and so with a disdainful shrug and a sigh he sat down and, contemptuously enough, he played it.

Next Mr. Rogers sang his "Summer Day," and "Vielle Chanson," and that raft song, "On the Allegheny," that Nevin wrote one spring day in his boyhood. You see it's this way: all winter long the raftsmen is up in the timber country cutting hemlocks, living in a log camp, sleeping in a shack, working all day long in frozen toots, shut out from the world by the snow-covered mountains. In the spring, when the ice goes out and the ground goes soft and the spring impulse is in the earth and the spring longing in the blood, then the raftsmen's work is done and on his strong raft he goes back to the girl who is waiting down the river.

"Ahoy, my raft goes down
To you, to you!
And O, your lover brown
Is true, is true!"

O, the exultant expectancy of it! The very air feels like that of the resistless Spring in the mountains, when the sap stains the bark of the maples and the scent of the pines is in all the land, the big rafts come booming down on the swollen currents of the Allegheny. It is an old poem that nature repeats every year among the mountains, but only one heart heard it and only one boy knew, and he was a very sad little boy who could not learn geometry and who

wore the dunce-cap of his school. Perhaps it was the dunce-cap that saved him for the world, kept the ardent soul in him untrammelled and fresh, alert for raft songs while the other boys were thinking about the the price of lumber. It has been the helmet of Herme before, that dunce cap, and has hidden many a genius until his time was ripe.

The next number on the program was Nevin's "May in Tuscany," (*Maggio in Toscana*) opus 21 of his piano compositions, the latest and best thing he has published. Heavens, how the man has grown since the days of "Narcissus!"

My friend Toby Rex has always accused me of too great a tendency to interpret musical compositions into literal pictures, and of caring more for the picture than for the composition in itself. So I shall not attempt to give my impressions of "May in Tuscany," but will give Vance Thompson's interpretation of it which was written from the composers notes, and which Nevin gave to me as the best comment on it. Here it is:

I. *Arlecchino: molto vivace.*

It was Harlequin, Harlequin, Harlequin,
Son of the rainbow, he,
Who was born at the dawn of a golden sin
In the arms of a virgin sea;
It was Harlequin, Harlequin.

A riant Harlequin, nonchalant, riotous, amiable—Liquacious and carorous as a bird in the season of love; I know this Harlequin.

II. *Notturmo: con amore.*

Night in the villa of Boccaccio; overhead the quiet stars and far below the yellow lights of Florence; ladies, strangely merry and desirable, dance blithely and whisper little moaning vows of love; cavaliers, splendid in silks and jewels, peacock to and fro, and chatter of broken hearts; and so they play at love until love smites them down. They kiss and sob under the quiet stars.

III. *Barchetta.*

The sun is setting and the dull Arno has shining hints of red and gold; under the old bridges it shimmers like silken ribbons. The boat glides softly. The girl croons the song of the waters, which is the song of hope that comes and goes and lives and dies and cannot die; and the lover drops his oars and the boat drifts—down the winding Arno—under the old bridges—into silence and the night—

IV. *Misericordia: Largo patetico.*

Once a young girl died. All in white they laid her on a bier. At midnight wailing men bore it on their shoulders—amid flickering torches—through the silent streets, along the Lung' Arno and up the great highway that leads to the Duomo. And after the bier came many girls in white, bearing wax candles that burned feebly for the soul of the dead. As they came to the Duomo they heard the chanting of the priests and organ.

V. *Il Rassegnuolo.*

All winter the nightingale sang in the garden, insistent among the flowers, a zany of the blue night. Only his song was supple as sadness and sad as a reproach—for he was a zany of the blue night.

VI. *La Pastorella: Lento molto.*

She was a little shepherdess—a woman like a field of clover. It was in Montepiano, in the Apennines. Her soldier-lover had been sent away to fight King Menelik. She mourned for the lover whom she had loved too well. She wept at times, because she could not go to the priest. She knew that her soul was lost for love's sake and she mourned; her sheep strayed on the hillside; her staff lay at her feet unheeded; with her face on her knees she thought of her lover, of Menelik's fierce men, and, thinking of her lost soul, she shuddered and cried aloud. On the gray hillside.

Next Miss Weaver sang "At Twilight." "I was April," "Oh! That We Two Were Mating," "The Merry, Merry Lark," and that dear little song from