

be supported. In breadth of waist the Oberlin group seems to be markedly deficient, and for this I can offer no explanation. In depths the eastern group leads, showing a rounder type of figure, and the Oberlin group seems to be especially deficient in this regard. I can only hazard an opinion that this may be due to the farm life that has moulded so large a percentage in this group, and that this influence is obliterated to some extent by the Teutonic element in the far western group. Finally, it is of great interest to notice that the Nebraska woman has a much larger lung capacity, as she has larger chest girths, and this item alone would indicate a higher type of physical ability and a previous life of greater activity than is found in either of the two other classes. In this regard the eastern college seems to have a better record than would be anticipated from the girls."

The care and accuracy with which Miss Barr has taken these measurements have made them valuable. The size of Chicago girls' feet beginning in a joke, was worn threadbare by the funny men till no one thought of disputing the legend. By actual measurement Miss Barr has disproved the allegation. The system is still in use at the university and when the number of sets of measurements reaches five thousand conclusions based upon them may disprove other hasty conclusions in regard to western women and to all women.

For sometime the fortune of the funny man has been growing desperate. Humour is founded on exaggeration and when statistics prove that nine-tenths of the mothers-in-law are good tempered, devoted and uncritical, that crocheted slippers are no longer given to ministers and that Chicago girls' feet are dainty and their foot-falls light as the dew that bends, without breaking the rose, the approaching doom of the funny man may be read by almost any old seer. If the moon were near enough to examine, the green cheese joke would have no point. Recent investigations into this rumour have discovered its first mention in the brilliant age of Pericles. The pages which it has illuminated since, the many writers whose reputation for wit is founded entirely upon its judicious use, are unnumbered. The only salvation of the funny man is, that most of him does not read anything but his own wit. There are exceptions like Mr. Walt Mason of Beatrice who strides in the van of progress and yanks his readers along after him, but he is very rare. The news that the earth is round has just reached the only professional funny man in Lincoln—the Journal's Oom Paul. His choice of subjects, therefore, will remain as large as ever. These conclusions of Miss Barr's will not affect his ancient self complacent humour, or disturb his convictions as to his choice of a calling.

Tabitha Home.

Among the charitable institutions of Lincoln Tabitha Home for orphaned children and the aged poor has had an unusual history. The home is a large brick structure a few miles southeast of the city. It is in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Heiner. At present there are about sixty children and twenty old people in the home. The number of children has averaged about sixty for the last twelve years. Among the children for twelve years there have been but three deaths. This last is a remarkable commentary on the cleanliness, the sanitation and the wholesome diet provided for the children. Dr. Benjamin F. Bailey is

the physician in charge and although he visits the institution often for philanthropic reasons he is rarely called to treat any of the children. The income of the institution is very slender and were it not for the thrift and painstaking superintendence of Dr. and Mrs. Heiner this record of uninterrupted health and comparative freedom from debt might be reversed.

The boys at the home work on the farm and in the barn. They are taught to do their work neatly and thoroughly. The girls are taught housework and sewing. Personal cleanliness and neatness are taught and exacted from all. Daily lessons in reading, writing and spelling are also given. The children are polite and shy. Their manners are quaint and old-fashioned. The constant teaching and presence of the quiet, self denying sisters has had a salutary influence upon these little German children, who nevertheless have the wistful look of children brought up in an institution. Many citizens have, from time to time, given liberally to the home. It is constantly in need of funds and even under the careful management of Dr. and Mrs. Heiner, a large sum is necessary to feed eighty people. The children live on bread and milk and mush and milk and their pink and white little faces show that the diet is a wholesome one. If through our neglect the supply of mush and milk become scanty, no sentimental tears over the hunger of Oliver Twist or the starving millions in India's famine district can excuse us. There is no safer, surer investment for money than Tabitha home. The little help the home has received from this district has been wisely used. There is great need of furniture. A few pictures would be much appreciated. The daily routine of the children is colorless. They sleep and eat and study in detachments. System and discipline are necessary but a little kindness and luxury of color contributed by the outside world to these motherless little children, would be appreciated.

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The Twentieth Century.

A baby as soon as born is in his first year, but as three hundred and sixty-five days of living must elapse before he is a year old, he is not a year old until he has lived three hundred and sixty-five days, though he has been in his first year till the dawning of the anniversary of his birth. There are also a hundred years in a century. The nineteenth century began in 1800 and last Monday the first day of January 1900 was the first day of the twentieth century. Convention has pronounced the baby in his first year before the end of three hundred and sixty five days living and it has settled the fact that on the first anniversary of his birthday he enters the second year of life. Therefore convention has made the years into a circle and because we have further divided the years into centuries the progression is not stopped. When the world is 1901 years old it will begin to live the second year of the twentieth century. Be not deceived by a few astronomical loafers about Greenwich. Pope Leo XIII has said that we are in the beginning of the twentieth century and he settles things for more people than any other man alive. He may not be absolutely infallible but he is more infallible than any one else. Besides, the president of Wellesley college who is something of an astronomer and an all-around authority herself says that the twentieth century began last Monday and it has and it did and we are in it.

THE PASSING SHOW

WILLA CATHER

"In that voice what darker magic
Lurks to wake forgotten pain?
Why do all the wounds recovered
Break within my breast again?"

"Keep your tragedies, dark woman,
Veil from me that languid eye,
When you sing the loves departed
Wake again, again to die."

—After Heine.

The real Trilby has come across the seas in the person of Miss Clara Butt, the Trilby whose voice differed from other voices as the flavor of the peach differs from apples, the Trilby with the voice without a soul. Certainly she is unique among contraltos and unique among women. Conceive, if you will, a woman six feet two by actual measurement, slender, willowy, serpentine; long, long arms, narrow shoulders, a trifle stooped, outlines almost epicene, a small head set on a long, curved throat, heavy lidded, languid eyes, a face common and middle class, and a nose which belongs to the genus of cheapside and you have Clara Butt. Then give this long, swaying creature a contralto voice as big as a choir of ordinary contralto voices, with a range uncertain but unlimited, tones as deep as a pipe organ or as light as flutes. There is something uncanny about the mere dimensions of her voice, as there is about the long, straight lines of her figure, something that makes you shiver a little and still holds you. She is not an artist, not a bit of it, she is simply a wonder. Not that she is a freak, like Miss Yaw, but rather a phenomenon, with something quite magical and a little bit gruesome shut up in that long, slender throat. Her methods are good, for she has been well taught, but her execution is slovenly, and she sings as she pleases, not as she was taught. She has been told that her voice is a full orchestra, and she believes it. Her lower tones are good by nature; there, if she but knew it, lies her strength. Her upper tones are artificial and her continual abrupt and showy transitions from her full, sonorous lower tones, to her weaker upper register is sometimes unpleasant. Her middle tones are uncertain and she has not perfected them by ceaseless toil. Indeed, Miss Butt is averse to toil. Her natural vocal equipment is so remarkable, she found that she could succeed with a minimum of labor. She was too gifted to aspire to perfection. Her early triumphs unfitted her for industry. Having begun her career as a wonder, a wonder she has continued to be, and it is as a wonder, not as an artist, that one must consider her. Her physical proportions forever bar her from attempting anything in opera, and just so her peculiar vocal limitations and unusual vocal powers keep her always a little outside the pale of the rigidly "legitimate" and make her more or less a musical curiosity.

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At one of Miss Butt's recitals, however, all these things are forgotten, or rather they do not occur to one. It is only afterward that one figures them out in cold blood. When I heard her, her first song was Hatton's "The Enchantress." This tall creature, dressed in a dark green gown embroidered with silver serpents, accentuating her slenderness, swayed to the front of the stage with a sweeping bow, like a tall tree bending to the wind, and with her head thrown

back, her chin raised, her heavy, lusterless eyes half closed, she sang:

Warriors I have brought to shame,
Turning glory to disgrace;
Kings have trembled when I came,
Reading doom upon my face.

But for thee, but for thee,
My wild hair shall braided be
With the rose of richest breath,
With the jasmine, white as death.

And my voice in music flow,
And mine eyes all gently glow,
O believe me, love like ours
Is the power of magic powers.

"But for thee, but for thee," after the crashing crescendo of the first verse, how the subtle, insinuating tenderness of that refrain steals through one, how heavy and dark and Circe-like are those tones, such as the witch of the Aeaean isle might have used when she turned Odysseus' comrades into swine, and that tall creature with the silver serpents and the terrible eyes was the woman to sing it. She is wonderfully like Burne-Jones' women, like those tall, angular, bloodless women with the sensuousness of the soul in their pale, worn cheeks, chained by a fever that is never fed. There is something of their unwholesomeness about this Clara Butt of the trumpet tones, for she is not at all like the rose, but like "the jasmine, white as death."

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I cannot say just why this young woman gives one a creepy feeling as she does. She made me think of all the verses of all the Degenerates, and sometimes I thought she was more terrible and pessimistic than Yvette Guilbert herself. She recalls a little the paintings of the Pre-Raphaelites, and somewhat the sorrows and deadly verse of Baudelaire. She sings, indeed, much church music, but her singing of it affected me much as Paul Verlaine's religious poetry," as feverish, over-strained, unnatural. It is the faith of pessimism. Miss Butt's second number was Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba," which she followed by Schubert's "Death and the Maiden." That, of course, came directly within her scope, that haunting, horror-begetting quality of her low tones finds its most proper expression in songs of death and enchantment and languor and dark magic. Next she sang Chaminade's "Silver Ring" and quite spoiled the effect of it by over dramatic phrasing, dragging the last verse horribly in conformation to a cheap conception of pathos. Then came "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep" and there again Miss Butt seemed in her element. It was an ocean of voice that we listened to, deep, sonorous, self sufficient, like the moan of the sea or the sighing of the forest in the night wind. The grand climax of the recital was that noble hymn of Riddle's "Abide With Me," sung with pipe organ obligato. It filled my ears like the sound of many waters, it crashed through sleep for nights afterward!

"When helpers fail, and captains flee,
Help of the helpless, abide with me!"

It seemed as though it must be heard up aloft there, above all the singing of the celestial choirs. The concert hall could not contain it, it rang out into the night and the starlight. It was the most effective piece of emotional, religious, singing I ever heard. If Miss Butt had joined her gifts for a season with those of Mr. Moody, Sankey would have been forgotten. People would surge in hundreds up to the altar rail. This hec-