

aloft by friends of the deceased. The coffin itself, made just a few hours ago from a few pine boards, is painted black, thus setting off the large white cross or palm of victory or scriptural text. The village youth is heading the procession and chanting the funeral dirge as well as the more hopeful: "*Aufersteh'n, ja aufersteh'n wirst du*" of Klopstock. The yard around the church is surrounded by a strong wall, serving in olden days for a defense against bodily enemies, just as being laid away in the shadow of the church defends against the enemy of souls. Had we been a little earlier we could have seen, drawn up before the house of mourning, the relatives and nearest friends; their sympathizing neighbors coming on in single file, taking each by the hand as a token of regard to the deceased. To be buried without "*Sang und Klang*," without chant of school-youth or tolling of bell is a punishment akin to the old process of excommunication, only visited upon suicides or apostates from the Orthodox Church.

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There is scarcely a family in this region that has not some member, father, son or daughter here in America. Within the last two decades great numbers of these sturdy Foresters have left their native pines and have given their strength to the up-building of the new West. Over and over again the youth of some twenty summers has concluded that, after all, the wide world could afford to deal more generously with him than his native hills. Often and often the roadsides and the mountain-passes have re-echoed with the semi-dialectical:

Muss i denn, muss i denn zum Staedtle
hinaus

Staedtle hinaus,

Und du, mei Schatz bleibst hier?

Wenn i komm', wenn i komm' wenn i
wiederum komm'

Wiederum komm',

Kehr' i ei, mei Schatz, bei dir.

LAURENCE FOSSLER.

EXECUTIVE EXCERPTS

ON THE COURTESY OF ATTENTION.

It is not very difficult to extend sympathy to the neglected, and only a churl will refuse to aid those who are maltreated and abused. Just a word, then, in behalf of those unfortunates who are so misguided by their kindly feeling and spirit of accommodation as to consent to render music numbers on university programs.

The evening comes, and the work is done and well done at that. It has called for several hours of careful preparation, the keen night air has been faced or even a storm braved, the player has nerved himself or herself to the strain of publicity and the dread of imperfect work and subsequent criticism—only to find an audience thoroughly absorbed in itself. The whispers multiply, then become undertones, and then the hum of conversation actually masters all other sounds. The player is as completely alone and isolated as though there were no others present. Here and there in the audience a few friends, or a few lovers of music, make a faithful effort to catch the theme and note rendition, but in vain. The voices all about them, the flutter of fans and the uneasy rustle of garments, the shifting of feet and the creaking of seats as the occupants turn to each other for further gossip—all combine to entirely shut out the concord of sounds from the instrument, and to wall off the best efforts of the performer. As the music ceases, some one near the platform becoming aware of the fact, quite accidentally, begins the stereotyped applause; which is taken up in a perfunctory way by others—and the next number is called.

If any adequate excuse has ever been offered for this peculiar and aggravated form of rudeness on the part of otherwise polite people, the writer has never heard of it. Concerning the whole matter at question there may be stated a few truths that seem self-evident. If music numbers are not enjoyable—are not wanted, then they should not appear on the program. If the fault lies in an habitually poor choice of performers,