

to do it publicly. Privately, if the hypnotized agree to his terms it would be impossible to prevent him from asserting his power. If he can not do what he claims, the credulous should still be protected as they are from gamblers. His "entertainments" have all the objectionable features of a prize fight without the redeeming features, of encouraging pluck and their tendency to develop the muscles and make the human being a perfect animal. Every hypnotic trance, if it be a trance, weakens the will and the character of the party submitting to it and lowers the taste of the audience who behold it. The convulsive laughter which attends the painful antics of Flynt's subjects is evidence of the effect of his spells. It is not like the honest laughter which rewards the turns of members of a vaudeville troupe. It is rather to be compared to the hysteria frequently produced in tyros by the sight of a bull fight and neither spectacle is healthful.

## FROM THE BAZAAR.

"O say, father," said little Timmie O'Brien, "whoy didn't Saint Patrick sign the Declaration of Independence? Didn't they ask him?"

"Yes, Timmie," they asked him all right," said Mr. O'Brien, "but, ye see, he t'ought th'man that brought it to him was wan o' these autygraft-hunters an' he chuck'd him out o' the house."

"Did you celebrate the Fourth?" asked Maud.

"Yes," answered Millie; "Reggie popped, and I promised to be a sister to him."

"Bertie," said his mother, severely, "the cook says you threw firecrackers into the kitchen."

"Well, papa said this morning he thought she needed a blowing up, so I thought I'd do it," answered Bertie.

"I'm glad," said Bobbie, at the breakfast-table, Fourth-of-July morning, "that George Washington and the other fellows decided on the fourth instead of the third."

"Why?" said his father.

"Because all the fun would have been over to-day," answered his little son.

"I don't see," said Flossie, throwing a torpedo on the ground with a bang, "how they manage to blow up a big ship with one of these things."

"Oh, you girls can't expect to understand about such things," said Tommy in a superior manner. "Of course the torpedoes they use are about a hundred times as big, and they use a derrick to lift them and drop them on the ship."

"In view of the present relations between Gweat Bwitain and the United States," said Chollie, "I tyink it's vewy bad form for us to build so fast a yacht as the Colum'bia seems to be. It will be outwageous if we beat our deah bwothers awcess the sea."

"That'll be all right," said Jimpson. "Don't worry, Chollie. I saw Mr. Ieelin the other night, and it's all been arranged. The race is to be a tie."

A statistician figures out that eating steadily for eight hours a day for thirty-seven years, six months and twenty-three days, Admirable Dewey will be able to get away with one-half of the dinners to which he has already been invited. These do not include the breakfasts and luncheons in his honor however.

Dimleigh—I understand there is a skeleton in the closet at your boarding house.

Slimleigh—I don't know about that but there'll soon be one in a hall bedroom.

THE PASSING SHOW  
WILLA CATHER

## AN EVENING AT VINEACRE.

## I

"Gaily the troubadour  
Touched his guitar,  
As he was hastening  
Home from the war."

## Old Song.

Half a dozen beautiful songs have come to the world lately daintily published by the Church company, under the fanciful title, "Songs From Vineacre." They are the words of that young American composer who makes the most beautiful of songs, Ethelbert Nevin. They were published only this winter, but they are already known and sung all over the world, and Bishpam is singing them in London even now. It is not easy for a man who wrote "O, That We Two Were Maying," when he was in the middle of his teens to improve on himself, for it means that he must go very high, but this man has kept doing it from year to year, and the Vineacre series of songs are among the most exquisite he has written.

With Nevin, this last winter has been one of such ceaseless activity, of such splendid achievement along so many lines, that it would seem that he has grown completely into his greatest self, and that, so young a monarch, he is coming into his kingdom, of which, since he was twelve years old he has been heir apparent. To the thousands of people who follow this man's work and progress with an interest almost personal, it may have occurred to wonder just where and what Vineacre is, and just where is the fortunate spot from whence these melodies come. Down the Ohio river some fifteen miles from Pittsburg in Edgeworth. There, on the green, wooded hills that rise abruptly from the river, in Vineacre, the old mansion where Ethelbert Nevin was born and where he spent his boyhood, a happy, happy boyhood it was, for there was music in the river and in the trees and music in the boy's heart and the woods were full of his singing feathered brothers and the world was a good place to live in. It was there that he wrote his "Serenade," and "O, That We Two Were Maying," and "Doris" and it was there that he wrote "Narcissus," that melody as familiar now as the world's oldest classics, that every one of us seemed to have heard some summer day in the fields and woods when we were children, and then lost it again, until this boy on the banks of the Ohio brought it back to us from Arcady.

But back to Vineacre. It is a big rambling old house that has been frequently added to and rebuilt to conform to the tastes of its occupants. Mr. Nevin has four brothers, all men of decided tastes, and they each have apartments to suit their hobbies. In the center of the house is the library, the big room lined with books from floor to ceiling where Robert Nevin, Ethelbert's father, student and man of letters, still spends his tranquil days in study. It was in that room that the boy told all his childish troubles, and it was there he went, after a brief clerkship with the Pennsylvania railroad company to ask his father to release him from his irksome duties, to let him be poor all his life and be a musician. God has been good to Ethelbert Nevin from the beginning, and he has given him other good things than genius. Next to getting the right wife, the best fortune which befel him was in having the right father. He was too fragile and too highly strung a lad to have brooked much opposition, and an unsympathetic father might have wrecked his boy's career at the beginning. Last Sunday, on the porch at

Vineacre, I got the old gentleman to tell me again that story I have heard so often and never tire of hearing, of how he used to find the boy picking out tunes on the piano when he was in kilts, and how when his little sister went to take her music lesson, Ethelbert used to roll up a newspaper for a music roll and trot after her and play he was taking lessons, too. "One day," said Mr. Nevin, "when he was a little chap, I was coming down the hall and heard him drumming something I had never heard. I stopped and asked him what it was and he said he was 'making it up.' It was not just like the things other boys 'make up' and I stepped out on the porch here and for the first time thought about the child's taste seriously, and decided to put him under a teacher." When Ethelbert was eleven years old his first composition was published, a polka of which some few copies are still extant, and on the cover was printed

"By Bertie Nevin,  
Aged eleven."

The rhyme was sung to him at school until he was very sick of it.

He was rather a girlish little boy, always much concerned about his mother's dresses and fond of masquerading in dresses himself, so sensitive and tender of heart and so grieved for anything in pain that his family instinctively kept unpleasant things from him. He was always wanting to play boys' games, but lacked the strength and persistence to succeed. They tell a funny story of how he one day ran in flushed and panting to his mother and proudly announced that the big boys had taken him into their ball nine.

"Is that so, Bertie, and what do you play?"

"Why, mother, I'm umpire, think of that!"

And then he ran away to the piano and had it out with himself and forgot his honors.

## II.

## QUEEN ANN'S LODGE.

"To Arcady has't never been?  
Hark, while I give the mystic key,  
The pass word that shall let thee in  
To Arcady!"

## Memories.

Words by J. R. White, music by Ethelbert Nevin.

Now and then one finds one of Mr. Nevin's earlier songs "dedicated to Miss Ann Paul." Miss Paul is now Mrs. Nevin and that is why Mr. Nevin's music room at Edgeworth is called Queen Ann's Lodge. When Mr. Nevin returned from his long sojourn in Europe last year, he decided to work at home for a time. He was tired of wandering and tired of excitement; he had a brain full and a heart full of material and he wanted to settle quietly down and use it. Then he fitted up Queen Ann's Lodge. A music room! It is a house of song, rather, a five room cottage across the fields from Vineacre, and someone has called the vine covered walk that leads to it "The Road to Arcady." There is a music room, a study, a bed room with severe little iron bedstead, a bath room and a kitchen. There are divans and easy chairs and turkish rugs and an old venetian lamp and desks and a concert piano and shelves of music and copies of old pictures, portraits of Wagner and Chopin and Mr. Nevin's own portrait done for Mrs. Nevin by Charles Dana Gibson, photographs of singers and artists and literateurs, from all over the world, such lumber as an artist brings with him when he returns from going to and fro in the earth and from walking it up and down. There the songs of the Vineacre series were written, and there so many more are being written. There I heard his "A Day in Venice" while it was still in manuscript, and there are

the scores and notes of songs and piano forte compositions yet to be.

## III.

## IL RUSIGNUOLO.

"He built on man's broad nature--  
gift of gifts,  
That power to build!  
The world contented shifts  
With counterfeits enough,  
a dreary sort  
Of warriors, statesmen,  
ere it can extort  
It's poet-soul."

## Sordello.

It was twilight; some half dozen of us were seated around the music room when Nevin began to sing. He makes no pretension to being a vocalist. When he was a child he used to sing for charity concerts and standing on a table used to warble an extensive prima donna repertoire. He expected then to sing all his life. Then, when he was fourteen his voice left him, but the heart in him was still singing—as it will always. He was very miserable when he could not sing anymore, until, in the language of an old book, the Comforter came to him, and he began to write songs of his own and found it almost as satisfactory as singing other people's. He never sings in public now, but it is possible to sing very well indeed without much voice, and he can do it.

As I said, it was twilight and some half dozen of us were seated about the room when Nevin began to sing. First came a Love song in Italian, not yet published. Then a song to the words of Catulle Mendes, also yet in manuscript. Then he warmed to his work, and sang because he wanted to and they came one after another without preface or prelude; "The Rosary," "O That We Two Were Maying," "When the Land Was White With Moonlight," "Dites-Moi," "Twas April," "A Fair Good Morn," "The Mill Song," "The Necklace," "There, Little Girl, Don't Cry." He seems to have written nearly all the songs one greatly cares for, this man, and when you stop to think of it, there is seldom a concert anywhere at which one does not hear a song that, at some time or another, has come "from Vineacre."

There was only the candle light in the room, lamps are never used there. The composer's face was in the shadow but the light fell on that noble head and touched the hair already gray with the labor of giving five hundred compositions to the world in the last ten years. Gray hair above a face so young, so lyric, so mobile is a strange thing to see. It is as though the kiss of the muse had left its visible mark, and tells that if his wooing of her has been happy it has not been altogether painless. His wife sat leaning against the piano, in black and white, looking more than ever like one of the more tender and compassionate of Botticelli's Madonnas. Somehow Mrs. Nevin has always seemed to me a good deal like her husband's music, there is in her something of the same idealism and delicate sympathy and sweetness. Perhaps the music has grown to resemble the woman, perhaps the woman has grown to resemble the music, but in fancy I can never quite separate them.

The music went on and on for two hours, as mortals count time—I don't know by what system they compute it on Parnassus or in Arcady, but a Greek said that sometimes the hours of men are the years of the gods. The stars came out, and the frogs kept up an accompaniment outside, perhaps from some pool into which, years ago, Nevin looked and found Narcissus.

## IV.

## UN GIORNO IN VENEZIA.

"What, they lived once thus at Venice  
Where the merchants were the kings,  
Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges  
Used to wed the sea with rings?"  
A Toccato of Galuppi's  
Last of all, Nevin played for us his