

tual inferiority of the male mind will intercept anything headed in the direction of this young man so conspicuously isolated from his sex.

Not that there is this actual disproportion between the mind of man and the mind of woman. Many of the young men who come to Lincoln for the ostensible purpose of acquiring an education and who write doleful letters home concerning their preoccupation in books and laboratory work, are, in reality chiefly concerned first in the details of their wardrobe, secondly in the plans of their fraternity to scoop another one, thirdly in their feminine acquaintance and lastly in their university course. The prize of their calling, which is perhaps more the acquisition of culture than the recognition of it by any fraternity, is, in many cases, ignored. Among the men who have ability and might become scholars there is still lacking incentive strong enough to make them corrivals of sensitive, ambitious young women who do not forget so easily the reason for their presence in the university.

Mr. Moody.

He had no title and he had no right to affix initial letters to his signature. He never missed them, though if he had possessed the learning which they are supposed to represent his popularity, and the brightness and magnetism of his personal presence might have prolonged the vogue of evangelists. He understood very well the art of putting an audience into a good humor before asking favors. He was an inimitable storyteller. He had the same temperamental comradery that May Irwin has. Like her he was big and wholesome and intensely human. But except for the emotions which a generous, loving, magnetic temperament can cause Mr. Moody's usefulness was over with the passing of the evangelists. Among lecturers and preachers he was what a collection of anecdotes is among books. His power was the power of temperament. His diction, though not pure, was nearly always lucid. His fancy played on the surface of things. He was a vivid colorist, he understood the dramatic force of contrasts. He had a wonderful memory and as he went to and fro on the earth he gathered a unique and valuable collection of anecdotes and his addresses consisted of these anecdotes strung on a slender thread of exhortation. His appeals were made more direct and tender by the songs written in the first and second person.

These Moody and Sankey tunes with the words have the rhythm of negro melodies and the same undertone of threatening to the unrepentant and of golden streets or golden slippers to converts. By exploiting his temperament and a generous use of the songs Mr. Moody was able to induce the larger part of any audience to rise either in the group of Christians or sinners, into which he invariably divided his hearers. By these means he was able to pick out those who really needed assistance and there is no doubt that scoffers were more immediately rescued by this, apparently, rather impertinent method. Although many of the Moody converts slipped back into evil ways as soon as Mr. Moody's encouraging voice had ceased to sound in their ears, there are thousands and tens of thousands who owe their spiritual beginnings and their present spiritual evolution to Mr. Moody. The fashion is past and we are of a different way of thinking now but Mr. Moody helped the world along. It is better because of him. He was the inspiration of thousands of good

deeds. Men and women think of him with gratitude and sincerely mourn his death. He delivered the message faithfully and according to the best of his ability. Many a man with a larger brain and more culture has lived and died and left no human being to say—"because of him I am better."

The faith which was absolute and never wavered was another source of Mr. Moody's influence. He was sure that his thoughts of God and Heaven and his interpretation of the Bible were correct. He believed in the verbal inspiration of the scriptures and ridiculed any other belief. Whatever his opinion, on any subject he was sure it was right and positivism converts by its own force to whatever doctrine the positivist cares to teach.

THE PASSING SHOW

WILLA CATHER

Two Pianists.

So Joseffy has come forth from his retirement at last, come forth no whit older, with the same wonder in his hands and the same severity of countenance. He takes to the ground periodically and buries himself, giving lessons and studying and abjuring concerts. This time he has come out of his shell with the marks of hard work on him, and he even plays the heavier sonatas of Brahms, and even that one stupendous sonata of Tschalkowsky's at his recitals now. One never used to find such ambitious and noisy people on his programs. I had not heard him for five years, and I somehow expected him to be very much older, but the man must be on good terms with life. When he stepped upon the platform, I could see no trace of embonpoint to detract from the dignity of his figure; his hair, though cut close, curled about his high forehead in the way it used to do, and his hands, those white, shapely, elegant hands that colorists have loved to paint, swept the air with the same curt, apologetic gesture, the hands of a gentleman and an artist. There was of old a sort of atmosphere of retirement and self-respect about this man that he still retains and that somehow makes one feel certain that he would never be implicated in dog-fights, or lost by his manager, or elope with a restaurateur's daughter to find a royal road to fame. There is, too, a certain distinction of manners, a certain aristocracy of the Race of Song, a classic grace and repose that goes well with that very poetic name, Raphael Joseffy.

His first number was the Brahms' sonata in F minor. I heard Rosenthal play it last winter and I have heard Ethelbert Nevin play the Andante and scherzo and intermezzo often and often. Then I have heard Eugene Heffley, who is as big as Sieveking and as strong as Sandow, bang splendid crescendos and build up great tonal cathedrals out of the allegro. Joseffy played it as I had expected, unevenly. He did not, I think, rise to the almost impossible possibilities of the allegro, and even his playing of the scherzo seemed to lack breadth of treatment. It is not that the allegro is without melody, that it is all musical dynamics and shrapnel, that makes it so difficult of execution. There are no mannerisms which demand that the performer surrender his soul and better judgment, no inverted difficulties, no obscurities. The difficulty in the F minor sonata, as in all Brahms', is simply a difficulty of dimension. He is hard of complete apprehension, simply because he is many-sided and big on all sides, because to master one of his sonatas, you must unravel it, like the cable of

a war ship. When people of a merely external knowledge of music and literature speak of Brahms or Browning, they refer to their "obscurity" as though it were a quality of their work, whereas it is merely a matter of the quantity of the man's ideas, the teeming fertility of his brain, from which thought comes, not a clear and lucid stream, but it gushes torrent-wise, confused and confounded by its own turbulence and mass. If Browning had dug no deeper into the roots of things than Tennyson, I have no doubt that his meaning would always be as clear. If Brahms' piano compositions were not packed as they are with the very brain-stuff and soul-stuff, out of which music is made, I have no doubt that they could be played as easily as Felix Mendelssohn's. When people fail to play Brahms well, it is simply because their reach is not long enough; they may be artists and true followers of the Prophet, and yet not equal to this system of prodigious intellectual gymnastics—for intellectual gymnastics they are, not digital gymnastics. It seemed to me that Joseffy simply looked at the allegro through the wrong end of the opera glass. He did not make it big enough. His prime excellence lies in the grace, the quality, the timbre of his playing, and there is no reason why he should go forth with Brahms to slay. His allegro lacked brilliancy, breadth, variation, contrast, power. It was not big enough.

The andante he played much, much better than I have ever heard it, and if any one doubted that Raphael Joseffy is a poet, he knew better then. Ah, that andante! Heine knew moments as sweet, Tennyson and Paul Verlaine both knew that alluring, mystic shimmer of Romance, that fair uncertain light that comes song-laden from the past. The man at the piano sat weaving this poem, painting this landscape, making the brain quiver under the new, indefinite, tender sensations which he looked. He sat there calling out those clear, pure silver tones, silver as the waters of the lake whence Arthur drew Excalibur, silver as the armor that the knights of the Grail wore, silver as the moonlight that sleeps on the moss banks under the frosty pines of the North German forests. One felt as though it ought to be possible to catch those tones and hold them, to gather them up in some way and not let them waste away in empty air like that. As he sat there, his fingers making those limpid sounds, those crystal tones, I thought of Midas, that Cretan king, whose fingers turned all that he touched into shining gold.

Then came the Chopin music that Joseffy plays with such deference, such understanding, such discrimination; Ballad No. 4, a mazurka, that strange posthumous waltz that is so little heard, and a polonaise, one of those "cannons buried in flowers."

The second part of the program was wholly given up to Tschalkowsky's colossal sonata, the opus 37, which is fifty pages long, and which treats the piano in a fashion that should be answered by a charge of assault and battery. It is not piano music at all; it is a sonata for the orchestra, an attempt to batter orchestral work out of the black and white keys. And the piano was avenged, for the sonata has been practically dead for years and Joseffy is one of the few men who have revived it for concert purposes.

It was with one of his pupils that I went to hear Vladimir de Pachmann. "When you have heard him," he said, "you will have heard the best living player of Chopin, and you will have

heard one of the men who make the history of art, an artist to his fingertips, vain as a woman, whimsical as a child, gifted as one of the sons of light." Although he no longer affects the long black hair and beard which once concealed his countenance and made him look like a Will H. Bradley illustration to a Stephen Crane poem, there is no mistaking the Russian pianist's vocation. He wears his hair brushed straight back now, very much a la Toby Rex, and his heavy body and broad, powerful shoulders look queer enough on the absurdly short legs which toddle them about. His feet are small and he is very vain of them. "But then," remarked the Pachmann pupil, "he is vain of everything; he is the vainest man I ever knew, and when I was with him I was almost as vain of him as he was of himself. One falls under the enchantment of the man and Pachmannism becomes a mystic cult, an intellectual religion, a new sort of theosophy. His pupils usually copy his walk, his gestures, I think I used even to wish I had his nose and his little slits of Tartar eyes. But listen!"

He first played Weber's sonata in A flat, wishing, I suppose, to give a certificate of his general musicianship and his complete dominion over his instrument before he began to "specialize." But in that, as in his Chopin numbers, one noticed first his unexpectedness. He does not deign to play a number as you have heard it before. He has a technique full of tricks and wonderful feats of skill, full of tantalizing pauses and willful subordinations and smothered notes cut short so suddenly that he seems to have drawn them back into his fingers again. In his thin and bearded days he looked like a wizard of the Svengali type, and even now is not unlike the portly, comfortable magicians of the Eastern fairy tales. The magician resemblance keeps occurring to one as he plays. He is very much of a trickster, in spite of that fiery quality, that temperamental intensity. But it is an intellectual variety of trickery, a sort of impassioned slight of hand. There is indeed a kind of bravado about the astonishing liberty he permits himself in the matter of phrasing, and when he did something particularly startling he would look down at his pupil and screw up his brows and wrinkle his nose and wink slyly with one of his little Tartar eyes, very much as Jack Horner must have done when he pulled out the plum and said, "What a great boy am I."

It was not until he began playing the third prelude of Chopin that the Pachmann pupil utterly collapsed and murmured, "The tone—the singing tone! His own tone!" And singing tones they were; living things that lived a glorious instant of life and died under his fingers, "trembling, passed in music out of sight." The Pachmann pupil assured me that no one else had ever been able to produce a tone just like that, and he remarked that that peculiar bird-like tone would die with Vladimir de Pachmann, and then he told me a funny story of this quaint Russian egotist. When he was in Pittsburg on his last American tour, he was playing the Chopin Valse Brilliance, opus 34, to a crowd of musicians in a wholesale music store here. He played even better than usual, and when he had finished, he looked up and said with a sigh and a gesture of ineffable regret, "Ah, who will play like that when Pachmann is no more!" There were actually tears in his eyes, for he was overcome with the sense of the great loss which the world must some day suffer.