

autobiography which are not vital to the argument, but which are sometimes rather amusing. The humor, however, it must be confessed, is occasionally somewhat forced. Otherwise the case for Bacon is presented clearly and forcibly. The main points are, of course, familiar; very little is actually known of Shakespeare's life, and that little does not show him as a great writer. The extraordinary acquaintance with the law displayed in his dramas can hardly be explained, while Bacon was a distinguished lawyer, to whom exact knowledge of legal terms was almost second nature. These points are elaborated with considerable ingenuity; but even then the book is rather insubstantial—a pamphlet expanded by means of large type and thick paper.

A notable contribution to the rapidly-growing Menander literature inspired by the recent discovery of extensive remains of four plays is the article "The Iambic Trimeter in Menander," by Prof. John Williams White of Harvard in the April number of *Classical Philology*. The laws which Menander observed in the construction of this verse are deduced from statistical exhibits of the facts furnished by the unbroken verses of the new text, and are discussed with the lucidity which characterizes the work of this scholar. Practically all the rhythmical vices which Menander is shown to have avoided are grimly illustrated by attempts upon the broken lines perpetrated by his modern restorers, to whom this study will bring welcome, if often humiliating, enlightenment.

Music.

WHY CONCERTS DO NOT PAY.

Rosenthal's advice to another pianist who complained that he was in need of money, "Give fewer concerts," sounds funny, but it also epitomizes the plain truth that too many concerts are given, at least in our large cities. A few artists, like Paderewski, Wüllner, Sembrich, Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Gadski, can give recitals here and make money; but most of the others are still dependent on the support of piano manufacturers, and women's clubs. In the metropolis, recitals are given chiefly for the press notices, which, after being judiciously pruned, are reprinted in circulars. These circulars are necessary for success in the provinces; so, at least, the singers and players are informed by their managers. Thus concerts are multiplied, and the supply far exceeds the demand. While there are some concert-goers who avoid the opera houses, the vast majority of amusement-seekers prefer the opera, and the greater the number of operatic performances, the more the concert halls are depleted. During the season just closing, no fewer than 259 representations were given at our opera houses; is it a wonder that the concert virtuosi from abroad are beginning to look on New York as no longer belonging to the "dollar-land"? It is a curious situation; the opera sing-

ers get rich here, the concert-givers poor.

Yet conditions are by no means so hopeless as they would seem. The neglect of concerts by the public is, in fact, largely a result of the attitude of the concert-givers toward the public. At the opera houses, the managers offer what people want to hear. In concert halls, audiences—if there are any—have to submit to what the singers and players themselves like, or what they think the public ought to like. Now, what the public does like more than anything else in music, is melody, and this is usually withheld altogether, or served in homœopathic doses, unless a composer happens to be in special favor with the conductors, like Beethoven or Tchaikovsky. There is Dvorák, for instance, a composer who bubbles over with lovely melody and piquant rhythms, and whose orchestral coloring is far more beautiful than that of Richard Strauss; yet, of his many truly popular works we never hear any except the "New World" Symphony. Rubinstein's music is always loudly applauded when the conductors, once in a long while, condescend to produce any of it. Grieg never fails to arouse enthusiasm, but to judge by our programmes one would think he had never written anything but his first "Peer Gynt" suite. These men are melodists *par excellence*, hence, they are tabooed; tabooed, also, are the melodious rhapsodies of Liszt which, at the end of a concert, would stir up the hearers and make them eager to come again.

In place of such melodious music, what do the orchestral conductors produce? The polyphonic puzzles and megatherian "tone-poems" of Richard Strauss, Max Reger, and their imitators, and the misty productions of Debussy, with their elusive tone "wraiths" from which melody is deliberately excluded. It is great fun to conduct and play such things—they show how skilled the performers are—hence, they are conducted and played all the time. Ferdinand Scherber, writing in the *Neue Musikzeitung*, speaks as if there were a regular conspiracy between contemporary composers and critics to banish from the concert stage everything that is easily understood and melodious. Modern music, he declares, has become a "sport" for professionals, a thing to interest only a small minority. It has driven to the variety shows thousands who would have gone to the concert halls, had their appetite for melody been gratified.

If a list were made of the pieces played by pianists in public, it would probably not exceed one hundred, and most of these are of two kinds, being either sonatas which the pianists think the public ought to be educated up to, or show pieces calculated to display their own digital dexterity. With the excep-

tion of a few dozen pieces by Chopin and Schumann, it is seldom that the players put on their programmes what might be called the heart music of a composer. How stupidly indifferent the professional pianists are to the wishes of the people was shown at the time when funds were being collected for poor Edward MacDowell on his sickbed. In all musical circles, throughout the United States, he was being talked about, and everybody was eager to hear specimens of his music; yet what happened? Of the foreign pianists, who come over here so eager to make money, Harold Bauer was the only one who paid heed to this natural curiosity; he played the "Eroica" sonata; beside him there was only Miss Augusta Cottlow. As soon as it became known that she made a specialty of MacDowell's music, she received requests for recitals from all over the country, and she owes her national fame to-day largely to her having thus played what the people—the best people—wanted to hear.

The givers of song recitals are even worse than the pianists. Their programmes in general bear out Maurice Renaud's assertion that "musicians do not love masterworks." One wonders, in looking at the average programme, what could have induced its maker to bring together such a hodgepodge of mediocrity and inanity. But the explanation is very simple. Vocalists seldom consider the intrinsic merit of a song; they seek something which is easy to sing and which brings out the most telling qualities of their own voices. Their one idea is to impress the public with their own wonderful accomplishments; it never occurs to them that the kind of people who are likely to attend a song recital would be infinitely more impressed by the genius of Goethe and Schubert, or Heine and Franz, as united in a song, than by their own vocal feats. They have now had an opportunity to realize that this is true, as shown by Dr. Wüllner. He, thank Heaven, had no voice to show off. He simply saturated himself with the great poems and the immortal music set to them, and he aroused a frenzy of enthusiasm. He came to give a score of concerts and gave four-score. *His* concerts paid; he will take back with him a small fortune.

"Mozart: Sein Leben und Schaffen," by Dr. Karl Storck (Stuttgart: Greiner & Pfeiffer), is a fairly successful effort to furnish the general reader with an analysis of the personal character and of the art of Mozart. The writer finds in the personality of the master the key to his music, and the book is accordingly a close psychological study. Storck, who is also the editor of the letters of Mozart, of Beethoven, and of Schumann, has probably done his best work in this new, attractive, and exhaustive work.

Art.

Storia dell' Arte Italiana. Da Adolfo Venturi. Vol. VI: La Scultura del Quattrocento. Pp. lii+1180; 781 half-toné cuts. Milan: Hoepli. 30 lire.

In previous notices of Professor Venturi's stupendous history, we have found that its qualities and defects lay in a peculiar and interesting attitude of the author. He follows well-travelled roads in the spirit of a pioneer. Where one expects the geographer, one finds the explorer. He undertakes his gigantic task light-heartedly as a constant adventure, and so throughout he retains his enthusiasm. He is, moreover, an explorer of taste, and if in his capacity as sentimental traveller he at times exaggerates the interest of his discoveries, that, too, is thoroughly in character. That he should often discover what has already been charted, that he should judge too quickly and positively is also inevitable under the circumstances. *Sol-vitur eundo* is a shade too much his en-sigh. Every page of the present volume testifies to alert and genial investigation, but one suspects that he prints about as quickly as he writes. On page 662, for example, the Riario tomb in Santi Apostoli, Rome, is by an anonymous imitator of Mino; by page 950 it has become, rightly, we think, a fine work by Andrea Bregno. Such revisions are better made before printing begins. We hasten to add that a procedure which in the volumes on painting is often trying is acceptable in the present volume. Italian sculpture has never had a Cavalcaselle or a Morelli. Since Cicognara, more than a century ago, there has been no such comprehensive survey. We are more inclined, therefore, to be grateful for what is afforded us than to dwell upon defects. Scholars will find in this volume a constant source of suggestion and contention, and they will know how to use it with the necessary reserves. The general reader needs a word of caution, perhaps, that this big tome looks more authoritative than it is.

That Professor Venturi should not know the few fine examples of Italian sculpture in America is natural. He is also much inclined to regard as negligible whatever he must take at second hand. Yet the museums of Boston and New York, and the Widener collection, Philadelphia—to mention only obvious examples—would have furnished him necessary items. In the same way, he is too prone to stigmatize as forger's works which he knows only in photographs. Sometimes one fears he goes on a calculus of probabilities in rejecting terra-cottas outside of Italy. Whoever declares all exiled Renaissance terra-cottas in public and private galleries to be forgeries will err only in about one case in four. Is Professor Venturi

content with this degree of accuracy?

To discuss in detail so extensive a work is, of course, impossible in the limits of a review. We may, however, briefly note points that may specially interest both the student of art and the general reader. The life of Bertoldo is one of the best in the book, abounding in new material. Professor Venturi greatly overpraises that industrious Lombard craftsman, Gian Antonio Amadeo. The triviality of Amadeo is so patent and so generally recognized that we need not argue it. Enough to say that his sculpture is that of a decorator, his architectonic sense *nil*, his decoration rather exuberant than fine. The invention of the lovely frieze of the Portinari Chapel, S. Eustorgio, Milan, seems absolutely beyond his powers. In its execution he may have had some part, as Professor Venturi surmises. One must question also the attribution of the terra-cotta Pietà in S. Satiro, Milan, to Amadeo. The usual attribution to Caradosso is far more acceptable, for the work is plainly that of a transitional sculptor imbued with the dawning ideals of the Golden Age. Andrea Bregno, dominant at Rome in Sixtus IV's time; Giorgio da Sebenico, a vigorous Dalmatian sculptor in the Venetian tradition; Giovanni Dalmata—these are examples of interesting artistic personalities now first brought within the popular ken. Even the fairly experienced student of Italian sculpture will find that to page over this bulky volume is the equivalent of many exploring trips. In such fireside travels, the range of which we have barely suggested, Professor Venturi is always the learned and genial, if at times erratic, guide.

"Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting," by William Bode (London: Duckworth), is among the more recent importations of the Scribners. It is a translation of the second edition of "Rembrandt und seine Zeitgenossen." The encyclopædic director of the Kaiserfriedrichsmuseum never appears to better advantage than when he writes on the painting of the Netherlands, and these essays on Rembrandt, Hals, the Genre Painters, the Landscapists, Still Life men, Van Dyck, and Rubens are welcome in an English dress. Since the collection is already standard, it leaves the critic rather little to say. One might find that undue emphasis is laid upon Rembrandt's realism and his phantasmagoric quality insufficiently brought out. Many will feel that the great superiority of Vermeer of Delf, in his class, might have had fuller recognition. On the other hand, many will find it difficult to accept Dr. Bode's very high estimate of Wouvermans. With his many merits, the rather negative color and generalized textures of this artist seem to relegate him to a lower place. On the very disputable matter of Cuyt, Dr. Bode has almost persuaded us to regard golden mediocrity as greatness. This essay and that on Brouwer are perhaps the best in the

collection. Certainly the keenest and most debatable portion of the book is the attempt to identify the early paintings of Van Dyck, particularly those which he executed as Rubens's assistant. In general Dr. Bode contrives to be true to humane criticism without being false to connoisseurship. The English version, by Margaret L. Clarke, is tolerable, but too often defective in idiom. "Sunday" repeatedly applied as an adjective to landscapes means, of course, "holiday" or "festal." The following sentence illustrates certain not uncommon defects of judgment in the author and of style in his translator: "Amongst the Teutons, art repeatedly reached a maturity which can stand comparison with the noblest art phases of the Greeks and Italians." But these are venial blemishes in a usually excellent book. About two score good half-tones, several from little known originals, give a special interest to this edition.

A. Maccallum Scott's "Through Finland" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a somewhat dry, but instructive reference book and guide for travellers. The illustrations are an important feature and give a good idea of the country. There are chapters on Art and Artists, Architecture, and Legends and Literature. The chapter on the architecture of Helsingfors is perhaps the most interesting. The author finds in the building there much that is related to Japanese and other Oriental style, sometimes grotesque, but "the expression of a national temperament, undisciplined as yet, without tradition and without experience, but gaining these as it develops."

Students of architectural style will be interested in the collection of façades and interiors, which is being issued by Nils Wasastjerna, one of the leading architects of Helsingfors. Many details support the above quoted verdict of Mr. Scott (Helsingfors: Helios).

The National Academy of Design has selected the following jury of selection for the winter exhibition of 1909: J. Carroll Beckwith, Edwin H. Blashfield, Howard Russell Butler, Walter Clark, Charles H. Davis, Frederick Dielman, Paul Dougherty, Frank V. Du Mond, Ben Foster, August Franzen, Daniel Chester French, William J. Glackens, Francis C. Jones, F. W. Kost, Will H. Low, Walter L. Palmer, Edward W. Redfield, F. K. M. Rehn, Robert Reid, W. T. Smedley, Henry B. Snell, C. Y. Turner, Henry O. Walker, Harry W. Watrous, J. Carlton Wiggins, Frederick Ballard Williams, and Cullen Yates. The hanging committee is made up of Elliott Daingerfield, J. Alden Weir, and Frederick G. R. Roth. The jury of selection for the annual exhibition of March, 1910, consists of Herbert Adams, John W. Alexander, Hugo Ballin, Gifford Beal, Emil Carlsen, F. S. Church, E. Irving Couse, Kenyon Cox, C. C. Curran, C. Warren Eaton, A. L. Groll, Birge Harrison, Childe Hassam, William H. Howe, William Sergeant Kendall, Louis Loeb, Herman A. MacNeil, J. Francis Murphy, Walter Nettleton, Edward H. Potthast, Henry Prellwitz, Leonard Ochtman, Will S. Robinson, Edmund C. Tarbell, A. T. Van Laer, Douglas Volk, and Irving R. Wiles. The hanging committee will be Gari Melchers, H. Bolton Jones, and Isidore Konti.

The National Academy of Design has elected twelve painters and six sculptors