

dramatic construction almost as rare from the author's point of view as it must be precious to the box-office. With this limited field of energy there are no dull moments, no merely theatrical sensations. The action runs along with the utmost simplicity, culminating in a delightfully natural manner at the close of each of the three acts, and the last act is as entertaining as the preceding two. The whole leaves an impression as wholesome and refreshing as the English country garden in which the retired Colorado rancher loved to walk at sunrise—with the charming governess, of course. It was a treat to hear pure English spoken with trained diction by melodious voices. Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore seemed to have discovered at least the signposts to Elysian Fields where heroes laugh at age. For, welcomed as Sir Charles was on bespangled Broadway with a crowded house and multiplied calls, it must not be forgotten that here is a player who was at the front in days of long ago, when there were men of stature on the boards who had traditions to maintain. The simplicity of his acting and the absence of apparent effort were a lesson much needed to-day. He was modestly impersonal in his little speech at the end of the second act. Miss Mary Moore proved a revelation that made many rub their eyes and ask if they could be mistaken in recalling her as the demure *comédienne* of the old Criterion Theatre more than twenty years ago. As an actress she has matured in her art. It was a charming revelation. The other players were Sam Sothern as the husband, and Miss Lillias Waldegrave as the governess, both of the London company. Mr. Sothern's performance is notable for what he refrains from doing that could so easily be done with disastrous effect by a more self-conscious or less experienced player. Miss Waldegrave is a tall, typical English girl, with a pleasant voice and a sincere method of portrayal.

The withdrawal of "The Narrow Path" from the boards of the Hackett Theatre, in this city, is not in itself a matter of much importance. The piece was too dull and silly to be very mischievous, and must, in any case, have fallen into quick oblivion. But the attitude of the owner of the house is especially welcome as an indication of returning managerial common sense. He demanded the removal of the play on the ground that it was a nuisance which would damage his property. This is a point on which the *Nation* has often insisted. When other theatre-owners and directors fully realize that temporary gains derived from concessions to the coarser appetites of the vulgar will not compensate for the permanent alienation of the great body of decent supporters of the theatre, the purification of the stage will be effected promptly. In matters of this kind the pocket is likely to be more sensitive than the conscience. The argument advanced against "The Narrow Path" applies with equal validity to several other realistic pieces of the current season. These may be making money now, but they will not prove profitable in the long run, as their promoters will discover when the reaction that inevitably follows after an intellectual and moral debauch once sets in.

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## Music.

### MUSICIANS AND MANAGERS.

The death last week of Henry Wolfsohn removes from the musical community of New York one of its most interesting and influential figures. The founder, some twenty-five years ago, of the first musical bureau to be established in this city after the model of foreign agencies, he had become so powerful as fairly to dominate, in the eyes of many persons, the concert field, not only in New York, but in the country. To say that almost all programmes of first-class concerts bore his name or were made up through his agency, would be an exaggeration. But the list of "stars" whom he managed, at one time or another, contains the bulk of the names most familiar to the concert-going public. Hundreds of music-lovers who never saw him have drawn from his bureau the artists who entertained their guests. Fritz Kreisler, Schumann-Heink, Josef Hofmann, Mischa Elman, Louise Homer, and Corinne Rider-Kelsey are a few of those who have made money through and for Mr. Wolfsohn. And, if rumor is correct, he reaped a wonderfully rich reward for his industry and ability.

Not that Mr. Wolfsohn was popular with the artists who came to him. Many would have preferred to give him a wide berth, and hated to pay his commissions. These were often superimposed upon those claimed by the German or English agent who had originally lured the musician into his net, so that even a well-established artist might have to pay out 40 per cent. or more of his earnings before receiving anything himself. But as Mr. Wolfsohn's influence grew it became more and more necessary for young and struggling artists to turn to him. What position is there more trying than that of a young musician who arrives in New York without much Continental fame and without having been heralded by skilful advance agents? We have in mind one who had made for herself an excellent place in Berlin. Arriving here practically friendless, so far as persons having large influence were concerned, she turned at once to Wolfsohn. He demanded \$5,000 to launch her properly. As this was far beyond what remained of the sum she had left over after her education, she took the next steamer back to Germany—a land not without its music bureaux, but far more friendly to budding genius.

Indeed, in Berlin, advance advertising of a new prodigy seems to hurt the performer about to make his debut. The critics resent being told in advance

about his artistic ability; they are there to judge for themselves. So the advertisements of first appearances are merely brief notices. Later on, there may be greater publicity, but even then Germans have not reached the stage of advertising musical talent, as one does soap, or patent oats, or the newest automobile. That, said one of Mr. Wolfsohn's rivals recently, is the way to make sure of success—"It all depends on how much money you want to spend in advertising." But these advertising charges sometimes cover a multitude of sins. There have been cases where the entire sum has been wasted, or even pocketed, by the agent. Another trick of the dishonest manager is to tell the artist—when properly reduced to despair by a fruitless search for engagements—that if he pays, let us say, \$150, he may appear with some soloist of established repute. The victim sometimes discovers that the \$150 never reached the brother-performer, but stuck to the agent's fingers. Again, if a society in Waukesha engages an oratorio singer through a bureau, it has no means of knowing whether the \$400 check it sends for a well-known soprano reaches the performer intact, or whether the agent turns over only a half.

It is this sort of experience which has led one violinist of international renown to fix his price at \$150 an appearance and to insist upon its being paid to him entire. Whether his manager makes \$200 on the side by a higher charge to the orchestra, does not interest him. He feels that \$150 is reward enough, and does not care if the manager, and, as occasionally happens, the music committee or leader of the *saengerfest* gets a rake-off as well. For orchestras, too, even the longest established, have frequently drawn their soloists from Wolfsohn—to the despair of young performers who would not or could not meet Wolfsohn's terms, and of others who had no European experience to interest managers in their careers.

What, then, is the remedy? Mr. Wolfsohn's bureau is sure to go on as did its famous pattern, the Wolf agency in Berlin, after the death of its founder; and there will always be struggling artists without the common-sense, or means, or ability, or reputation, to manage themselves. No better way of bringing artists and public together has been suggested. A change for the better can only come through the raising of the tone of all the agencies and the checking of the too-powerful by able competition. There is now an effective remedy for the artist-employing class: make sure that your check for the fee agreed on reaches the artist, even when you hear of him through an agency, and, wherever possible, deal directly with the musician himself.

A notable movement to encourage the production of new opera is just announced in Germany, whereby every three years two prizes of 10,000 marks each and two prizes of 2,500 marks each will be given for the best works by "Young Germans." The contestants will be allowed to offer almost any kind of a musical composition known as operatic, but each piece must be at least an hour long. All compositions offered will be passed upon by two successive committees of eminent musicians in Germany, among whom is Richard Strauss, and the two first operas to receive the chief prizes will be produced in the Hamburg Theatre, in November, 1910, and in January, 1911.

## Art.

### "FAIR WOMEN" IN PARIS.

LONDON, May 29.

It may be because ours is the Age of Woman, as Édouard Rod makes one of his people say, but certainly it is only necessary to fill a gallery with the portraits of women to draw the crowd. Artists complain of hard times, many exhibitions scarcely pay their way, but the International Society in London has found it worth its while to give a show of "Fair Women" two winters running, and this spring in Paris two exhibitions of the kind, following others in previous years, are open at the same moment, both well attended though the price of admission is double that usually asked elsewhere.

However, in France, where there is some sense of order and logic, it is not quite enough to get together any chance collection of portraits of women—some reason must be found for it. At the Exposition de Cent Portraits de Femmes in the Salle du Jeu de Paume in the Garden of the Tuileries, all the portraits are of the eighteenth century, fifty by French painters, and fifty by English, so that a comparison may be made. At Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne, the exhibition is of Portraits de Femmes Sous les Trois Républiques, and the result is that, in both cases, the collection has historic as well as artistic interest.

The exhibition in the Garden of the Tuileries is in every way the more interesting of the two. The period covered is, as a whole, finer, more care seems to have been taken in the selection of examples and in their arrangement, and the comparison between the French and English work is delightfully suggestive. It would be still more suggestive if the English pictures all reached the same level of excellence. I have heard it said that the recent exhibition of English pictures of the same date at Berlin, has discouraged some owners from parting with their treasures so soon again. But, however that

may be, I have often seen a more splendid series at the Winter Exhibition of old masters in the Royal Academy, and even once in Paris in 1900. The principal British portrait-painters are all represented—Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Hoppner, down to Lawrence and Raeburn. The portraits are frequently of people famous in their day—Peg Woffington, by Hogarth; Nelly O'Brien, Kitty Fisher, Maria Walpole (Countess Waldegrave), by Reynolds; royalty by Gainsborough; Lady Hamilton, by Romney; Countess Waldegrave again, by Hoppner. But the work is not always the artist's best, nor does the distinction or fame of the sitter always seem to have been a consideration.

There are five examples of Hogarth, with whom the series begins chronologically, but not one to rival the portrait of himself in the National Portrait Gallery, or the group of David Garrick and his wife at Windsor Castle, or the wonderful Shrimp Girl in the National Gallery; and only one that gives some idea of his insight into character and his power of rendering it. This is his Sarah Malcolm the murderess, a middle-aged woman, as he shows her, highly respectable in neat cap and quiet grays, with a face so placid in its hard cruelty that her crime seems all the more revolting. His Peg Woffington has less character, but a charm and a delicacy in the detail of lace and flower that are not usually associated with Hogarth, who, however, is so little known on the Continent that when he is represented there at all it should be at his strongest. It is the same with Reynolds. There is no painting by him that can rank with his masterpieces. But Reynolds is better known on the Continent than Hogarth, his six or seven portraits are more representative, and the subjects and methods alike would explain to those who had never seen his work before that he was the fashionable portrait painter of his day. They are representative, also, unfortunately, of his very defects, for in two or three, especially the Kitty Fisher, the color has faded until they are mere ghosts of their old rich beauty. Gainsborough was not apt to distinguish himself when he painted royalty, and two of his portraits here are of Queen Charlotte, less inspiring as sitter even than most royalties of her generation. Nor, with one exception, could his other portraits—seven in all—of themselves account for the greatness of his reputation. This exception, however, is a splendid Gainsborough—the half-length Anne, Duchess of Cumberland; the face full of charm and character, and the rose and white of the delicate bodice given with rare skill and subtlety, a piece of color that Nattier and Drouais could never have approached.

Romney, probably, was the most un-

certain of painters, and nothing in the present collection would suggest that he could, at times, rise to the heights of his fine Mrs. Cawardine and Child. That he had a fancy for sentimental prettiness is seen well enough in the two familiar Lady Hamiltons, one as Euphrosyne, the other at prayer; in both, the sweetness is overdone, but in both at least a semblance of realism that makes them vigorous in comparison with the dull, wooden portrait of the same beauty, as Sybil, by Mme. Vigée-Lebrun.

Hoppner has recently enjoyed a success in the auction room that his work rarely justifies, certainly not as it is seen in the five portraits selected for Paris. The four by Lawrence fail no less to maintain his fame and popularity. The one British painter who triumphs, not only by his reputation at home, but by the work now shown, is Raeburn, though even at home he is only beginning to be honored as he should. He had his lapses; he, like the rest, painted an incredible number of portraits, and in some he is almost as feeble as Romney at his feeblest. But when Raeburn forgot the conventions of the day and painted people as he saw them, it is another matter; and not Reynolds, not Gainsborough, ever attained the mastery of character and technical skill of the Scotch painter who was "the pupil of Nature," as R. A. M. Stevenson described him, and who, as Louis Stevenson wrote, "looked people shrewdly between their eyes." As it happens, two of his finest portraits are here: his Mrs. James Campbell, the ugly, humorous, shrewd old woman, in the uncompromising cap and fichu and little shawl then in fashion, and his Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff, young and radiant in her beauty, with no need of a theatrical rôle, or a sentimental pose, to enhance it. The "most amazing" and "the loveliest" of his portraits these two have been pronounced, and in their truth and directness they stand out and seem to live in the midst of the portraits, both French and British, in which so often life disappears in the conventions of the time.

To pass from the room where all these pictures hang into the next, where the French collection is arranged, is to be struck with a contrast as vivid and complete as when one lands in Calais after crossing the channel from Dover. The French group is as representative: Boucher, Greuze, and Fragonard, Nattier, Largillière, Drouais, Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, and a few others of lesser note. The portraits often gain as much in interest from the women who sat for them. Here, the points of resemblance between the two collections come to an end. After the British portraits, the French seem at once more formal and more vivacious. The British painters