Putnam

Edward MacDowell
Reminiscences and Romance

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To

John

Beloved Son and Music Companion

September 27, 1896
August 21, 1916

"In this old world of love and joy and tears,
God measures us by deeds and not by years."
—Arthur Dillon.

PREFACE

TO THE READER:—

This booklet is the first of a series. It claims nothing more than an attempt to arouse greater interest among music students and music lovers in the music of our greatest American composer, Edward MacDowell.

I make but one request. Please "try over on your piano" the compositions of his which I have named.

The second booklet will relate impressions of Peterborough, as it is today, gained by a summer's personal sojourn there. It will also include "storied or pictorialed" interpretations of a dozen or more of MacDowell's New England "nature-music" sketches.

The third booklet will present a more serious and comprehensive summary of MacDowell as a teacher, some characteristic qualities of his music, helpful suggestions for its study, to the amateur pianist or music student. These last two books will soon be published.

Very sincerely,

MRS. GRAHAM F. PUTNAM.
(Pupil of Edward MacDowell.)

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REMINISCENCES

The following reminiscences of Mr. MacDowell are simply a few of my own experiences with him during an acquaintance bearing the relationship of teacher and pupil. Will the reader therefore kindly overlook the constant repetition of the first personal pronoun, as its use seems unavoidable. Some years ago I needed a music teacher. There was nothing unusual about such a need, but the teacher I required must be unusual. All my life practically had been devoted to music either as a student or teacher. My musical instruction had been most thorough and always the best obtainable. None other was ever, I am thankful to say, allowed me. Besides I had had years of teaching experience. Consequently my need was not a preparatory need, but one much greater. For a few years just preceding, I had been out of active music work and desired to resume it. So I wished, first of all, for some one with mentality enough to understand and appreciate the situation; one who would sympathize with my hopes, and aid me in finding and picking up the lost stitches; one who would bridge over the gap and reconstruct as completely as possible without tearing out and destroying former labor and accomplishment. In fact I wanted a real teacher, one who taught the pupil, not merely a method. But where was I to find my ideal?

At that time my home was in the far middle west so my search was perforce directed eastward. After much careful investigation my decision had almost been reached, tho not entirely to my satisfaction, when fate kindly intervened in the form of a chance meeting with a fellow musician just returned from New York. Consulting her in my perplexity, she immediately with unrestrained enthusiasm urged me to go to Edward MacDowell, and gave me such a glowing account of him as a teacher that I instinctively felt my search was over

This was about the year 1900. The musician of today may be surprised when told that MacDowell was then practically unknown as far west as I was living and I, as well informed probably as anyone in our city, knew scarcely anything about him or his music. This friend, a brilliant pianist, had been in New York on a visit and learning of course of MacDowell's prestige had immediately taken advantage of a great opportunity and become his pupil. As a result of our conversation I at once began a correspondence with Mr. MacDowell and eventually decided to take a chance, and indeed it was quite that as can be seen from the following excerpt taken from one of the letters I received containing various requested information.

381 Central Park W., Jan. 16.

"My dear Madam:

In answer to your letter I beg to say that probably there would be no reason why I could not give you the desired lessons. At the same time it would be necessary for me to hear you play before absolutely PROMISING you. This is a rule I always keep to but in your case * * * * * Should you desire it I would appoint a time to hear you play as soon as you might arrive."

I remain,
Truly yours,
Edward MacDowell.

In fear and trembling at the thought of that terrifying ordeal ahead of me suggested by the wor!s "It would be necessary for me to hear you play," I plucked up courage to take the long wearisome journey across the country and learn my fate.

There formerly existed the idea that because MacDowell was head of the department of music in Columbia he taught piano there. To my own certain knowledge this idea still quite generally prevails tho most erroneously. More than once in announcing my intention to

study with him if permitted, some musician friend would remonstrate remarking, "Why go to MacDowell, anybody can get lessons from him by just joining his music school!" As I had not then authentic information to contradict I could only answer, "I do not believe it. A man who has arrived as MacDowell has can assuredly choose his pupils." So upon my arrival in New York I immediately made inquiries and found that MacDowell did no piano teaching at all in the college, that his piano pupils were strictly private pupils and their lessons were always given in his own home. His work at Columbia consisted of lectures, their aim being; "First, to teach music scientifically and technically with a view to training musicians who shall be competent to teach and compose. Second; to treat music historically and aesthetically as an element of liberal culture." Did it not seem a terrible calamity that so broad a vision was doomed to disapprobation. MacDowell but lived ahead of his age, his prophetic foresight is now becoming clearly visible to many others. Have you all read "Critical and Historical Essays?" This book was published after his death and is a compilation of the portion of his lectures preserved. It is a most illuminating exposition of his ideas and extremely valuable from an educational view point. The remarkable versatility and intellectuality of MacDowell will surprise many who think of him as a musician only, and do not realize his scholarly attainments.

There is always an exception to prove a rule. I might state there was one time, and one time only, when MacDowell gave his private pupils their lessons at Columbia and it occurred while I was studying with him. One morning the mail brought me a little note with the request that I please go to the College for my next lesson and, with the customary consideration always shown by both MacDowell and his faithful

amanuensis M. M. (Marian MacDowell), it also included minute directions for finding South Hall. A case of small pox had suddenly appeared, some quarantine restrictions had been placed upon the occupants of his building and MacDowell had undergone, so I was told, a precautionary operation along in the wee small hours of the night before, more for the sake of safety to others than for his own. So for the length of two weeks MacDowell did give piano lessons at Columbia!

According to promise the date of my tryout was quickly arranged for after my arrival. The interview was dreaded probably by both of us, by him because he disliked meeting prospective pupils, an extra drain upon his time and strength, and by me for fear of the outcome. As the appointed hour approached I wended my way to his apartment which faced Central Park and commanded as much view of nature as the congested metropolis afforded. After loitering around the entrance as long as I dared without arousing suspicion I finally forced myself to enter and ask the elevator boy if Mr. MacDowell lived there. Until he answered in the affirmative I did not realize how much I was inwardly hoping I had made a mistake and that there was still a chance for me to escape. But no! With heartless alacrity the elevator door was thrown open, I was ushered in and whirled to the top floor with no waste of time in quite characteristic New York "steplively" fashion. However, in that rapid rise I fully sensed, I think, the insignificance of such a one as I and my troubles in that city's immense rushing stream of humanity, and realized the magnificence of the successful struggle of pushing thro the crowd, in gigantic stride outstripping all competitors. In those few momentous seconds I seemed to feel intuitively before ever seeing him the potency of MacDowell and that I

was soon to meet a truly great man. Of course these reflections did not make life any easier for me and just at that moment I wanted nothing more than to ride right down again. No encouragement to do so was offered me. Instead I was silently invited out as I hesitated to take the fatal step and nearly expired of heart failure when the elevator boy called out "There's Mr. MacDowell's door bell." Just as if it was an ordinary bell too and the simplest thing in the world to press your finger upon it! Why! It was one of the hardest things I ever did in my life! You know a regular rhythm repeated o'er and o'er is very effective at times. So I found myself saying again and again, "Faint heart ne'er won great teacher," and the foolish words did help.

What a comfort it would have been to me had I only known then of MacDowell's own experience, many years before, of a similar nerve test, when he went for his first interview with the great European master Liszt. He too wandered back and forth and all around the entrance screwing up courage to enter; he likewise feared to face his fate and was similarly unaware of the good fortune awaiting him within the coveted place. How deeply human all truly great people are! Liszt received the talented composer with the greatest cordiality and gave him inspiration which lasted the rest of his life. How many bridges I had crossed before crossing MacDowell's threshold and how uselessly! My first glimpse of this wonderful artist will always remain in my memory. And to think I had dreaded it so!

Always in the choice of a teacher I had found certain traits of personality absolutely essential to my best development. An instant's scrutiny of MacDowell firmly convinced me he possessed them and I mentally resolved that nothing must prevent my becoming his

pupil. He had evidently been at the other end of the room giving a lesson for, as I was shown in, he turned and walked towards me.

Eyes are ever the first feature to attract my interest. The eyes of MacDowell were the kind that are never forgotten. They were blue, a luminous deepest blue, humourously kind, yet keenly penetrating. They seemed to look first at me, kindly 'tis true, then thro me, most searchingly, and finally beyond me and I knew his judgment of me had been made. I tried bravely to respond to the first glance; during the second I felt my stature perceptibly diminish and the last glance almost compelled me to look behind and see the "writing on the wall." Eyes are the windows of the soul, and disclose all its secrets. The scars of his own tragedies were plainly traceable in the tinge of indefinable haunting gaze. But it contained only much sweetness, gave out no bitterness. His eyes betokened the practise of his life, the aim to help others, and which he expressed in these words. "After all the only thing is to be as useful as we can."

Of one thing I was very sure; he had learned to read and understand the human heart. None knew better than MacDowell, "How empty learning and how vain is art, but as it mends the life and guides the heart." Some critic has said that "MacDowell's purity of character means more to us than even his genius." All people know our greatest composer's life was as noble and sweet as his music. It could hardly have been otherwise for he lived in such intimate communion with nature and his heart eternally called him "back to the more of earth, the less of man." There is no truer sentiment than this "To be a true artist one must be a true man." In the mirror of those deep blue eyes was reflected clearly the spirituality of the man.

His life was steeped in many colors. It was not all golden sunlight and azure sky. Sometimes the gray gloom of night and black cloud of despair darkened his horizon. Then the glad light turned to sad light but he never lost the power to look at life with "child eyes."

Next to his eyes MacDowell's most attractive feature was his winning smile. I rarely heard him genuinely laugh, for I knew him during days of trials, but when he did the sound of it was a veritable chuckle of compressed fun and most infectious. MacDowell must often have thanked his Celtic ancestry for his gift of humour, without the saving grace of which he could not have vanquished as easily as he did almost unconquerable obstacles, or survived them as long as he did. But the smile I later knew and loved the best was the smile of the eyes. The roguish twinkle that sparkled there, alas too seldom, was a real delight contrasted as it was with remaining features perfectly serious and decorously posed. Smiling eyes are rarely seen; their possession betokens a lovable character.

Admirers of MacDowell universally agreed in pronouncing him a handsome man, slightly Scandinavian in coloring. His few intimate friends thought him beautiful for they knew the character back of the appearance. He possessed a well proportioned physique of medium size. I seldom saw him in any suit but one of rough grayish texture, loose-fitting and broad cut in the prevailing style and that tended to accentuate his stature, so that I remember him as larger than he probably was.

This impression was strengthened by sight of his hands. They always seemed to me rather large but of splendid shape—resembling a hand like Rubinstein's rather than that of Liszt, and so muscular in appearance. I have never seen hands possessing so

much strength and extending from wrist to finger tips. His fingers had a marvelous dexterity and his execution of trills, rapid scales and arpeggios was astounding. The velocity of their motions was amazing and sometimes almost uncontrollable. The size of his hands sometimes caused him trouble by their overstretch so that he had to be careful not to include a note beyond the one desired. In chord playing MacDowell was unsurpassed. Memory will hold forever those deeply pressed, soul satisfying, glorious chord harmonies produced by his powerful gripping grasp. I have always imagined that MacDowell's hands largely influenced his style of composition. Hands are considered a true index to one's character. It is also said that to be a genuine musician three H's are absolutely essential, "Head, Heart and Hands." All these requisites are undeniably evident in the music of MacDowell. Part of what has just been told is knowledge I gained as time passed, but much of it is first impressions. Of one thing I was fully conscious during the first meeting, that I was in the presence of a personality highly charged with magnetism, charm, power. The very air breathed it, there was no escaping it nor had I the slightest wish to do so. On the contrary I deemed myself highly privileged and was devoutly grateful to be allowed to come within the circle of the vivifying, stimulating influence of a man who was as wonderful a teacher as he was a composer and pianist.

Had MacDowell's hand clasp of greeting been any criterion of his feelings I might have considered myself welcome for life! It was the grasp of six note chords! Somewhat apprehensively I wondered if my fingers were not temporarily paralyzed but with the pressure of that grip removed they seemed to resume normal condition. So the secret hope that I had been incapacitated for playing was taken from me.

MacDowell proceeded to ask me numerous questions and was extremely interested in our western people and conditions. Our freedom from the customs of a grandfather's day, our progressive boldness of action, seemed to appeal to him strongly. So when he asked me what I wanted of him I summoned as much "western nerve" to my aid as I could possibly muster and very bravely informed him that I wanted to know as much of what he knew as I possibly could. This remark does not sound very intelligble; neither did it then I am quite sure. Whatever it was that I did say amused MacDowell very much tho only the merry eyes betrayed him. It was a laugh without a sting in it, and I could join in it much to my relief. The tension was broken. He courteously and considerately spared my feelings by refraining from any comment upon my incoherent remarks and instead suggested that I play for him.

The worst had come! No excuse was acceptable. How I found my way across his salon, and seated myself before a large Steinway Grand piano I never have known! At least that was the name I afterwards read, the letters then for some reason did not seem legibly stamped on. The keys were apparently having a little dance, a demon's dance it must have been, and would not stay in their accustomed places. The pedals too were so far off, probably due to a more wobbly tremulo in my knees than ever found in any organ stop. No matter how hard I tried no sound came to my ears but a faint buzzing. Perhaps some of my readers know by painful experience all these sensations.

Again if I had but known! When I was better acquainted with MacDowell I asked him if he had ever experienced the terrors of stage fright. His answer was a most expressive affirmative and he told me of various experiences he had endured. He concluded by saying that the hardest thing he could do was to

walk from a stage entrance to the piano across a platform, the observed of all observers; that he usually had some one accompany him right to the door and literally force him thro it lest even then he turn and flee. But once seated upon the piano bench, his fears vanished completely, and the minute his fingers caressed the keys he became utterly oblivious to everything but the music. The public found it difficult ever to make a "matinee idol" of MacDowell. He disliked too decidedly a disquieting crowd and simply shrank from being the centre of attraction. As much as he possibly could he refused to be the "lion of the evening." Tho often forced to attend "functions" he frequently managed to escape if not carefully watched.

Who says the age of miracles is gone? It is not! Of that I am positive for one happened right while I was trying my best to entertain MacDowell with my playing. Had it not occurred so auspiciously I fear the great privilege of becoming a private pupil of MacDowell would never have been mine. In the midst of despair, at the moment I was beginning to recover some poise and had determined I would play my best, "do and then die" if necessary, rescue came.

My one sensible thought all this time was that MacDowell stood watching me closely. To add to my discomfort the pupil had also remained. I remember wishing they would both go farther away and give my music the benefit of distance. Suddenly after only a moment's playing MacDowell leaned over, impulsively picked up one of my hands in his, and showing it to the second listener remarked, "Did you ever see a more perfect hand?" The answer held no especial interest for me. My chief concern was to follow my hand and increase the distance between the piano and myself as quickly as possible. In some way I succeeded in doing this unnoticed by them, for both were in an ani-

mated discussion over hand values. It is not said boastfully but I have always possessed splendid hands for piano. Yet never in all my life have I been so thankful for them. Happening to glance at a clock MacDowell was surprised at the lateness of the hour and dismissed me most kindly, promising to communicate with me very shortly. I begged him not to waste any time considering the matter but just send a message stating the hour and date of my first lesson. And this he did. A few days later the mail brought me this desired information and I entered upon a series of lessons which I value more and more each passing year of my life.

Once upon a time I had studied with Wm. Mason, America's famous pedagogue and I recall his telling me of a lesson he once had from Liszt, for which he paid what he considered at the time the fabulous sum of $20.00. He went on to say that he would not take any amount of money for that one lesson. His sentiment expresses a similar gratitude and valuation which I have always felt towards my lessons from MacDowell.

In order to accept me MacDowell was forced to appoint my lesson hour late in the afternoon at the end of a long day. This time gave me exceptional opportunity for no one followed to interrupt. Consequently my half hour of regular lesson period quite regularly extended to twice that and often more. You know MacDowell was "temperate in all things but work" and begrudged his pupils nothing. I can best describe my lessons by calling them "conversational" or "informational." Perhaps I may be allowed to use the term "musical rejuvenation" as best expressing my need as I presented it to him. I wanted to acquire all possible knowledge which I could later assimilate and exemplify. These lessons were to me untold treasure. There was scarcely a subject connected with music or musicians, classic or modern, that was not discussed.

Sometimes remembering his unstinted generosity of time and effort I am conscience smitten at my acceptance of so much, and it is a real comfort to remember that MacDowell himself called my "different" lessons his "rest lessons" and personally assured me more than once that "he really looked forward to them." I attended every concert of any merit whatsoever, and before and following each, distinctive features both technical and educational were commented upon. Often I carried to a lesson a dozen or more pieces of music to be used as practical illustrations of interesting points, technical, theoretical, analytical. Much use was made of MacDowell's own "Technical Exercises," splendid aids to muscular development. The wrist exercises I recall particularly. Certain work had been directed for me at one of my lessons and so strenuous were my endeavors to carry this out that the nail on every finger had been broken off to the quick. Consequently my fingers were very sore and oozed bloody marks over the piano keys. Nevertheless I persevered until the next lesson when in executing these same gymnastic studies I left a trail upon his piano also. Upon noticing it his surprised look changed to one of real consternation when he perceived the cause, as if he had been guilty of some genuine crime. However, I considered myself quite sufficiently rewarded by his smile and words of approval for my perseverance. I also appreciated his tactful omission of comment upon my lack of judgment. Incidentally this same book of "Technical Exercises" is a very practical illustration of the exceptional muscular development of his own hands.

From my overtime lessons dates my acquaintance with Mrs. MacDowell. This was limited to the sound of her voice for of her in those days I stood in wholesome awe. As the hour grew late, a door would softly open

enough for a head to appear and a modest soft voice would say, "Edward, remember you have an engagement," words which sounded a warning. As a result preliminary steps would be taken to end the lesson but little definite action. Thereupon, after a few moments, the door would again be opened, again could be heard, firmer this time, the same voice repeating the warning. Sometimes even this was not instantly obeyed and a third summons would be given. Neither teacher nor pupil ever disregarded that tone of decision and finality. And that is why I never dared cultivate more closely Mrs. MacDowell's acquaintance until many years after.

At one of my first lessons I thought to give MacDowell a pleasant surprise and proceeded to inform him that tho from the "wild and woolly west" I did know and played one of his compositions. He seemed delighted and inquired, "which one?" "Pride surely goeth before a fall!" I shall never forget his disgusted look when I answered, the "Witches Dance," which I had found in a copy of "The Etude." Right then I received enlightening information from headquarters and learned how great composers feel regarding earlier compositions. MacDowell expressed decided regret that he had ever written this piece as well as others of the same period and really abhorred the thought that he might always be known as a composer of music like that rather than his later individualistic creations. Notwithstanding the very natural attitude of MacDowell towards the "Witches Dance," it is a very captivating piece of music and if you have ever heard Carreno play it you know how it should sound. Unfortunately it is an especial "pet" of students and suffers many tortuous renditions. However do not think because this music bears MacDowell's name you know the real MacDowell music. The "Witches Dance" could have been written by most

any talented composer but such a master piece as the "Keltic" sonata by no other less great than MacDowell.

That lesson taught me much! I remember thinking if any one could profess disdain of what seemed to me then very lovely music that person must be even greater than I had imagined and I more ignorant than I had known. Not appreciating "the bliss of ignorance," I immediately bought every piece of MacDowell music at that time published and ever since his compositions have been my life long close companions. Thro intercourse with him I studied his music, thro it I gained greater understanding of him, and from both I obtained a liberal education.

A great poet has told us, "A man should hear a little music, read a little poetry and see a fine picture every day of his life." This precept if obeyed would certainly make each one of our lives a world of beauty unto itself and to each other. Should you be one of the many who fail to adopt this bit of wisdom may I suggest that you study and perform MacDowell's music. You will find it a rare and satisfying substitute and be well repaid. MacDowell was a poet, an artist, and best of all a musician; so the poetry, the picture, the music are all there, combined and attuned as one glorious art.

Personally I have met with many amusing incidents connected with the general public's ignorance regarding our greatest American composer. I happily confess they belong to the past for the most part. Some lady supposedly well informed remarked one day to me. "You studied with Mr. MacDowell, didn't you, I heard him play once." Prospects of pleasurable reminiscences loomed up before me, only to be abruptly destroyed when she continued, "I met him last summer in Salt Lake City and heard him give one of his lovely organ

recitals." I yielded to temptation and left her in contented blissful ignorance. It is within very recent years that this incident also occurred and in a large music store in one of our best known cities. It sounds incredible but is nevertheless absolutely true. Knowing that Mrs. MacDowell had hoped to make some records of her husband's music and anxious to hear them as soon as possible I went into the record department of this store and asked the clerk if she had any records of MacDowell's music. Being loyal to the store's reputation she immediately answered, "Oh yes! We have them all. They are always sent to us as soon as MacDowell makes them." Now I had often curiously speculated upon the music he and all other music makers are producing in that world of music above. Oh, what heavenly strains they must be! (I say this in all seriousness.) Sometimes I have wondered if a genius is not simply a medium, who transfers thro his expression of art a little part of Heaven's glories for man's wonderment. However I had never expected such surmises upon my part to be actually verified. I asked the clerk to let me see what she had. She was gone some length of time and finally returned looking rather puzzled, saying the stock seemed to be out but if I would return a little later she would send a new order at once. While waiting for her return I had been listening to a splendid record of Chopin's "Ballade in G m., always a favorite composition of mine. So I asked her the question perhaps foolishly misleading, "Who is playing that record?" She obligingly looked and volunteered the information that "Chopin was playing." I politely thanked her and remarked in turn that I was very glad that I had happened in for I had always wished to hear Chopin play. Critics declare that the music of Chopin and that of MacDowell are splendid complements of each other for program use. This incident I know always associates the two composers in my mind. It is still regrettable

that as yet no records of MacDowell's music have successfully materialized. All music lovers are earnestly hoping that Mrs. MacDowell will surely in the near future personally make MacDowell records that posterity may so advantageously possess authentic interpretations.

My study with MacDowell came during the years shortly preceding his resignation from Columbia. Looking back I can recognize several little occurences, not noticeable at that time but which I now believe were slight indications of his approaching illness. One I remember did singularly impress me tho I could not tell the reason. It was connected with my trial performance, which MacDowell himself had interrupted. At my first lesson something seemed to be troubling him. Finally he abruptly asked, "What did you play for me, I can't seem to remember." Fearing a repetition might be demanded I hurriedly answered, "I did not play anything for you, Mr. MacDowell. You wouldn't listen to me," and eagerly resumed my lesson. I recalled afterwards that he did not seemed satisfied tho he said no more at that time. But at the next lesson he repeated his question. I felt that for some reason the matter seemed to him important, so I gave him a detailed account of what had happened, to his apparent relief, for he remarked it troubled him that he could not remember and he did not see why he could not. Years after I knew the reason of his mental disturbance and feel sure that even then he felt some slight premonition of impending disaster.

Another day he appeared so physically weary I could not refrain from begging him to take a rest and omit my lesson. He only shook his head by way of refusal and in voice that was more of a sigh than anything else said to me. "I have not the time, my time is too short as it is, much too short for what I want to do, must do." Turning to a desk nearly covered with

manuscript he picked up some sheets and continued "I must finish this." That manuscript belonged to the "Keltic" sonata which at that time was practically completed. I do not believe I mistate when I say there is no more sublime conception existent in the world's musical library than this sonata. It is a most noble climax of grandeur. When I recall that I have seen and held some of its original copy in my hands I involuntarily think of some shrine or sacred treasure which one views only in silent homage and reverential attitude.

For many years this sonata has lain upon my piano in full view or within easy reach so that I could frequently spend a few moments playing it. I have found it the best of company. As years passed I taught its wondrous beauties to my son, a promising young musician. For months and months and months he practised almost daily the "Appassionata" sonata of Beethoven and the "Keltic" sonata of MacDowell, in his opinion the two greatest of all compositions. Both he had thoroughly memorized and minutely analyzed. The former offered no harmonic difficulties. But after hours of study on perhaps one chord formation he would say, "I can't see where MacDowell ever got that chord" and add with all the confidence of youth, "If he really got it anywhere I'll find out where." The copy he used is covered with various annotations denoting deep analytical study. This son was with me while I was studying with MacDowell and usually accompanied me to my lesson. He was just four years old but was playing easy compositions from Bach, Mozart, Schumann and others. While I was engaged he would sit so quietly upon a chair apparently absorbed in all he heard and saw that he soon attracted MacDowell's interest. One day he said to John, "Sometime perhaps you will love music as your mother does and will also play." Without a second's hesitation John replied, "I play now" and pro-

ceeded to climb up on the piano bench without further invitation. MacDowell was much amused but soon astonished to hear so small a person play a Bach Prelude. After that day I never dared appear without my boy and when the time arrived for us to return home it was a parting agreement between both MacDowell and him that some day in the future they would meet again as teacher and pupil. "Remember, John, I expect great things of you" were words the boy carried as incentive thro many years of work. Then one summer he and I started off for a rest at the beach. I had forbidden his taking any music but at the last moment he said, "Mother please let me take the "Keltic," I just can't go without it." A few days later a treacherous ocean had claimed another victim and a beautiful spirit had been called home. I feel quite sure he is now doing the "great things" MacDowell had predicted for him and, who can tell, perhaps under the composer's own guidance he has learned where the wondrous chords of the "Keltic" sonata, his last beloved companion, were found.

"Somewhere in God's Great Universe, my boy
Obeys his Captain, does his duty well.
His work, his loyalty still gives me joy.
No letter now is needed, news to tell.
I know his Leader, know the loving care
With which his work is watched in that new place.
I love to think of his promotion there.
I can be happy, even though his face
Shines only in my memory, and his voice
Comes in my dreams to bid me still rejoice."

Mary L. French.

MacDowell was eager to go west and was already planning to concertize during his sabbatical year of freedom soon due. He desired to include my home city in his itinerary and requested my help in local management of a concert. I gladly promised all the aid in my power, at the same time warning him "it

couldn't be." Somewhat surprised it was his turn to ask "why" and I who answered, "You may not believe me but your name is almost unknown and seldom heard out there and so very few have ever heard of your music." This statement he did not really credit until he began his tour. Every attempt possible was made to arrange a program. The guarantee could not be raised even tho he eventually materially reduced his price, and that locality lost forever the opportunity of hearing a great composer interpret his great thoughts. In justice to all I repeat that these things all took place close to twenty years ago and conditions there as elsewhere have greatly changed.

A very few years later when this great intellect was slowly drifting from us I once more attempted a concert; this time for him. The response was generous and for the first time in the history of that section of the country a program was given consisting wholly of MacDowell music to a most appreciative audience and presented by the best local artists. There, as everywhere, all tried to share and lend some comfort in a wide world tragedy.

No matter how long MacDowell might have lived he would never have accumulated worldly riches. His nature was too generous and there are many who have reason to know this. Terms for lessons were supposedly in advance nor would he bother with a pupil for less than ten lessons, and those taken but once a week. So at my first lesson I tendered him some money. He hesitated a moment, more I think from the fear of hurting my feelings by his offer, but finally suggested, "You will want to hear all the music you possibly can while in New York and this will cost you money. Keep this and pay me later but hear all you can." I protested, insinuated that I was a stranger, warned him of the risk

he ran but he insisted. When a few lessons later I made payment in full for lessons but never for the generous act I think he had actually forgotten even the existence of my debt.

A concert by Hoffman had been announced the date of which unfortunately conflicted with my lesson hour As I had heard him as a boy prodigy I was rather anxious to attend his concert but hated to lose my lesson. Trusting that an opportunity to hear Hoffman would come again I decided in favor of the latter. During the hour I informed MacDowell of my conflicting desires suggesting, with good intentions but short sighted discretion, that perhaps he also would have liked to go.

I discovered that he seldom attended a concert or if he did never remained till the end. There were two reasons for this attitude toward public concerts. As a musical connoiseur he could not of course receive much inspiration from the usual performance. The classics he knew too well himself to gain much from other's impartations. Modern music he told me he did not wish to hear because he feared he might quite unconsciously absorb some quality of it and instil it in his own and thus destroy the stamp of inimitable individuality and originality he was so earnestly striving to establish.

At great personal self denial this ambition was assuredly accomplished. MacDowell music is so distinctive as to have earned the name "MacDowellish" or "MacDowellized." From Liszt was learned an enduring lesson "not to squeeze music into traditional molds but to crystalize into own shapes."

Upon mere cursory thought it seems curious that a creative artist loses active interest in "the children of his fancy" as soon as his inspiration becomes a finished

product and is visualized to the public eye. When it is given out to the world the "oneness" with its creator is severed, a new inspiration engages his thoughts. The period spent in the creation of a work is the memory retained by the artist. I have heard many artists express this sentiment so it must contain some truth.

Perhaps for that reason MacDowell did not often enjoy hearing his own music performed by indifferent interpreters. He was most particular in his taste and insisted upon having it "either rarely or well done." Nothing but the best satisfied him and he expected nothing less from others. He seldom gave his music to his pupils. A very well known concert pianist pupil spent the larger part of a lesson hour begging permission to take up one of his greater compositions. Her persistency finally won a reluctant impatient, "Well take it if you are so anxious." I asked his objections and he replied, "When you have heard things live here (placing his hand upon his head) you do not want to hear them any other place, they never sound the same." I remember hinting that it might be true altruism upon his part to teach as many people as he could his most desirable interpretation in order to insure future authentic rendition of it. Incidentally I might mention MacDowell's dislike of wasteful discussion. His opinion usually meant changeless conviction and with an "unafraid spirit he maintained his positiveness."

One day I witnessed the trial of a pianist who had come all the way from Seattle to obtain lessons from MacDowell. She played most brilliantly but he refused positively to accept her, notwithstanding her urgent pursuasions and tears as well. Again I queried "why." "I couldn't have stood her two lessons" he replied. It seems she impressed him as entirely lacking in self-effacement, her self-insistence was too evident. In-

stead of aesthetic absorption she exhibited merely technical inclinations.

MacDowell's life has been compared by some one to his own "Tragica" sonata which "in its final movement changes from glorious triumph to overwhelming misery." "Joy and woe, hope and fear and peace and strife" had all been mingled "in the thread of human life." Do not retain any painful impression of MacDowell's closing years. Time simply "turned backward for him in its flight and made him a child again" for just those few years; gave him a "wonderful unearthly beauty, no lack of intelligence in his eyes, and kept him usually happy." A book of fairy tales became again a chief delight as it had been once before in childhood days. One memory remained with him, he always recognized his wife. Her presence never failed to bring a happy smile to his face. Hour after hour she gave him pleasure by playing for him his own wonderful music. Ever she watched his face and by its varied expression knew when she had pleased him. Sometimes she had to play the same passage many times over before the happy contented smile would come. Does any one wonder that she can now interpret her husband's music in the way he wished and that she has permeated it with a vital intimacy belonging to no one else!

Some one has declared that composers of music have done more for the world's civilization and happiness than any other people and that music would be the last thing next to religion to be spared from life. They are the "foolish people" "who make the world move on" while the "wise people" take the world "as they find it." Yet posterity knows only the names of the "foolish ones."

Blessed be the music makers and thrice blessed the name of MacDowell. May his memory relive in his music forever and ever. May the song be heard eternally tho the singer has passed away. May "God be with them all who have passed into the land of Singing Shadows, and may God send us more of their like."

ROMANCE

Many times had I dreamed a beautiful dream. After long, patient waiting, much earnest striving, the dream came true. For years had I longed to see Peterborough, that uniquely interesting New England home of Edward MacDowell. At last my desire became a realization amazingly satisfying, in its fulfilment far surpassing even my highest anticipation. I roamed, fairly drugged with "deep breathing moments," over a land of enchantments; I was entranced by its magic spell of visible and invisible "presences;" overwhelmed by its all pervading spirit of romanticism and mysticism; speechless, in awe and reverence, before such stupendous and glorious harmonies of sight and sound, all so beautifully woven by masterly handicraft of God and man.

Truly is Peterborough a Land of Dreams, every touch of it inspirationally symbolistic of the ideals of that far-seeing, clear-visioned, prophetic Idealist, Edward MacDowell. From rare and hallowed atmosphere is reflected a wondrous beauty; yet back of nature's artistry seems something even greater. Imperatively is sensed the tremendous influence of a powerful, omnipresent motif, the motif of altruism. To this haven of rest and remoteness, serious-minded creative artists are privileged to come. Here they labor unremittingly and conscientiously, for the advancement of art, and while working in pure, unadulterated joy of creation, indulge the hope and expectation that the world will be some richer for their contributions.

The MacDowell Colony is rightly called a "Workshop." I soon discovered that "everybody" there was "somebody" and decided I must, in some way, escape

the undesirable appellation of "nobody." Some one has used the phrase "volcanically stimulated," and I know of no other term which so aptly describes the dynamic desire aroused in every "Colonist" to do something.

This little book, disproportionally small compared to the amount of "volcanically stimulated" effort consumed in its making, is the something I attempted. For permitting so inadequate a conception to venture into public view, may I offer the excuse of obedience to the following advice; "Use what talent you possess, the woods would be silent if no birds sang, but those which sing best." Also I hasten to state, lest my song sound presumptous, that it is not sung for judgment by the sophisticated professional, or efficiently cultured musician—for, "Tis with our judgments, as our watches, none go just alike, yet each believes his own."

I firmly believe that there is latent talent or embryonic genius of some form in every mortal, which can always be reached by the right appeal. Not all humanity is attuned to the same art. To one the message comes by music, to one by picture, to another by poetry, to still another by story, yet the fundamental unity of each art is the same. Upon the interpreter devolves the duty of comparing, or paralleling, one art with another, and, in that way, making very clear the close relation of all arts. Music claims the gift of reaching and stirring deepest the human heart. It belongs to every one, is universal, and yet for some needs interpretation, by application of some other art.

Twenty-five years of practical, professional experiences with the average music student and audience music lover, have conclusively proven to me that mere note-playing does not satisfy them; nor do mere facts meet their needs. But I have found that an appeal to

the imagination brings gratifying results, hence began my use of "storied" or "pictorialed" illustrations.

The music of MacDowell is peculiarly amenable to imaginative fancies, as most of his compositions he either entitled or prefixed with verse text, thereby making quite evident the thought, in his own mind, when composing. But he always most emphatically disclaimed any prescribed interpretation (indeed he really desired that to be as varied as the interpreter); and gave but one command concerning his music, "Make it beautiful." If interpreted at all intelligently, it can be nothing else. Artists, unfortunately, must endure the inevitable fate of being made famous by some one work, usually easy of comprehension. Among the (so-called) "Mac Dowellish" miniatures few have attained sufficient meritorious public recognition except "The Wild Rose" and "To a Water-Lily," both so lovely, no wonder people are content with these. There are however, many others less intimately known but equally beautiful, equally attainable technically, and it is of these that I have herein made use.

This story now appears in print in answer to oft repeated requests from many who have expressed pleasure in hearing it. You the reader, may fall in with its whimsical mood, or you may think it foolish. Be that as it may, the mission of this little book will have been well accomplished if it will only arouse your interest and stimulate in you greater desire to cultivate a closer acquaintance with these lovely miniatures, which some one says "should be a household word." Again I quote, this time slightly paraphrasing a favorite saying of Queen Victoria, "My little book may not be able to be great, but it does want to do good." It contains a very simple story; to be exact a story divided into two parts. One is really founded upon facts and is practically chronological; the other makes no pretense

of being logical, is quite regardless of time and entirely a product of fancy, tho what plot possesses was gathered from life and its clues were discovered in titles and texts. This rambling preface must be accepted as the voice of the

"Prologue"

which now appeals to you in tuneful melody. "In sturdy good humour," "petulantly" even "threateningly" or "crossly;" then "pleadingly," "mockingly," "calmly;" at times deep "like a bass drum;" softly as the end draws near, then in climax of triumphant fortissimo; in all these widely varying moods does it bespeak your interest. Most skilfully does this melodious voice portray, in its constantly changing motif, the many different phases of human life. Surely the message of understanding, expressed so plainly by this music, will reach all hearts, will suit all moods.

Choose, reader, the mood most to your taste, but try, will you not, to enter into the spirit of this romance, this applied fairy-tale? Be once again as the child who asked, "Mother, where do we go when we go to Fairy-land? I know, I know, we go into God's heart." Perhaps you have lost your childhood gladness; perhaps the youth of you has departed, stealing from your heart something you miss and wish would return, perhaps the future is yet as a dream before you. Whoever you are, will you not go to Fairy-land? Take the trip, it will gladden your souls, will release your tired shoulders from burdens that weigh heavily upon wings that might joyfully soar to this country, not far distant, yet scarcely known to our work-a-day world.

Some call it Fairy-land, or the Land of Dreams or Imagination; some, the World of Ideals, the Abode of Hearts' Desires, or the Realm of Visions. Others know of it as the Kingdom of Possibilities, the Goal

of Success, the Home of Science, the Domain of Ambition. The name does not matter; it is the place that is so marvelous; so transcendent with beauty, so enriched by priceless treasures. Within its boundaries are held in bondage the phenomenal secrets of all ages, by discovery of which, men have embettered the world of Art and Science with every new thing, every potentiality existent. From its luminous, celestial light has emanated the enlightenment, the development of all civilization. By it, the shackles of old dispensations have been burst asunder and every new spiritual and material force has been released for the world's progress and evolution. In this place has originated the wielding power necessary to the construction of life's entire framework; from conception of the unmanifest to fruition of the manifest, from vagueness of the invisible to lucidity of the visible, from imaginary dreams to works of reality. This land has already yielded great wealth for the good of all humanity, but incredible possibilities remain unexplored, undiscovered, because so few people have dared to wander from the beaten paths.

Since it is an imaginative sphere, its inhabitants are not just like every day people. The ordinary observer may not perceive in them any unusual external appearance, the difference lies deep hidden in "centre within," in the sanctuary of the heart. Each one of these specially blessed persons wears a lucky charm, formed of clarified vision and purified motive, which endows him with discriminating power of discernment and reveals to him the innermost secrets and depths of this neglected romantic world. Its secrets are securely guarded and he who gains possession of them must patiently strive. He must think—he must dream—he must imagine — unceasingly — utterly oblivious to all outside distractions. He must keep his vision constantly before him lest it grow dim and he lose it.

"God pity the man who has lost his vision." The world will call him, (rather derisively but secretly enviously), Dreamer, Idealist, Visionist. If he will pursue his way persistently, he will soon be conscious of an indescribable power, a subtler sense, the highest fairy gift ever granted to mortals. It is a spark, infinitely divine, transfiguring the possessor into a heavenly soul, from other humans far apart. This rare and precious being is called a "Genius." A genius may be born. Nevertheless, tho this be true, he must prove his right of birth to occupy a niche of fame above all others. Nor can such honor be obtained under false pretenses; the prize must be fairly earned.

There is no road to the Land of Dreams that is not long and toilsome. The path is narrow and winding, the climb steep and dangerous and the end ever beyond, out of sight. Many there are who start on this wearisome journey, but few there be who reach the entrance of this coveted land, few who find the magic key to unlock its door and enter thru its fairy portals.

No common key suffices. It must be one of workmanship of rarest skill, carved by a Master Artist and so delicately traced as to exact minutest perception to appreciate its intricate design. Sympathy, sorrow, poverty, truth and purity, sacrifice of self, love of all things good, hatred of all things bad, renunciation, patience and perseverance, labor, unappreciation; all these attributes and many more of life's choicest materials are found necessary to the molding of this unusual masterpiece.

In the face of so many difficulties is it strange that most people prefer the outer world of pleasure seeking ease and fleeting excitements and only a few desire this inner world, few challenge the struggle, few win the victory. Now and then one gains a crown

and, in doing so, reaps the terrible loneliness of great men; grasps his goal only to learn that his life must henceforth mean one of service to others. For himself there will be nothing but the happiness of serving, without fear of punishment or hope of reward. He must grow indifferent alike to the plaudits of friends, or scoffing of enemies; must suffer all sacrifices and resign himself to being misunderstood. For himself contentment, nay happiness, must come from the knowledge that he has proven himself worthy to be this wonderful instrument, a genius, God-given to the world, for the purpose of bringing Heaven into the hearts of men. In loyalty to duty, a genius must strive to fulfill his mission of ennobling other souls, by seeking to understand them and thereby making them understood Therefore his own character should be wholly noble and pure, and his highest aim in life will be to "lift up men." Down thro the ages has rung in majestic, clarion tones from voices of Masters of Art from historic past, this stern changeless decree, "I will not go down to the people, I will bring the people up to me." This heritage has been bequeathed the genius of each succeeding generation and has demanded from him a life of all-giving, but small-receiving. He must live always with these precepts in mind.

"I would be true for there are those who trust me,
I would be pure for there are those who care,
I would be strong for there is much to suffer,
I would be brave for there is much to dare,
I would be friend of all, the foe, the friendless,
I would be giving and forget the gift,
I would be humble for I know my weakness,
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift."

E. D. Knight.

Considering all these things, is it to be wondered at that so few ever seek the joy everlasting, that comes from serving as part of the human life, thus gaining life eternal as part of the living God These rare souls never die; they stand like "solitary towers in the city of God," feeling perfect peace of heart, knowing their reward enough, that the hearts of men were touched and made happier by their songs, songs that will live as long as time itself. After all is not this land worth living in; have not its dwellers their compensations? Is not their escape from mediocrity, thro its medium, in itself sufficient return for all effort? Is not a genius so thrilled by emotions unutterably profound, beside which the restless undercurrent of life's ordinary turmoil fades into meaningless insignificance? In lofty remoteness from its turbulent surging and roaring, lives the dreamer, the romanticist, in a world of his own full of possibilities.

The Land of Dreams is a beautiful world, full of love and peace. Go find it for yourself, live in it as often as you can, and when you have learned to love it, as I am sure you will, then may I ask you without fear of your matter-of-fact, every-day-life's scornful answer, "Is Romance dead?" Then may I feel certain that you will answer "Surely not," tho the constant whirl and rush of our modern life of over-predominating commercialism may seem to have surfaced it over. Hidden deep, underneath it is there, for Romance lives eternal in an unseen world, and its romantic spirit is a mystic substance greedily sought by the lover of dreams. "Is Romance dead?" Never, while live people, who see visions of things, not as they are, but as they ought to be; who yearn and strive to make all men realize that monarchs may live, die and lie forgotten; that crowns, even tho they be of priceless value, will fall into atoms; that he who leaves behind him a

vision bequeaths the world a treasure that will endure forever. A dream visualized can fairly obliterate the routine of a daily life.

Were the truth all told each one of us could reveal a romance "stranger than any fiction." However, no romance ever reveals the whole truth; the real interesting half is but temptingly suggested, then left to the reader's imagination. Such statement might be made concerning this particular one, which is quite true, yet vitally interesting just the same, tho it unfolds more like a fairy tale than one of real life and contradicts an undeserved reputation of prosaicism. It is a real story about real people. The happenings of their lives were originally recorded in the sublimental language of music, more expressive by far than any other. For the sake of those who cannot clearly read that language, I offer as translation this tale.

It is imaginative or romantic in its application to the musical compositions of Edward MacDowell, who was one of those rare beings previously spoken of, a genius. In fact, all people acknowledge him as "the greatest genius America has yet produced." From Celtic ancestry he inherited a super-sensitive nature, and all his life he dreamed "Dreams that had had Dreams for Fathers." He was also called sometimes a 'Romanticist," and his life might be spoken of as having been one continued vision.

In a "song without words," entitled

"Romance"

he has told us in music, what a vision meant to him. In full cello-like, singing tones he speaks his thoughts, meditatively serious, as befits a great soul assuming life's heavy responsibilities. A lovely melody contentedly expresses his prophetic vision. This contem-

plative, serene mood, suggestive of youth's untroubled, confident outlook upon the future, is broken into by an underlying, march-like theme of fate, almost monotone in character, as if hinting of the restlessness of later years. In increasing intensity it typifies, by muffled beat, the world's onward march in which he, like all others, must join. But always, thro all the years to come, while his feet tramp to the steady rhythm, he keeps in his heart the soulful melody of his youth, which sings and sings; sometimes sweetly, breathing hope and faith, and "All is well;" sometimes in strong triumphant outburst, exclaiming success. In final dying strains it whispers, in reminiscent tones, the melody of youth with its fulfilled promise; and sings, to the end, of the vision that gave him "music all the way."

MacDowell played a most exacting and important role in the march of life, winning enthusiastic praise and warmest admiration from all observers. In the interest of some not well acquainted with his heroic life, which he dedicated to the cause of "Art for Art's sake only," a brief biography is here inserted. Oftimes when I have spoken much of his great achievements, my audience has regretted that I have not told more of him. Years back in the past, his grandfather, Alexander MacDowell, was born of Scotch-Irish parents in Belfast, Ireland. Later he came over to New York, and there married a countrywoman, named Sarah Thompson. They had one son, Thomas. Years after, Frances Knapp, an American woman of English birth, became his wife. To them on the 18th day of December, 1861, in a home now destroyed by commercial progress, 220 Clinton Street, New York, was born Edward Alexander MacDowell, named for father and grandfather. This heritage of ancestral racial mixtures proved an endowed legacy of potential influence and permeated the character of his whole life.

For several years Edward was just the genuine article called boy, fond of out-door life, delighting in all sports. He bore none of the earmarks of an abnormal prodigy, tho at an early age he exhibited signs of several talents. His grandfather had been a Quaker, and careers of Art, were not, in the opinion of that time, good for the soul. Consequently, when his son Thomas displayed a special skill for painting, it was too sinful to be indulged—so the talent reluctantly repressed in him was handed down to his son Edward, and by him considerably developed. Edward was also an insatiable reader of books, particularly of fairy-lore, legendary literature, in all of which, in later years, he became a recognized authority. He loved to write poetry and composed many lovely bits, using them to prefix his music. These poems are now published separately in an attractive little book. It is said that his school books were quite plentifully and uniquely decorated, the margins of their pages being literally covered with samples of momentary inspirations of poetry and drawing. Happily, best of all, he gave decided indications of musical talent, tho it has been told he quite frequently went to his music lessons with dirty hands, just like any ordinary boy coming from school to his music teacher. As you see, his versatility was at times almost an inconvenience, for as he grew up he could not decide which career to choose.

When about eight years old he was given piano lessons by Mr. Juan Buitrago—doubtless his first teacher, and later was placed with Paul Desvernine. Then he was fortunate enough to receive some instruction from Carreno, the beloved pianist so sorely missed from our concert platform of today. She was of great assistance and inspiration to MacDowell in his boyhood; and in future years, by playing his music upon her programs everywhere, did much to make it known to

the public. When he reached the age of fifteen his parents decided he must commence to study systematically. According to the custom then deemed necessary, now no longer considered desirable, of going to Europe in order to complete musical education, his mother took him abroad. He easily and successfully passed entrance examinations to the Conservatory of Paris, and became a pupil of Marmontel in piano and Savard in theory and composition.

Please observe he was "going at" his study in the right way, and knew that just taking piano lessons would never make him a musician. Struggles with various knotty problems now seriously confronted him. Rules, generations old, of pedantry, routined conservatism, ultra-arbitrary methods, all re-acted discouragingly upon MacDowell's untrammelled, spontaneous temperament and caused several changes of location and teachers, before the right atmosphere was found.

From Paris, from Stuttgart, on to Wiesbaden he searched—working a summer in this last named town, under the famous pedagogue, Louis Ehlert. It was he who wished Von Bulow to accept MacDowell as a pupil, but who declined, remarking "he could not waste any time on an American boy."

During this period of unrest, he gave much time to drawing and his meritorious work attracted the interest of eminent artists, who, by flattering offers of future training, very nearly succeeded in robbing us of our promising composer. His mother's influence determined his ultimate choice of a life work in favor of music and multitudes of people render her grateful thanks that he finally decided to paint with "brush dipped in harmonies rather than colors."

Incidentally, lasting tribute should be paid this lovely, sweet-faced mother, who could understand her boy so well, and, with infinite patience and sympathy, could so unerringly direct his footsteps. The world would be seriously handicapped without the mighty power of its mothers' songs of inspiration, courage, love. The famous big-hearted mother, Schumann-Heink has summed up motherhood in apt phrase, "When God found he could not attend to all the little details of this world, he made mothers."

No conscientious effort is ever lost; an apparently fruitless season is really the most productive, for it signifies the implanting of seed in a receptive mind. The dark hour of its underground life often seems long and despairing. Suddenly, some element, often quite trivial to superficial perception, pierces thro the surface soil, nourishes the seed, and lo, all at once the green root fairly shoots up into full grown plant, matured for harvesting. This vexatious period of earnest thoughts, but disappointing results thro' which MacDowell passed, was like a seed-time, forcing upon him the great importance of a thorough "within acquaintance," vitally essential to the accomplishment of perfect self-advancement. At the same time he was being provided with an external equipment of extraordinary technique; also a broad foundation of a complete knowledge of the theory of music. The soil was constantly growing more fertile, and at last a ray of sunshine brightened his disheartened hopes.

It appeared in the guise of a performance of the well known "Tschaikowsky Concerto" in B flat minor, given by the pianist Nicholas Rubinstein, brother of the famous Anton. This style of performance represented to him the epitome of the standards and methods he had previously tho' vainly sought. All former un-

certainty vanished. At length his highest anticipations were fulfilled in the excellent Conservatory at Frankfort-on-Main and the year, 1879, saw him ideally settled there with Joachim Raff in composition and Karl Heymann in piano. Both instructors were, pedagogically, pillars of strength and ability, and their requirements and expectations of the new pupil were most exacting and exhaustive. Both men were exceedingly interested in his exceptional talent and greatly loved him personally. In consequence, the following few years, MacDowell thrived luxuriantly in an atmosphere of warmest sympathy, idyllic surroundings and congenial associates.

Those were years, productive not only of splendid pianistic, but of prolific creative results. During this period, which might be termed formative or imitative, he composed much interesting music. Probably the best known works are the "First and Second Modern Suites;" "Prelude and Fugue," for piano-forte; the "First Concerto" in A minor for piano and orchestra, now quite frequently used by foremost concert pianists; two poems, "Hamlet and Ophelia" and "Lancelot and Elaine" for orchestra; two opus numbers of very tuneful pieces for piano, four hands; and several songs.

MacDowell has often been called a "tone-poet," or "tone-painter." He, himself, admitted "making use" when composing "of all the suggestion of tone-painting possible," and wove into the harmonies of his music his love of the picturesque and delineative. He re-incarnated it, so to speak, with his pictorial talent, a talent his conscience forbade him to waste. Raff also is classified a tone delineator, so there existed between master and pupil a close bond of marked similarity and mutuality of interests. The death of Raff in 1882, was a deep shock and grief to MacDowell, from which his strong emotional nature was slow recovering.

Luckily about this time he attracted the attention of the musicians' patron saint, Liszt, and played for him, among other things, his "First Concerto." The composer afterwards dedicated this work to his generous benefactor in grateful appreciation. The unstinted approval of Liszt was a most advantageous "Sesame," opening up to him many public performances of high honor not easily procurable and entailing impartial plaudits from the German musical public. Indeed many nationalities have learned to love MacDowell's music.

Unfortunately, pecuniary remuneration was not as plentiful as required. MacDowell never so long as he lived, condescended to produce a "pot-boiler," but faithfully and tenaciously cherished his idealic standard of Art. Therefore he found it impossible to accumulate material wealth. His mind, however, was enriched with perfect satisfaction and sweet contentment, riches of priceless value, of which no one could deprive him. With his poet's nature, he was building himself a world of romance, the quintessence of beauty, and was dwelling therein, a romantic, in peaceful exclusion of outer disturbances.

Meanwhile, unbeknown to him, the Fates were busily determining his destiny. The thread of human life was being spun, and twisted, and twined into a marvelous design of incomparable texture. In the hands of the Fates let us, for a few years, safely leave our hero, hopefully dreaming and curiously speculating, as almost every one does, upon the unknown future.

The Fates know that no romance is complete that does not include a woman. So at their command the thread of destiny must now be trailed clear across the ocean, and the scene of our story must temporarily be changed and laid in a little exclusive town—called Waterford, Connecticut. The object of our search is a

new and exceedingly interesting character, Miss Marian Nevins, who is now introduced to the reader as our heroine. She was born (the exact year we considerately refrain from mentioning) in one of those picturesque, old fashioned New England houses, so peculiarly fascinating and charmingly attractive.

Houses in that part of the country are historical land marks, the owners highly valuing their age, and the number of generations they have been in the same family. Miss Nevins was the eighth generation to be born in her old family home. As most of the houses are generations old, and each generation has made some addition or improvement as the family or modern way of living necessitated, their style of architecture is often very irregular, but decidedly alluring and attractive. The interiors are especially inviting, with immense hospitable fire-places and heirloom furnishings. It is a genuine pleasure to wander around one of these homes, tho you need not be surprised to find you need a guide to pilot the way. You are apt to find it puzzling, and your sense of direction slightly mixed. Think of the secrets, the romances, the thrilling tales of love and death, those silent walls might reveal, could they but speak! What chapters of history, what tragedies and comedies have been inscribed upon their memories!

Marian was the eldest of six children, so undoubtedly received considerable experience in assuming responsibilities, one which was to prove valuable to her in days to come. Like our hero, our heroine decided to go to Europe for further musical education, and by queer coincidence she too went to Frankfort-on-Main, expecting to study with Clara Schumann. Here, she also was confronted with meaningless red-tape, for Frau Schumann, regardless of the efficiency of an applicant, insisted upon preparatory instruction of a year or so with one of her daughters. As Miss Nevins had already

acquired a very thorough foundational training of several years from her aunt, Mrs. Roger Perkins, of Camden, S. C., a most excellent musician, who after the vicissitudes of the Civil War had come North to live, she refused to spend so much time futilely. In an interview later with Raff, whom she consulted for advice, he unreservedly recommended MacDowell as a most competent instructor.

This seems an opportune moment to repeat an interesting bit of hearsay, concerning prospective teacher and pupil. I do not vouch for its truth, it may all have been mere gossip a "little bird told me," but it has been said that neither MacDowell nor Miss Nevins was overly pleased (at that time) with the arrangement suggested by Raff. He was not eager for American pupils, because they did not work seriously enough, and were always seeking the "short cut" to knowledge; she was disappointed for she had not traveled the long distance to Europe to study with an American teacher. Notwithstanding objections, the arrangement was effected.

For several years MacDowell preserved the role of an earnest, painstaking teacher, promoting to his best ability the musical advancement of Miss Nevins, while she proved to be, contrary to his fears, an exceptionally apt and talented pupil. Work was a serious, important problem to each one.

Happily Time, true to his reputation, proved a great healer, and at the end of four years, both showed a decided change of heart. Just when the relationship of teacher and pupil became that of

"Lover" and "Sweetheart"

"the little bird" has never told, except to intimate that the two most concerned did not seem to realize the

transformation until the time arrived for Miss Nevins to return to America. He may have hinted however, that probably every one else around them had known conditions for sometime, as the people most concerned are the last ones in the world to discover what is an open secret to all others. You know the whole world loves a lover, and every one claims a right to watch him. He is quite public property, yet luckily in blissful ignorance of the fact.

How adorably sly the little God Cupid can be! What pranks he and his tiny messengers do play upon innocent people with their well-primed, sure-aimed arrows! Their results are sometimes slow, sometimes quick, but usually sure, and the ways and means of accomplishing them so effectively concealed that the victims are quite unaware of danger. Most unobtrusively do these agents transact their errands, and quite blind, for the time being, do they make their victims.

Therefore it is not at all surprising that Miss Nevins, generally a most alert, wide awake person, never even dreamed of their efforts in her behalf, nor imagined for a moment that the Fates had issued orders to God Cupid to place her name upon his list and "get busy." In obedience to the command Cupid probably had consulted his waiting list of names; had decided the name of MacDowell was a substantial impressive one; had heard its possessor bore extraordinary qualifications; had concluded both candidates were exceptionally well mated so had dispatched his invisible messengers to them, in order to make preparation for speedy fulfilment of plans. Moreover Cupid had used much discretion in the execution of his plans. For four years he had allowed them many opportunities to become intimately acquainted and to cultivate a most congenial companionship, based upon mutual interests

and ideals. Wisely he had builded for them the only foundation upon which true lasting wedded structure should be erected.

Very noticeably pervading MacDowell's music is a quality, which lends it an indescribable charm and power of unmistakable appeal. This quality is most appropriately called "a heart interest," without which music is nothing. No phase of human emotion seems to have escaped this composer's sympathetic understanding. Much of his wisdom was gained by personal experience, consequently acquired from a most practical teacher. Therefore we do not wonder that he could depict so well in the music of the "Lover" the various stages of emotions, which doubtless exist in the mind of a peculiar species during that particular period of floundering uncertainty.

Very beautifully the "Lover" informs us his quest is gravely important for the reward he covets is the most valuable gift of God to man, a good wife. "Longingly" his thoughts are turned towards the prize he earnestly seeks. Emotion so over-strained he cannot long endure; man-like what he wishes he must have, he "passionately" declares. Somehow this mood is not satisfying, it quickly vanishes and gives way to one more irresistible. He "sweetly" pleads his cause, then, lest his masculine dignity and importance be undervalued, he rather "expansively" submits the merits of his side of the case. If you will notice, however, it is done in pianissimo tones as if he were not quite sure of the strength of his arguments. Alas, an occasional doubt (is it possible of his own unworthiness), creeps in, his confidence seems to waver, he "questioningly" ponders, in hesitancy apparently increasing, he grows "sadly" despondent. Gradually he recovers an optimistic spirit, regains his confidence

and decides to put his fate to the test. This determination once declared, his normal condition is restored and "serenely" he continues his day dreams, calmly hopeful of a happy ending to them.

Now tho MacDowell found the mind of man easily read, did not even he confront a changeless puzzle in the mind of woman! Perhaps even for him, it remained unsolvable, sphinx like! Apparently he dared not venture to translate so freely, even in music, the thoughts that "simply," "sweetly" yet oft "passionately" pass thru the mind of the "Sweetheart." Was it premonition of a future loaded with responsibilities and endless vicissitudes that makes the music of the "Sweetheart" seem permeated with some force stronger than that of the "Lover"? Is it the strength, untold but implied, that is always given a good woman, to preserve her "pure and true as blades of steel;" that encases her in an unassailable armor of self-sacrifice and faithful devotion, and securely fortifies her to meet with courageous endurance, any need, no matter how great. To take much and be content with the present, is manlike. Knowing she must give much, 'tis woman-like to peer dimly into the future and listen for its voice of promise coming down to her in faintest echo, "very soft and as from a distance."

Was it mere coincidence or intention that the music of the "Lover" and "Sweetheart" is in the same key, and therefore the dominating chord of one is like that of the other? Rather may we not believe it was because the ears of both were attuned to the same pitch.

So both heard as tho in kinship one theme, the theme of love; and listened to the "sweetest story ever told" in ages past or ages to come. Never has it been told more beautifully than in the lovely music of

"An Old Love Story."

"Music," they say, "is love in search of a word." What words fail to express, it can. A heart's desire is "simply and tenderly" disclosed in the soulful strains of this charming miniature. "Very softly" its music speaks, sometimes as a voice, sometimes as an accompaniment. "As soft as possible" it whispers of happiness too deep for spoken words to mar the golden silence; it bespeaks a reverential wonderment mingled with a joyous knowledge that henceforth their lives would have not only "music all the way" but love.

Do you, reader, dare to doubt the power of love, or place a limit upon its possibilities? Should you by any chance be such a skeptic, learn of the love story of Edward MacDowell and Marian Nevins. There is no more notable love idyl in the history of the world. Let it remain with you "to keep alive in your heart the glories of life as you trudge over the hill of time into the golden valley of the great sunset."

Now perhaps the liberty of romancing "without license" has been taken in relating this story. It may be MacDowell was not the lover whose love secrets have just been exposed, nor this particular sweetheart his pupil, Marian Nevins. Perhaps she did not hear an old love story told in music's sweetness, but guessed its truthful message written by him in words of poetry,

"And hand grasps hand at parting
Heart finds heart in song
Unspoken love sing tenderly
Twill last as life is long."

This may not be their romance at all, only, as was forwarned, a fanciful tale, liable to happen to most any one. No positive verification of it is herein offered. However, for the benefit of those who are still earth-bound and demand plain, unvarnished facts, the following undisputable assertions are vouchsafed; that Miss

Nevins returned to her home in America, that the next year MacDowell followed, remained a month, married his former pupil and carried her back with him to Europe. These events occurred in June and July, 1884.

Outward appearances, at least, all tended to confirm our story as truthful, and moreover again proved that "where there's a will there's a way." Most every one knows that "they lived happily ever after," even tho life sent them vicissitudes enough to overcome the most courageous hearts. "God gave them love," "God gave them youth," therefore they had no fear of the world.

After brief sojourns in London, Paris, Frankfort, they settled, for 1885-86, in the quiet town of Wiesbaden. Later in 1887, MacDowell bought a tiny house, just on the outskirts of the village, adjacent to the woods, overlooking the Rhine and including about half an acre of land. Here he devoted his entire energy and time to composition, increasing his fame, but not to any appreciable extent, the exchequer. Fortunately his wife had a little money; still more fortunately she was of a practical turn of mind. Tho unacustomed to many of her new duties, she proved an expert manager and made it possible for them to remain there nearly four years.

In previous mention of compositions belonging to this period abroad, I neglected to include in the list the quite famous "Witches Dance." Besides, there are two perfectly delightful books of sketches. One is called "Six Poems after Heine," the poet whose poems MacDowell considered the most singable of that time. The musical setting given them is very melodic and rythmic, easily comprehended. This opus contains the widely-played "Scotch Poem" loved for its mood of pathos and

tragedy. The other book is composed of "Six Idyls," charmingly delineative of nature phases. The "Flute" is especially dainty with its tinge of wood freshness. None offer technical difficulties. A romantic flavor is attached to this opus. Mrs. MacDowell had suffered a severe illness and was slowly recovering. She felt that her husband was giving more attention to her than to his music, so suggested he write a piece of music every day for a week. The "Six Idyls," were the result of his promise.

Is it not true that nearly every famous man of Art or Science has needed and been aided by a good woman before he has accomplished his greatest work? An old conumdrum queries—"Why have men greater creative power than women?" The answer is equally familiar. "Because woman has been directly or indirectly man's constant source of inspiration."

For practically a quarter of a century, MacDowell was divinely blessed with a companion, whose mentality equalled his; whose musicianship placed her upon a plane of understanding sufficiently high to enable her to comprehend and promote his genius; whose forceful personality, energetic, practical nature was just the complement of tonic and stimulant necessary to counteract his own super-sensitive, rather easily depressed and naturally retiring disposition. Without her as a source of inspiration one doubts if MacDowell would have gained such starry heights. Furthermore it is a great satisfaction to be able to offer this remarkable example of marital felicity in contradiction to the oft repeated assertion that domestic happiness is incompatible with artistic temperaments. Those early wedded years were very happy ones; the hours busily employed, with a few leisure ones passed in needed recreation of simple pastimes.

Some parts of Germany are very beautiful, consequently MacDowell lived in the midst of lovely natural surroundings. His spirit thrived by close contact with Mother Nature; her beauty reacting upon him like healing balm to a tired soul. Nature everywhere is filled with rhythms and melodies if one but delve deep enough to find them. Our tone-poet was singularly endowed with senses acutely attuned to her oft unrecognized music. To this dear old mother he confided his thoughts and she in return whispered to him sweetest of strains, lovely harmonies which he gratefully named in her honor. "In the Woods," "To the Moonlight," "Silver Clouds," "The Blue Bell," "Clair de Lune," "In the Forest," "To a Wild Rose," "In Autumn," "Starlight," "To a Water-Lily," "To the Sea," "The Joy of Autumn," "Summer Song," ' A Humming Bird," are some of the dainty bits, charming musical phases MacDowell gleaned from the heart of her.

Mrs. MacDowell's married life was one of unbroken complete devotion to her husband's ideals, of self-sacrifice and self-effacement, as generous and unselfish as his—tho the world has been slower learning of it. Very soon after their marriage she realized that their "fairy palace" was not spacious enough to quarter two active musicians. Then too there was no one to attend to other essentials of living. Possessing a strong determination and a mind of her own, moreover the faculty of "quickly making it up," she wisely reasoned that her husband's musical power being creative was much more valuable than her own pianistic ability, however promising and that the fruition of his labors would be known and loved by all posterity. Therefore she unselfishly decided, tho much against his wishes to give up her own ambitions and bend every effort of that astounding energy which to this day is a marvel

to all who know her, to further his artistic development and to preserve his physical condition. The abandonment of her own promising career, after so many years of training, is only one striking example of her wonderful strength of character. There could be cited many others.

Praise and fame are very comforting to the ear, but not sustaining to the flesh. Both the former poured in plentifully, but greater pecuniary remuneration now became imperative. Alluring inducements were made to MacDowell to return to his native land, and so persistent were they, that the year 1888, found him comfortably settled in Boston—famous immediately because of so much European prestige, besieged by pupils and awarded enthusiastic recognition for his compositions. Altogether the highly cultured atmosphere of Boston was just the suitable one to appeal to a genius of lofty attainments.

Concert work was always a trial to him and only force of circumstances prevented entire elimination of public appearances. His playing of accepted classics was strange and confounding to conservatives of firm convictions. It amazed, electrified, but did not universally please. He was a virtuoso of astounding dynamics, but his renditions were noticeably marked by unheard of qualities for those days. It might have been called ultra-modern in comparison and the tonal effects produced by his originality of style were not unreservedly received or wholly approved until he practically abandoned the performance of any music but his own. As a composer-pianist he enraptured and completely captivated his audiences, both by the music and his dramatic interpretations. Programs of his own works were demanded all over the eastern and middle west country and for almost ten years he periodically concertized. Mention must be made here of the

large number of compositions completed during MacDowell's time in Boston. Included among them are the well known "Concert Etude," the "Marionettes," "Twelve Studies," the familiar "Woodland Sketches," many songs, the "Indian" suite for orchestra, the splendid "Second Concerto," and greatest of all two sonatas, "Tragica" and "Eroica." In the midst of unsurpassed gratification and prosperity attending eight years of Boston life, when his magnetic personality and over-towering genius had made him a centre of musical activities, MacDowell, after long consideration, decided to accept the repeated proposal of Columbia University, New York, to take the professorship of its department of music. The regular income would banish all monetary problems, thus relieving him of much anxiety for the future of himself and wife. Besides he had long cherished some specific views concerning pedagogical ideas and methods, so he entered in 1896, upon his new duties at Columbia highly elated at prospects of unhampered exposition of his ideals. He also accepted the conductorship of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, composing for its use several splendid male choruses.

The future appeared most auspicious. With the most prodigal energy he labored, sparing neither time nor strength, until the responsibility of many burdens grew overwhelming. Excessive over-work, and, sadder still, bitter disappointment, caused by the lack of co-operation accorded his deeply cherished aims and plans for the musical department of Columbia culminated in his resignation from his position; also in resultant nervous collapse. During the seven years of terribly strenuous life in New York, days of ceaseless, intemperate labor, MacDowell produced his greatest compositions.

But his work of composing had to be compressed into brief vacation times, and under stress of stupendous

concentration. Lack of time and unatmospheric environment tragically handicapped outpourings of spiritual creations. "Back to Nature" was the continual cry of his starving soul. The call was answered. After various experiments in different locations, an idyllic place was discovered about a mile outside the historic town of Peterborough, N. H. It consisted of a farm of about eighty acres, most of which was densely wooded. Happily the price was not prohibitive, so the place was soon purchased and MacDowell became a land owner. Had it been made to order, no more beautiful spot could have been found or even desired. The farm meant to him happiness personified, too deep for words to express.

So he wrapped his joy around each beautiful note and sent out to the world a musical message fairly teeming with inmost emotion and revealing the feeling of peace that comes when a vision dreamed begins to live and endure. This wordless song he named

"A Deserted Farm."

To me it is his autobiography, condensed into two short pages of manuscript, a marvel of concentration and elimination, dramatic intensity and serene confidence of hopes; a veritable musical embodiment of the two supreme ideals of his own life.

Environment most poignantly and vitally affected MacDowell's super-sensitive tendencies. He sympathized with other artists suffering likewise from distasteful surroundings; was keenly alive to the fact that all too frequently in proportion to the greatness of the artist is the smallness of his financial remuneration. That stern teacher, experience, had taught him only too well that the daily problem of providing material existence was generally a grinding struggle and meant

only too often the smothering and final death of the spiritual. Rejoicing in the good fortune afforded him by his retreat, a deep rooted altruistic spirit fostered the wish to assist others to escape, similarly, a little while each year from irksome toil; a generous heart earnestly desired to help them find a haven of rest, such as his, with perfect silence and undisturbed leisure for development of God-given talents.

This philanthropic thought in the mind of MacDowell and also that of his wife (for she was always his helper, heart and soul), gradually assumed the form of a definite purpose, to make his deserted farm some day this earthly Paradise for creative artists.

By the term artists MacDowell did not mean musicians only, but included representatives from all arts. He believed that artists were usually too self-centered, contending that each one would receive immense benefit if more closely associated with another; also he strongly urged that each artist should acquire sufficient knowledge of the other's art for intelligent comprehension and sympathetic appreciation of it. Nor did he merely theorize; he practised what he preached. As an artist of extraordinary versatility he could speak with the authority of self-experience.

MacDowell did not live to see his altruistic hopes fulfilled, but since his death, his wife, by incredibly heroic personal efforts, has already made his "dream come true," and the once deserted farm now holds such a wonderful unique niche in the world of American Art that pages of words cannot proclaim half its glories. The dream that now lives and throbs so vitally, was one of the ideals of our greatest composer.

There was another one perhaps even greater; an unwavering faith in the future of American music. This faith never faltered—remained changeless through-

out all struggle and emerged triumphant from every ordeal of discouragement and opposition. MacDowell served as a pioneer in the cause of American music, paved the way for its coming; day after day toiled unrewarded, his vision fixed upon the goal desired. For this cause he sacrificed all, and died a martyr's death. No American artist of today denies the rapidly approaching realization of this dream of MacDowell's.

Do you wonder that the music of "The Deserted Farm" fairly pulses with beats of heart interest; that each note is a throb of love for all humanity and his beloved Art; that it vibrates with deepest feeling and translates into two lovely "motifs" these wonderful ideals?

The first "motif" typifies Peterborough, the material realization of crying needs of mere physical existence; it delineates nature's environment demanded by an artist's delicate temperament which is spiritually starved when transplanted from native soil, and consequently stunted from fully developed growth. Some natures are too ethereal, too near being God-like, to endure harsh contact with the world's thoughtless throng. MacDowell was one of these sacred beings; his complete expansion required certain nourishment.

The first theme consists of a restful bit of melody and indicates, "with deep feeling," peacefulness, perfect care-freedom, contented release from trammelling conventionalities; its sweetness and serenity create in the heart an emotion like "the quiet of the strength one gets from God only." The music flows along as meditatively as MacDowell many a time wandered over hill and dale; lost in thoughts of how much the deserted farm meant to him and would mean to others like himself; rapt in visions of his honored art and the increasing public appreciation of her value. The call

of the future American music he clearly heard; just as clearly he interpreted that prophetic call and introduced it as the second theme. This opens with a single note, that forcibly attracts and holds your undivided attention and rings out in resolute but repressed tones, clarion-like yet softly, distinctly penetrating. It must be heard for it has a message of vital interest to impart. Straining our ears to catch the sound of its voice, so far no more than an echo, "as heard from afar," these prophetic words are heard, "softly" floating down; "Wait 'twill come," "Work 'twill come," "Just work, just wait, 'twill surely come." The sounds "diminish," the voice drifts into silence, the second theme dies away, and the first theme returns. Once more its repeated melody sings of contentment with dreams of the present, and unalloyed hope of the future. But again the note of prophecy, still resolute, unvanquishable, rings to the end. Like unwavering faith it persistently sounds above a minor chord, denoting the present sadness, that so few could understand or sense the significance of its message. A finale of intermingled complete harmony reflects an illumined vision, a revivified spirit, an undimmed trust in the faith that makes a dream come true.

Upon the knoll of one of the gently sloping hills belonging to the deserted farm stood (and still stands), a picturesque, rambling farm house. The name given it, "Hill Crest," was undoubtedly suggested by its location, which commanded a panoramic vista of charming loveliness, an ever changing mosaic of green hills, fertile pastures, stately tall pines, beauteous opalescent sky. The house, and its connecting barn in true New England style, was some distance from any neighboring building, and its view open and far-perspective. After the smoky, stifling atmosphere of the city, how refreshing and invigorating the country's prodigal fresh-

ness must have seemed to MacDowell; how often must he have said, when wearied in body and sore at heart,

"My thoughts at the end of the long, long day
Fly over the hill and far away."

"Hill Crest" was remodeled somewhat and enlarged by MacDowell, the addition of a music room being perhaps the chief improvement made. There, in most artistic surroundings, the composer put into tangible form the marvelous mysteries concealed in his brain.

Still was MacDowell haunted by an unsatisfied yearning. He desired even greater seclusion, in fact longed for complete detachment from everything and every one. The craving to draw still closer to the heart of nature was finally appeased by building a tiny "workshop," placed beyond the possibility of any disturbing element. The building was made of logs, grown and cut from his own estate and consisted of one room only; was protected in front and on one side by a small porch and so situated upon a sloping hillside as to give its supports the appearance of stilts. Domed by bluest of skies the little house snugly nestled in a deep pine grove, apparently perched in the tops of historic trees.

The deeper silence MacDowell sought and here found was broken only by the songs of the birds, the whispering winds of the pines, the "whisk of the leaves." To him these sounds were the voices of the fairies, for his Celtic imagination peopled the enchanted woods with the airy presences.

Who knows but what this super-sense, so subtle and delicate, may have been a gift of the fairies. Surely it must have been an insight more than human that drew him from the world apart and inspired in him

music sublime and divine enough to have come straight from the spheres above—floating out thro the open portals of Heaven itself. Truly could MacDowell have said had he ever been self-confident, "I was at one with the soul of things and knew myself fruitful."

"From a Log Cabin"

undoubtedly emanated the inspiration responsible for the greatest creative period of his life. During the eight years he was connected with Columbia, he composed unceasingly and presented the world with priceless musical treasures. These works are all monuments of stupendous solidity and colossal dignity, and builded in transfiguring beauty. The structure of nobility and simplicity, colored so richly by originality and individuality will withstand the most discriminating opinion of contemporary or posterity.

Important compositions identified with this period of maturity include the well known "Sea Pieces," "Fireside Tales," "New England Idyls," some lovely songs and two unsurpassed sonatas—the "Norse" and the "Keltic."

The Log Cabin is now a famous place and hundreds of people journey yearly to view it. The visitor with a kindred artist soul goes as a pilgrim to a shrine, silent and reverent in worship, overcome by an emotion utterly unspeakable. He feels indescribably conscious of the nearness of an all-pervading presence and overwhelmed by a deepening realization of the pure nobility of a great spirit and its far radiating mystical influence.

The plainness of the little building surprises the average visitor. The interior is roughly finished, the furnishings meagre as a poor man's cottage, including only a few chairs, a wooden table and couch, a few pictures upon the walls. It is indeed just a "work-shop."

On the mantel are some fire arms, historical relics, excavated by MacDowell himself while digging in his land.

Attracted by the large open fire-place, the one touch of luxurious comfort to be found in the cabin, the visitor's glance is arrested and fascinated by an inscription upon its hearth stone, evidently traced while the cement was yet soft. The handwriting is that of MacDowell; and the words, which one reads with a feeling of intrusion upon an intimacy not intended for public gaze, are the names of himself and wife — "Edward and Marian." The inscription is brief, but its meaning is indelibly significant. No greater homage or loving tribute could have been paid by lover to sweetheart than this simple testimonial of perfect wedded union.

It is said that no day ever ended without a few moments at least being spent in interchange of thought. Therefore it requires no stretch of the imagination to see them, at the close of a toilsome day sitting "By Smouldering Embers," dreaming dreams together, forgetting disappointments and hardships in the comfort of a great love, seeing visions in the firelight "bright enough in its dying color to bring hope for each tomorrow."

Peculiarly expressive of the Log Cabin are the words of MacDowell in dedication of it

> "A house of dreams untold
> It looks out over the whispering tree-tops
> And faces the setting sun."

Reflecting upon the wisdom found in these words, reluctantly the visitor departs from the house of dreams, awe-bound as a disciple of old who has sat in learning

at the feet of a Master. Lingeringly he descends the moss covered stone-steps, leading down to the natural spring of water, dug and walled by MacDowell. If not too choked with emotion he may drink of its coolness and then thoughtfully, silently wend his way over path of wooden planks, uneven and worn by much usage. Along the trail of ferns and flowers, thro the dense pine forest, on and up he wanders, until, at last, the open road is reached and there in front of him, invitingly hospitable, hangs the white swinging gate of "Hill Crest."

No matter how long the day, the close of it found MacDowell going home. For him the swinging gate meant the shutting out of all care, an opening into great happiness. A few steps farther up to the crest of the hill was home, and as he wearily climbed, in his heart he gratefully, joyously sang, "In our home is deep rest."

"Epilogue"

"'Tis but as when one layeth
His worn out robes away
And taking new ones—sayeth
"These will I wear today!"
So putteth by the Spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh."—Sir Edwin Arnold.

Thus for MacDowell was "the garb of flesh" put by. It had been over-burdened, was wearied and worn out. His heroic spirit heard a call, answered its summons and "returned unto the God who gave it." Peacefully he passed on to another home of rest, even more perfect because eternal; entered another land of greater promise, where the dreamer may pursue his dreams and visions unhindered by trials or obstacles,

unmeasured by time, where all things are possible. "He is not dead, the Artist never dies." Let us not think or write the word "Finis" to MacDowell's life. For such as he was it not, rather, but just begun?

It is true a terrible un-understandable tragedy hushed for earth his voice, and made a whole world grieve and mourn and wonder why "so many pitchers of rough clay should prosper and the porcelain break in two;" caused aching hearts to doubt if the price the dreamer must always pay for his dreams, the price of life itself, were really worth while. Oh the seemingly merciless toll of Death!

But did he toil in vain! Does one not live "who dies to win a lasting name!" Will not words extolling MacDowell's heroic life and tragic sacrifice be ever in the mouths of men; ever in their hearts the sound of his heavenly strains? Will not all musical humanity—nay more—all humanity be wiser and better for his suffering and loss; will not his memory be lastingly cherished in loving tribute? Has he not but gained a richly deserved promotion and reached a life of higher service? God's messenger commanded, "Come to the life of harmonies inexhaustible, it is tuned for thee." And so he did but venture out upon the greatest of all adventures, passed thro the "Gates of Mystery," which in welcome swung wide open. Some one tells us—"For music the very gate of Heaven stands ajar." If this is true think of the exaltation of that life above, for such as he.

And we—we have inherited the golden wealth of his music, parting gifts, priceless, invaluable, for our future encouragement and advancement. He showed the way to a goal, he trod the lonely rough path of a pioneer, that discovery of treasure by future seekers might be made with fewer difficulties.

On Jan 23, 1908, MacDowell's tired spirit left this world. All that is mortal of him rests, in the utmost simplicity befitting the tastes of his life, in a grave situated upon a sloping hill belonging to his deserted farm. A mound in the center of a grass covered lot, surrounded by a low stone wall grown over with vines and flowers, marks his burial place. A huge boulder, roughly hewn in nature's own design, is the only monument, its solidity and lack of artificiality a fitting symbol. Back of it rise two or three trees, their whispering tops gracefully swaying to the rhythm of the gentle breeze and breathing out to all who can hear, the message of hope and love left us by the great soul of MacDowell, whose body they are now so protectingly guarding. It is a lovely spot, and overlooks the fertile farms and home like dwellings of the village of Peterborough. The gaze travels from them over tops of tall pines to far off ridges of gently rolling mountains, the outline of their summits silhoutted against a wondrous iridescent sky. The vista is far reaching and one of great beauty.

With eyes turned towards the golden west, as his so often were, to face the setting sun; with heart filled with grateful reverence, unspeakable and inexpressible, these words come to the mind, words dedicated to brave heroes like him, who have made the sacrifice supreme for a faith, an ideal.

"For your tomorrow, they have given their today. Their today, their everything, can you ever hope repay?"—L. Isaacs.

The Fates spun for MacDowell a marvelous pattern, in design inimitable. So swiftly did they accomplish an almost incredible task, the time seemed to come all too quickly for the cloth to be pulled off and cut from the loom. They had spun in the morn of hope, in the heart of noon, in the calm of evening, and their work

had been well done. But the cloth was not quite finished. It had been woven in fragments, had been pieced together in blocks of the past and present. Those belonging to the future were missing, were awaiting "the loom of time."

For every mortal is conceived and drawn up a perfect design, but its completeness is known only to the All-Master Artist. He alone knows its entirety and can finish it; He only can say "It is good and for the best;" He only knows the reason why.

"A Weaver sits at the loom of time,
And weaves a cloth of wondrous art,
Fringed with the jewels of faith and hope,
Ne'er bought nor sold in earthly mart,
The Weaver is God, and the cloth He weaves
Is the golden cloth of the human heart."

—Carrigan.

Do Dreams live! What else in all this wide world does live but Dreams!

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