

MENDELSSOHN

CENTENARY OF THE FAMOUS GERMAN MUSICIAN

by Walden Hawcutt

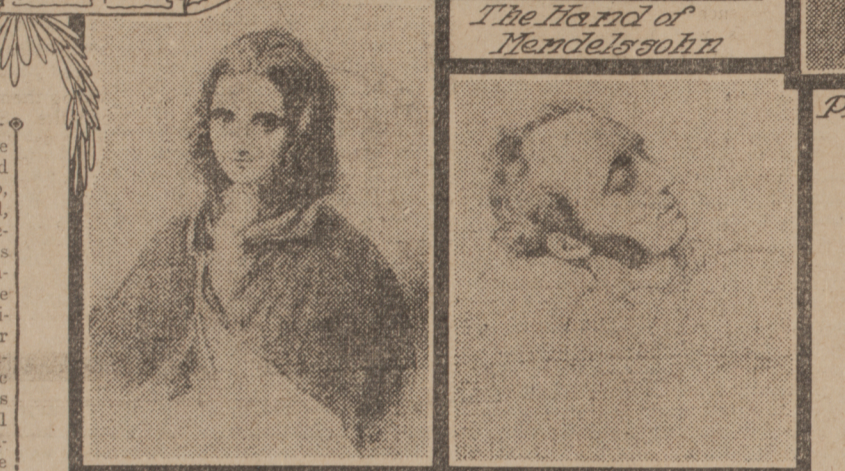


Mendelssohn in his prime



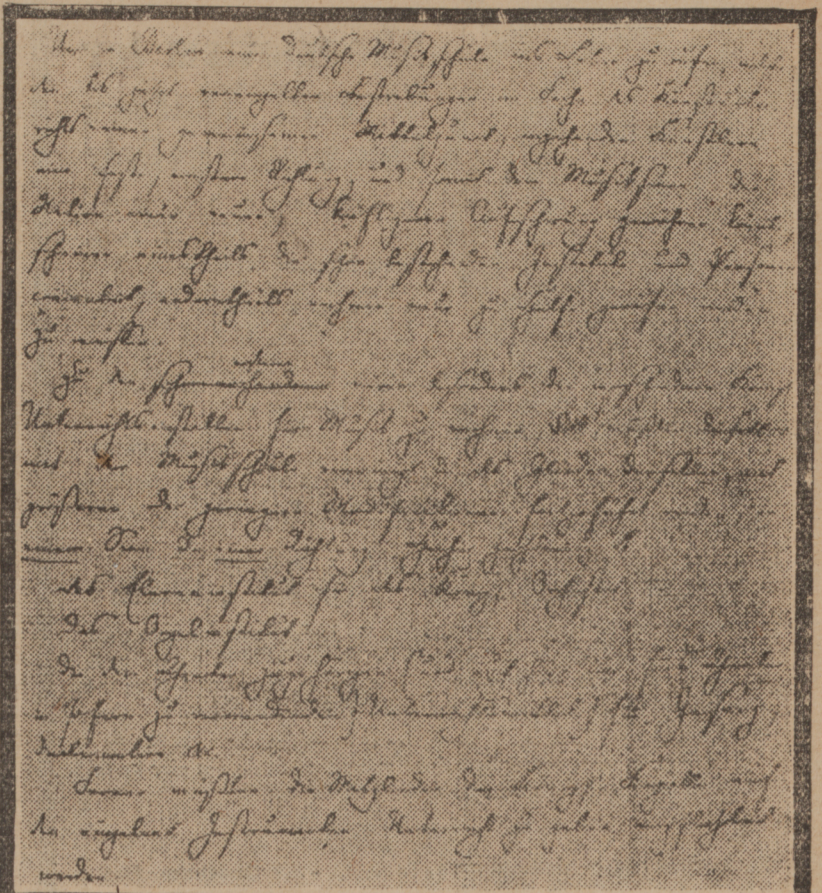
The hand of Mendelssohn

Profile of Mendelssohn



Cecile Mendelssohn wife of the famous composer

Mendelssohn as he appeared in death



A page of Mendelssohn's manuscript showing his peculiar handwriting

The year 1909, a year of notable centennials, holds two that are of prominent significance to musicians and the entire music-loving world. On February 3 occurs the centenary of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, known to the world at large as Mendelssohn—a date but a few weeks later, or March 1, to be exact, marks the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Frederic Chopin. Both of these composers have by their work made deep impress upon the history of music, but the achievements of Mendelssohn perhaps stand out as the most pretensions and the present centennial will serve to not only draw popular attention to the composer of the "Spring Song" and other masterpieces, but will also emphasize his unusual personality and remarkable career.

At the very outset of this glimpse of Mendelssohn's life it may be well to explain his acquisition of the name Bartholdy—an appendix which has been responsible for many perplexing mistakes on the part of music lovers and others. The grandfather of the composer, Moses Mendelssohn, was the greatest Jewish teacher and thinker of his time, and his son, Abraham, father of the composer, was scarcely less notably successful as a banker. The latter married Miss Solomon, an exceptionally fine amateur musician, and it was through her influence that the family drifted away from the Jewish faith. Her brother, a man of great wealth and influence, had become converted to the Christian Church, and had taken the name Bartholdy. He induced his brother-in-law to follow his example, and accordingly all the children, including Felix, were baptized in the Lutheran Church and adopted the name Bartholdy.

The famous composer was born in Hamburg, but a couple of years later his parents removed to Berlin. From the time the child was old enough to comprehend anything about music, his mother, who, as above explained, was very talented, commenced his systematic instruction, beginning with only lessons of five minutes a day, which interval was gradually increased. From early youth Felix and the other children were instructed both in piano and violin, and the youngest who was to develop into the great composer of his day made his first public appearance in Berlin when only nine years of age. When little Felix was barely 11 years of age he entered the Berlin Academy, and almost from that very day he made attempts at musical composition. Ere he had reached his twelfth birthday anniversary he had composed no less than 20 complete movements, including a cantata and a comedy in three scenes.

When Mendelssohn was but 17 years of age he composed the famous overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," which the critics of all time have been unanimous in pronouncing the most remarkable example of musical precocity in the history of the world. A year later the boy's first opera was produced at the Grand Opera House in Berlin and met with pronounced success. When little past 20 years of age Mendelssohn was offered the chair of music at the Berlin University, but declined, and about this time undertook a concert tour of England, where he was hailed as one of the great composers and pianists of the day. This experience was followed by concert tours of Scotland, Austria, Italy, Switzerland and France.

When the composer was 24 years of age he accepted an offer of the position of conductor of the Lower Rhine Musical Festival, and so favorably was the impression made by the young musician that he was immediately appointed Town Music Director of Dusseldorf at the impressive salary of \$450 a year, which seems to have been quite acceptable to him. This post served as a stepping stone to that of conductor of the famous Gewandhaus Orchestra in Leipzig. He made this organization the foremost orchestra in Europe and the people of Leipzig became more than enthusiastic over Mendelssohn and his work.

In the year 1837, when Mendelssohn was 28 years of age, he was married to Cecile Charlotte Sophie Jeannerod, a very beautiful girl, the daughter of a French Protestant clergyman. The domestic life of the couple was ideal, the composer manifesting in his home few of those eccentricities which have made so many a musical genius a trying life partner. Nor was his home life by any means care free, for in time five children joined the household and the health of Mendelssohn's wife was not always of the best. It is recorded that the composer not only instructed his children in music, but only taught them such fundamental branches as reading spelling and geography.

When Mendelssohn returned to Leipzig from his English tour the effect of the culmination of years of overwork began to make itself distressingly manifest and he was obliged to resign his conductorship of the orchestra and his position at the conservatory. Then came the shock of the news of the death of Mendelssohn's favorite and very talented sister, Fanny Hensel, and this blow, coming but a few years after the death of his mother, of whom he was very fond, seemed crushing in effect and the composer went into a rapid decline, his death occurring on November 4, 1847, at the comparatively early age of 38 years.

THIS WELL KNOWN ADVOCATE STATES

His Doctor Advised Him to Take Dodd's Kidney Pills

And He Found Them to be All They Were Advertised—How and Why Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure.

Montreal, Que., Feb. 5—(Special)—"Dodd's Kidney Pills were recommended to me by our family physician, and I must say they have proved to be what they were advertised."

This statement made by L. J. R. Hubert, the well-known advocate, of 214 James Street, is a double tribute to Dodd's Kidney Pills. It shows that they are recognized by reputable medical men as a peerless remedy for diseases of the kidneys and also that they are now looked upon as a standard medicine by the best people in Canada.

The reason of this is that they do just what they are advertised to do. They cure diseased kidneys, not then in condition to clear all impurities out of the blood. They cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Bachelage, because these are kidney diseases. They cure Rheumatism, Lumbago and Heart Disease, because these are caused by impurities in the blood that the kidneys would strain out of the blood if they were in good working order. If you haven't used them yourself, ask your neighbors about Dodd's Kidney Pills.

OLYMPIC PICTURES

The demand for Spalding's Official Athletic Almanac for 1909, edited by James E. Sullivan, United States Commissioner to the Olympic Games of 1908, necessitated a second edition of the book within a week of its publication. The scenes at the Olympic Games have attracted a great deal of attention, sixty or more pages of the Almanac being devoted to that portion alone. Some of the most interesting are those depicting Dorando's heroic attempt to finish the Marathon. The photographs explain clearly why it was necessary for the American Committee to protest the decision of the judges and referee in awarding the race to Dorando.

The first photo shows Dorando receiving attention from British Olympic officials, Perry, the groundsman, being strongly in evidence. Another one shows poor Dorando being supported between two officials, Andrews and Bulger. The third picture shows him being led around the track by Mr. Andrews, the clerk of the course, and closely attended by two other British Olympic officials. In the next photograph Dorando is seen stretched on the track receiving attention from Dr. Bulger and another British official, while Mr. Andrews stands guard. The next picture shows Dorando lying on the track, being attended by Dr. Bulger, with British officials, including Secretary Fisher, who was one of those who awarded the race to Dorando, although he had received assistance. On page 130 of the book is the most interesting picture of the Dorando series. Dorando has collapsed eighty yards from the finish. Dr. Bulger is examining his heart, another British official is shown in the act of giving him medical attention, while Mr. Davidson, who has just entered the arena, is anxiously looking toward the gate with Mr. Andrews. To those who were at the Olympic games the anxiety of the two officials is easily explained—at that particular moment John J. Hayes, the American winner, was just entering the arena. The sequel is shown in the next photograph; Dorando being carried across the line by J. M. Andrews, clerk of the course of the Marathon race.

Notwithstanding the fact that these scenes were witnessed by all the British Olympic officials, they nevertheless gave the race to Dorando and forced the American Committee to enter a protest, which should not have been necessary.

On page 134 Hayes is shown finishing the Marathon race; this photograph was taken when he was at least sixty yards from the finish and shows that Hayes was running very well indeed for a man who had gone the full Marathon distance and proves conclusively that he did not require the slightest help to finish the race.

Spalding's Athletic Almanac is for sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent post paid for ten cents by the publisher, the American Sports Publishing Company, 21 Warren Street, New York.

VERY APPROPRIATE.

First Boarder (after supper)—Great Heavens! this is the third time today that we've had sausage.

Second Boarder—That's all right. This is groundhog day.



SPECIALY PRICED AT \$1-00

DODD NO 273

A stylish and charming new model, for medium and petite figures, combining the advantages of the 2 riddle top, with those of the medium long hip corset.

Produces lines of exquisite shape and grace, imparts absolute comfort and a superb figure.

Made of Imported Coutil, rust-proof boning through-out, of the best sellers ever made.

On sale at your dealer, if not, write for Descriptive Circular.

DOMINION CORSET CO., Mfrs. Quebec, Montreal Toronto.

Mr. Justwed solves the Servant Problem

"The girl left this morning!" repeated Mr. Justwed in surprise in reply to his wife's statement of the direful calamity.

"Why, that's too bad! And just when you had broken her in so beautifully!"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Justwed, as she took Mr. J.'s hat and coat and attended to the many other little details that confront a man after a long day's work at the office, "but it was no more than I had anticipated. What servants are coming to I don't know. They are getting way beyond themselves these days. Why, do you know, Homer, she actually told me that she wasn't used to a little two-by-four room; that she always had three afternoons off a week, and that she was not accustomed to having to wash dishes used at Sunday evening supper the next morning and—oh—a lot of perfectly ridiculous things like that. I do hate to lose my temper, as you know, Homer, dear, but I just couldn't help it. She made me so mad that I just up and fired her. I hope you don't think I was unreasonable or impatient, or—do you, dear?"

"Unreasonable! Impatient!" echoed Mr. Justwed, encouragingly, soothingly, proudly. "Not a bit of it! I think you did just right. Just as I know my little wife will always do. If you had given in to her, I would have been disappointed. I tell you, Blossoms, one has to deal firmly with servants. Before our marriage I often heard of domestic troubles of this sort, and I believe firmly that the chief cause of their existence is that people are shilly-shally with their help—they give in to them at every turn. Now, I always held, and I hold now, that the firmer you deal with a servant, the more she respects you and the better satisfied she is. You did just right. If you will pardon the slang, my dear, you showed her just where she got off."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Homer! You are so comforting—just one man in a thousand!"

"Tush, tush, dearie! Any man of any principle would say the same thing, too! Now, that's all over, and let's forget it. What have we for dinner this evening?"

"Dinner!" gasped Mrs. Justwed, fearfully, piteously, "that's just it, Homer, dear, we—we haven't anything!"

"Haven't anything!" cried Mr. Justwed, really sitting up and really taking notice. "Haven't any—why, of course, I see."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Homer, so sorry—but you said I did right and—"

"Of course you did, of course you did," Mr. J. mumbled, swallowing his dismay and bravely toying the mark, "but you have something to eat in the house, haven't you? Something that you've ever cooked ourselves, you know?"

"Yes, indeed, plenty of things; nice things, too, and you're just the dearest boy in the world to offer to help me cook them. You know I have never cooked in my life."

"Come," he chirped with well-concealed bravado, "we'll get dinner ourselves! Here is our chance to let that servant girl see that we can get along just well without her. It's a matter of principle, Blossom, a matter of principle—and we're going to stand by the union, aren't we?"

In the best of spirits they walked the requisite six and one-third steps from their sitting-room to the kitchen. Mr. Justwed took hold nobly and with a confidence that simply compelled admiration. Seizing a dishpan and a big fat potato he set to work. Mrs. J. busied herself with the gas stove, while Mr. J. pared diligently away.

"Homer, dear," faltered Mrs. Justwed, in trepidation, "do you know how these abominable things work?"

"Sure, Blossom sweet, just turn on the gas and light the burner—just wait until I—finish—paring—this—potato—OUCH!"

"Oh, Homer, do be careful! Ooh—oh, you cut yourself; That nasty, nasty, nasty knife! Let me tie it up for you; you might have blood-poisoning, you know."

Mr. J. bore it like a real hero. A little accident like that couldn't bluff him out—no sir-ee!

Then he got busy with the can of condensed soup. Not finding the can-opener, he started resorting to his pocket-knife and a hammer. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, can, soup, hammer and knife shot off the table and landed against the opposite wall. A greasy, red smear testified to the quality of the soup.

Mrs. J. almost collapsed, but not Mr. J. No, indeed. He just treated the whole artistic dab as a joke.

And just to show how "game" he was he insisted that Mrs. J. take a chair over to the refrigerator and watch him prepare the feast.

Choosing four nice, well-trimmed lamb chops he swung the skillet onto the blaze with the aplomb of a \$10,000 chef. Then he dropped in a full quarter-pound of butter, chattering all the while of the ease with which odibles can be prepared. If one only knows how, and of the utter unreasonableness of servants in complaining of their work.

Then he dropped in a chop. It spluttered most appetizingly. There he dropped in the other three. Then he turned them off, and then he dropped forth a chop with a mighty yell of pain and clutched his hand wildly. The popping, dancing frying grease was hot—as a liver red burn across his wrist testified.

Mr. Justwed waved for a moment, but quickly recovered.

He went on unperturbed.

At length he announced, holding himself erect in the fashion of English butlers and with delightful mimicry: "Dinner is served, Madam."

What a gay little dinner it was to be sure! Everything was a bit burned or startlingly strong in the salt and pepper line or squelched in the cooking before it was ready to be served. If Mr. J. was awed, and Mrs. J. as proud as a peacock, the picture of satisfaction, Mr. Justwed ate very joyfully. Mrs. J. just picked at this and picked at that bravely, but hopelessly.

"Now, Blossom dear, there you are!"

Mr. Justwed insisted grandly, as he pushed his chair back from the table a bit and lit a cigar, "there you are! A nice meal as one could want! And we prepared it ourselves. No fussy, dirty, expensive servant to contend with, either."

I tell you, Blossom, it's a tyrant of the present day servant girl is frightful and her complaints of this being hard and that being wearing, and small wages and long hours—and it's all tommyrot, I tell you, tommyrot!"

For full 20 minutes Mr. Justwed expanded, enlarged and amplified his views on his new-found topic, in full enjoyment of his after-dinner cigar.

"Well," he exclaimed finally, pushing back his chair and rising, "we'll not worry about this servant problem. I'll help you every day and we will get along fine. I must attend to a few matters now. I brought home from the office with me—you'll not mind if I don't talk to you for a half-hour or so, will you, dearie?"

And he started for his easy chair and dropt in the sitting-room.

"Why—why—Homer, dear," cried Mrs. J. in alarm, "you don't intend that I shall clear up these dishes myself, do you?"

"I should say not."

Mr. Justwed wheeled about with alacrity. He hastened to explain: "I beg your pardon! I forgot—just force of habit, you know, that I left the table. We'll get these things washed up in a jiffy!"

It is always easier to start trouble than it is to clear it up. And this is especially true of getting and clearing up a dinner.

Mr. Justwed found it so with a vengeance. Handling greasy, sticky, messy plates in water hot enough to scald a brass monkey is by no means as pleasant as adding up long, neat columns of figures and striking a balance. And then, after a few dishes, the towel becomes dreadfully wet and slimy and unsavory, so Mr. Justwed discovered.

To cap the climax, he quite unobviously dropped one of Mrs. J.'s pet dinner plates right on the floor—ker-plunk! Mrs. J. screamed. Mr. J. picked up the pieces, apologetically.

"When everything was cleared away Mrs. Justwed was tired that she sought her couch immediately. Mr. Justwed passed a very unpleasant half-hour composing himself before he was able to work.

Mr. J. was twenty minutes late at the office the next morning—he just couldn't leave the breakfast table for Mrs. J. to clear up alone. He was irritable, too, and hungry. To go into a cold kitchen, fish around in the ice-box for things to eat and then cook them in the cold, grey dawn was bad enough, but to be compelled to wash greasy dishes afterward, just about took all the enjoyment out of a breakfast.

On the evening after the third dinner and the fourth breakfast Mr. Justwed was wobbly on his knees.

He dropped another unheeded dinner plate while performing with the dishwasher.

"Now look at you!" wailed Mrs. J., "the second one in three days! Why don't you look what you're doing? Any servant I ever saw is better than you! You are—!"

Mr. Justwed tore his hair and said things—not under his breath, either.

He stormed out of the kitchen, livid with rage. Then he calmed down and looked the situation squarely in the face.

An hour later Mrs. Justwed entered the sitting-room and sternly faced her husband.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't have helped me with those dishes!" she said, accusingly.

"I'm sorry, Blossom, dear," Mr. Justwed replied, quietly, meekly, "but I've been busy. There are a number of 'Situations Wanted' advertisements in the paper this evening. You'd better take the first girl you can get in the morning."

Nature's Prompt Cure

GOLDS, COUGHS, CATARRH.

Breathe Catarrhazone

Catarrhazone is the only remedy that can be inhaled to all parts of the breathing organs. Its healing vapor reaches every portion of the air passages of the nose, throat and lungs and can't fail to reach the source of the disease. It is antiseptic, soothing, safe and guaranteed to cure or your money refunded. Two months' treatment price one dollar. Trial size 25c. Sold by druggists or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., or Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

HUSBAND FLED WHILE WIFE WAS ABDUCTED

Newmarket, N. H., Feb. 4—When told that his girl-wife had sought the protection of the police in Providence, R. I., from an alleged kidnapper, Lorenz d'Abreu, a cotton-mill worker, declared that it was true that another man had compelled his wife by threat and the display of a revolver, to leave her home a few days ago. d'Abreu said he would be glad to have the young woman come back.

The d'Abreus are Portuguese people who have been only a short time in this country. They came to Newmarket from Lowell a year ago. She is eighteen years old, and he is twenty-four, and small in stature. According to d'Abreu, a swarthy stranger of stocky-built appearance, appeared at his home here last Sunday and asked Mrs. d'Abreu to accompany him to her brother-in-law, and by the law of their country, therefore, he asserted, her legal guardian.

The woman objected that she had no brother-in-law, and that she never saw the man before, but when the visitor drew a revolver and threatened to use it unless she went with him, d'Abreu says, she became frightened and finally was forced to consent. d'Abreu says he fled from the house in the meantime, found his wife missing when he returned, and has heard nothing from her until he was informed that she had applied for protection to the Providence police, and that the man with her was under arrest.

The husband says the stranger who took his wife away gave him the name as Aristides Devoaux.

THE PEOPLE ALL

In Chorus Cried, Give Us Newbro's Herculide.

This word of late has been in everyone's mouth, and many are wondering what the word signifies, though no one has yet been found who will deny that NEWBRO'S HERCULIDE does the work. Well, for the information of thousands of people who like to know all about a good thing, we would say that HERCULIDE means a destroyer or killer of "Herpes." Now "Herpes" is the family name of a disease caused by various vegetable parasites. A similar microbe causes dandruff, itching scalp, and falling hair; this is the microbe that NEWBRO'S HERCULIDE promptly destroys; after which the hair grows. Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c. in stamps for sample to The Herculide Co., Detroit, Mich. Two sizes, 50c. and \$1.

For Picture Cards

With the present fad for picture postals and the large number of them that most girls collect, it has become an important question how to keep them in a convenient way for showing them. Of course, the ordinary way is the postal-card album. A particularly convenient and compact way to take care of these is to have a pretty box on one's table just deep enough for the postal cards to stand on end.

The Plate Rail

A plate rail in the dining-room should be about seven feet from the floor. It should match the woodwork and can be narrower or wider, as it is intended for holding plates or pitchers or tankards. For plates, it is better to have the grooved edge, to keep them from breaking when jarred. Articles in constant use should not be kept on the rail, for, besides the liability of their being broken, they have become part of the decorations and are missed when taken down.

"Now, Look at You!" Wailed Mrs. J.