

adjust this instrument, thus suddenly detaching himself from his environment.

Some Interesting Gossip About Mascagni.

Possessing the heart of a boy and the soul of a genius, Mascagni, the maestro, affords an interesting study. He has fully borne out the promise his talent made as a composer, when comparatively a few years ago he first bounded into world-wide fame as the author of "Cavalleria Rusticana." At that time, even with the strains of the beautiful Intermezzo still in their ears, carping critics had the hardihood to predict an empty future for Mascagni. "He has already done it all," they cried; "he has written his masterpiece first." Time has abundantly disproved the assertion. His fame as a thorough artist, a great musician and a teacher is growing year by year. Just a little over 36 years of age, brimful of fun, a thorough sportsman, an excellent billiard player, and possessing all the enthusiasm of a healthy young man, Mascagni is worshipped in Italy as the brightest star in the musical heavens—the one whose brilliancy is growing greater year by year, and whose effulgent glow shall shine on the art of melody for centuries. His genius it will be that shall retain his beloved Italy in her present proud place as a foremost land of musicians and artists whose work has made the lives of men more pleasant. Yet, with it all, Mascagni is like other young men.

I spent nearly all of August with the composer and his wife, at their lovely home in Pesaro, Italy (writes "Alma Dalmata"). They have an immense apartment of 14 rooms on the top floor of the Rossini Conservatory, that has been set aside especially for them—a small honour in itself. Mrs Mascagni is a charming little lady of medium height, blonde, buoyant, impulsive and energetic, managing all of her husband's correspondence.

The couple have three children—delightful little ones they are, too. The youngest, a girl, Amalietta, is not quite five; the others are boys—blond, curly-haired little fellows, whose pretty manners win instant admiration. All are masters of Mascagni, however, and their will is law.

The home of the Mascagnis is furnished in most artistic fashion. The living-room is in antique German style, and Mascagni's study, a small and very quiet room, holds, like the others, furniture made after patterns designed by the maestro himself. The drawing-rooms are richly furnished, and everything is in the best of taste. There is a quiet elegance that clearly indicates the refinement of the family. One of the most important rooms in the suite, to Mascagni, is the billiard room, for he is locally famous as a knight of the cue and frequently makes "runs" that might excite the admiration of a professional. In fact, Mascagni is versatile to an extraordinary degree.



THE LATE COUNT WALDERSSEE Who was in Command of the Allied Forces during the Boxer Troubles in China.

A Cricketer Missionary.

It is always interesting to listen to men who, in addition to an interesting personality, possess that added charm which alone is given by extended travel, collusion with a variety of peoples, and wide experience of the world. Such a man is Mr. Reginald A. Studd, B.A., Cam., a member of the famous Studd family of English cricketers, who has during recent years been responsible for some of the most successful mission work ever accomplished in India. As a cricketer he played in the Eton eleven, Cambridge eleven, and for Hampshire County; also against America; but soon followed in the footsteps of his elder brothers and joined the ranks of missionary workers. He was asked to undertake a mission amongst the soldiers in India, and took the field, armed with a letter of introduction from Lord Roberts,

which never failed to secure for him the earnest attention of the troops. His originality, brilliant eloquence and versatility and vocal solos (being also an accomplished musician) make his meetings singularly attractive, and his deep spirituality has impressed all who heard him. Mr Studd is now in New Zealand, and will give addresses in the various centres.

Sarah Bernhardt's Contempt for Money.

Sarah Bernhardt is always desperately in debt. Some few years ago a great French playwright presented himself at the actress' residence, and was graciously received, though the apartment was in great disorder, movers being engaged in dismantling her studio as it she were about to set up her household gods in some distant land. Madame Bernhardt apologized for the disturbance, explaining in the most matter-of-course way that they were the sheriff's men, seizing her goods at the behest of some unfortunate creditor. A few minutes later, her son Maurice having remarked that he was giving a dinner to a party of friends that evening, she insisted on arranging the menu, finally telephoning to the restaurateur a command for a feast that was Lucullan in its richness and ordered with a discrimination and comprehensive knowledge that Billat-Savarin would have envied.

She had not the money at hand to save her home from being dismantled to satisfy debts contracted long before, yet here she was ordering a feast that must have cost hundreds of francs. Her own wish to give this entertainment, she willed that his desires should be gratified, and the dinner was ordered, that is all. The restaurateur was quite willing to give her credit, for he knew as well as she that her art is a bank on which she can draw unlimited checks and be sure they will be cashed, not on presentation, perhaps, but in the fullness of time.

For Sarah Bernhardt money does not exist, save as a tiresome detail of existence, well enough, doubtless, for those scolded souls who measure life by francs and centimes, but beneath the contempt of enlightened beings, be the coveted object what it will, a gorgeous palace or a simple flower, to her the question is not "Can I afford it?" but "Do I want it?" If she does want it, it is hers, and the owner may wait for his money. If we were to analyze her attitude in this regard, we might find that she considers herself one to whom the freedom of the world is due, as in former times the freedom of a city was given to some conquering hero, who could thereafter take freely from shop or warehouse without thought of cost or payment. By her art she has paid, and will pay so long as she lives, for whatsoever thing she needs or fancies.



MR REGINALD A. STUDD, B.A.



CHURTON PHOTO. M.B.'S OUT OF SESSION. Messrs Houston and Mauders, two Northern Members discussing roads and bridges.