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- 1917—Op. 37. The 'Hymn of Jesus,' for two choruses and semi-chorus, orchestra, pianoforte, and organ (Stainer & Bell, for the Carnegie Trust).
 1917—Op. 37. Part-songs for children :
 'The corn song' (Arnold).
 'Song of the lumbermen' (Arnold).
 'A dream of Christmas' (Curwen).
 1918—Ballet for orchestra to opera, 'The Perfect Fool.'*†
 1919—Ode to Death, chorus and orchestra (words by Walt Whitman). *†

A SLOVAK MUSIC-DRAMA.

BY ROSA NEWMARCH.

In an earlier article on Czechoslovak music contributed to this journal I drew a distinction between the popular melody of western Bohemia, which has passed under foreign influences and become more regular in its rhythms and more ordinary in its tonal system, and the folk-music of Moravia and Slovakia, which still retains its relations with the old Church modes, and shows structural peculiarities and a rhythmic pliancy not to be found in the Czech songs. Not in music alone have the peasantry of these eastern provinces preserved their old-world characteristics. Their picturesque customs, their beautiful dresses, their sense of form and colour displayed in their embroideries, pottery, and peasant arts in general, vie with their songs and dances in giving expression to a strongly-marked racial temperament. It is not surprising that the national movement of the last few decades should have taken special cognisance of these districts, which have remained the sealed treasury of ancient customs and sentiments. The mountaineers (the Vallachians) are a tragic and struggling folk, but the Moravian-Slovaks, besides being æsthetically gifted, are a handsome race; hospitable, warm-hearted, passionate-tempered; fond of good wine and good horses; ardently addicted to singing, dancing, and festivity.

Some years ago a little colony of artists settled at Hodonin, not far from the Hungarian frontier. The leader of this group of painters, Joseph Uprka, has reflected in his brilliant pictures the glowing colour and energetic movement of the Slovak peasantry at work and at play. Happily—as I think—no school of music has, so far, made a similar conscious effort to exploit the local colour of Slovakia, but a good many composers have introduced touches of it into their works, while others have made complex artistic settings of some of the folk-songs in order to supply the demands of such highly organized choirs as the Society of Moravian Teachers, and others.

It was not, however, until the spring of 1916 that Leos Janacek made a more ambitious effort to interpret the soul of his race in music. An opera dealing in a realistic way with peasant life in Moravia, 'Jeji Pastorkyna' (Her Foster-daughter), although produced at the National Theatre, Prague, under war-time conditions, and at a moment of great political tension, became instantly the topic of the hour. Janacek was unknown as a composer of dramatic music, but it was no secret that he had dwelt among the folk whose

life he illustrated in his opera, and that he was intimately acquainted with their psychology, their music, and the accent and cadence of their speech. Of his success in reproducing these peculiarities in his vocal phrases I am no judge, but Slovaks have told me that with their eyes blinded they would instantly recognise the protagonists of 'Jeji Pastorkyna' as Moravian peasants.

I imagine that the first plan of the opera if it had been strictly adhered to might have proved a dramatic failure. Janacek endeavoured to pack into it the sum-total of his knowledge of the people. The result would have been an over-filled canvas—confusing in its wealth of detail, somewhat sordid in its realism. Fortunately for this work of genius in the rough, experienced advice effected a judicious selection and polishing of material, while the same experience showed how the orchestration might be artistically treated without losing its individual character. In a word, Janacek found a Kovarovic, as Moussorgsky found a Rimsky-Korsakov.

Because in a naturalistic opera dealing with everyday life, in which no atmosphere of romantic glamour or historic pageantry diverts us from the value of the plot and its literary treatment, the book is of equal importance with the music which clothes it, I make no apology for dealing with the libretto of Janacek's work in a detailed fashion. The author, Gabriella Preiss, is a woman; but her text is a strong and virile achievement. The full title of the opera is 'Jenufa: her foster-daughter; an opera from Moravian peasant-life, in three Acts.' The characters are:

Old Grannie Buryja	...	...	Contralto
Laca Klemen	{ stepbrothers, }	...	Tenor
Steva Buryja	{ her grandsons }	...	Tenor
Widow Buryja	(daughter-in-law of Grannie Buryja, a sacristan's widow)	...	Soprano
Jenufa (her foster daughter)	...	...	Soprano
An old villager	...	...	Baritone
The Mayor	...	...	Bass
The Mayor's wife	...	...	Mezzo-Soprano
Karolka (their-daughter)	...	...	Mezzo-Soprano
A maid	...	...	Mezzo-Soprano
Barena (the servant at the mill)	...	...	Soprano
Jano (a shepherd boy)	...	...	Soprano
Auntie	...	...	Contralto

Act 1 takes place on an autumn afternoon in front of a lonely mill in the mountains. Grannie Buryja, in the foreground, is busy with a big basket of potatoes. In the background Jenufa is standing beside the mill-stream watering a pot of drooping rosemary. Presently she sets this down and, shading her eyes with her hand, gazes long into the distance. On a fallen tree trunk on the left, sits black-haired Laca, whittling and peeling a switch. We soon see very clearly what is going on in the minds of this trio. Jenufa, standing apart from the others, sings a soliloquy which reveals at once the germ of the tragedy about to be developed. 'Evening is here,' she sings, 'and Steva has not returned. What if he is taken as a recruit? What if there is no wedding, and I am brought to

shame?' And her song has a recurrent phrase, passionate and despairing: 'O, Mary, our Lady, come to my rescue!' Grannie Buryja calls Jenufa to come and help her, reproaching her for leaving her to look over the potatoes with her old, dim eyes. Laca breaks in bitterly: 'True Grannie, your eyes are too old to see everything. They cannot see the faults of Steva. But I can see clearly that I am not of your blood. All my life you have made me feel the difference.' Jenufa fires up in defence of Steva, but her anger soon subsides. She shows her plant to Grannie: 'Alas! my rosemary is dying, and they say when rosemary dies, happiness withers away.' When Laca and Jenufa are left alone for a few minutes, he makes some advances to her. She repulses him indignantly, and takes up her work on the potatoes. Laca, sore and miserable, goes back to his seat and his switch. Enters the Old Villager. He sharpens Laca's knife for him, and while they chat together, the dark and saturnine young man reveals more of his jealousy and hopeless passion for Jenufa. It is he who has killed the rosemary—Steva's gift. News of Steva's home-coming is brought in. He has managed to get off from military service. Already the village band is heard escorting the recruits, and soon the stage is filled with the lads and their friends. Steva, handsome young reprobate, his golden locks blown over his brow, swaggers tipsily forward, swinging his hat with its wreath of flowers. Taking some money out of his pocket, he tosses it to the musicians and calls for a dance and a song. It is evident that Jenufa is too infatuated with the young fellow's good looks and careless generosity to seriously resent his condition. He silences her mild reproach by confessing that he is drunk, but 'all right'; the girls will dance with him just the same. Has not a pretty girl wreathed his hat with flowers on his way here? As the wild dance ends, Steva puts his arm round Jenufa: 'Come along,' he cries, 'let's dance to our wedding!'

At this juncture Jenufa's Foster-mother intervenes. With a gesture she stops the musicians. Then this proud, respectable, pious woman speaks her mind: 'It is always like this with us,' she says, 'recklessness, irresponsible haste, extravagance.' Jenufa shall not marry Steva until a year's probation has proved him worthy. All consider that the Stepmother is too stern, except Laca, who kisses her hand gratefully. Steva looks annoyed. He is not so tipsy but that he feels his vanity affronted before the villagers. Jenufa weeps. When the company has cleared off, Grannie Buryja comforts the lovers. Steva is just a big ch. who has been led away by bad companions. Jenufa must not cry; to all lovers comes a time of suffering. Left alone with Steva, Jenufa confesses her condition, her shame and anguish, and appeals to his love. Steva is in no mood to face the responsibility of his wrong-doing. His self-esteem is still smarting under the Foster-mother's rebuke. *He*—the village favourite, with all the girls at his beck and call—*he*, refused as a son-in-law, turned back for a year's probation! He

boasts of other conquests, and Jenufa grows furiously jealous. In her anger she shakes her debonair, ne'er-do-weel lover. Good tempered, but tipsily, he assures her she is the best looking of the lot. He admires her 'smooth apple cheeks.' But the consequences of his passion pass him by. Jenufa is growing desperate when Grannie appears in the porch: 'Leave the lad alone,' she advises, 'his wits will be clearer in the morning.'

The last scene of Act 1 is occupied by a violent scene between Laca and Jenufa. He comes in, having dropped his switch, but still carrying the open knife, and begins by a fierce condemnation of the unworthy Steva. He picks up the hat lying on the ground, and points to the garland: 'Would you wear this?' he asks. 'It was given him by another girl!' Jenufa replies that she would gladly wear what was given 'to honour her lover.' Laca scoffs at the word 'honour'; works himself into a frenzy of baffled tenderness; strives to take the girl in his arms; and, being contemptuously repulsed, loses his head and scars her cheek with the knife. Jenufa's cry brings out Grannie and the servant from the mill. Jenufa presses her handkerchief to her cheek, and staggers indoors. Laca, stunned by the consequences of his rage, rouses himself at Grannie's command to go and fetch the Foster-mother. Jenufa has fainted.

Act 2 shows the interior of a Slovak cottage, the Foster-mother's dwelling. She is a good church-woman. Religious pictures deck the walls; a holy-water stoup hangs near the door; a bench, an old carved press, and a bed piled with feather mattresses complete the furniture. Jenufa, pale and dejected, the scar still showing on her cheek, sits sewing. The dialogue which ensues between her and the Foster-mother gradually unfolds the soul-state of each woman. Jenufa is benumbed with grief. The Foster-mother's former energy has turned to a restless agony. They speak of the baby asleep in an adjoining room. It is clear that Jenufa loves him in spite of all the suffering his birth has entailed. 'He is so quiet, my little son, he never cries.' 'He'll howl loud enough by and by,' answers the Foster-mother; 'he'll drain my life and reason away.' Yet in her bitterness—the bitterness of a woman of intense respectability and limited tenderness—the Sacristan's Widow still loves Jenufa, and yearns over her past pride in the child she has brought up. Presently, when the girl has crept to bed, the elder woman gives vent to her anguish. How she has prayed and prayed that God would spare her the humiliation of a base-born baby under her roof! And Steva has never been near. He does not want to be reminded of his paternity. But to-night he must come. She has sent for him. If the villain will not marry Jenufa . . . ? All this to music full of poignant feeling. Then a few terrible phrases in which the germ of the evil thought shows its first small roots. 'The baby is a week old; it breathes, it lives; there is no likelihood of its dying. . . .'

At this moment Steva walks in. He has not the

air of a villain, but of a careless, somewhat embarrassed youth, quite unable to grasp the tremendous responsibilities he has incurred. He hopes there is nothing wrong with Jenufa. He has not been before, because like all the neighbours he believed she had gone on a visit to Vienna. What? There is really a child? 'Yes,' replies the Foster-mother, 'go and peep at him, Jenufa is asleep.' But if she expects to awaken Steva's paternal instincts she is mistaken. He peeps into the room and returns: 'Poor little brute,' he says. 'And "poor" Jenufa,' cries the Foster-mother. Then the proud and righteous woman abases herself before this graceless young peasant, using every argument to persuade him save the family from shame by making an honest woman of Jenufa. Steva is sheepish, but obdurate. 'Tis a bit of bad luck,' he says. He was in love with Jenufa's gaiety, with her bright eyes and 'apple cheeks'—such things will happen. Then once—on the day of his return—he caught a glimpse of her hidden nature. Something austere and earnest—'like you, and I always was afraid of you, the Sacristan's Widow'—and then her scratched face, her good looks gone . . . it was all over. 'I'm not in love with her any more. Besides, 'tis too late, yesterday I got engaged to the Mayor's daughter, Karolka. So now you know. There's my answer!' He goes out, and leaves the wretched woman to her distracting grief and shame.

Laca appears on the scene. He has seen Steva's departure. He asks: 'Has Jenufa returned from Vienna? Is she well? Does she still care for Steva?' At the sight of Laca a gleam of hope shines upon the Foster-mother. She resolves to confide to him the whole story. Laca's devotion is of the kind that bears the test. Only when she mentions the baby he baulks for a moment. 'A child—Steva's child. This is like a sword piercing my heart! How shall I bear the agony?' The Foster-mother is terrified lest this straw of hope should be carried beyond her reach on a flood of furious jealousy. Suddenly she faces the suffering man: 'Laca, believe me, the child died.' 'Does Steva know this?' 'Yes, . . . no, . . . no, . . . Do not speak of him. Go quickly and find out the date of his marriage to Karolka! Run!' The woman stands alone in the room. She is committed to her falsehood. Her immortal soul in exchange for her good name—and Jenufa's. She goes muttering about her hideous task. 'Now, at once, before the ice breaks . . . no trace . . . no pain . . . I take him home to God.' She creeps stealthily into the next room and comes out with a bundle in her arms. 'He came by sin; by sin he departs!' She lifts the latch and disappears into the night.

Jenufa awakes during her Foster-mother's absence. She misses the child. Her head is weak and confused, and she has a kind of delirious premonition of disaster. She thinks she hears the baby cry, and rushes to the door only to find it locked. She swoons. When she recovers she is calm and happy. Of course, she thinks, her Foster-mother has taken the child to his father. 'When Steva sees

those blue eyes, so like his own, all will be well.' While she is praying before the picture of the Virgin, she hears a knock at the window. 'Let me in,' says the widow, 'here is the key, my hands shake so with the cold I cannot turn the lock.' When Jenufa sees her Foster-mother's arms are empty, she is filled with joy. 'Steva has kept him,' she exclaims, 'Steva cares for him, and to-morrow he will come himself and bring the baby to me!' 'Child, are you still wandering?' asks the elder woman, 'Don't you know you have been ill and delirious for two days and that meanwhile your baby is dead?' Jenufa weeps bitterly. Eventually she is a little consoled to feel that the child has been spared an embittered life, and is now, as the Foster-mother reminds her, 'with the angels.'

When Laca returns, the elder woman, before letting him in, whispers to Jenufa that he knows all, and does not judge her harshly. Laca goes humbly and gently up to Jenufa: 'God comfort you! Will you not give me your hand?' And presently he adds: 'Could you not take me now, Jenufa?' Jenufa replies that she is no fit wife for him. Beauty, honour, first love—all are gone; she has nothing to give. But Laca pleads, and the Foster-mother joins him. Suddenly a strange terror possesses the widow. She rushes to the window and opens it. 'Do you not hear it? A cry of anguish?' Laca lays his hand kindly on her shoulder and asks her what she fears. She turns a stricken face to his: 'I thought I saw Death grimacing at the casement.'

In Act 3 the curtain rises on the same scene in the Foster-mother's cottage, but now Jenufa, looking grave but not unhappy, is making simple preparations for her wedding with Laca. The villagers begin to drop in and offer congratulations. Tender and attentive, but curbing his exultation, Laca hovers near his bride. The Mayor and his wife arrive. She rallies Jenufa on the simplicity of her costume: no bright colours, no garlands. Laca, taking Jenufa apart, entreats her to wear the bridal wreath he has journeyed to the town to fetch.

Again he assures her that his great love has driven out all bitterness. He has even invited Steva and his betrothed to the wedding. When these two walk in, Jenufa bids the half-brothers to be reconciled. 'Each of you has his good qualities,' she says; 'Steva is handsome, but Laca has a divinely tender heart.' Only the Foster-mother seems apprehensive and ill at ease. She starts and trembles at the sight of Steva. 'Will he bring us trouble once again?' Now the village girls flock in and sing a marriage song. The cottage is crowded to witness the pretty ceremony, in which the bridal pair kneel to receive first the blessing of Grannie Buryja and then that of the Foster-mother. But just as she lifts her hands to lay them on their bowed heads, a clamour is heard outside. She starts in terror. A voice without is heard saying: 'Poor child! What brute can have caused its death?'

All hasten to the window. Jano, the shepherd boy, now takes up the rôle of the Messenger in Greek tragedy, relating all that must not be seen upon the stage. 'Just down there, where the ice is thawing . . . a baby . . . in all its swaddlings . . . it looks alive still . . . hark at the folk weeping . . . O, horrible, horrible!'

The Foster-mother gives a demented scream: 'Save me, hold me, save me!' and sinks in a swoon. Grannie Buryja goes to her aid. Steva's betrothed clings to him: 'O, Steva, this is terrible, their wedding is quite spoilt.' Then a sudden cry from Jenufa, who has run out of the cottage, thrills the little crowd: 'God and the saints in heaven, it is my boy!' Laca tries to hush her cries: 'Collect yourself, Jenufa, everyone will hear you.' But she struggles from his grasp: 'Let me go! I tell you it is my boy, my Steva!'

The entrance of the Mayor, carrying some of the child's wrappings, brings matters to a crisis. Jenufa recognises the clothes and turns to Steva, 'Go,' she cries, 'and bring him in—your child!' At this the neighbours cry scandal, and gather threateningly around Jenufa. But Laca stands in front of her and warns them off. The Foster-mother, now aroused from her stupor, comes forward. 'I did it,' she proclaims, 'I drowned Jenufa's child. I wanted to save our good name. I could not endure that the girl I had brought up should fall into disgrace. God, Thou knowest I could bear no more . . . It was cold and dark . . . the babe never stirred . . . Since that hour the crime has weighed me down . . . Jenufa is innocent.'

Steva's betrothed then turns to him with a reproachful gesture: 'All the guilt is yours. Mother, take me home. Steva is no husband for me.' The young man hides his face in his hands. His shame has found him out, and he fumbles with the door-latch, seeking escape. 'Aye, let him go,' shout the villagers, scornfully: 'Go and join the gipsies!' Meanwhile the Foster-mother, with a wild cry, rushes into the next room intending to kill herself, but on the threshold she remembers Jenufa. 'I must live to bear witness for her,' she says. Then she confesses that egotism rather than love has inspired her conduct. A real mother would have loved the girl better than her honour. 'God comfort you,' says Jenufa. And so, forgiven, the Foster-mother follows the Mayor to judgment.

Laca and Jenufa remain in the cottage. She tells her lover he must go his way and leave her to face her ruined life alone. But Laca's love is of the quality that grows strong through adversity. Gravely he shows her that his only way of happiness lies in sharing her shame and sorrow. Then Jenufa opens her arms to him. 'At last,' she exclaims, 'I know what love is—the love that God himself approves!'

So in an atmosphere of pity, and reconciliation, and quietly-dawning hope—an atmosphere as mellow as that which pervades the last Act of some late Shakespearian play—this remarkable drama comes to an end.

The music of 'Jeji Pastorkyna,' though strongly tinged with the folk spirit, is in substance a very individual creation. The form of the opera is modern in the sense that it presents no set numbers, duets, trios, &c. Janacek makes use of a style of melodic recitative which, whether it be specifically Slovak or not in rhythm and accent, is at any rate admirably adapted to the utterance of the most varied and poignant emotions. The vocal phrases, whether they follow each other continuously or are broken by pregnant pauses; whether they are rapid or languid; suddenly tense with emotion or as suddenly quiescent, have a singularly natural effect. The sung dialogue leaves on us the impression of a swift, eloquent interchange of speech—now vehement now tender, now charged with horror or despair. It has an affinity with the realistic idiom of Moussorgky's operas, in that the composer relies for his dramatic element upon 'the melody of the spoken word.' But the more efficient musicianship of Janacek has produced in 'Jeji Pastorkyna' a far less uneven work than the Russian composer's 'Marriage,' for example. When produced in Vienna the work was compared, not inaptly, with Charpentier's 'Louise.'

Rhythmically, as with most Slavonic music, 'Jeji Pastorkyna' contains much that is interesting, not merely as regards the clever combination and interweaving of various measures into a complex and supple rhythmic tissue, but because of what, for the want of a better word, I must describe as its emotional rhythm.

The orchestration, generally speaking, has a colour and tang entirely its own. Occasionally there are effects which are no doubt purposely naïve and aim at the close imitation of the local instruments used by the Slovaks: a small bagpipe, the pastoral flute (*fujara*), cymbals, &c. Each Act is preceded by a short orchestral introduction which prepares us for the special dramatic aspects of life to follow, and leaves us in the right frame of expectancy. I was much struck by the originality of the opening pages, which form not so much a thematic as a psychological exposition of the drama. In clear, dry tones the xylophone gives out a persistent figure against the *pizzicato* notes in the basses, suggesting to my fancy the ceaseless, relentless click-clack of the mill-wheel, which turns stolidly on, through situations of extreme tension.

The composer is fond of these whirring, revolving figures. The triplets in the Prelude to Act 2, which first accompany melodic passages for wood-wind, and afterwards so much of the unhappy dialogue between the Foster-mother and Jenufa, again sounded like the turning of the wheel of fate, which in this drama revolves mostly through emotional storms and clouds. But how glad I am that there is no 'comic relief' in 'Jeji Pastorkyna'! In our passions and griefs we are all more or less united, without distinction of class or nationality; but in our sense of humour we are infinitely differentiated, and what amuses a Slav will bore a Latin. So, remembering the

terrible keeper, or bailiff, in Smetana's 'Two Widows,' I give thanks for the unbroken seriousness of 'Her Foster-daughter.'

These generalisations about the music of 'Jeji Pastorkyna' by no means do the composer justice; but they are all I care to write on the subject after one hearing only of a work which I found so arresting that it left me too breathless to consider details. One more observation must conclude this too-lengthy article. The strong local colour and picturesque scenery and costumes of Slovakia are undoubted assets alike to the writer, the painter, and the dramatic composer; but this is no peasant opera in the sense that it depends on these externals for its success. Both Kovarovic's 'Psohlavci' and Janaeck's 'Jeji Pastorkyna' might be transferred—the former to the realm of Scottish Border history, the latter to a village in Brittany, and yet each would retain its musical and dramatic interest. I venture to say that both works have that quality of sincere emotionalism combined with sound art that merits, and generally finds, success in any country in the world.

Interludes.

BY 'FESTE.'

The beginning of the present autumn saw the launching of four new musical journals, and the inception of several series of ballad and other concerts avowedly 'run' by music publishers. The fact is significant, and demands consideration if only because it must inevitably lead to discussions on the subject of commercialism in art. Already some well-worn phrases are being bandied about: 'mere commercialism,' 'shop,' 'trade in the things of the spirit,' 'art in commercial trammels,' and so forth. The time seems opportune for an attempt to get down to a commonsense view of a question that is too often dismissed by such phrases. We have to recognize that all the conditions of modern life tend to make art more and more a matter of business. Before we lament the fact, let us try to see exactly whether it calls for tears, or cheers, or both.

On the whole both—as is the case with most things on this piebald planet. But (to begin at the beginning) when was art of any kind outside and above commercial considerations? The professional of a thousand years ago had a good deal in common with his descendant of to-day. Like the prima donna and the pianistic lion, he toured, taking on his way such tribute as was forthcoming. Many people starved in the Middle Ages, but I doubt if there was ever a minstrel among them. Kipling's True Thomas declined a knighthood—an example which few, if any, of his successors have followed:

And what should I make wi' blaz'n and belt,
Wi' keep and tail and seizin and fee,
And what should I do wi' page and squire
That am a king in my own countrie?

But did he harp for nothing? Hardly:

And some they give me the good red gold,
And some they give me the white money,
And some they give me a clout o' meal,
For they be people o' low degree.

To-day the good red gold (or its paper equivalent) and the white money go to the box office. The True Thomas of to-day would be insulted if you met him outside Queen's Hall and tendered him the price of your seat. What he would feel like if I and other people of low degree offered him a clout o' meal, I shudder to think. And the original Thomas was a practical sort of democrat, too:

And the song I sing for the counted gold,
The same I sing for the white money,
But best I sing for the clout o' meal
That simple people given me.

This is real playing to the gallery—the only kind that needs no apology.

Now we may be sure that True Thomas knew which of his songs was the likeliest to produce substantial results, from red gold to a handful of meal. And we may be equally sure that at every stopping-place that song was sung just before the collection was taken up. ('Mere commercialism,' said an art-for art's-sake-highbrow on the edge of the crowd, leaving just before the hat reached him.) Later, when the printing press was invented, Thomas became a publisher as well as a singer, hawking the ballads as he sang them. Was he less of an artist because he was now a tradesman as well? He still put his best work into his best songs; and if, with an eye to his next meal, he wound up with what is now known as a 'winner,' who shall blame him?

If you want a literary reference to the royalty system, you will find it (like everything else) in Shakespeare:

Autolycus. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mopsa. Let's have some merry ones.

Autolycus. Why this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man': there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mopsa. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dorcas. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Autolycus. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

(Song. 'Get you hence'.)

Autolycus the publisher having sold a copy of 'Get you hence,' paid the royalty to Autolycus the singer—direct action, with no profits lost on the way. To-day, 'Get you hence' would bear on its cover the words:

'Sung with immense success at all his engagements by Mr. A. U. Tolycus.'

The royalty system is anathema in many quarters. I was as hot against it as anybody until I reminded myself that, after all, the royalty singer is merely a commercial traveller, going