AMERICA IS GETTING THE "SHAKING UP" SHE NEEDED FOR HER SOUL-AWAKENING

By
MAUD POWELL

Published in *Musical America*
October 20, 1917

I dare hope, I dare believe, that out of this unspeakable war-hell, ultimate good will come. The end is not yet, and if we can but suffer the deprivation, biting sorrow and scorching anxiety of our allies, if we can go through the soul-searching process that the warring nations have experienced since 1914, then, and then only, can there be an American soul-awakening that shall lead the way to real achievement in the arts.

What America has needed for many years is a real shaking up. Our smugness, our middle class thought, should be rooted out; our soul-deadening prosperity should quake in the balance. Nothing of art importance can be achieved in an environment of public content and self-approval, for under such conditions there can be born no public spirit that sighs for artistic satisfaction, and without a public, the artist's pot cannot boil, nor can his artistic spirit soar in flights of creative ecstacy. I do not hold with the idea that burdens of trouble and actual want or starvation give rise to art genius. During dire trouble there is stagnation. Blind sorrow and devastating tragedy benumb the sensibilities—the creative powers are in abeyance. But nature has her own remedies. Hope steals in and offers solace. The tortured soul bursts its fetters, rises into finer ether, and straightway proceeds to create *new expression for its new estate*.

Let us hope that America will not be found wanting when the test comes, but will take her stand bravely with older nations, in the arts, as she has in invention, commerce and organizing ability. The time of trouble will help our pampered, restless women. Nobler outlets will be given their nervous energy. Where there are noble women, there are noble sons. When women's souls ache with a longing to express higher things—the infinite, the ineffable, the true—then will they give birth to sons of genius.

From the Archive of The Maud Powell Society for Music and Education

HOW TO ENJOY MUSIC

by
MAUD POWELL

Published in *New York Evening Mail*, ca. 1917; reprinted in *Musician*, August 1917; *The Musical Courier*, August 1917; and in *The Violinist*, May 1918

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Listen to the rise and fall of the music--the sky line, as it were--as you might listen to an orator speaking in a foreign tongue. You will sense the introduction or presentation of the subject; its elaboration (like variations of a statement presented in different words); the occasional rising to a climax; and the holding of the listener's attention with a contrasting quiet level stretch.

Forceful repetition will help drive the argument home, with an imaginary pounding on the desk to increase impressiveness; not forgetting dramatic pauses to let the thought sink in.

Then finally you will sense the “coda”--the peroration--that builds to a huge close full of the oratorical impression of finality; or that contrariwise drops to an ultimate whisper that leaves one wondering where the music ends and one's soul begins.

The Underlying Rhythm

Listen for rhythm. Music at its very source is based on the rhythmic or periodic principle. It has pulse and is one manifestation of the great rhythmic scheme of things, which controls all, from the solar system down to man's heart-beat.

You know how the jaded regiment revives at the sound of the brass band's enlivening tune, and marches along forgetful of worn-out spirit and tired muscles. That is the power of rhythm. In listening try to find where the stress or principal accent is. Get the vital pulse of the composition, the time or “tempo,” as we call it. It may seem so spread out or intangible to you that you cannot, at first, find it. Can you count four or three or six or five or eight? Would you walk or march or stroll, dance or run, sway, rock or float to its measure?

Descriptive Music

Or try to catch the spirit of the music, whether grave or gay, dreamy or martial, sweet and vague or purposefully definite, noble or trifling. Amuse yourself letting the music suggest colors as it fleetingly passes as subtly as the rainbow comes and goes. Or let pictures float through your mind in keeping with what you hear.

The title of a piece will sometimes stir the imagination to action. A dance-form—sarabande, gavotte, minuet—will suggest steps or the figures of the dance and even the dress of the dancers. The thought of dainty figures in "powder and patches, silver and old brocade" dancing the stately and graceful minuet will conjure a vision of kings' courts and ducal palaces, with old world atmosphere of dignity and ceremony.

Music is effectively descriptive in pieces that represent nature's phenomena, such as the rush of water, the play of wind or wave, shimmering sunlight, storms or the ineffable charm of mid-summer quietude.

Familiarity Increases Enjoyment

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Descriptive or "programme" music, though of a lower type than "absolute" music, nevertheless helps the untrained hearer to listen with more intelligence. Of this kind of music are the extraordinarily clever "Death Dance" ("Danse Macabre"), an orchestral tone-poem by Saint-Saens; "Spring Song" by Grieg; Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, Wagne''s "Waldweben" (or "Woodland Life"), from the opera of "Siegfried."

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Play a minuet on your phonograph or player-piano. Recurrence or repetitions will come in groups of eight or sixteen short bars. Then will come a contrasting or answering section. After awhile the mood will change for the middle section or "trio," which is also constructed of two phrases. Presently you will discern an entire repetition or recapitulation of all the first short part and its following contrasting section. Sometimes the piece ends quite simply like the first part, sometimes a little coda, or closing part, is tacked on, much as a woman gives a bowknot a little finishing pat after tying.

The Magic Key

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One can follow two voices singing in two-part harmony (not in unison, mind you), or can follow, perhaps, the simple harmony of simple tunes, or even, after a fashion, the choruses at a musical comedy—though in the latter the dancing, the pretty girls, the gaiety and largely the rhythm make pleasant adjuncts.

Infinite patience will be required to learn to listen to harmonies as they move incessantly in and out as subtly and elusively as quick silver. Chords are as the many-hued threads which the magic weaver manipulates on his loom, evolving patterns according to his will.

In this, the most difficult of our problems, I can only suggest that a step in the right direction would be to practice following one voice in a double quartet as the single voice finds its place in each successive chord throughout a song.

This very act of concentration will simplify the next step of choosing still another inner voice to follow--then two or more inner voices, as they weave their way in and out through successive chords.

Presently the listener, who is now really learning to listen, will sense one chord melting into another. Let him seize on this perception and repeat it. For, lo, there is the secret—further revelations will come now that the magic key is found.

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TWO TYPES OF VIOLIN PLAYING

An Interview with the Most Famous of American Violinists MAUD POWELL

Secured expressly for *The Etude* by Charles P. Poore
November 1918

[Editor's Note: Miss Maud Powell, the greatest violinist of her sex, is a native of Peru, Ill. Wm. Lewis, of Chicago was her early teacher; afterward she studied with Schradieck in Leipsic, Dancla in Paris and Joachim in Berlin. She has made extensive concert tours in most parts of the civilized world, and was the first player to introduce the violin concertos of Arensky, Dvorak, Saint-Saens (C min.) and Lalo (G maj.) to America. She has made some very effective transcriptions of various songs and piano pieces for the violin, and has been a contributor to The Etude *from time to time. In 1904 she married, and is known in private life as Mrs. H. Godfrey Turner. Her success as a violinist has been a very great source of inspiration among girls who have taken up the study of the violin; indeed, her influence in this particular way has been so wide-reaching that one could scarcely overestimate it.]*

Violin players today, generally speaking, group themselves in two classes, or schools. The psychology of these two schools lies deeper than the principles of the Belgian School of violin playing or the French School, which have for so long held sway over the violin world. The two classes I have in mind are concerned with questions fundamentally more important than mere methods of holding the bow or the development of the left hand. They have to do with mental attitudes. One of these two schools is based on the theory that the performer of the music is of greater importance than the music itself—that the music is merely the medium through which the performer may play upon the emotions of his hearers and win plaudits as a virtuoso. It is a theory of self-exploitation.

The principles of the other class are founded in the belief that the power of the best music infinitely transcends the boldest flights of the virtuoso—that the function of the artist is purely interpretative: that the best he can do is to mirror faithfully the spiritual content of the music he plays.

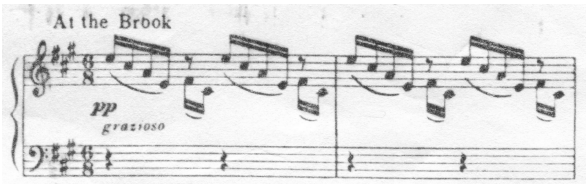
One school develops and stresses the spectacular, the other endeavors to interpret the music in accordance with the spirit of the times in which it was written and the composer's intent. One depends for effect upon personal display, the other upon musicianship plus vision. In the latter category are the world's greatest violinists, among whom, if I may judge by a single hearing, we shall include to-day Jascha Heifetz. All that Heifetz does apparently shows that he is more concerned with the music than with his own self-exploitation. His tremendous vogue is due to sincerity of spirit joined to extraordinary ability.

In what I have said, I do not want to be understood as implying that violinists willfully choose the wrong, less noble course. Self-advertising is quite characteristic of our American life, and influences our art as well as our business. I have laid stress upon these differences in mental

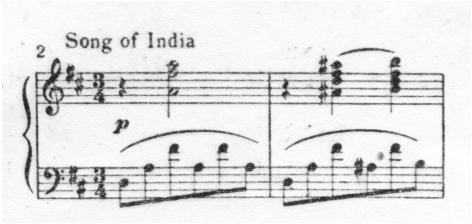
attitude solely through a desire to do something helpfully constructive by way of definite suggestion.

The Significance of the Accompaniment

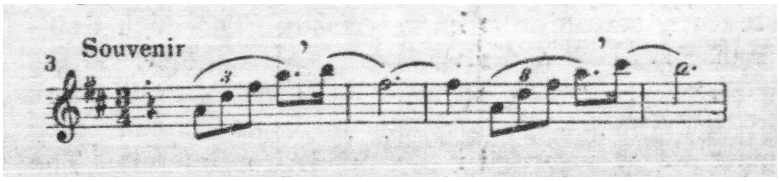
Speaking of violin literature: it is always very helpful to young students, and, I may add also to audiences, to consider the pieces played as duets for piano and violin rather than as violin solos. Occasionally a composer writes a pure melody so complete in itself as to need no accompaniment. Such is perhaps Schumann's *Traumeri*, although even its beauty is enhanced by the lovely accompaniment. But more often the melody tells only half the story, as in characteristic pieces or so-called program music. A pretty characteristic piece that I often play is *At the Brook*, by Boisdeffre.



Often when I am playing informally I describe the music in a few words. Of this composition I say something like this–"The piece I am to play now is really a duet, so you will have to listen very carefully to both parts. If you want to know where the brook is I think you will find it in the piano; I am just a little skiff floating on the surface, or perhaps a gleam of sunshine playing with the ripples." In other words, the piano part (I was going to say accompaniment, but the word is misleading) is so descriptive that the melody would be meaningless without it.

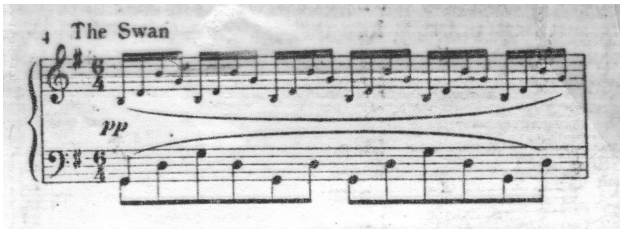


In Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Song of India* (Chanson Indoue), a piece that carries one straight to Eastern climes, the composer establishes a languorous mood through the mesmerizing influence of the monotonous piano part, with its insistent repetition of the same bass note throughout, followed always by the rocking figure in eighth notes.

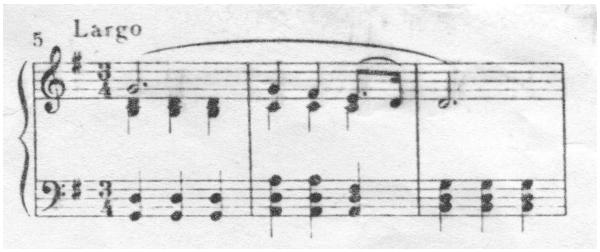


In *Souvenir*, by Drdla, the figure, reiterated in the violin, and echoed by the piano, suggests the mind's workings--memory recalling one thought with little variation, in endless

reiteration. In Saint-Saens' *The Swan* the effect of graceful line and pride of motion (in fact, the mental picture of a floating swan) is achieved largely through the clever treatment of the piano part, which suggests the mirror-like yet plastic surface of water, thus throwing into relief the gentle melody of the violin which in imagination portrays the swan's graceful movements.



A fine example of a violin solo which should be treated as a duet is Handel's *Largo*. The melody alone could never create that definite impression of exaltation which a good performance of this piece invariably produces. But atmosphere is created by the simple chords of the piano--these establishing a mood at once. They are like the mighty law of gravitation holding the universe together, even each little star moving in its prescribed place. Or, the move like Fate, itself, ever onward, inevitably, inexorably, to a definite goal, carrying a triumphant soul (the melody) with them.



It is especially necessary in these days for violinist to develop a faculty of listening to the whole harmonic structure of compositions in order to cultivate a sense of ensemble; for contemporary composers of music for violin and piano, more and more, rely upon the rich colorful complex harmonizations that have been developed within the past few years, for creating atmosphere; and unless one has learned to listen intelligently and can analyze the function that harmony plays, an adequate, effective interpretation is impossible, for the violinist will fail certainly to attain the balance of parts. Modern impressionistic music demands of the performer that he shall have power of visualization and a well-developed color sense. He must have in his own mind a clear concept of the picture the composer limns. Modern composers paint, as on canvas, with a broad brush and with bold color; and the artist must have the breadth of vision to see the work in its total effect. A good example of this type of music is Sibelius' Concerto (First Movement). This is a work to tax the technical resources of the artist and his imagination.

As a homely comparison, modern music for the violin and piano may well be likened to a complicated salad, in which the ingredients are so cleverly blended as to be undistinguishable except to an epicure. They defy analysis; they bear not the least resemblance to the simple salads of former days. To intelligently enjoy (analyze) these highly seasoned concoctions really demands an educated taste. To carry out the comparison--the simple salads are like the older classics, direct and simple in construction, with a simple well-defined interrelation of parts;

modern music is highly seasoned and complex (full of bizarre chord combinations and weird harmonizations), and the enjoyment of it demands power of analysis, with a highly developed color sense.

I have said nothing about violin technic. To discuss technic in detail would require the space of another article; but this much is apropos of what I have been saying--that without a technic more than adequate for the music being studied, a rapid development of interpretative power is difficult. I like to compare the violinist, in the development of his technic, with the baseball player or the golf player. To both, "good form" is a sine qua non. Without technic every exciting moment of the game finds the contestant undone. But a ball playing technic is the end of all--the final test. In the life of the artist technic is necessary, but not for itself; he needs technical accomplishment to enable him not alone to meet the excitement of a public performance with equanimity, he needs it also so that while his spirit may soar to the clouds and like Prometheus bring down fire from heaven to mortals, his fingers and bow may remain on the terra firma of his instrument to faithfully interpret the inspired message.

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AN ARTIST'S LIFE

by
MAUD POWELL
(Courtesy of Harriette Brower)
Published in *The Musical Observer*
May 1918

The career of our American master violinist, Maud Powell, has been followed with increasing admiration by all who have watched it in the spirit of sympathetic interest. Memory goes back to student days in Berlin, when the pretty little American girl, with her long dark curls and her bright face, appeared one day at the Hoch Schule and was admitted at once to Professor Joachim's class. During a brief lull in her present strenuous tour, Mme. Powell was recalling those days reminiscently.

"I had met Prof. Joachim in London, and he had told me to come to him in Berlin and he would see that I was placed in his class. When I arrived that day at the Schule, I found a number of girls and young women assembled in the waiting-room. They had all made application for an audience, which I had not yet done, and had been waiting, some of them, an hour at least. When the Professor sent for us I was the first called to go to him; needless to say I gained what I had come for, the opportunity to study with him.

"I began music study in my home town, Aurora, Ill., when I was seven, not with the violin, but with the piano: I always had a predilection for the piano; I love it and it has retained a little place in my musical life. I must always have my piano near me; a room or a house without a piano is sadly incomplete. One feels lost without that instrument; how immeasurably our homes would lose if pianos should be absent!

"About six months after beginning piano, the violin was started. My parents were not musicians, but my father was deeply interested in music, and, of course, in my progress. He watched it carefully, especially from the mental side; he saw to it that I understood what I was doing, that I learned how to memorize and had incentives to do it. After I returned from a lesson he would ask, 'Well, what did you do today?' 'Oh, I have a new piece, or a concerto,' as the case might be. 'Are you going to learn it by heart?' 'I don't know, maybe.' 'Well, if you learn it by Christmas you'll get a five dollar bill.' That was only a few weeks away, but I made it a point to be ready at the appointed day to play that concerto from memory to my father and so secure the coveted reward.

"My public career as violinist was begun so early that it really has covered a long space, but it seems short to look back upon. I hardly take time to do that. I think that it has extended for twenty-five years. I was suddenly reminded of the fact and should have celebrated in some way, only there seemed no time--and there is so much ahead!"

The artist was seated in a great comfortable chair in the studio of her artistic New York home. There stood her favorite piano, everywhere were books, music, pictures. Above all absolute quiet reigned. "I must have it," she said; "I can work here without being disturbed by sounds from without, and that means much in this great city.

"But oh, the summer—then I can work unrestrained. Up in the White Mountains, in our bungalow, I spend several months of the year. The joy of it, to be in the heart of nature, surrounded by all her loveliness, with time for work. I love it. When there, I can really work, with my mind fully on what I am doing. One can accomplish so much more under such conditions. I work four days a week there, not whole days of course, but perhaps from nine until one or two. I prepare the concert and recital programs for the coming season, though I generally have them pretty well laid out in mind before I go to the mountains, in order to know just what music to take with me.

"Do I always play the piece the same way? No, I do not, never twice in just the same way. How is it possible? The environment is always different, so am I, so are the people, the weather, my mood; the violin, too, has moods sometimes. So you see how impossible for a violinist, above all others, to play twice in exactly the same way. This does not mean I have no plan of interpretation, for of course I have; everything is carefully thought out. When that is all done there is still leeway for variety and the unforeseen.

"Am I conscious of the audience? Yes, very much so; I do not see how it is possible for an artist not to be, if he is awake to the conditions and influences that surround him. So much depends on the audience. Some sit perfectly still, like wooden images; you feel as though you were playing to a stone wall, so unresponsive are they. Such an audience is a great strain on the player; it takes so much out of him. I feel perfectly exhausted after encountering this kind. On the other hand, a receptive audience never wearies me; I could play twice a day to such houses and never feel the effort. It is unexplainable, this mysterious <u>rapport</u> between player and listener. Two or three receptive ones in an audience help the player amazingly; they are able, sometimes, to enthuse a non-responsive crowd. Especially so if they sit near the front and have sympathy and knowledge. If they <u>know</u> when the piece is well played they show their appreciation by some demonstration at the close. The stolid people about them may look and wonder why they are clapping; but if they keep it up this very fact may arouse the others. Hand clapping is one way in which an audience can show its appreciation, one way in which it can respond and give out. That is what we musicians want, to take the people out of their self consciousness, to call forth response to what we ourselves are giving out to our listeners. Viewed in this light, applause has a deeper meaning than is sometimes considered.

"I like to feel the pulse of a town where I am to play, even if it be quite a small place. How can this be done when one remains but a few hours or a day? It is not so difficult. Soon after I arrive, I go for a walk, for I need fresh air after a night of railway travel. I explore the little town, its shop windows and principal streets. I drop into the music store, too, get acquainted with the proprietors, tell them who I am, ask about the victrola and the records. Then I meet the club people and others whom it is necessary for me to know. By the time the concert is to begin, I have a pretty good idea of the temper of that town and its people. When I go before them, I play as though that were the one concert of my life. The next night I play somewhere else and have almost forgotten the former town and the people I saw, even the very name of the hotel where I stayed the day before.

"It makes such a difference if there is a leading thought in a town. Even one person can do so much. Just suppose you went to stay in some little place, quite asleep on the subject of music. You would at once do something to stir them up; it might be a very simple thing at first. You might only call some of the people together once a week to listen to phonograph records. Then you might start a little music club, and before long you would suggest having a few artists

come during the season, to play and sing for them. And so the good work begins and goes on. The artists need not be of the highest or most expensive; many of the humbler sort are doing splendid work in just this way. They are filling the great need -- the need to make the people know and love good music. For example, I know and love the César Franck Sonata. When we play that in a music center, we know there will be a number in the audience who are familiar with it and admire it. How much greater sympathetic response would the artists secure, if all, or nearly all of the listeners understood the work. So it is understanding of what good music is that we are trying to spread as we travel the length and breadth of the land. Of course we aim to do things faultlessly at all times. I do not take as much comfort out of a recital where I am keyed up to the highest pitch, to uphold the standard of Art, as when I am playing for the love of music, to a great audience of men in khaki. They listen to Music, not to Art; their enjoyment of the music as music gives me infinite pleasure. I realize how this receptivity in the listeners reacts on the player, for I am quite taken out of myself, and am told afterwards that my playing was more spontaneous than I had dreamed. In fact, at such times, I scarcely realize I am in the body at all; I am just the avenue through which music itself is poured out to others."

From the Archive of The Maud Powell Society for Music and Education

"WE SHALL EVOLVE A REAL SCHOOL OF NATIONAL ART, LITERATURE AND MUSIC"

– MAUD POWELL

Published in *Musical America*
October 19, 1918

This new "finding ourselves" musically is not a mere passing phase. The question is so large and involves so many interlocked developments in other arts and sciences, to say nothing of our national soul awakening, that it were impossible to go into the subject thoroughly in a few words. I venture to hazard, however, that music will be democratized and brought to the great public more than the world has dreamed of heretofore. The process will not so much benefit music per se, as it will benefit that same great public more than the world has dreamed of heretofore.

America has been the land of opportunity for untold thousands of emigrants who have come to us from all quarters of the earth. Their children have received, in most instances, a pretty good common school education and have gone out into the world to succeed better than they could have hoped to succeed in the old country.

What has this done to us as a nation? We are quick, brainy, full of mental vitality and nervous energy; we are straightforward, democratic, practical. We have amazing inventiveness and have established institutions for the benefit of the great public. We have most of the virtues that one might care to enumerate--but not for one moment can we pride ourselves on being cultured. (The reader must not confuse culture with obnoxious "Kultur," which is another thing altogether.)

Now I feel that as we have raised standards of education, and of opportunity for the *masses* in this great democracy of ours and have given every man a chance to live and to have his say in the government, so shall music in its process of democratization gain a great vitality and make a new place for itself in the world. It will become a necessary part of the people's individual life, their family life, their civic and national life. What the art gains in this evolution of robustness it will lose in distinction and "apartness." It will be democratic—not aristocratic. It will be cast in trenchant, unbefurlowed workday form. It will strike between the eyes and find its way straight to elemental reaction in the heart—as Sousa's marches find their way thither through the toes!

Out of all this, in good time, say in several generations, we shall probably evolve a real school of national art, literature and music. Why think about that now? Such things must come, evolve, normally—else they are likely to be artificial and unlasting.

From the Archive of The Maud Powell Society for Music and Education

MAUD POWELL ON PROHIBITION
1919 ?

Prohibition is not the solution of the liquor problem. Education is, but is too slow a process for immediate results. Meantime, close the saloons, put an exorbitantly heavy tax on all alcoholic drinks, especially whiskey; prohibit the sale of liquor to minors; prohibit the sale of liquor at restaurants and all other places except as taken during bona fide meals; punish every degree of drunkenness, and, above all, establish organized community meeting places in ample numbers all over the country—bright, cheery buildings that will attract the idlers, the drifters and the workingmen after their day's grind, and afford them opportunity for every decent outlet of human energy. What a work for the social welfare women workers (in the camps) to carry on, now that we are demobilizing!

As to the second question: I cannot see that national prohibition can make much difference one way or the other in our musical life. We musicians are not a race of drunkards and can feel no more than a slight irritation at being deprived of a quiet glass of beer after a strenuous, perspiring concert. (By the way, many clever, perfectly good women all over the country are learning to make beer at home!) Alcohol does no one any good, but a glass of beer probably does less harm than a cup of coffee taken at a late hour after an evening of physical and mental strain. The few musicians who mistakenly think they need whiskey will probably get it as other mortals do, by hook or crook, in spite of laws. And bad stuff it will be, which will harm the individual musician who swallows it. But that will not affect the whole clan of us at all. We will go on our same joyous, temperamental, uphill and underpaid way as of old.

From the Archive of The Maud Powell Society for Music and Education

Pacific Commercial Advertiser
1 January 1913

An Impression of Hawaii
by
Maud Powell

A many hued jewel set in a sapphire sea,
Where the winds and the waters caress
and coax the soul to gladness.
Where good-fellowship reigns supreme–
and June abides alway.
Where earth, with artless charm, plays
at being heaven.
Where I have left a throb of my heart and
where I shall return some day to find it in the gentle custody
of the Hawaiian muse of rhythm and sweet melody.
Aloha nui!

From the Archive of The Maud Powell Society for Music and Education

The Etude
October (?) 1912

TWO LAUGHABLE EPISODES

By Maud Powell

The story of the most amusing episode of my career has been told so often that I hardly like to repeat it. However, here goes. Those who know it, please skip!

The usual "Strad, that has been in the family for sixty years," more or less, was sent me to examine. One look, and a stroke of the bow for conscience's sake, were all that was necessary. Back it went into the pine box, and the express company was telephoned to fetch it. A few hours after it had been "collected" I went around to the express office to learn its weight and pay the charges for its return to the owner. To my consternation it was nowhere to be found. Mountains of packages were overturned—the whole office force was enlisted in the search—but the pine box answering my description was not forthcoming. I was terribly concerned, knowing that I could never prove to the owner of that fiddle, should it be lost, that it was *not* a priceless "Strad;" the printed label was inside, incontrovertible proof of authenticity to the uninitiated.

Presently, however, an enlightened look came into the face of one of the employees. He got my description of the box once more, with the hour of its collection. Then he went away. When he reappeared he had the box. He looked sympathetic as he set it very gently on the counter in front of me. Said he, in a subdued funeral voice, "We had it on the ice, Madame." I then realized that he had mistaken the pine box for a coffin.

Enough amusing experiences occur in the course of a year to fill a book, but they are so frequently at the expense of someone else that it seems hardly in good taste to relate them. The following, however, was so much at my own expense, although I was not responsible for conditions, that I may tell it. Mine was the initial concert of a new series in a Western town of small art experience, but of ample financial resources. The manager was exceedingly anxious to have the recital go off with *éclat,* to insure not only the success of the series, but also the guarantee fund for the ensuing year. I worked harder to make that concert a success with an audience to whom a violin recital was an unknown quantity than I would to introduce a new violin concerto to a Boston Symphony audience. The lighting was so bad in the theatre that night that it was all the more difficult to "reach" my hearers. It is a psychological fact that the untrained ear hears to a great extent though the eye. And this particular evening the eye could not come to our help. It was small comfort to have the electrician promise that it would be "better next time." It was *this* time I was concerned with. However, my will triumphed over adverse conditions, with the result that we had a splendidly successful program. When I met the manager the next morning he was jubilant. People had been telephoning their congratulations and sending in subscriptions in fact, expressing their delight generally. I was feeling more or less jaded after my efforts of the preceding evening, so imagine my surprise when the manager said,

fairly rubbing his hands with glee: “To tell the truth, Madame, you looked ten years older on the stage than you do off—but, by gum, you did deliver the goods!”

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