Manhattan sketch

A glimpse at the Metropolitan opera house

By Elgin E. Groseclose

The Metropolitan Opera House is the most democratic gathering place in New York. This may be said with due deference to those rendezvous of the boho-polite, such as the Cotton Club, the Villa Villeé, or Little Russia, where for a paltry five or six dollars one may purchase the right to order a dinner (cover charge is humorously called) and squeeze in behind a two-by-two table next to Irene Bordoni, Harry Thaw, Jimmie Walker or any number of other local celebrities.

In the first place you don't have to wear a stiff bosom shirt to gain admission to the opera. In fact, it may be doubted if any shirt at all is necessary—a tightly buttoned overcoat accompanied by a proper air of dignity will serve just as well and look entirely natural in some of the drafty upper circles.

In the second place, a mere dollar will speak the pass word to admit you to a place where you may satisfy your democratic instincts by gazing down with a supercilious eye upon the bald heads of some of the uncrowned royalty of these United States. You may for two dollars also use the crowded buffet on the Grand Tier floor during the entr'actes, rub shoulders with some of these royalty, and if you have a playful disposition, or are particularly class conscious, even tread on their toes.

There may be lingering doubts on the part of some regarding the above conclusions. A quarter of an hour before the curtain the Family Circle is crowded, ten minutes before and the lower tiers are comfortably filled, five minutes and there is a sprinkling in the orchestra; boxes are still empty. Democracy possesses the upper galleries, and filters down slowly. But the moment the performance starts this pleasant and fraternal atmosphere infects the whole auditorium. If music, as Doctor Dowd suggests, is the religion of the present age, the Metropolitan is its Mecca within the confines of which all persons become devotees and all devotees become brothers.

When the finale of an aria crashes to its close leaving you suspended in the clouds of enchantment and the dowager with close-leaving you suspended in the clouds of enchantment and the dowager with close-laden emotions, you may well prove one of the major successes of the present Metropolitan Opera season is the revival of Verdi's Luisa Miller, an opera which has not been heard in this city in nearly half a century.

The first performance was inauspiciously offered the Saturday afternoon before Christmas, but the house was nevertheless filled and the opera, remounted with new scenery by the incomparable Joseph Urban, with Rosa Ponselle in the title role, and supported by Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, Giuseppe de Luca and Pavel Ludikar, was received with enthusiastic acclamation. Aside from the fact that it marked the return of the popular Rosa Ponselle after a long illness and absence, aside also from the enthusiasm engendered by the emotional Italian singing of Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, the significance of the revival after such a period of somnolence is the evidence it offers of a new interest in Verdi.

It has been somewhat the fashion to scorn Italian opera. Over the prosenium of the Metropolitan where the names of illustrious composers are engraved, the names of Verdi and Wagner are uppermost—and side by side. But the star of Wagner has had the ascendancy, save for the war years when German opera was banned, and to the sophisticated the continued playing of Verdi has been more a concession to his popularity than to his intrinsic merit.

Luisa Miller, itself, is a lurid melodrama, based on Schiller's Kabale und Liebe, and one of the composer's earlier works—of the group of operas typified by Ernani. But it is written in a stronger and more emotional vein, fuller of power and melody, intensely dramatic. In the words of one critic it is "Verdi with his mighty genius for melody and drama; Verdi furiously earnest; Verdi riding the whirlwind and storm of a fiercely clamoring orchestra, and producing many pages prophetic of a later day in opera and of Verdi's own later work."

The revivals accorded the opera in Germany of late years, where it has been subjected to some modification in libretto and numerous experiments in staging, has been hailed by some as a fad and as a reaction against Wagner, but the impetus given by the revival at the Metropolitan suggests to others that the star of Verdi is again mounting and that a just if belated recognition is to be accorded the true nature and value of the Italian genius.

Passing of Red Eagle

An Osage goes to his Happy Hunting ground

By John Joseph Mathews

For ninety years Red Eagle had lived among his people. For that many years of constant changes, contacts and shifting scenes, he remained an Indian; thinking Indian thoughts and dreaming his own dreams. In his later years he seemed to be waiting for something. He lived quietly on his ranch, preferring his horse to a car until he reached his eightieth year. He had oil royalties, but desired to live in simplicity. He had seen many things, and had taken part in wars in the southern part of the state; he talked of these wars with members of the tribe. He saw brick buildings rise up among the jack-oaks, and his Nation spanned with roads; some of them sinuous black ribbons winding over sandstone ridges and limestone prairie. He watched with passivity, shiny oil derricks spring up like phantasmal fungi, from valleys, wooded hills and prairie. Yet, with him remained the spirit of his fathers. To the end he remained an Indian. Frenzied wealth seeking and confused material progress did not disturb the soul of Red Eagle.

There is something poignant about the death of the old warrior. He was the typical Osage. His handsome features; his tall, straight body, and his mien of dignity. His eyes which seemed to look beyond into eternity, and yet twinkle with understanding of mundane things.

He was the symbol of the older order. His passing seems to symbolize the end (Turn to page 176, please)
THE PASSING OF RED EAGLE
(Continued from page 160)

of an intrinsically great race. Dying with him is that something of another day must crossto reachheaven. Many times he would be sure as he crossed that slippery ground, and with characteristic gestures, he raised his face to the skies, and called Intahtsa (Our Father) to hear his supplication. He finished; the body was being sprinkled holy water and blessed the soul of Red Eagle in the tongue of a dead race.

At the grave the son of Red Eagle and his wife, with faces raised, and arms extended, sobbed their lamentations to the heavy sky. As their mourning ceased, the chief of the tribe with an old man on either side, stood at the foot of the grave and with characteristic gestures, called upon his god to give caution to the feet of the horse which would carry the old warrior. He prayed that his feet would be sure as he crossed that slippery log which spans the great abyss which one must cross to reach heaven. Many times he raised his face to the skies, and called Intahtsa (Our Father) to hear his supplication. He finished; the body was being slowly lowered. The Christian priest sprinkled holy water and blessed the soul of Red Eagle in the tongue of a dead race. Then a graceful brown hand placed a labourer's lunch tin on the head of the casket, as it moved slowly downward. Red Eagle would need food on the long journey.

We moved slowly back to the house to attend the feast. Near the house there were three horses tied to a tree. Perhaps one of these would carry Red Eagle on the great journey. The grey was the best of the three. One hoped fervently that he would be sure-footed.

THE TRAVELING THEATER
(Continued from page 159)

Of all the traveling theaters, this is perhaps the most comprehensive and the most communal in its aim. The activities of the Arts League of Service is not confined solely to its tours. It sponsors lectures on the plastic art in both town and country, publishes essays and addresses upon the arts, and circulates portfolios of pictures and drawings of rising artists. If ever a traveling theater such as this should appear on the byways of the old Chisholm Trail, the Southwest might overcome its cultural isolation and assume its part in the birth of a real American theater.

FOUR SOONER TROJANS
(Continued from page 161)

of his class track, football and basketball teams.

When he left the university Artie Reeds went to Venezuela as a geologist in 1911. In 1912 he was instructor in mathematics and athletic coach at Alexandria, Louisiana; in 1913 he was instructor in mathematics, athletic coach and Y. M. C. A. secretary at Raleigh, North Carolina, and has since been athletic coach at Wilburton and Chickasha, Oklahoma. He is now a contractor in Oklahoma City.

Claude, the youngest of the four brothers, has had the most active athletic career of all. During his four years in the university he was president in succession of the athletic association and of the athletic council; a member of the student council and the Y. M. C. A. cabinet, and won four letters in football, three letters in baseball, four letters in basketball and four letters in track.

He graduated from the university in 1914 and it was in this year when he was playing his last game, that his mother last witnessed a university football game.

Since leaving school he has coached at Weatherford and Fort Collins and was for five years assistant football coach of the university. He is now head coach at the West Texas State Teachers College at Canyon, Texas.