

by working in shops with journeymen; that such boys as learn trades in trade schools are refused admission to the unions not because they are not well taught, but because they have not served apprenticeship according to union rules, and are boycotted and persecuted if they attempt to work as non-union men.

It will be shown also that while the unions combine in this effective conspiracy against American boys, they admit freely to their organizations foreign workmen who have not served full apprenticeships, and who have only a slight knowledge of their crafts, and instruct them to a fuller knowledge while obtaining for them full pay as journeymen. It will be shown also that the bulk of foreign laborers who come to America are the poorest of their trades in Europe, the best workmen always finding abundant work and satisfactory pay at home; that in addition to being indifferent workmen, they are in many instances men of inferior moral training and instincts, frequently of turbulent and anti-social proclivities and practices, and are often without sympathy for American institutions, and have no regard whatever for the country's welfare. It will be shown also that in addition to the foreign laborers who take up their abode here and possess the field, there are many thousands of others who come here in every busy season, work while that season lasts, and return to their homes when it is ended. It will be shown that while these "harvesters," as they are called, are admitted to the unions and are given work on equal terms with union members, the union authorities refuse American boys as apprentices and journeymen on the ground that the labor-market is crowded, and the interests of labor will be harmed if Americans are allowed to come in.

We shall set forth these and other points with evidence drawn from official and other authentic sources, and shall illustrate them with incidents and occurrences drawn from actual experience. Our object in so doing will be to call public attention to what we believe to be a question of paramount national importance. Statistics show that one fifth of our able-

bodied male population are engaged in the mechanic arts, and are what are known as skilled workmen. This great body ought to be one of the most conservative and steadfast elements in our system of popular government. In the earlier days of the republic the American mechanic was everywhere known as one of the sturdiest representatives of American character. He was an honest man, a good workman, a loyal, faithful citizen. To-day he is an almost extinct species. As a nation we lead the world in mechanical skill, yet we are the only nation in the world that has almost ceased to produce its own mechanics. We not only take the great mass of ours from other countries, but we accept their poorest specimens, and, having accepted them, we allow them to control the field against our own sons.

The consequences of this policy, already momentous, are destined to become more so as time advances. We are not only bringing up our sons in idleness, not only depriving our experiment in popular government of the invaluable support of a great body of conservative citizens of American birth, but we are accepting in place of such a body one that is composed of and controlled by men of foreign birth, whose instincts and character are not merely un-American, but oftentimes anti-American. This body, acting frequently as a unit throughout the country, is able to paralyze all business and industry, and to bring the nation itself almost to the brink of social revolution and industrial war. Is it not time that Americans began to think seriously of these things? Have not the developments of the past few years in the so-called conflicts between capital and labor been portentous enough to give pause to all patriotic Americans? Could anything else have been reasonably expected from a policy which is so full of injustice to our own countrymen, and consequently so humiliating to us as a people? Is there any remedy save in a reversal of that policy? These are questions which we shall consider and answer in subsequent articles, beginning with one in an early number upon the present condition of the apprentice system.

OPEN LETTERS.

What the Phonograph will do for Music and Music-Lovers.

LOOKING at the phonograph from the point of view of a person professionally interested in music, I cannot see room for doubting the tremendous rôle which this extraordinary invention is to play in the future of music and musicians. Few people seem to realize that the phonograph, even in its present stage,—which is admitted to be one of imperfection as compared with what may be expected before many years have passed,—has really title to be called a musical instrument. My own skill with the phonograph is certainly not that of an expert, and yet I get no little enjoyment from the dance-music and the operatic fantasias which it reels off in the evening for the amusement of the family, while people less pampered than I am in the matter of music are filled with enthusiasm over its performances. It is really music, and not a mere suggestion of music. The different instruments employed are per-

fectly distinct, while the time is of course perfect. Taking, for instance, a chord of the piano, not only are the notes of the chord heard, but the after-vibrations, lasting for several seconds. When a small funnel is used to magnify the sound, every person in a large room can hear distinctly, and the music is almost loud enough to be used for dancing. In one of the phonograms, as the wax cylinders are called, the rounds of applause, the hand-clapping, the pounding of canes upon the floor, which followed the spirited performance of a popular melody at Mr. Edison's Orange laboratory, have been allowed to appear, making most people start with amazement as, after the last chords have died away, come these sharp cries of "Bravo!" and the confused rattle of applause from the audience.

Such being the case,—and every musician familiar with the musical doings of the phonograph will admit that the foregoing is a moderate statement,—what may the phonograph, as a music-maker and -teacher, not do

for the world? Bear in mind that these phonograms do not deteriorate by constant use, the same music coming out the hundredth time as perfectly as the first; also that, by the duplication through a special electrotyping process, facsimiles of a good phonogram can be made in large numbers at almost nominal cost. If each phonogram turned out required the actual performance of music for its production, the output would be restricted and costly; it would be like setting anew the type for every copy of a book. Again, if the phonogram could be used only a few times, as was the case with the zinc-foil sheets used in the crude form of the instrument, the apparatus would remain a toy for the rich. Conceding its power of musical reproduction by means of wax cylinders, which are both cheap and lasting, the imagination may run riot without exhausting the field opened before one. Besides giving musical pleasure past present computation to the million, it will do wonders for the musician. First, it will offer the composer a means of indicating his wishes concerning time and expression compared with which the metronome and all printed directions and expression-marks of the present are but the clumsiest of makeshifts. Secondly, it will become a great teacher of music, as even the phonographic echo of the piano, of singing, or of orchestral work, will be sufficient to furnish pupils with precise models. In the third place, it offers a means for solving tone problems too delicate for the powers of the human ear, and heretofore beyond solution.

At Herr von Bülow's farewell concert in this country, two years ago, a phonograph was employed to make a record of the whole concert, and particular care was taken with Beethoven's symphony, the "Eroica." The learned conductor left the country before the phonograms, the results of the evening's work, could be prepared for his hearing, but these results surprised and delighted a host of musical experts. Musicians of repute have confessed to me that, whereas they had looked upon the stories concerning the phonograph's musical achievements with incredulity, what they heard far surpassed the promises made by the advocates of the invention, and showed possibilities for the device as a help to the musician of the future which would set every musician a-dreaming. It may be granted without discussion that the phonographic record of our music will give for all future time the exact wishes of our composers and performers with regard to *tempi*, shades of expression, phrasing, dynamic gradations, and all the niceties of interpretation which no written marks, however minute, can begin to convey. The metronome has until now been the only means of marking the time or pace at which a composition is intended to be played by the composer. As contrasted with the phonographic guide to correct time, it is crude enough. The worst phonograph will at least give a faithful record of the exact time of a piece, and for every bar — in fact, the exact length of every note in the score. The experiments made with the records of piano-playing show that, so far as accuracy is concerned, no limit can be placed upon its possibilities as an echo. Every minute change of time, every shade of expression, is heard in the echo as plainly as in the original. It is no exaggeration to say that an expert can distinguish between the playing of two pianists as reproduced in the phonograph.

There are certain things about piano-playing — indeed, about all musical performances — that cannot be

taught. Pianists, violinists, and singers are apt to surpass themselves under certain conditions, due perhaps to the applause of a great audience, perhaps to peculiar personal conditions favorable to artistic expression. Effects are produced which escape analysis, and cannot be reproduced at will or for the benefit of pupils. The artist may not ever be able to do again what has been done once, and the exact elements or constituents of an effect are lost. The niceties of phrasing cannot be indicated by written marks; they must be left to the musical instinct or intelligence of the singer or player: yet expressive phrasing constitutes an important element of all fine musical work. The half-dozen notes of a bar may each one have a different length and different power, and yet be all alike on paper. If we can obtain at trifling cost a perfect echo of any musical performance, it is highly probable that, when the phonograph is found in every house, a phonographic version of every piece of music will accompany the printed sheet. The latter will give the actual notes, while the phonogram will give the reading of some great player. Or, perhaps, inasmuch as the phonograms can be reproduced for almost nothing, the readings of half a dozen artists will follow the printed page. For instance, the music-shops might sell with Beethoven's pianoforte concertos the phonographic readings of the same concertos by Rubinstein, Bülow, and Saint-Saëns. The whole need not cost more than a few cents, so far as the phonograms are concerned.

Some persons have expressed a fear lest the wide distribution of an apparatus capable of echoing all sorts of music, in a more perfect fashion than any music-box, might lead to the gradual extinction of piano-playing or violin-playing except for purposes of public exhibition, the phonographic echo of some great performer's work being so much superior to what most people could hope to accomplish. It seems to me that the contrary would be the result. Cheap phonographs, giving more or less perfect echoes of music, might make superfluous the painful attempts — painful to others as well as to herself — of the unmusical young woman to master impossibilities. To the person of real musical instinct and capacity, the wealth of good music would certainly prove an incentive. When the phonograph goes everywhere, and phonographic music is cheap, the housewife can listen to Rubinstein as she darns the stockings in the evening, and get superb lessons at the great fountains of musical art, if she has any taste that way. There is no reason to suppose that it will be any more difficult to record a performance of "Die Meistersinger" than a recitation by Coquelin, or a Beethoven symphony under Bülow's baton. There is a good time coming for the poor man of good taste.

An interesting question, perhaps to be solved by means of the phonograph, concerns the differences between a good and a bad performance, whether of a piano piece or of an opera. It has often been remarked that a particular performance "would not go." In the case of a soloist's work, failure to produce the desired effect might be attributed to the shortcomings of the soloist. But operas and plays sometimes fail signally when, according to all rules, they ought to succeed. Every music-lover will remember certain performances which ought to have been superb, but were nothing of the kind. Opera-goers of the city of New York will be pretty sure to cite the memorable performance of "Faust" which

opened the Metropolitan Opera-House in the autumn of 1883 — memorable because of its bitter disappointments. A faithful phonographic record of that performance contrasted with a record of some of the succeeding successful performances of "Faust" by the same artists might disclose interesting features. It might show that success, or artistic effect, lay in taking one part of this chorus a trifle slower and another part a trifle faster, in emphasizing the bass part here or the soprano part there.

A few years ago there was a performance of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" that was also curiously ineffective. The opera had already been given half a dozen times that season with remarkable success; it was the musical achievement of the winter. A repetition was announced for the last night of the year, and the house was well filled. The singers were those who had already made so great a success in Wagner's masterpiece—Fräuleins Lehmann and Brandt, Herren Niemann, Fischer, and Robinson. The conductor was Herr Seidl. Yet long before the evening was over people wondered what the matter was. It may be suspected that the audience was tired out with Christmas shopping, and that the singers, finding no response to their efforts, grew discouraged and careless; the anti-Wagnerite may hint that after six performances of "Tristan," the long-suffering public turned upon its persecutors. But every one cannot have been tired out that New Year's eve. Every one's dinner cannot have gone wrong. Whatever the cause, whether the trouble was in the auditors or the performance, Herr Seidl was thoroughly discontented with the results, and one devoted Wagnerite, who had been known to rave over "Tristan" by the hour, said to me as we passed out of the Opera-House, "I feel as if I do not care to hear 'Tristan' again for the next ten years." A fortnight later there was another performance of "Tristan," which was as conspicuous for success as the one just mentioned had been for failure. A careful comparison of the phonographic records of these two performances might have shown wherein the fault lay. As the sublime is very near the ridiculous, so the impressive performance may be very near the dismal failure—only the phonograph, with its minute and faithful record, faithful beyond the power of human perceptions, can tell us how near.

The phonograph as a musical educator offers encouragement to the composer. His work, if it has value, will be known to millions where now it is known to thousands, and it will not take a generation for its worth to be recognized. It was not until twenty years after the production of "Tristan" that we New-Yorkers were enabled to hear its wondrous beauties; and the masterwork of the high priest of musical art, Wagner's "Nibelung" trilogy, was not heard here until more than ten years after all musical Europe had been ringing with it. In a very few years I fully expect to receive from Europe not only written accounts of the new operas of Berlin, Vienna, and Paris, but phonograms enabling me to hear them from end to end. As the wide distribution of literature which followed the cheap books of modern times has helped the author to a living income, so this wide distribution of music through the phonograph will probably do the same thing for the composer of good music. Then the future Wagner may perhaps receive as much for the

composition of a music-drama as the author of another "Silver Threads Among the Gold" gets for his glibberish—which has not been the way in our day.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

Indians Who Deserve Pensions.

I SAW recently in one of our prominent magazines a reference to what the writer was pleased to call the "murder" of Sitting Bull, the great Sioux medicine chief, who was for so many years the mainspring of hostility to the United States among the Dakota tribes, being even a greater bane to his own people than to ours.

Of course to speak of Sitting Bull's killing as "murder" is a piece of simple hysterics. Sitting Bull had always been an arch-plotter and stirrer-up of mischief. In the fall of 1890 various causes combined to bring about a condition of extreme unrest among the Sioux in North and South Dakota. Some of them were due to our own governmental mismanagement, notably to the parsimony of Congress in cutting down the needed appropriations for the Indian service, and to the working of the spoils system in thoroughly disorganizing the agency service. The main fault, however, was with the Indians themselves, or rather with that large minority of them constituting the heathen and hostile party. Among these an epidemic of ghost-dancing broke out, the leaders prophesying that a Messiah would shortly arise through whose agency the Indians would be restored to power and the whites swept off the face of the earth. Fierce, superstitious, fickle, and suspicious savages can very easily be thrown into a state of mind which inevitably results in war—a war certain to end in their own ultimate ruin, and only too apt in the mean while to entail untold suffering upon all the friendly Indians and all the white settlers roundabout. In this case the prompt action of the Government, and the skill with which large masses of troops were handled, together with the unflinching loyalty of the Indian police, and the fact that the majority of the Sioux remained steadfast in their attitude of peace, brought the war to a close with comparatively little loss of life. As always happens in an Indian contest, some of the lives lost were those of innocent non-combatants on the one hand, and of men the community could ill afford to spare on the other.

It is, however, a matter for congratulation, so long as lives had to be lost at all, that Sitting Bull's was one of the number. In 1890 he was active in fomenting the discontent, and was the most influential of the powerful chiefs who were inciting the reckless young men to hostilities. As the outbreak drew to a head, he gathered around him a band of hostiles on the Standing Rock reservation, and took up a position some forty miles from the military post, declining to come in. When it was learned positively that he intended to take all of the young men who were willing to go on the war-path, and to march overland to join the ghost-dancers at Pine Ridge, the commander, after consulting with the agent (who was himself one of the best agents in the service, with a long experience in dealing with Indians), decided to try to arrest him. Hoping to accomplish the arrest without bloodshed, it was arranged that it should be made by a party of the Indian police, a small battalion of white troops following some miles in