

GIVE PLAY LIVING COST

Vanquishes Giant
Little Piece
Theatre.

THE AUTHOR

"Suffrage" Can Do
"Little Incomes"
Hungry Giant.

performance was
Educational Dramatic
Mrs. August Belmont
Booth Theatre yes-

An original play,
of "Living" by Mrs.
it was the offering.
were members of a
school at the Bronx.
the little play, which
r tale with practical
every one agreed that
ved it charmingly.
time doing it. There
real in the play, but it
went ways than Mrs.
tended.

by Miss Prologue,
skirts, adorned with
se clusters of flowers,
hair, who, with grace
say nothing of a coun-
the guests welcome,
of the story of the
for scenery in a mis-
deadly roadstools, for
the giant. He was a
scaly giant and his
st of Living.

a white baker's suit;
a red mantle, and
is girl, came in first
giant with terror,
the Little Incomes.
it did not know them
she would not have
exquisite creatures,
ed creatures, too, for
the giant, High-Cost
just notes on Little

beast was scowled,
ed creature, a pale,
a monster. Little In-
stems, knowing that
beating, had gone to
any came, had come
the giant, and Shel-
man. The giant was
and he made sallies

MR. GODOWSKY'S RECITAL.

Last Appearance of the Pianist Be-
fore His Return to Europe.

Mr. Leopold Godowsky gave his first piano recital in New York this season yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall—his first, and, as is announced, also his last, because of his immediate departure for Europe. Aeolian Hall is far better adapted to his style than the larger auditorium of Carnegie Hall, where he has hitherto played, as his performance was more enjoyed than any he has given before in New York. His tone sounded richer, fuller and warmer than before, and his playing gained correspondingly in concentration of expression, and approached nearer to emotional warmth than it has sometimes done. And yet Mr. Godowsky was said to be suffering from the strain of an arduous journey from Philadelphia in a snow-bound train, a circumstance that made little effect upon his playing.

His technique, after a few slips in the beginning, seemed never more brilliant; more crystalline clear, more secure and amazing in the most amazing difficulties than ever before; and since he first reappeared in New York last season never so completely justified the enormous reputation he has gained by it in Europe.

He did not yesterday fire his listeners with burning passion or uplifting eloquence, even in the noble variations of the last movement of Beethoven's E major sonata, Op. 100, which stood first on his programme. Passion and eloquence are not the distinguishing qualities of Mr. Godowsky's playing, even at its best. But there were beautiful repose and clarity in the variations, vivacity in the first two movements, and through it all a beautifully polished style that had an inner warmth.

His Chopin—real Chopin—was finely played, the Barcarolle with captivating grace and vigor, the F sharp minor polonaise with power and energy, beneath which shimmered something of its sullen fire. There was special charm in his reading of the G flat impromptu, because of the appropriateness of its tempo, often overdriven by pianists, and its introspective spirit, which avoided an exterior brilliancy not becoming to it.

Mr. Godowsky could not be expected to keep clear of the virtuoso arrangements that so easily arouse admiration because of their ingenuity and their difficulty. His modernizing of Rameau's minuet and Scarlatti's A major allegro is comprehensible. His "Studies on Chopin's Etudes" are much less so, however wonderful they are. They have the decadent flavor of Alexandrian art. Why make versions of the etude on black keys inverted? Why arrange others for the left hand alone, changing, retouching, and "improving" Chopin's harmonies? They are better played with two hands; and whether or not Chopin might have written them with other harmonies had he lived to-day, he was a great harmonist, a great master, and entitled to be left uninkered. Mr. Godowsky's playing of these things was little less than marvelous, but musical art is a different kind of a marvel. Malvelous also was his playing of Liszt's diabolically and ironically clever "Mephisto Waltz"; the "Waldesrauschen" and "Gnomenszenen" études might both have had a little more poetic grace.

Next Week's Metropolitan Opera.

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