

had absorbed from that mathematician many of the radical theories concerning the problematic fourth dimension. And in the eternal scheme of things, was not music, with the vertical structure of harmony and the horizontal flow of melody, but another dimension in Time? Convinced that in music lay the solution of this particular mathematical problem, Pobloff, a la Strauss, worked for over a year on a symphonic poem, which he jocularly christened "The Abysm." Could he but trace the fourth dimension to tone, to his tones, then would his name resound throughout the ages. Pobloff was Kapellmeister of the Royal Filharmonie Orchestra, and the description of its rehearsal of the symphonic poem Huneker sketches with his lurid word-painting of the diabolical Salv music:

"The free-fantasia of the poem was reached, and, roaring, the music neared its climacteric point." "Now," whispered Pobloff, stooping, "when the pianissimo begins I shall watch for the abysm." As the wind sweepingly rushes to a howling apex so came the propulsive crash of the climax. The tone rapidly subsided and receded; for the composer had so cunningly scored it the groups of instruments were withdrawn without losing the thread of the musical tale. The tone, spun to a needle fineness rushed up the fingerboards of the violins accompanied by the harp in a billowing glissando, and, then, on ragged rims of wide thunder, a gust of air seemed to melt lights, men, instruments into a darkness that, froze the eyeballs. With a scorching wiff of sulphur and violets, a thin spiral scream, the music tapered into the sepulchral clang of a tam-tam, and Pobloff, his broad face awash with fear, saw by a solitary wavering gajet that he was alone upon his knees. Not a musician was to be seen. Not a sound save dull noises from the street without. . . . "Oh, it is the Fourth Dimension, they have found my black abysm! Oh, why did I not fall into it with the ignorant dogs!" He was crying this over and over, when the doors were smashed, and Poloff taken, half delirious, to his home.

In three sketches, "Isolde's Mother," "The Rim of Finer Issues," and "An Ibsen Girl," the author depicts the artistic temperament in woman. His women are strenuous, self-willed and masculine, rather brawny and unamiable, imbued with Browning, Ibsen and the omnipresent Nietzsche. They talk altogether astoundingly of individualism as the salvation of the race,